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HARPER'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

66823

VOLUME 175

JUNE, 1937 — NOVEMBER, 1937

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIB.

NEW YORK AND LONDON
HARPER AND BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

1937

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Harpers

Magazine

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CAN THE SMALL BUSINESS MAN SURVIVE?

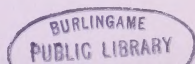
BY JOHN ALLEN MURPHY

THE rise of giant corporations, the extension of chain stores into almost every community, the pronounced tendency of industry to concentrate into a smaller number of groups, the fact that the bulk of the country's economic power is centered in a few hundred organizations, apparently threaten the very existence of the small business man. That this is one of the gravest problems which confronts the nation is accepted.

The figures seem to prove the precariousness of the small man's position. In most lines—manufacturing, wholesaling, retailing—a large proportion of the business is done by a few big concerns. For example, at least 85 per cent of our cigarettes are sold by four manufacturers. Four producers are getting 52.6 per cent of the "replacement" automobile-tire business. Three organizations are accounting for nearly 90 per cent of the country's passenger motor car sales. Eighty per cent of our domestic dye purchases is distributed among four companies. A like percentage of the total domestic sales

of explosives is handled by three manufacturers. One of them gets 40 per cent of the business. Each of the 25 relatively smaller dye producers enjoys, on the average, considerably less than one per cent of the industry's volume. Four meat packers succeed in obtaining 40 per cent of the meat business done in the United States. Their 1,200 smaller competitors fight for the remaining 60 per cent. One company handles 65 per cent of our banana consumption. A single producer is able to sell 80 per cent of the yeast consumed in this country. About fifty per cent of the nation's soap bill comes from one producer, who also turns out a quarter of all the edible oil products used in the United States. Approximately 39 per cent of our electrical goods is made in the factories of two companies.

An endless array of such figures could be easily introduced. From any point of view the conclusion must be inevitably reached that business volume in any field always tends toward concentration among a smaller number of participating units.



There is nothing new about this tendency. It is another manifestation of the jungle law that the fittest survive.

When any new field of business opportunity is opened up there is a scramble among ambitious persons to get into it, just as the discovery of a new source of gold is followed by a rush of thousands of fortune hunters. There are generally more units in an industry a few years after it is established than at any time in its subsequent existence. I have verified this fact in the history of scores of industries. A few illustrations will be sufficient to support the statement.

The number of tanning establishments in the United States declined from 6,500 in 1845 to 412 in 1933. In 1900 there were 28,014 makers of men's clothing, with an annual output of \$415,000,000 and employing 191,043 persons. The census of 1925 records only 4,000 establishments in this field, employing 174,322, but the value of the industry's output had climbed to more than a billion dollars yearly. In 1900 there were 23,560 custom-shoemaking establishments. Twenty-five years later the number had declined to 1,460, and these were mostly machine-production plants. In 1936 there were only a small percentage of the flour mills in the United States in 1886.

This tendency toward concentration of manufacturing units has been proceeding relatively faster in many lines in recent years. For instance, since 1928 the Big Three gained about 20 per cent in passenger-car production on their smaller rivals. The four dominating concerns in the replacement-tire business gained more than eight per cent on the rest of the industry between 1927 and 1935. The two large manufacturers of electrical goods showed an increase of nine per cent over their competitors in the ten-year period ending in 1935.

Retailing is an exception to the rule in one respect. The number of stores in the United States is always increasing, probably because of the growth of population. But even here the big operators

are getting an increasing share of the volume. The proportion of business going to "corporation" stores—chain stores, department stores, mail order houses—grows each year. For example, one grocery chain is reported to have sold one-eighth of all the groceries consumed in a year.

If we need more proof that Big Business is becoming bigger, there is the fact that at about January 1, 1930 (the last "normal" year) our 200 largest companies, outside of the banking field, controlled about 49 per cent of the non-banking corporate wealth. The other 51 per cent was distributed among 300,000 smaller concerns.

It is estimated that those same companies then controlled 38 per cent of all business wealth, and 22 per cent of the national wealth. In 1929 those same 200 companies received 43.2 per cent of the income of all non-banking corporations. For that same year the 800 next largest corporations received 19.3 per cent of the net income of all corporations. The remaining 37.5 per cent of corporation income went to thousands of smaller organizations.

Robert H. Jackson, Assistant Attorney General of the United States, supplies a more recent figure on this question. "By 1933," he says, "over 53 per cent in value of all assets owned by corporations in this country was owned by only 618 out of our half million corporations."

II

This concentration of economic power may be a menace to the public welfare, but the fact that it exists does not prove that the small businessman has no chance. On the contrary, a deeper analysis of the evidence presented brings out the startling fact that a large number of the 1,200 non-banking corporations that command more than 60 per cent of total corporation income were themselves small businesses only a few years ago. Hence it would seem that not only can the small man compete, but he can become an actual rival of his giant competitors.

Few companies start big. A large percentage of the corporations in that 1,200 list were launched under the most humble circumstances. A woodshed or barn or kitchen or attic was the birthplace of many of the most successful businesses. Those corporations that are set up on a huge scale at the beginning of their careers are usually consolidations resulting from mergers. Generally the units in these large combines started in a modest way, and only after they developed into profitable ventures did they become attractive to the promoters of mergers.

Men with ambition, initiative, and enterprise have always been inclined to go into business for themselves. Men of this type have enough daring and resourcefulness to operate under their own steam and to create their own opportunities. They are too independent to lean on others for jobs. They prefer to take the chance of gaining the much larger rewards to be obtained in owning a business to the security of a steady position, with its comparatively small income.

The French have a word to describe people of this sort for which there is no equivalent in English. It is *entrepreneur*. An *entrepreneur* is one who starts and conducts an enterprise. It is hard to see how the world could exist without him under the present structure of society.

Hundreds of thousands of men go into business for themselves each year. A good proportion of them soon fail and join the ranks of wage earners. Most of them do well enough to keep their enterprises going. Only a very small percentage of them succeed in a big way. All enterprises have a Horatio Alger start, but few of them have an Alger finish.

H. J. Heinz's first distribution system was a basket on his arm. Surely no manufacturer could have had a more inauspicious start. Any hopeful entrepreneur who begins making a hardware specialty has before him the example of Peter Corbin, who fabricated enough of his product to fill a wheelbarrow, and then went out among his neighbors to sell.

As a load was sold he returned to his shop to make another. Any number of today's leading manufacturers started as one-man concerns. Their founders performed dual roles, as Corbin did, doubling as manufacturer and salesman.

With scarcely an exception retail establishments in the United States started humbly. In most cases the young storekeeper was his own buyer, clerk, window washer, and janitor at first. This is true even of the gigantic chains. Most of them were founded with one store. There were long, hard struggles before a second store was launched. Rarely have chains that were started with many stores been successful. In fact, it seems almost impossible for any business to begin big. It appears necessary for it to establish itself slowly, laying one stone at a time. That is the only way to build a foundation strong enough to support a large, enduring organization.

Most of our big business men, regardless of their line of endeavor, rose from poverty. Usually it is poor men who start businesses. Men who inherit wealth seldom launch enterprises. As a rule they are content to sit in as officers or directors in companies where their money is invested.

What have the entrepreneurs who succeeded got that the others lack? It is hard to isolate the spark that motivates them. Invariably they have a combination of qualities which in the aggregate gives them executive ability, and without executive ability no business man ever attains leadership.

The man who is gifted with executive ability is independent and fearless in thought and action. He has the habit of making quick decisions and is able to segregate the important from the unimportant. He utilizes his time to the best advantage. Usually he is open-minded to suggestions. He must be able to face facts calmly. Generally he has the ability to compromise, to find a common ground for procedure, and to negotiate. He is blessed with imagination and curiosity. Often we find him tactful, disposed to be

fair, and able to appreciate the other fellow's point of view without losing his own. He has the ability to initiate, to pick men, and to duplicate himself in others. Above everything else he must be able to get things done; for that is the sum and substance of executive ability. If a man has these characteristics he is likely to succeed at whatever he undertakes. In business the small man is helped by the very fact that he is small. He gains momentum and strikes a success stride or tempo while his qualifications are establishing him.

While he is small he is able to give personal attention to all details of his business. He is able to use his own ideas, to carry out his own program, to be as original as he pleases, without interference from partners, stockholders, bankers, or outside directors. Most businesses establish themselves when the authority of the owner is not diluted by being passed through too many subordinates and while the business is still small enough so that his personality can permeate all parts of it. A business seems to grow best when it has strong, personalized direction.

Usually a business begins to weaken in some respects as soon as its owner has to delegate authority. The farther down the line the authority is delegated the smaller becomes the voice of the boss. Gradually sub-executives gain in importance and in time some of them may overshadow the chief himself. In any event, more fingers get into the pie, with results that often follow when there are a number of cooks on the job. The business no longer has that centralized management that caused it to thrive at first.

To be sure there are exceptions to this course. Some business men have such towering personalities and are able to duplicate themselves so completely in others that their shadows continue to cover the enterprise, no matter how large it grows. Their wishes control the organization, sometimes even for years after their death. Carnegie was an executive of this sort. He was able to project his personality over his farflung properties

without any diminution in its force. Henry Ford is another. Gigantic as his business is, it is still *his* business.

But regardless of how successful an owner may be in retaining control of his business, long after it has attained enormous size, he does lose many of the advantages which he had when it was small. Big business does not enjoy the monopoly, either of opportunity or privilege, that is generally supposed. It is much harder for a business to stay big than it is for it to become big. We worry about the menace of big business but forget that it has many handicaps. These handicaps are so serious that, except in the most brilliantly managed corporations, disintegrating forces set to work almost as soon as the "bigness" stage is reached.

For instance, the large organization suffers from lack of flexibility. It takes it too long to turn round and to get going in a different direction. It cannot adjust itself to changing conditions fast enough to take advantage of the opportunities which the changes present. The small company, on the other hand, can jump into the new flux without delay.

It is difficult for a mass-production manufacturer to maintain a flexible program. Sticking to Model T too long, and not recognizing that the public demands frequent style changes, almost wrecked Ford. Similarly, the giant American Woolen Company was unable to compete with smaller companies, because they were able to keep in step with nimble-footed fashion while American Woolen lagged behind in this respect.

Thus we find nearly all new ideas being originated by little concerns. The most popular cracker of the day was brought out by a small manufacturer, and when its success was assured it was taken up by its giant competitors. The newest idea in soups was not launched by our Number 1 soup maker but by a small company previously not in the soup business. The third largest automobile manufacturer is a comparative newcomer in the industry. Practically no innovations in the steel business were introduced by the

dominating corporation in this field. The revolutionary Gray beam was brought out by the second largest steel company. The leader in the production of alloy steels is the third largest company. A still smaller company developed the continuous strip process. The newest company in the industry, the one by the way which made the best showing during the depression, was the first to use several new inventions.

The dog-food business, whose sales are now soaring, was started not by the big packers but by their small competitors. That the smaller concern is far more enterprising in initiating new products or new methods is well known to every experienced business man. This fact could be buttressed with innumerable examples.

The large organization should not be criticized for this. It did its pioneering before it became big. That may have been one of the things that made it big. But once it has attained a certain size, it must stay out of uncharted courses, at least until a competitor has shown these courses to be navigable. Alfred Sloan, the head of General Motors, once said the huge corporation must stick to what is selling and leave the pioneering to smaller companies. It can and does experiment in its laboratories, but it cannot afford to gamble its production and selling facilities on new ventures.

That is why revolutionary new inventions are seldom tried out by established manufacturers of products that might be supplanted by the new devices. Hence few buggy or wagon manufacturers went into the automobile business. Refrigerator manufacturers were not the first to recognize the electric refrigerator.

Large concerns are handicapped by their huge plant investments. They are loath to accept new ideas that might jeopardize these investments. Few companies have the courage to abandon properties that have lost their reason for existence. The small fellow, having nothing to lose, goes ahead and tries new things or new processes and frequently

triumphs over the entrenched organization.

The big manufacturer has to keep expanding to protect his investment. This frequently takes him far afield from his original business. Sometimes these outside ventures prove unsatisfactory, but once in them, it is hard to back out. United States Steel originally went into the production of cement partly as an outlet for its slag. Later developments in cement-making largely eliminated the need for slag; but by this time the corporation was so committed to the cement side-line that to drop it would be embarrassing.

Large companies have the greatest difficulty maintaining their positions of leadership. The big three cigarette manufacturers are constantly jockeying for the top position, and at their heels are four or five other companies always threatening to oust the leaders from their place. Our leading soap manufacturer was once a bad second. A chemical company that is rapidly forging to the front was started by a salesman on \$5,000 only a few years ago. Even such gigantic corporations as General Electric, with its hundreds of products, stands first on only a few lines. On many articles it is distanced by its small competitors.

The chief worry of the management of large corporations is the price-slashing proclivities of the little fellow. In numerous fields NRA benefited the big companies the most because it protected them from price competition.

Overhead charges are the bane of the large corporation. I asked the head of a small manufacturing organization how they have been so successful in weathering the competition of the many giant outfits which exist in this field. "We are making a profit long before they cover their overhead," was his answer.

Big Business is handicapped by its conspicuousness. It is a shining target for politicians, radicals, and reformers. It is continually being sniped at by its small competitors, who have but one common purpose, and that is to tear it down.

Big Business suffers because it is owned by inactive stockholders. Too often the management is composed of hired men, who have no real authority. They have to compete with small concerns that are ably managed by their real owners. Where large corporations are outstandingly successful we usually find that they have overcome the handicap of bigness through the ability of one man—Henry Ford, Alfred Sloan, Owen Young, for example. When such men pass on, the company will begin going down hill unless a successor of equal caliber is found. Very few large enterprises have been able to find a succession of competent talent. A break comes sooner or later and the company starts slipping. The Romans created the corporation to perpetuate enterprises beyond the life of the individual, but still it takes an individual to make a corporation effective. In other cases we find autocrats at the head of large corporations. They rule with an iron hand, stifling the initiative and imagination of under-executives. These autocrats may be successful in their way, but they leave no one who is trained to succeed them.

Big Business is handicapped—and perhaps this is the most serious handicap of all—because its owners put too much emphasis on finance. They are more interested in the movement of their shares on the Stock Exchange than they are in the movement of their goods into markets. In the well managed company a nice co-ordination is maintained between finance, production, and sales. To overemphasize one makes the company topheavy and eventually throws it off balance. That is what happened to the Kreuger, the Insull, and other big business interests.

Big Business men too often become obsessed with the notion that the profits to be made from manufacturing and merchandising are too slow. They think they can get rich faster by speculating in the securities of their companies. They lose interest in the hard, grueling methods that made them prosper, and they become financial manipulators through mergers, refinancing, and the

other legerdemain of high finance. They forget that true business success is the result of the proper management. Finance should not be the whole activity of the business. Financial-minded management is too prone to devote its efforts toward establishing its companies in a monopolistic position. It tries to achieve dominance through financial devices.

Seldom is it successful in placing its organizations in impregnable positions through financial juggling. It is true that these men frequently are successful in making money for *themselves*, but they do not do their companies any good and sometimes wreck them by their tactics. It is easy to point to many fortunes that were made through manipulation and, of course, other fortunes have been lost in the same way. The point is, however, that while it is possible to build a *fortune* through manipulation, it is not a good way to build a *business*. It is a common observation that as soon as Big Business gets into the hands of the ticker-watching school of management, its smaller rivals have their opportunity.

The proof that these numerous handicaps do hurt Big Business is the fact that with rare exceptions no one concern is able to dominate an industry for long. When United States Steel was organized it controlled 65 per cent of the industry's capacity. To-day it is down to 38 per cent. At one time American Can had things pretty much its own way. Now it has one competitor nipping at its heels and several healthy smaller rivals not too far behind. At one time Standard Oil was the only oil company that counted. To-day there are at least a dozen that must be reckoned with. One organization used to tower over the tobacco industry. To-day there are five or six strong concerns in this field.

The same condition prevails in scores of major industries. It has been repeatedly demonstrated that it is impossible for a single company to rule an industry, unless it has a monopoly such as American Telegraph and Telephone Company enjoys. It is well known that

there is no better place for a small man to start than in an industry that has recently been completely merged. The "merger" that thought it had gobbled up all its competition soon finds plenty of strong competitors that were not even in existence when the merger was formed.

That is why only two-fifths of the corporations in the United States have assets exceeding \$1,000,000. This discovery was recently made in a survey conducted by the Twentieth Century Fund. Three-fifths of the country's business assets are in the hands of individuals, partnerships, and smaller corporations.

III

Obviously the young business man will have greater chances of success if he selects a field that is not completely dominated by large corporations. He might drive his enterprise to the top in the oil business or in the automobile industry or in the electric utility field, but the going would be incomparably easier in lines that are not so competitive.

He should avoid a field where a large percentage of the business is concentrated in a few strong hands. He will do better with a product for which there is a mass market. For this reason the food business is still a promising field for the young entrepreneur. Every year several food manufacturers rise to prominence who started humbly only a short time before. But he will need a new idea in food. His chances in meat packing, ketchup making, or flour milling would be pretty slim. Other things being equal, the young business man will fare better in a line where he has to pioneer. The large corporations cannot afford to do too much trail-blazing.

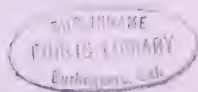
Where a big company maintains its position of leadership—and some of them do—we invariably find that they are con-

tinuing the policies that made them big in the first place. E. I. du Pont de Nemours is an example of a company that still leads its industry after more than a century of existence. There are many reasons for its success, but probably it owes more to its policy of continuous research than to any other factor. The chemical industries are always in a rapid state of flux. Unless a chemical manufacturer keeps fairly close to this pace he will be forced out of business. Du Pont not only keeps step, but sets the pace. It anticipates trends. It is always pioneering. It never permits itself to be outmoded by change.

That is typical of the policies of the companies that stay big. They continue the methods that caused them to grow from a small enterprise. They know they became big through efficiency and that they can stay big only by continuing to be efficient. All the corporate, financial, and legal devices available will not keep a company on top unless it maintains the efficiency that got it on top.

So the evidence is overwhelming that the small business man has a chance. His best chance, however, is to become a big business man. If he is able to compete with the huge corporations through the originality or the daring or the efficiency of his methods he will not remain small long.

The opportunity to-day for the small man is to exploit new ideas. In fact, that has always been true. Most of the 1,200 leading companies started with a new idea—soap, harvesters, automobiles, or whatever it was. There is little competition in new-idea fields. Generally, capital is not interested in ideas, at least not until those ideas have produced physical properties on which bankers can base their financing. The efficient small man with a sound idea for a business inevitably becomes big.





MEMOIR OF MY MOTHER

BY ANGELO P. BERTOCCI

I WRITE this memoir to recapture a past. It is the past, I daresay, never to be duplicated on these American shores, of the Italian immigrant as I have known him in his more attractive aspects. Again, it is the past of an Italian family similar to many another and with pretensions to no especial gifts or experiences. Principally it is the past of a person, my mother.

"The simple annals of the poor" will have to provide the bulk of whatever interest there may be in my tale of Italian immigrant life. And the prime motive of every act will be equally unadorned: the escape from the poverty which in 1909 (when I, the elder of two children, was three years old) drove a family of South Italian peasants to America and to a Little Italy in the suburbs of Boston. For the very stuff of existence in the thirteen years that followed my mother's arrival in America were the elemental concerns of food and shelter, procreation, the raising of a family, the establishment of security for the future.

The firm foundation of our economic progress was my father: for thirty consecutive years he labored uncomplaining at one simple job as stenciler in the refrigerator room of a packing house. There he bustled about with a certain effective though not always intelligent obstinacy, deciphering in the poor light of an arc lamp the greasy scrawls on order slips, rushing upstairs to cut his stencils, and striking on to tubs of leaf-lard with efficient strokes, and at a rate of a good many

an hour, their varied destinations. Thus did my father learn a modicum of indispensable English, a kind of basic tongue whose primary verb, I gathered, was "put 'em up," so that because one had been told, I suppose, to "put up an order," one might continue at home the conjugation "put 'em up a chair," "put 'em up a spoon," *ad infinitum*. At his work too, my father learned the geography of New England, though for many years he did not set foot outside the vicinity of Boston. Were one to mention spots as diverse as Norwalk, Conn., or Rockland, Maine, or Manchester, New Hampshire, immediately his face would beam in recognition and he would say, "Rockland, State of Maine? I senda hondred tobs of lard there."

For thirty years then, my father toiled in his damp cooler, wearing summer and winter thick-soled boots on which he himself hammered layer on layer of leather, and heavy woolen underwear which was "good stuff" he insisted on importing from Italy. (He had had rheumatism once and since then dared in no season put off his prickly protectors.) For thirty years he held fast to his routine six days a week, and for a number of years seven days, when he added the functions of Sunday watchman. The ten-hour day gave place to the eight-hour day, regular pay for overwork became double time, then decreased to time and a half, and still he worked tenaciously, grumbling only at scarcity of overtime. In the long, slow progression of laborious years his pay increased from \$6.50 a week in 1910 to \$60

a week (including overtime) during the World War, and then diminished again to a fixed wage of \$25 under the N.R.A. Save in brief and infrequent periods of illness he lost not a day's labor; and at one time, during a two-months' factory strike of which he was only a passive supporter, he was lashed by my mother's tongue to labor in a construction gang. For my mother, I am afraid, understood neither the theory nor the ethics of trade-unionism nor was she conscious of laboring-class solidarity. For her, with her Italian peasant fatalism, a job was a job, one got as much as one could, but one took what one got; the world was divided between *i patroni* and the poor, and the poor invariably got the worst of it anyway. So take hold when and where you can and have sense enough to know when you are reasonably well off.

Thus my father toiled on, content, in the absence of a high wage, with abundance of labor. I think, if opportunity had offered, he would have been tempted to work twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four, like that Italian laborer I know who for a time tried holding a regular job in the day at one plant and a complete night shift at another. And then, after more than twenty years of satisfactory labor, there came a young man fresh out of college with his long white coat; and he, out of the abundance of his inexperience, decided on paper that my father should be capable of putting out more work in his fifties than he had performed in his prime. So his helper was removed. Then for five years or more my father kept pace, single-handed, with the speed-up system, and finally, like the Revolutionary War veteran who lies on the green side of a hill in my town, he was found "too old to run." But pity was taken on his years and his labors and for two more years he was allowed a sinecure—a night-watchman's job, with box-ringing and stair-climbing and marching, sometimes in the cold darkness with a flashlight to cut a bright path and scare off the huge rats. An easy job certainly for an old veteran who had deserved well

of his employers, but it had the slight inconvenience of upsetting his whole manner of life—and one is none too flexible at fifty-five. So disaster came; it was, I suppose, only a kind of extra-legal industrial accident. The doctor said, "Such men are the real heroes of American life."

II

But the brains and the heart and the directing genius of our economic enterprise was my mother. She it was who organized and administered, who kept our aims tense toward the goal, who somehow without theory or moral maxim made us feel it was all worth-while, strengthened us in the assurance of good leadership and, to cap it all, produced practical proof of her generalship in spectacular fashion at strategic moments. For some years it was save, and save, and save, then suddenly a brilliant and breathless stroke: we bought a small two-storey house in the factory district. There followed another period of labor and thrift—and lo! we had paid for the house (for my mother was always uneasy of conscience on any installment plan) and had added a third floor with some of the modern improvements. But the final shock that rocked our neighborhood was the almost simultaneous purchase of a player-piano and my registration at college. Then were the neighbors positive of some clandestine source of our prosperity.

For our piano we went to one of the older Boston firms, and I can still remember the tall, aristocratic slimness of the owner of the store and the surprised but not ungracious play of his eyebrows and nimble, straw-colored mustache as I translated for him self-consciously the requirements of this direct and self-possessed foreign woman in her obviously cheap serge dress and the Filene's basement hat in uneasy equilibrium over the thick, springy coils of her raven-black hair. And it was a good player-piano that we bought, making a handsome "down" payment. It cost six hundred dollars, more than half a year's wages and obviously an extra-

gance—for one who did not know my mother. And we bought with it several dozen Italian popular rolls including "O Sole Mio," "Funiculi-funicula," "Santa Lucia," but also "I Pagliacci," "La Traviata," "Aida," "Rigoletto," not out of deference to any genteel tradition, but because it was natural for those who had been almost brought up on arias. When the piano arrived, we had it installed together with the set of overstuffed chairs and the divan we had bought to match, and we had the dignity of a chamber to be unsealed for special occasions. Now we had a parlor room and had attained standing as a family. But this was only in 1923.

The real tour de force, however, was my going to college. I had always been what is known as a "smart" boy ever since the days I learned my numbers by laboriously tracing figures in imitation of the Arabic numerals on the face of our "Regulator" wall clock. My mother had succeeded in having me accepted in the kindergarten one year earlier than the legal age of five by conveniently mislaying her passport bearing my age. Not that she thirsted for my education or dreamed of scholastic glory for her son. . . . For her it was just the problem of casting her burden upon the State as soon as possible, for her hands were full with my other brother and a potential sister. I remember how she took me to the district school and managed to cleave a passage to the desk where sat the tall, kindly, white-haired teacher of my early love facing a barrage of voluble Italian and Greek and the emphatic language of palms and fingers.

I was admitted and took my seat at the long low bench where children sat in disorder, some mischievous in their precocious self-possession, others terrified and mute in the novel, semi-official atmosphere, still others weeping noisily at this first separation from dear mamma. At the latter I cast a glance of curiosity and sat me down. Nor were there lingering sighs and kisses from my mother; she had hurried off, worried no doubt as to the

activities of my younger brother at the neighbor's. As for me, I turned my attention to the job in hand. It seemed we were to string beads. So I strung beads.

For the years that followed I must have been the teacher's delight, the good little boy whose only failing was an incorrigible propensity for whispering when not busy and putting in his word *à propos de tout*. I received, therefore, all the honors and emoluments that were my due: my papers were hung on the green screen in the hall, my name was bespangled with stars, I was awarded pieces to recite at special exercises and promotion-day, I was privileged to wash the teacher's boards after school. I enjoyed in addition the subtle luxury of self-appreciation as perpetual head of the class. When students for double promotions were selected I was an invariable choice, and truly I made some astonishing and, on the whole, salutary leaps over scholastic hurdles. But I was not in a real sense precocious, and though it was observed by my fellows that I was hardly better than average at sports and a bit more disposed than the average to tears, I avoided all the way through school the stigma of "sissy."

Now all this had in various ways been conveyed to my mother, who understood the intention if not the exact meaning of the plaudits of my teachers and was in the course of time even impressed by the stars. As for my father, he was enthusiastic, visibly, and formed then and there the embarrassing habit of taking any excellent papers which might come to hand to the factory to show to the boss and the entire lard-room. And when my success continued and the consensus of opinion solidified into public agreement that "something ought to be done with me," my father shouted "*si, si*," and my mother, on whom the practical responsibility would devolve, was moved herself to a somewhat committal "*poi vediamo*."

What impressed my mother particularly was my strange infatuation with reading. In fact, from the moment I discovered the dime-thrillers which a chum

provided who had dimes to spend, and that astonishing institution where one got books for nothing, the public library, I had found my vocation. And I read and read, with practically no guidance and with execrable taste even under guidance. I read hardly any of the "good" children's books such as *Alice in Wonderland*, *Little Men*, *Little Women*, *Captains Courageous*—but I did read whole shelves of Nick Carter and Horatio Alger, of Tom Swift and his motorcycle, of Frank Merriwell, of Deadwood Dick, the James Boys and the heroes of Indian warfare printed in cheap editions of thin magazine format; and of the library volumes I devoured the Altsheelers—Kentucky Indian and Civil War stories—James Oliver Curwood, the Mulford Hopalong Cassidy tales, Zane Grey in toto, Joseph Lincoln, and an unnamed host of sports-story writers and boy-scout authors, two of my favorite categories. In addition to my seldom onerous school lessons, I would read from four to five volumes a week, faithfully and methodically, save for a superfluous description that got in the way of the action.

I would read at morning in bed and in the last flicker of light in the sky at evening, by lamplight and at meals (where I overcame through sheer resistance my mother's prohibitions). And many a winter evening did I eat juicy venison steaks with Henry Ware, Paul Cotter, *et al.*, in their Kentucky wilderness secure for a snug and fugitive moment round their campfire. Only my venison was often a particularly unpalatable mouthful of a hated mixture of white beans and scarola. But at night I dreamed of the Indians and of Boy Scouts, of poor lads "bound to rise" and of college.

Nor can I honestly assert that such reading did me positive harm, though I am quick to confess, out of deference to Plato and all educationists since, that conceivably it might have been dangerous. For it constituted on my level and in a form comprehensible for a boy of European parentage, the American saga; it gave me a vivid and not too sophisticated

introduction to the pioneers and the men of the Revolutionary and Civil War periods; it acquainted me with what I wanted particularly, a bracing and salutary philosophy of "strive and succeed"; it set forth for my admiration and imitation the athletic ideal of the American boy with his love of activity and the clean out-of-doors. The immigrant boy has, since then, adjusted his focus: he appreciates the shortcomings of the naïve philosophy of the American philistine, he is justly critical of the considerable alloy of falsehood and pretense in the gospel of American individualism. Yet he dares not deny that these were useful fictions. For, after all, this literature represented, naïvely and blissfully to be sure, the American dream.

So I went to college, and it made a sensation in the neighborhood. For it had never been done before in our community. To be sure, Italian youths went to the University in the old country, but they were *figli di signori* [sons of gentilefolk]; and those Italians who had the privilege of a college education in America were the sons of professional men, doctors, lawyers, or some big contractor, the new American class of self-conscious *signori*. But the son of a laborer in the lard-room of a packing house. . . ! No wonder they were scandalized, friends and those not so friendly. Some were enthusiastic over this "honor to the Italian community," yet made reservation providing vantage ground for an ultimate "I told you so." Others damned with faint praise. Still others were frankly critical: "You tell your son," they urged my father, "that at his age you had a spade in your hand and knew how to dig." A relative pointed out exhaustively how the son who went to college would receive his diploma at practically a marriageable age, then would undoubtedly marry and fend for himself, leaving the family (which had now grown to six children) without the benefit of four years of lucrative labor.

Nevertheless I went to college, thanks to a scholarship, the aid and encourage-

ment of American friends, and the momentum of a long implicit promise from my mother. I went to Boston University one September morning wearing the first striped long-pants suit a friend not inaptly compared to an awning. Into my inner coat pocket were firmly pinned the most impressive layer of greenbacks I had ever handled, and I was protected against the evil eye and all demons within and without by the mixed and redolent magic of a string of beads in my left outer coat pocket, two small colored holy pictures, one of the Virgin and the other of the martyr Saints Cosimo and Damiano, patrons of our native village and, finally, the potent purification of a stout amulet of garlic. Thus I proceeded to my college registration in the plentiful odor of sanctity.

It will be observed, I suppose, that my mother was a fetichist. But perhaps she was merely yielding to practical prudence without positive belief-content in a world where her need was great and her powers limited. At any rate she heeded the wisdom of the ages that teaches that two precautions are better than one.

III

But we return to the suspicious neighbor's question: "How did she do it all?"—a question so often repeated that it threatened to remain suspended in a state of perpetual surprise, especially when my younger brother followed me to college, then a third brother, then a sister.

She did it in the classical manner, the manner of Poor Richard's Almanac. The formula may be concentrated in two short phrases: "Do not be afraid to work when others are at rest." "Save by limiting expenses to necessities bought at the lowest prices available." Now if this sounds like a smug copy-book maxim or the pretentious motto of a man who has made his "pile" and attributes success only to his virtues, it is not my mother's fault. For though her speech was now and then spicy with shrewd peasant prov-

erbs, she was given neither to sententiousness nor to superfluous explanation. Her philosophy was all in practice, practice of the peasant's instinct to labor in the heat and to store for the winter.

And how she labored! Sufficient might have been merely the task of cleaning, feeding, maintaining order, and giving direction to six active children. Her house contained no labor-saving devices: five rooms whose temperature was mellowed a bit in winter by one stove; soft-wood floors covered in more prosperous times by a cheap linoleum; no running hot water at any time, no set-tub until later, no regular bathtub. She washed clothes almost every day, and yet it made me faint sometimes to smell and see the mountain of cheap soiled material to be immersed in soapsuds and soapine, scrubbed, rinsed, wrung, hung on the line, brought in and ironed.

My mother impressed us all into service; my father was helpful and would sometimes do the heavier washing. Even I took my turn at the tub when mother's illness was evident even to the self-absorption of a small boy. And how I wrenched and writhed at my father's heavy woollens and hastened through handkerchiefs and diapers with averted look and gingerly touch! To be sure, there was a wet-wash laundry not far off, and to its public ministrations we ultimately had recourse; but much too late, I am afraid, for my mother.

My mother was not a model housekeeper. She was too practical to have favored under any conditions self-immolation to a kind of household doctrine of art for art's sake requiring indefatigable scrubbing, brushing, polishing for the sake of a mirror-clean surface; in addition she had more positive duties than housekeeping. Once the house had been brushed up, washed and ordered in a large way, her creative labors could begin. Hers was the art of the shears and needle—sewing, knitting, crocheting. She knitted sweaters and mittens and my father's woolen socks. She made the children's underclothes and cut out the

boys' blouses and even their trousers—all at a cost that was chiefly labor. But labor was cheap and to be had long into the night if necessary.

Some of her creations were marvels of ingenious economy: to wit, a shirt she made for my younger brother at a cost of three cents plus labor. That shirt we all remember because of the clever way she matched, at the back, several various-patterned remnants, so that, even if my brother had been subject to public exposure, he might have done it with little shame, at least in the presence of those appreciative of ingenuity.

But among my mother's triumphs of resourcefulness, the one destined to live longest in the memories of her children is no doubt her inspired transformation of the cotton bags. At one period of our domestic history there were available to us, I no longer recall how, an abundance of rough, white bags originally containing flour or cement and now hanging limp and flat with no evidence of their previous use save large, colored medallions emblazoned in blue or red in their center. My mother discovered by some master stroke of genius that these erstwhile receptacles of flour and cement, when boiled and vigorously scrubbed, lost their brand marks and even acquired a certain softness of texture. Forthwith she put her discovery to use, and the flour bags were metamorphosed into a number of household utilities. First of all, obviously, they could become pillow cases; and a firm grip indeed did their tough fiber afford for my brother and myself when we fought our epics of giant-killing and felled each other with well-directed strokes of the pillow-bludgeon. Again, the cement bags joined firmly end to end and side to side became sheets singularly resistant to the competitive kicking of young mules, two at the head and one at the foot of the same bed. But most unexpected was the mutation whereby the bags became underwear for the boys, sturdy long drawers extending to the ankle and bound thereto by tape-cords. This underclothing had the virtues of en-

durance, the defects of stiffness and prickliness. But most of the suffering was moral when one undressed in public at the school shower baths. . . .

But it was crochet work that my mother developed to a high art. I do not recall ever having seen my mother sitting idle, her hands empty in her lap, for five consecutive minutes, and most often she was occupied involving white thread with care and great mechanical ease into a rosette or a star or some geometric or vegetable pattern. She made sleeves, hems of skirts, corset covers, ornamental pieces for parlor tables, or the arms of divans or overstuffed chairs. Even the decorative, crown-shaped basket on our parlor table was a crocheted, circular pattern soaked in sugar and allowed to dry stiffly over the proper mold. My mother crocheted for the family, she crocheted for her friends, she crocheted for the neighbors, not often for direct pay—but then, gifts of fruit or chocolate or meat or clothing for the youngsters were a welcome auxiliary to the family budget. And long ere she passed away my mother had stored in her bureau drawers complete bedspreads of crochet work, one for each of my sisters, when they should be married and should want to deck their marriage beds in state.

With unusual capacities for work my mother combined distinct executive and administrative ability. She had the executive's gift of getting others to work unflaggingly and with confidence. For years my father labored doggedly, satisfying himself with one perennial suit of "best" clothes, a pair of Sunday shoes, his pipe, his jug of wine, and his family. His pay envelope was placed directly into my mother's hands in its totality, and his total allowance covered tobacco and newspaper. The errands I did for the neighbors, the odd two cents I earned here and there went as a matter of course into my mother's worn old purse.

She taught her boys not to be finicky about labor—a job's a job. And so before we were of age to do legal summer labor we helped by bringing in on our homemade "trucks" discarded, chopped

ice from the milk cars in the rail yard, lumber and firewood lying loose, coal dropping along the railroad track from passing trains, smelly staves of fish and one-time sugar barrels. For, until we were well along in high school, my brother worked regularly, sometimes with my help, amid the muck and mire of the barrel yard for the pittance we could earn and the firewood we could salvage. At one time my mother heard somehow that the shells discarded by a cocoanut factory could be burned in the stove. So off we went once a day in the summer for a small cartload of this extraordinary fuel. All this experience was rich in lessons of initiative, resourcefulness, craft, and courage for both my brother and myself. But it was menial labor and we were inclined to rebel at the indignity of it, especially as we came into our high-school and long-pants years. To no avail, for my mother could be stone in some matters, and her tongue was a dreadful scourge.

As I think about her methods it seems that my mother's strategy for the maintenance of morale was overstatement, relieved, as I have said, by sudden glimpses of the goal. She exaggerated our poverty, she even multiplied our labors, lest—and this expression was constantly on her lips—"si corichino"—they lie down on the job. And so she kept us tense for long years. Yet she was not tainted with the slightest suggestion of avarice, if by the latter term is meant the tendency to transform money as means into money the end. Her family and her children were the end—and I have already described how, at certain times, she would alleviate any strain by the invigorating spectacle of definite accomplishment. Nor may I fairly speak of strain: the fact is simply that she knew how to instill in us an *esprit de corps* that made the support of any burden a family enterprise, thereby singularly reducing its weight for the individual. Our family life indeed was not merely Latin in its solidarity as contrasted with Anglo-Saxon individualism; it was remarkable for family-feeling

even among Italians of our class. And I attribute such morale chiefly to the necessity of co-operation and my mother's qualities of inspiration.

Not that our unity was always obvious or harmonious. My mother had no time for the niceties and subtleties of psychological volumes on the care of the young. And she undoubtedly made many mistakes. I daresay she broke ignorantly and unconcernedly most of those commandments which, for her concrete situation, could be but counsels of perfection. We were not well-brought-up children: we bickered and we complained, we stole, we lied, and we said the naughty words. We were selfish and reached for the larger portions first; we disagreed frequently, violently, with pinches, scratches, kicks, and bites. We hurled in tempests of rage murderous articles at one another now and then: I still bear on my head the scar of a hatchet edge. And sometimes in despair my mother would lay about her with any object handy. And sometimes she would break down and cry. On such extraordinary occasions we would crawl about her like little curs, half-reproachful, half-penitent.

No, our unity was a unity of the blood, of the roots, an undercurrent flowing steadily and evenly in the secret tranquillity below the storm. We were in a war together and we knew it; and perhaps were so sure of it that unconsciously, in non-essentials, we could permit our combative Mediterranean natures the luxury of private feuds.

Our mother fought too—critical skirmishes every day with the fishmonger, or the banana-man, or the shoe and clothing salesman to protect our slender patrimony. The give and take across the counter was for her, I suspect, more than a chore; it was a trial of wit and cunning, with much maneuvering and many a flourish for art's sake. The shrewd calculation of how much reduction in the proposed selling price the vendor would stand without complete rebellion brought to a focus all her knowledge of

human nature, her ability to read eyes and faces, her nose for a bluff, her ingenuity rich in device, her humor, her love for a dexterous kind of play, even perhaps her woman's vanity.

My mother took especial pleasure and pride, I think, in her achievements in what she called *lo scampolo*, and here she won her most measurable triumphs. The strategy of *lo scampolo* was the strategy of wholesale buying; it depended definitely upon the hour and the circumstances. To my recollection the victim was generally the Greek banana-man who drew up his cart at the close of the day outside our yard and called out my mother half in entreaty, half in challenge to the gamble that should determine possession of the scattered remnants of his fast over-ripening bananas. My mother was versatile in approach, her devices were legion, but I remember one plan of campaign especially. First she would ask the price per dozen of the larger bananas still attached to the semicircle of their bunch or to the stalk. Then she would inquire about the smaller, loose bananas. To the banana-man's invitation to buy them all she would oppose with seeming indifference a refusal, meanwhile eyeing the bananas surreptitiously as she counted or calculated the whole. Then suddenly with a quick, sharp reversal, in a manner half embarrassed, as if in shame of her feminine weakness, she yielded to the vendor's entreaties and fixed, hesitatingly, a price for the whole, a price then reiterated, firmly reiterated, triumphantly reiterated. The upshot was that the contents of the banana-cart were deposited in our yard by a Greek in tears. He was a good actor too. . . .

Thus, as witness in these feats of skill and adjustment, I learned in experience the subtleties and complexities of buying and selling. I learned the flexibility as well as the austerity of what I was to be told in college was the inexorable law of supply and demand. But sometimes my function as witness and interpreter placed me in positions of the profoundest em-

barrassment, especially when we went shopping in Boston for the larger articles of wear. I was growing older, more self-conscious, adopting from the American environment the attitude of ill-concealed amusement at the haggling of "foreigners." And one day my embarrassment plumbed the depths.

It was on Salem Street and our adversary was, for want of a better name, Solomon Levi. We entered a small ill-lighted shop and were greeted by our host hurrying forward quickly, expansively, appraisingly. At our request, he displayed his stock with appreciation and we found at length an article satisfactory in all practical specifications. Then the question was broached by me at my mother's request: "How much is the coat?"

"Fifteen dollars," was the reply.

I translated for my mother and stood by twisting something nervously, red in the face already, trying to convey the impression of a complete lack of responsibility for what was to follow. I wanted it understood that I was a mere mouthpiece, impersonal, faintly deprecating.

"Three dollars and a half," said my mother to me in Italian.

Then my embarrassment sputtered in rebellion and there ensued under the anxious eyes of the Jew a struggle in Italian between my mother and myself. I refused to insult the poor man and de-grade myself by proposing any such preposterous terms. Eight dollars, ten dollars, that was reasonable; but three dollars and a half for an article priced at fifteen!—I was ashamed.

My mother advanced toward me threateningly, called me a silly fool. I was sullen and disobedient. Then brokenly she uttered her offer—"tri dollarn alf."

The expected happened while I shrank back in a sweat of shame and wishing I had never been born. The Israelite sprang as though on a spring; he stamped and wrung his hands, tore his hair, wiped his beard of foam, moaned, protested, entreated, wheedled, made vows by all he held precious. I stood by and nearly

wept with him. I almost despised my mother then.

But she acted as one who takes calm refuge while the shower pours earthward in fury quickly spent, or like a fisherman who waits for his catch to tire of its thrashing before he throws it into his bucket. A quarter of an hour later we were leaving the store, my arm round the bundle delivered over to us at five dollars and a half. Crestfallen at my mother's considerable triumph, humiliated by the incident as a whole, shaken by the uncomfortable suspicion that my role had been the sentimentalist's where sentimentalism was out of place, I closed the door very softly. I was dissatisfied with my mother: she was too hard, just the same! Since then I have often reflected sheepishly that, left to myself, I should have accepted gratefully at ten dollars what was worth probably less than four.

IV

But it is only against a background of woman's weakness and of a prime seldom free from either the preliminary or after-effects of childbirth that my mother's extraordinary vitality, her constant and energetic leadership in word and deed are projected into proper relief. Fourteen times was my mother big with child; on eight occasions birth was premature and disastrous. Yet, once the child was healthily born, she succeeded in every case in nursing it into vigorous life.

She practiced no pre-natal care. For the household must go on even if the life within announced itself in the not uncertain language of pain. There were children to be cleaned, the house to be tidied, meals to be prepared, clothing to be washed. . . . And I have known my mother to wash a tubful of clothes in the morning, retire in the late afternoon, and present us with a baby brother or sister in the night. The children were usually banished to the neighbors at such times; but I remember once being awakened in an adjoining room by a low moaning, and then a sigh, and then a new,

piteous, squealing voice, and the swift patter of a neighborly midwife hastening triumphantly toward the kitchen for a basin and luke-warm water. And I knew it was Annina or Salvatore, Maria or Gina whose name we had learned beforehand and whose tiny beating heart our mother had, as a reward for good behavior, let us feel tenderly a few days before. Her face then was beautiful with mystery and courage; her expression I have often compared since with that of the young Virgins of the Italian painters when the angel makes Annunciation. And I have judged great painters by the reality I knew as a boy.

To-day, as I look over the long list of precautions and prescriptions required for the nurture of a healthy modern child, as I note every pitfall mapped and marked with the red light and circumvented by some scientific detour, I am considerably relieved to be alive. For the scientific calculus was against us, and my brothers and sisters statistically and by all the rights of theory deceased. Yet our teeth are of granite, our legs unbent. We have escaped rickets. Whooping cough and scarlet fever we eluded, though succumbing to the inevitable measles and mumps. But scientific vengeance may yet overtake us. For we had no orange juice, no mixture of soft-boiled egg and spinach, no apple-sauce. Though denied certain foods of course, we learned to suck our macaroni scandalously young. And if in our infancy we developed a stubborn fever our mother sent for a kindly, wizened old lady whose art it was to *mettere la mano al ventre*. That is, she inserted her hand wrinkled and worn, but gentle and so cool, under our clothing and on to our stomachs, and for a quarter of an hour silently transmitted the kindness and calm within her to our fevered little bodies. Then she left, bearing her present, and the next day we were well—invariably, it seems. But these wise old women, too, have now been gathered into the mystery whence they came; they were sage daughters of ancient Italy, and America seems not to produce the breed.

But, in the end, my mother suffered for the vigor of spirit and the necessity that drove her to household routine hardly a week after delivery. Later she was troubled for years by some unfathomable woman's malady; though, if the truth be told, she made little effort to discover it and treat it with consistent medical attention. For my mother had the peasant's fatalistic belief in the *vis medicatrix naturæ*—either nature healed or she didn't, and one dragged along as best one could until, in the event, one found out. Doctors were not to be trusted; first, because they had not studied at Naples; second, because doctors were *una razza di mariuncelli*—a race of robbers anyway, a vested interest of bland, comfortable charlatans out to fatten their benign and rosy persons at the expense of those who sweated for a bare subsistence.

Almost passionately, though not quite seriously I suspect, did she argue that so-called American sports—bicycle-riding, baseball, football, etc., were the inventions of doctors intent on a profit from that perversion of safe and normal exercise that resulted in swollen thumbs, sprained ligaments, broken legs, dislocations and bruises galore. And however unreasonable her point of view, the practical result was my inability for many years to wheedle from her either bat, ball, or glove, or any tool for sport. Even the poor skates I picked up by some device were hidden away inexorably, and I did not ride a bicycle until late and then still under the ban of protest grown impotent.

Thus my mother knew pain and protected her children from it often with misguided zeal. But pathetic were her embarrassments, groping attempts to find surcease from the chief source of her suffering, the process of childbirth. For her the discomfort and inconvenience of the long incubation, the multiplication of economic difficulties by an addition of consumers matched by no increase in income were second to her great dread of anæsthesia and chloroform. The odor of ether lingering in chamber or hall made

her faint. The lancing of a growth on a small sister's neck was for me chiefly memorable for the total loss of nerve on the part of my mother, otherwise so little given even to excusable weakness. I had no access to my mother's consciousness in this matter, but I wonder if, apart from all questions of pain, hers was not the protest, body and nerves, of an exceptionally vital and active being against any state whereby self-direction was taken out of her capable hands—the revolt of dynamic life against the ultimate submission.

So she strove against this source of terror as best she could, since she must submit to an immemorial marital tradition, a code one questioned only with dishonor. I remember especially one dramatic climax, of little significance to me then, but growing in content and poignancy in proportion as the years have enabled me to supply the long development. "Doctor," entreated my mother one day (while on her face even as she spoke there was a red spot of shame and in her eyes the resignation of one who asks for what is too good to be true), "doctor, give me some medicine so I won't have any more children." The doctor smiled broadly, shook his head, and went out, his professional duty done.

Even outside of the immediate family group I grew accustomed to the fact of my mother's leadership. She was capable, experienced, self-confident, ready in opinion and in action, and such a personality always draws to itself with a kind of magnetism a cluster of the weaker and less individual members of the community. My mother knew what she wanted, and that assurance made for self-reliance, the calm and natural assumption of leadership.

But like all strong and determined natures, my mother was not easy to approach. She had her standards and felt scant sympathy for those who were weak enough to have none. Her humor could on occasion be jolly and spontaneous; usually, however, it was acidulous in caricature; it was irony, satire, forms of

laughter all implying a set standard by which the victim is judged. She could never stand the merely inquisitive or pretty or fluttery female, and the woman who wept easily was her bane. This was in fact the reason for a prolonged and ill-concealed coolness between herself and one of my aunts. Nevertheless, within the generous limits of her none-too-accessible level, my mother could be both sympathetic and friendly. Those whom she chose could be assured of common-sense, practical devotion; if, in exchange, they had to submit to a bit of intolerance now and then, most were willing to overlook this normal defect of executive natures for the advantages of experience, a tested talent, and genuine kind-heartedness that association offered.

V

Like most men of action, the Italian immigrant has his Golden Age and his Apocalypse. Italy was the Golden Age, more golden as it becomes more remote; his Apocalypse is the return of the native, his own Second Coming. I suppose that even the most wretched Italian fleeing from poverty to a new land needs to create at least a myth of his eventual return, if only to muster the courage of departure. And this provisional myth of the return hardens for many into the substance of a faith and generates a Golden Age in the past if only that it may be recaptured in the future.

Thus for many an Italian immigrant, occupied prosaically it seems in wielding his pick or eating a sandwich huge in its proportions and generous in the strength of its onions, life in America is, at the very least, embellished by dreams of the glory of the past and the future. But that glory is of the substance of dawn and sunset, miracles that need to be evoked continuously lest they be overcast by the skepticism engendered by the long duration of garish day. And to safeguard his myth the immigrant has the unconscious recourse of all minorities and all defenders of a lost cause: he

adopts an attitude of persistent fault-finding. If he can only disparage, he feels, the advantages of a sojourn in America, it is more possible to continue life here; and if he can make vivid the imminence of his return to Italy he is assured of a cure for homesickness. Hence a certain affected disdain of America and things American on the part of Italians of the older generation that angers Americans more emotional in their patriotism than sympathetic in their understanding.

I recall on many an occasion hearing my mother suggest in solution of a vexing problem that we return to Italy. But those were the days when her suggestions were nerveless things, half-comically helpless, as though inflicted upon herself in punishment for having once entertained an illusion.

But her children were not unmindful of her long yearning, and when in the summer of 1926, family prosperity seemed sufficiently founded to permit a luxury for our mother's sake, we ourselves pleaded with her to take a summer off for a visit in Italy with her aged parents and her sister. She allowed herself at length to be persuaded.

Thus mother went to Italy. And for two months we received breathless letters from an Alice writing home from her Wonderland. Now for the first time she visited Rome, and the Romans became for her a people among the ruins of Pompeii. But Florence, Venice, Milan, Assisi, Perugia, these were not on her itinerary, and she would hardly have known what to do with a Raphael or a Michelangelo. No, my mother's itinerary was restricted to the region about Gaeta: a few trips in the environs, a few visits to marvelous places of pilgrimage, and she was content. Culture, tradition, and poetry were for her exhausted in a native village by the sea in the company of her aged mother and father, a sister, and a sister-in-law. For the first time in her life she was treated with open deference as a person of consequence, and her letters were delightful in innocent avowal of the satisfactions of being a personage.

Meanwhile she collected hangings and tapestries for her home, gifts and souvenirs for her children, and, in gratitude, an effigy of the Virgin in gesso and had them all packed in her trunk two weeks before the day of her departure.

And then it happened—and the pathos of it shook the little village so that people spoke of it to me three years afterward in accents beyond politeness and facile resignation. She suddenly felt a pain in the region of her stomach and her right side and she treated it herself as a digestive disturbance or as an untimely recurrence of her old trouble. For three days she suffered as an Italian peasant knows how to suffer. She applied hot olive oil on the exterior of the ache, she was devotedly nursed by her people with the household remedies their ancestors might have used. But to no avail. And then, by the time they were able to transfer her to the poor local hospital and call the specialist from Naples, the ache had swollen and burst and it was too late. They say that toward the end she opened her eyes and cried: "I shall never see my

children again, I know it now." But whether there was resignation in her voice or a final peace in her eyes we cannot tell. We were not there to see.

Three years later I opened the niche in the mortuary chapel where her bones lie in a white sheet beside those of her aged father, stricken immediately in sympathy with his oldest daughter's death. They were bones, physically and logically related to her whom I had loved alive. But her death I remember in another fashion. I saw it in her eyes as her ship drew away from the Boston docks. Then she seemed to clasp the rail half-faint and draw back terrified. On her face was the expression of one who has spoken a word impossible to gainsay. Was it natural fear of departure or especial premonition? This last image of my mother has haunted me since. Like her life, it portrayed courageous acceptance of tragedy humanized by the simplicity of instinct, while the flesh shrank unashamed from the pain it would ultimately master thanks to some unobtrusive grace of its own nature.





WHAT AND WHERE ARE WE?

REFLECTIONS ON MAN'S PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE

BY J. W. N. SULLIVAN

THE growing feeling, extending to all classes of the community, that life is purposeless is perhaps the most significant feature of our time. That a certain section of rich pleasure-seekers should have arrived at this decision is perhaps not very surprising nor very distressing. The same sort of people have made the same discovery in all ages. But speeches by educationists, sociologists, and religious teachers inform us that this feeling is creeping into all classes.

It is usual to attribute this feeling to the disillusionment following the War, and the War has undoubtedly been an important contributory cause. But the disillusionment in question is not wholly due to the War. The disillusionment has been brought about by the collapse of some of our most cherished beliefs, and this collapse has been brought about as much by modern science as by the War. Science has influenced us by making clear the distinction between what we must believe and what we would like to believe.

But besides its manifestations in private lives, there are certain very arresting public phenomena which may be interpreted as expressions of this lack of belief. The enthusiasm with which great masses of people, particularly in Europe, have welcomed some form or another of the totalitarian state doctrine is surely, at bottom, an expression of this fundamental lack of belief. The scientific baselessness of some of the racial theories now so

strenuously preached in Europe, the apparent incoherence and inconsistency of some of the most fervently accepted doctrines, seem hardly to stand in the way of their successful promulgation. For the great merit of these theories is that they inspire their believers with a sense of purpose. They present their believers with an aim to serve something greater than themselves. Only a very exceptional man can consciously live a fundamentally purposeless life. For most men even a pseudo-purpose is greatly to be preferred to no purpose at all. Life takes on an aim and a direction, and for the sake of so great a gift rational, and even ethical, objections can be readily overcome. Even in the Great War, for instance, many men found that the sense of comradeship, based on a common aim, did more than anything else to redeem their experience. And the complaint of those who survived was, only too often, that this new-found feeling was merely frittered away in the conditions of the post-war world. The feeling that life is purposeful satisfies a very deep need in man, and its absence creates a vacuum which he is pathetically eager to fill. And, as always when the "will to believe" is so powerfully engaged, he is not meticulously careful in his examination of what professes to fill it.

The modern absence of a belief in any great and comprehensive purpose in life can be partially ascribed to our increased knowledge. We are now faced, in an un-

precedentedly acute form, with the fact that there is a great difference between what we must believe and what we would like to believe. This increased knowledge affects our beliefs both about the nature of the universe and about the nature of man himself. It is for the light it throws on the old and fundamental question of man's place in the universe that the new knowledge is so profoundly unsettling. All cosmogonies give an answer to that question. Every belief in a purposeful life assumes an answer to that question. And the unsettled state of the modern mind is due to the fact that none of these answers now seems satisfactory. These answers have hitherto been of two kinds, which we may call the theological and the humanitarian. It is primarily our knowledge of the universe that makes us doubtful of the first, and our knowledge of man that makes us doubtful of the second.

II

The theological cosmogony of the Middle Ages rested of course on beliefs that practically everyone now finds incredible. It is the physical part of that cosmogony that is most obviously incredible. The tiny physical universe of those days, with the earth at its center and the few small stars as pleasing adornments, is to us now no more than a child's make-believe. But the spiritual outlook of that early cosmogony has by no means entirely vanished. The belief that man's existence on this planet is but one stage of his eternal destiny, that his good and evil have a superhuman significance, that his whole life here is to be seen in relation to a God-created scheme, is still a persistent and widely disseminated belief. This belief is not, however, entirely independent of the physical outlook that accompanied it. The abolition of the medievalist's physical universe has not been without influence on the persistence of his spiritual outlook. The doubts that now exist regarding the old theological conception of man's place in the universe do owe something, in actual fact, to the revelations

made by modern science of the *scale* of the universe.

The sun is one million times bigger than the earth. The sun is an average star. A recent estimate calculates that there are one hundred thousand million systems of stars, each system consisting of one hundred thousand million stars. The distances separating these bodies are on as unearthly a scale. Their ages also are as alien to us and to the whole history of life on this planet as are their numbers and distances. If there is a scheme manifesting itself in space and time, a scheme to which this display belongs, then it is difficult to believe that man and his destiny is the center of it, the very reason for its existence. We are more inclined to believe that man's values must be local and temporary, that it was a mistake to suppose that they legislate for the universe. But science has created other grounds than this for doubt. The history of life on this planet, as revealed by the biologists, makes it difficult to believe that human values are copies of the Divine, that they have any universal significance. The state of nature where only man is vile is quite unknown to science. The problem of evil existed long before the appearance of man on this planet.

The science of biology, even more than that of astronomy, has affected our beliefs concerning man's place in the universe. When the Darwinian theory of evolution was published it was felt, quite rightly, to outrage the theological cosmogony current at the time. The outrage for many people consisted chiefly in the fact that man was deprived of his place as a specially created being. This fact was supposed to deprive him of his "soul," and without his soul it was much more difficult to believe in man's immortal destiny and in the eternal significance of his acts. Man's privileged position in the moral universe, like the privileged position of his planet in the physical universe, was in danger of being destroyed.

This particular objection is not now so often raised. The purely accidental character of the evolutionary process is

not now so plausible as it was, and it is not so obvious that the notion of a soul is fatally imperiled by it. There are many serious biologists to-day who do not believe that the course of evolution can be satisfactorily described in purely accidental, non-purposeful terms. The main influence of biological knowledge on the theological cosmogony is now of a somewhat different kind. It concerns the moral nature of the process revealed by evolution, even if we suppose that process to be purposeful. For the process seems to reveal a complete indifference to all human values. It is the existence of the liver fluke, more than man's kinship with the apes, which is now a ground of offense. Those exquisite and subtle adaptations in nature that the old writers used to hail as evidences of Design may still perhaps be regarded as evidences of design. But the design so revealed seems to be completely alien to all human standards. As manifested in the history of the liver fluke, for instance, it is certainly wonderfully ingenious, but it could hardly be called inspiring. The giant reptiles also, who suddenly vanish after one hundred million years of domination, seem to us a singularly random and meaningless phenomenon. There is nothing in the process which persuades us that man's comparatively brief domination may not prove equally pointless. Whether or not evolution has revealed Design, it has certainly not revealed a design which is in any way consonant with human moral standards. Its note, in this respect, is one of complete indifference.

The implications of modern science do nothing to support the old theological cosmogony. Indeed, they make it distinctly less plausible. So far as the belief that life is purposeful rests on such a cosmogony, therefore, it receives no support from the things we must believe.

But, in fact, a belief in a purposeful life can exist without such superhuman sanctions. Indeed, in many cases the belief is independent of such sanctions, and its decline in the modern world has, for the

most part, come about quite independently of them. The belief in human progress for example, can exist, and often does exist, in entire independence of any particular set of theological beliefs. It is not too much to say that the majority of people would agree that the purpose of life is, or should be, to aid human progress, spiritual, intellectual, and physical. The children are to have better opportunities in a better world than their parents ever had. And in this way the children, or still more distant descendants, will become better human beings than their progenitors. Man will give rise to the superman, in accordance with the "law of human perfectibility" as the old writers used to call it.

It is this belief in Progress which has so catastrophically declined at the present day. The War, and the threat of future wars, have been the chief agents in rousing doubts about the nature of man himself. Added to these there have been a number of subsidiary causes working toward the same end. For many people the Church, for instance, has failed in spiritual leadership. It has shown itself, they think, as little immune from patriotic and social prejudices as is the State itself. Again, the revelations made so abundantly since the War of the stupidity of generals, the insincerity of politicians, the corruption in high places have induced a general indifference and skepticism. There is hardly any group of men whose integrity is generally accepted, and integrity allied with intelligence, such as was attributed to the heroes of the past, would be considered rare. Indeed, we now doubt whether such a combination was ever anything but rare. "Debunking" is a favorite modern pursuit.

But it is chiefly the War, and the threat of future wars, that have so profoundly unsettled the modern mind. Never before has war been so generally hated, and never before has the imminence of war been so generally feared. Even those who hailed the last war as "the war to end war" are now amongst the blackest pessimists. It is a strange fact that a gen-

eral hatred of war should be accompanied by a general doubt that man has the character or intelligence to avoid it. The doubt springs from our doubts about the nature of man himself. Judged by this acid test, is there any evidence that man has progressed?

That man has progressed since his ape-like ancestors we must certainly believe. But it would appear that the process is a slow one, too slow to arouse much enthusiasm. To serve such a process, for an end so remote, can hardly furnish a satisfactory purpose in life. The service of human progress, to the disillusioned modern mind, has lost much of its inspiration.

We find the notion of progress unsatisfactory chiefly because of our doubts about the nature of the material that progress has to work on. Not only the War, but the existing social and economic organizations that man has created seem to testify to a degree of moral and intellectual incompetence on his part which does not encourage any great hopes. Man seems to be invincibly governed by certain qualities: his possessiveness, his self-assertiveness, his indifference to the sufferings of others, which were doubtless adequate enough to the maintenance of a small and primitive state of society, but which all social reformers have found to be drawbacks. The circumstances of our time have made us exceptionally aware of these characteristics, and for that reason the notion of progress has become a dim and distant ideal.

Of the two cosmogonies we have outlined, the theological and the humanitarian, the theological stresses much more the individuality of man. According to it each man has an eternal destiny, and his life here is of eternal significance. According to the purely humanitarian ideal, however, a man is a means, not an end. He exists to "manure the soil of the future harmony," in Dostoevsky's phrase. He is a step on a very long path which culminates, we may suppose, in a glorious goal, but a goal that he will never see. Indeed, he cannot be sure

that the goal will ever be reached. No one can say what cataclysms may overwhelm the world. In any case, the goal represents no permanent state; for all life throughout the universe, science teaches us, will ultimately become impossible. Thus the goal, even if reached, would not be a permanent possession. And if human perfectibility is infinite, the goal would of course forever recede. The function of every generation would be to produce the next generation. Except as a link in a chain no man would have any significance; he would have no value in himself. Compared with the old theological outlook, therefore, the ideal of progress is relatively unsatisfying.

III

The two outlooks we have been discussing, the theological and the humanitarian, have a cardinal feature in common. They both assume that man is completely conditioned by space and time. What we have called the humanitarian outlook usually supposes that the whole of a man's life belongs to the time period that elapses between his physical birth and his physical death. The whole of his life is manifested within that period. His past, present, and future are terms which apply only to events within that period. Both before and after it he has no existence. The theological outlook also does usually assume, in practice, the complete reality of time. The eternal existence promised by it is usually conceived as taking place in a time that goes on forever. Time is considered as an inescapable condition of any form of existence. Man, on this outlook, is freed from the domination of physical death, but not from the domination of time. And another inescapable condition of any form of existence is of course space. The precise location of heaven in space is still a matter of difficulty to believers.

A question which has become acute of recent times is the question as to whether man is a being who is necessarily, by his very nature, confined within a space-and-

time framework. The mystics, as we know, have always maintained that space and time can be transcended; but they do not seem to have been able to communicate their experiences to those who have not already experienced them. This is not surprising, since their instrument was language, and language is saturated with space-and-time implications. Perhaps music, as many listeners have thought, can suggest such experiences, but only in the hands of a mystic who is also a great artist. But of recent times the general problem has been raised into prominence by science. The concepts both of time and of space have undergone a change. The time and space hitherto universally assumed have been shown to be unreal.

Relativity Theory has shown that different observers live in different spaces and different times. There is no privileged observer whose space and time are superior to all the others. Space and time have become relative—they vary with different observers. Space and time, we may say, are our interpretations of something which is not itself spatial or temporal. They are constructed by the mind out of an underlying reality which we cannot know directly. Space and time, on the new scientific outlook, are not the external realities they have usually been assumed to be.

Nevertheless, the position of space and time in modern science is still obscure. Certain developments of Relativity Theory, the latest theories of a finite and expanding space, have not yet clearly emerged from all mystery. And that other great group of physical phenomena included under the Quantum Theory is introducing yet stranger modifications into our space-and-time concepts. No one can say what theories of space and time will finally emerge from the present scientific reconstruction, but it is certain that they will differ very greatly from what we have hitherto believed. And since there are no ideas more fundamental than our ideas of space and time, a great many other things will alter when

they alter. The ideas we have been discussing, our ideas both of man and of the universe, acquire entirely new aspects when placed in this new setting. If it be true, for instance, that man has created space and time, then we must revise our conception of man as a being subject to space and time—to the space and time, that is to say, that have hitherto been assumed in our thinking about these matters. The theological cosmogony and the humanitarian cosmogony we have sketched must both undergo a profound revision.

IV

A further revision is called for by certain modern researches which may fairly be called scientific although they do not belong to the mature and developed science of physics. I refer to the highly interesting discoveries which have been made by Mr. Dunne and Professor Rhine. Mr. Dunne's famous experiments on time are now well established. It appears that the mind, in certain circumstances, can have experience of a future event. Mr. Dunne's own experiences of this kind are well known, and his testimony has since been confirmed by others.

In his book, *An Experiment with Time*, Mr. Dunne gives accounts of various dreams which did, in considerable detail, refer to future experiences. He dreamed, for instance, of the great volcanic explosion in Martinique some time before it happened. His dream was correct in several details. He dreamed, for instance, that the disaster occurred on an island, that the authorities were French, and that the number of the killed was four thousand. This last point is particularly interesting. The figure is completely wrong. The figure given in the newspaper account that Mr. Dunne read is forty thousand, but Mr. Dunne read it as four thousand and did not discover his mistake until he came to copy out the paragraph fifteen years later. The newspaper figure also, as later inquiries showed, was completely wrong. The point is that Mr. Dunne's dream referred,

not to the volcanic eruption, but to his experience of that eruption,—in other words, to his reading of the newspaper report. What Mr. Dunne had foreseen, in fact, was an event in *his own* future. This dream is typical. Mr. Dunne gives a number of them, some even more detailed and unusual. They are such as to rule out definitely the hypothesis of coincidence.

Mr. Dunne has also extended his explorations to the waking state. He has given convincing evidence that elements belonging to the future not infrequently intrude into the idle, day-dreaming state. If Mr. Dunne's experiences stood alone we could, at best, regard him as some kind of freak. But further inquiry and experiment have convinced Mr. Dunne that his capacity for foreseeing the future is not unusual. Indeed, it may be called normal. The reasons it has been so little recognized are due to certain inhibitions, which Mr. Dunne analyzes, attending the recapture of dreams. And Mr. Dunne gives a technic by which these inhibitions can be largely overcome. Those who practice this technic are able to reach results similar to his own. But other examples of precognition exist. As Mr. Dunne says: "What of all those cases collected and tabulated by the Society for Psychical Research, where a dream of a friend's death has been followed by the receipt, next day, of the confirmatory news?" And the feeling, that almost everyone has experienced, that something which is happening at that moment has happened before? And the occasions when, receiving an unexpected letter from a friend who writes rarely, one recollects having dreamed of him during the previous night? There are a number of such things which almost everyone has experienced. Usually they are dismissed as being of no importance; but in the light of Mr. Dunne's researches they take on a new significance. Instead of being isolated oddities, they become intelligible and important items in a great body of evidence.

If this evidence be accepted, its impli-

cations are tremendous. For it leads to the conclusion that man exists in at least two time orders. A future event which can be experienced *now* must, in some sense, already exist. It cannot be a future event in the same time order in which it is a present event—that would be a contradiction in terms. In the one time order it does not yet exist; in the other time order it is already existing. We find a similar difficulty in the Relativity Theory doctrine of time as akin to space. On that doctrine time, both past and future, is already spread out in an eternal Now. As Herman Weyl has put it: events do not happen; we come across them. Just as all space is spread out *now*, so is all time. But it is obvious that this doctrine, like Mr. Dunne's experiences, involves at least two orders of time. Let us suppose, for instance, that the events of our future already exist, and that we have only to come across them. Very well, it is certain that we have not yet come across them. We have not yet lived through our future. So that our "coming across" these events is itself a series of events which has not yet occurred. In the time order of Relativity Theory this article is already finished. But my "coming across" that fact must belong to another time order, for it certainly has not yet already occurred. If precognitions of the future veritably do occur, as the evidence seems to indicate, it seems impossible to explain them except by supposing that man lives in two orders of time. Mr. Dunne, as is well known, goes farther than this. He argues that there are an infinite number of orders of time. But whether or not a complete analysis of the nature of time requires this conclusion, it is certain that our ordinary notion of time is inadequate. Mr. Dunne's experiences present, in a dramatic form, difficulties which have long haunted philosophers. As we have seen, even science has been brought to an awareness of these difficulties. On all hands, and for many different reasons, the notion of time, perhaps the most fundamental of all our notions, is undergoing revision and extension.



Our notion of space or, rather, of man's relation to space, is also turning out to be unsatisfactory. Professor Rhine's experiments in telepathy and clairvoyance throw an interesting light on this subject. These experiments, as is known, were concerned with card reading by extra-sensory means, and the highly interesting fact emerged that the results are unaffected by distance. Equally good results were obtained at a distance of three hundred miles as at a distance of three feet. The form of consciousness concerned in these experiments seems to transcend space. No physical influence of any kind that we are familiar with could behave in this way. Whatever it is that is concerned appears to be quite uninfluenced by spatial separation. We have here evidence that there is something in man, some aspect of his consciousness, which is not subject to space. On the basis of these experiments, and those of Mr. Dunne, we are justified in believing, or at least surmising, that there is something in man which is independent of space and time—the space and time, that is to say, that condition the material universe.

If man's independence of space and time be indeed a genuine discovery, then the question of a purpose in life, together with many other questions, acquires a profoundly different significance. Although subject to space and time, he is not wholly conditioned by them. Even if all his activities and aims have reference to his spatial and temporal existence, these things are not exhaustive of the nature of man. The humanitarian cosmogony may be still accepted, but it wears an entirely different aspect when it is no longer regarded as exhaustive. It may still be held, for instance, that man's function, within this space-time framework, is to manure the soil of the future harmony. The service of human prog-

ress may be the best purpose that he can propose to himself—within the given set of conditions. But this purpose does not account for what existence he may have independent of those conditions. The description of man as an instrument to serve the ideal of progress is not sufficient, even if it be a correct description of his purpose within the space-time framework. What we have called the theological outlook denies, as we know, that the true purpose of man, even within this space-time framework, is to serve merely humanitarian ideals. His purpose, on this outlook, should have reference to his eternal destiny. But although the speculations we have been discussing do something to make the idea of man's immortality more plausible, they reveal nothing of an immortal destiny. The intuitions on which the theological cosmogony is founded receive no support from these modern speculations. The importance of these speculations lies in the basic outlook they make possible. If they should be confirmed, the questions of man's place in the universe, of the purpose of life, of the status of our religious intuitions will all be fundamentally affected.

For this reason we can say of these experiments by Mr. Dunne and Professor Rhine that no more important researches have ever been undertaken. The feeling that life is purposeless, from which so many people suffer at the present day, springs primarily from their view of the nature of man and his relation to the universe. Our conceptions of these things, and the feelings based on those conceptions, have hitherto assumed the complete reality of space and time. If we no longer make this assumption the whole question is changed. It becomes, as it were, localized. It applies to man as we know him, but not to man as he is.



EYE-WITNESS IN MADRID

PART I. THE NOVEMBER ATTACK

BY GEOFFREY COX

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ON THE Castilian Plain south of Madrid the closing days of October, 1936 were autumn at its best—sunny, sharp, with a pale blue sky that seemed to shine.

Ahead of the church tower at Getafe, in the straggling little town eight miles from the city, where we were standing at mid-afternoon on the last day of the month, the brown unfenced fields stretched away toward the low ridge over which ran the road to Toledo.

There were no peasants working in them, but they were scattered with hundreds upon hundreds of dark figures, some running, some walking. It was like the start of a huge crowd hurrying from a football match.

The first of them were already passing the white houses and untidy hen-runs on the edge of Getafe. They wore stained khaki uniforms that ended in inadequate-looking cord "gym shoes." Each had a blanket—some were ordinary white ones which looked as if they had been snatched hastily from a bed—rolled round one shoulder, and on the other a rifle, often with a rough sling made of cord. Their faces were unshaven, burnt a reddish brown by weeks of campaigning. There appeared to be no officers, no one giving orders, no sections in any sort of formation, but just a vast crowd making its way listlessly toward the township.

The Spanish People's Army was in full retreat on Madrid.

This morning these troops had been holding the center of the southern front, near the village of Parla. They had been shelled and bombed and machine-gunned from the air till they had broken from their shallow trenches. Their leaders had had no choice but to tell them to fall back and reform at Getafe.

There was no panic about them. It was difficult to imagine that these men had been face to face with death all morning, and that at any moment a squadron of bombers might come over, bringing the same threat once more. In ones and twos they strolled down the pavements of the narrow main street, peering in the windows of the few shops which remained open, crowding the little bars, dodging busses that honked their way along in the direction of Madrid, loaded with light guns and munitions, or cars with worried staff officers. Those who got food from the supply lorries squatted on the pavements, their backs against the white house walls, cutting slices of white bread and opening tins of herrings with their bayonets. Some sat dozing in the sun in the ditches lining the Madrid road. Others had taken up their positions in a line of shallow trenches which had been dug in front of the town near a wooden roadside hoarding which cried, "Stop at the Ritz when you reach Madrid." But here too was the same slack, tired, unwarlike air. The men dozed in the sunshine or wandered about

looking for food or firewood, or read newspapers, which had in some unaccountable way arrived on the scene. Amongst them were occasional militia women. Some looked even more soldierly than the men, with determined faces and rifles carried as if they meant business. But others, in neat blue overalls, with oiled dark hair, penciled eyebrows, vivid lips, added one more touch of unreality to the scene. Yet they too had been under fire all morning, and had been amongst the last to leave, I learned later. It was like a waiting crowd of extras for a bandit film rather than an army fighting a war notorious for its complete lack of mercy.

The schoolroom in the main street, which did service as a dressing-station, was busy. A young dark-haired surgeon was amputating the shattered leg of a seventeen-year-old militiaman. A Scottish ambulance pushed its way through the crowded street and stopped. The stretcher-bearers carried in a groaning man.

"One in the guts," the driver commented, in a sing-song Glasgow voice. "They certainly caught it to-day. Bombed three times this morning and then machine-gunned from the air. That's what gets them. They run from the trenches and the planes just sweep them down. It's simply murder at this rate."

As we talked, an armored car, camouflaged with waving reds and greens and grays, pressed through the still-passing troops. On its front mudguards rode two militiamen, waving their rifles to clear the way. Two others clung to the back. At the dressing-station it stopped, and one wounded man was half pulled, half carried out.

"God! Just look at that!" commented the ambulance man. "An armored car and four men and a driver to bring back one wounded man. How can they expect to win their war? The heart's gone out of them, with these airplanes after them all the time. They don't want to fight any more. They just want to get back to Madrid as fast as they can."

In the stream of passing men I recognized an Austrian Communist, his face lined and his hair prematurely gray, whom I had met two days before. Then he had been cheerful. New machine guns had arrived, and he thought the turn of the tide had come. Now he looked worn out.

"Yes, they broke all along the line," he said when we had managed to secure a couple of brandies from the packed bar. "It's impossible. No troops in the world could stand it. You lie in the trenches all day while the shells come over, and the bombers and the chasers with their machine guns. Then when night comes and these things stop, you think you're going to get some rest. But you don't. You have to be on the watch, straining your eyes in the dark, listening, in case there is an attack. And with the dawn it's the shells again. You get no sleep, no real rest at all. That's what gets you down."

He admitted that the heart seemed to have gone out of the men.

"They just don't see the use of standing up to odds like this. Why should they? They came out here to fight Fascists, but they never see them—just airplanes and shells. This isn't fighting and they know it."

Toward dusk things got better, though the confusion remained. One by one the soldiers shuffled up from the village street to take their places in the line. In one place a young officer was even getting a section together to march back. Green double-decker busses with fresh troops, waving their rifles and singing out of every window, rushed through to volleys of "*Salud! Salud!*" And a long black Cadillac, obviously bearing someone of real importance (there were no trade union letters painted on its gleaming body) came to a stop outside the commandant's headquarters in the town hall.

From it stepped a tall woman with graying hair, wearing a simple black dress. Immediately the men sitting round recognized her, and one cried: "*La Pasionaria!*"

Still clasping their pieces of bread and

chunks of herring, they crowded round her, faces alive with interest. With some of them it was just curiosity to see this famous woman Communist, Dolores Ibarruri, known as "The Passion Flower," famed for her oratory and her courage, particularly in the days of the Asturian revolt of 1934. But, above all, one sensed immediately the longing for leadership amongst these men. Shattered, retreating, dispirited, they wanted leaders who would help them.

La Pasionaria walked up the road toward the line. In the growing darkness broken only by a fiery sunset glow on the horizon, man after man crowded after her. But there was a note of tragedy over the scene. For all her eloquence and courage, what could La Pasionaria do at this late hour to check the retreat? On that autumn evening it appeared as if nothing could save Madrid from Franco.

II

Madrid, as the rebels came closer and closer, remained almost alarmingly calm.

The city to which we drove back evening after evening, with its crowds hurrying homeward through the dusk, its trams, its lighted shops and cafés, seemed a world away from the plain where crumpled bodies lay in the brown fields and under the roadside trees.

The cafés were crowded with militiamen "on excessive guard duty," as the papers termed it, talking, drinking, playing dominoes. The wide pavements of the Gran Vía were thronged with strollers—men in uniforms ranging from blue, crimson-lined cloaks of the regular cavalry to the rough militia overalls, and neat señoritas in black, with little red or yellow or green combs in their shining black hair. In the Puerta del Sol the old women still sold tickets for the State lotteries, though the crucifixes and rosaries they had hawked in the former days were now replaced by cards of hammer-and-sickle badges or red-and-black anarchist caps.

Pleasure-loving Madrid did not easily

throw off its usual mood even with an enemy moving relentlessly toward its gates. One obvious reason for this attitude was ignorance of the realities of modern war. The Spaniards did not go through the Great War. They have had no first-hand experience of modern warfare on their own soil. Many of them are illiterate, and knew nothing of what bombing, for instance, could mean until bombs began to drop on their own doorsteps. They thought of warfare still to some extent in terms of the street-fighting in which they knew they were superior to their enemies.

The military training posters which were put up on the walls showed this clearly. They demonstrated the most elementary rules of warfare—that a trench should be dug deep enough to give shelter against bullets, that men should spread out when under shell fire, that it is safer to lie down than stand up when bombs are falling and shrapnel bursting. But to people who, weeks later, were convinced that shrapnel shells bursting in the city were bombs thrown from houses by Franco's sympathizers, these were new and strange ideas.

It was not until the heavy guns on the Castilian plain set the windows rattling every morning that a real start was made with the erection of defenses in the city. But at last gangs of workmen began to tear up the cobbles with picks and pile them into walls across the streets. At the Toledo Bridge women and children formed a living chain to pass the blocks from hand to hand. Little boys dragged stones about in soap-box carts. And workers in winding columns, spade on shoulder, would march out at dawn and dusk to deepen the trenches which had been scratched in the hard soil before Villaverde and Carabanchel, on which the rebels were advancing.

Recruiting squads of women marched through the streets calling the idlers out of cafés. Loud-speakers blared appeals at the corners. Banners were strung across the roads proclaiming "*No Pas-*

aran" ("They shall not pass"), and "Madrid shall be the Tomb of Fascism." Through the streets dashed cars bearing in huge letters on their sides the initials of the trade unions—U.G.T. or C.N.T.—or names of columns like "Red Lions" or "Pasionaria." In the very mornings a column of workers returning from drill would march up the Gran Via with chests out and arms swinging with a flourish. But there were few signs to remind one of the battle only a score of miles away.

Even the first air raids did little to shake the city's calm. As Franco's columns drew nearer to Madrid on the south he sent bombers over the city regularly several times a day. Every morning about breakfast-time the anti-aircraft guns on the tallest buildings would begin their pop-pop, and motor-cyclists would dash through the streets with sirens wailing. There would probably be another raid just before lunch, and two in the afternoon, usually about the same time.

At first people rushed for the underground stations or the houses where "Refugio for 50 persons" or "Refugio for 100" had been marked up. But after a few days, when the center of the town was left almost untouched, the crowds took little notice of the warnings. Often they would move into the street to look for the silver shapes of the planes turning far up in the blue.

During one afternoon raid the crowd in a cinema sat unalarmed and laughing at the jokes of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in *The Gay Divorcée*, though the anti-aircraft guns and sirens barked and wailed above the jazz music.

Not bombs, but refugees, brought Madrid at this stage its most vivid impressions of the havoc of war. During the last days of October began the tragic processions which were to continue for weeks, as village after village and then suburb after suburb was rendered uninhabitable. An old peasant trudging along, weather-beaten head cast down, leading a donkey that pulled a cart piled high with mattresses, brass-bound trunks,

buckets, household goods; two or three children perched on the top, heavy-eyed with weariness or laughing excitedly at this drive into a new, strange world; a mother in a striped print dress, clutching a baby in her arms: these were typical of thousands.

In the Gran Via Hotel or in their homes the foreign correspondents lived comfortably, and felt they were getting good stories without a great deal of trouble. There were interminable waits in the telephone building—the Telefonica—while the only two lines to the outside world were used for long conversations with Moscow or for a sub-attaché at a minor South American Embassy to talk to his mistress in Paris. But there was excellent food to be had at a little restaurant in a side-street—steaks, asparagus, fried sole, vegetables—and a charming dark-haired Basque señorita to take our orders and pour out the excellent *solero*.

Only at night, when the eleven o'clock curfew turned Madrid into a city of the dead, did one feel the war close at hand.

III

The black, swift, open Mercedes-Benz must have belonged to a millionaire. It looked like the car in which Hitler drives. It raced along the Gran Via, greenish and gaunt and deserted in the moonlight.

Three of us were wedged in the back of the car. It was very cold. The driver and guard in the front were silent. We had met them only half an hour before, when we had been walking home from a late dinner through the empty streets. The big car had drawn up beside us and the guard had demanded our night passes. We had suggested in return that they might drive us back to the hotel and have a drink. They had agreed, and the drink developed into a bottle. Then had come the invitation to take a drive round Madrid on watch for Fifth Column activity.

It was only a week or two before that General Mola had brought a new expression into the Spanish language by saying

that, while he had four columns attacking Madrid from the outside, he had a "Fifth Column" of supporters inside the city, who would rise when he got to the outskirts. With the advance of the rebels this Fifth Column had already intensified its activity. Every day came reports of militiamen wounded at night by snipers from roofs and balconies, particularly in the wealthier suburbs, and of the ghost cars which raced through the streets firing at patrols.

The day before, the air raid had been accompanied by the throwing of light bombs from upper windows. One had landed in front of a trade union doorway when the raiding planes were some distance away. Now that Franco was nearing the city the Fifth Column's hour seemed at hand.

"Bring your guns," said the driver, putting the automatic on his hip.

"We haven't any guns."

"What, no guns?" he cried in astonishment. "You mean that you go about Madrid at night without a gun? Impossible."

They shook their heads at that. Obviously we didn't know much about civil war. But they took us along.

At the first corner an electric torch, reddish in the moonlight, waved up and down. We stopped with a jerk. A muffled guard thrust his rifle toward the car, and muttered in Spanish, "It must be ended."

The driver replied in low and definitely alcoholic Spanish, "It must be ended for ever."

The countersign for the night had been exchanged.

Suddenly from the back seat came a sound which, in the silence of the night, was almost a bark. The guards swung their rifles round, their faces tense. One of my companions had hiccuped. He hiccuped again. The guards grinned and lowered their rifles. We passed on.

As we did so, we heard two shots in a street to our right, followed by a shout. In the distance we could hear the crack of others from different parts of the city.

We soon learned the reason. In a side-street a window on the second floor of a big house was lighted and uncurtained, an excellent guide to any raiding plane. The driver and guard stopped, and shouted, "*Luz! Luz!*" ("Lights out!")

No effect. The guard raised his revolver. With a roar which seemed like that of a baby cannon he fired, drilling a neat hole in the top pane. The driver followed it with two more. We waited. Still the light blazed.

"Have a try," said the driver, handing back his automatic. We put a few more shots at it. By this time three guards, rifles at the ready, had arrived. They hammered at the door with their rifle butts until it was opened by a terrified old man in a dirty dressing-gown. Our two policemen and the guards rushed upstairs.

For ten minutes a terrific argument raged in the room. It turned out that it was occupied by two militiamen who were leaving for the front at dawn next day, and declared they were entitled to keep the light on to pack their equipment. Finally they agreed to curtain the window.

We started off again, to be stopped on the next corner by a guard. He approached us, then paused. There was silence. He had forgotten his part of the countersign. The driver roared with laughter, told him, and we went on.

"Now," he said, "we'll see if any of our friends are at home. There was a militiaman fired at just down here last night."

We had dropped to a crawl at the top of a narrow street lined with luxurious balconied blocks of flats. The driver suddenly put his foot on the accelerator and we roared through, turned at the corner, and raced back. No response. The sniper had either moved or wasn't tackling "Q" cars.

For half an hour we went on in this way, shouting or firing at lighted windows, racing through suspect streets. No one fired on us, thank God. Then they drove us home, running the car right on to the pavement a yard from the hotel

door, and excusing themselves, as they had to go out to the Model Prison. I was glad we weren't asked along for that. None of us was particularly sorry when the trip ended. Those deserted streets and the echoing shots in the moonlight were ghoulish in the extreme.

But this was while the attack on the capital seemed comfortably far away.

IV

At half past seven in the evening of Friday, November 6th, a long dark car slipped out of the gates of the War Ministry and sped away through the dimly lit street toward the Valencia road. In front and behind were police cars; ahead went four motor-cycle outriders. Few people gave the little procession more than a passing glance. Yet had they looked closely they might have seen, sitting in one corner of the car, the short, heavily built figure of Largo Caballero.

All that afternoon the Cabinet had sat in an inner room at the Ministry of War, discussing whether they should leave or stick to the capital.

Through the gray, cold afternoon the debate went on, while the windows rattled faintly to the roar of the guns. The messages which were brought to the Ministry of War by motor-cycle despatch-riders from the front-line barricades and trenches grew graver and graver. During the week the Rebels had made steady gains, until they were at the edge of Madrid.

Then came one more knock at the door of the council room. A secretary answered it and hurried back with a note which he handed to Caballero. It was from the commander of the artillery. The shell supply for the Government guns was gravely short.

There was only one thing to do. The Government decided to leave at once and hand over control of Madrid to the Defense Council.

Outside the War Ministry that evening there were fewer people than usual in the streets. It was cold, cloudy, and very

drear. The cafés were half empty. Three lorries went along the Gran Via packed with troops, waving their rifles and singing the "Internationale." A Communist speaker from a propaganda lorry harangued the people round the entrance to a tube station, but few stopped to listen. All wanted to get home to people they knew, to walls that would offer some slight protection against the danger which seemed to lurk in the very air.

As the evening wore on the sense of strain in the atmosphere became something almost physical. Those journalists who knew themselves to be on Franco's blacklist were leaving by car for Valencia in the early morning. The chief censor, who was going with them, showed us the automatic he carried in the pocket of his well-cut suit.

In the ill-lit lounge of the Gran Via Hotel, with its bare dark walls, people talking in low tones sat at the tables. No one knew who might be a spy, noting down information for use when the rebels got in.

A chair scraped suddenly back, a door banged upstairs, would bring every conversation to a standstill, cause everyone to stare round tense with apprehension. The radio in the corner blared out instructions to chauffeurs and trade unionists to rally to their headquarters, or fervent speeches studded with the words "*No pasaran, no pasaran,*" rising almost to a shriek.

Behind his desk the gray-haired manager, who had known the hotel in the days when tourists and wealthy salesmen had crowded this lounge, went on with his accounts. By the lift an American journalist argued and argued with the censor. His wife, who was a Communist, might well get into serious danger, even if she were sheltered in the American Embassy, should she remain in Madrid. But her name had by an accident been left off the list of those for whom passes had been obtained to leave in the morning. And, war or no war, this was Spain. The official who issued the passes could not be reached at that hour of night. In the

morning there would not be time. With infinite charm, the censor shrugged his shoulders resignedly. Nothing could be done.

Outwardly it was a thoroughly ordinary scene. A stranger coming through the swing doors would at first have seen few differences between it and a hotel lounge in any other part of the world. Yet over everyone sitting there hung the threat of death which the Moors and Legionaries and Fascists, now almost at hand, were determined to carry into this city.

What fate would the next week bring to these people? The hotel manager, a good bourgeois: would he be shot for carrying on under the syndico-anarchist committee, running his hotel for "Reds"? Those militiamen, would they be merely a dark, crumpled line below a white, bullet-scarred wall? And the American, might not his wife's safety depend on the outcome of that quiet argument in the corner?

In thousands of homes in Madrid that night families sat round their supper-tables, talking little. The Spaniards are great realists. They do not worry overmuch about dangers to come. But this danger was too close at hand not to be terribly real. "At Badajoz the Fascists shot two thousand people; if they capture Madrid they will shoot half the city," were the words of a huge poster in the Atocha Square. And in their hearts the people believed them to be true.

We walked up and down in the hotel discussing what would happen. The rebels were not the only danger. If the defense collapsed, the riff-raff might sack the town before the rebels entered, as had happened in Addis Ababa. The departure of the Government might even be the signal for the outbreak of pillaging.

The foreigners could take refuge in their Embassies. But the Embassies were all suspected of harboring Rightist Spaniards, and might well be the first to be sacked. The Americans, in preparation for an emergency like this, had arms ready to issue to their refugees, and had organized rifle and gun positions. The

British Embassy, however, had taken the line that a weak defense was worse than no defense. If it were attacked by a force too great for its sixteen elderly Spanish guards, who were armed only with old Italian rifles and 1891 ammunition, there was to be no question of fighting from room to room. The staff and refugees were to gather under the Union Jack in the main hall and apparently trust in God. It did not appear an attractive prospect on that cold, dark November night.

Even those who were leaving for Valencia by car had no certainty of getting through. The rebels might cut the road.

Outside, the starless sky seemed to come right down into the streets. Guards, with nerves tense, watched every corner. If a Fifth Column outbreak was to come, to-night might well be the night. Crossing the street to the Telephone Building, I was twice searched for arms. As I pushed open the swing doors a revolver was thrust into my stomach. "Halto!" said the voice of a guard demanding my passes. I noticed that the guards in the hallway had been doubled.

From all around came the sound of shots. From the distance a big gun boomed at intervals. Behind the hastily constructed barricades and in the shallow trenches on the outskirts, men, rifles and revolvers in hand, peered tensely into the night, expecting enemies from all sides. Machine-gun posts kept up warning bursts of fire on houses occupied by the rebels. Snipers fired at every shadow. It was easy to believe that the last hours of Republican Madrid were at hand.

But there was one thing to happen which neither we nor the waiting world anticipated.

V

On Saturday the Rebels made further advances at the very edge of the city. The next morning—Sunday, November 8th—I was drinking coffee in the bar of the Gran Via Hotel when I heard shouting and clapping outside. I walked

out to the pavement edge. The barman and his assistant followed me. There were few enough customers to be attended to that gray morning.

Up the street from the direction of the Ministry of War came a long column of marching men. They wore a kind of khaki corduroy uniform, and loose brown Glengarry caps like those of the British tank corps.

They were marching in excellent formation. The tramp, tramp of their boots sounded in perfect unison. Over their shoulders were slung rifles of obviously modern design. Many had scarred tin helmets hanging from their belts. Some were young; others carried themselves like trained, experienced soldiers.

Each section had its officers, some carrying swords and revolvers. Behind rolled a small convoy of lorries, stacked high with machine guns and equipment. At the rear trotted a squadron of about fifty cavalry.

The few people who were about lined the roadway, shouting almost hysterically, "*Salud! Salud!*" holding up their fists clenched in salute or clapping vigorously. An old woman with tears streaming down her face held up a baby girl, who saluted too with her tiny fist. One of the charwomen from the hotel stood with tears pouring down her face. The cars racing along the street stopped and blared their horns.

The troops in reply held up their fists and copied the call of "*Salud!*" We did not know who they were. The crowd took them for Russians. The barman turned to me saying, "The *Rusos* have come. The *Rusos* have come."

But when I heard a clipped Prussian voice shout an order in German, followed by other shouts in French and Italian, I knew they were not Russians.

The International Column of Anti-Fascists had arrived in Madrid. We were watching the First Brigade of what was to develop into the most truly international army the world has seen since the Crusades.

But Madrid was not worrying who

these troops were. They knew that they looked like business, that they were well armed, and that they were on their side. That was enough. The cheering and clapping went on. People rushed up from side-streets, leaned out of windows to watch. Even the first British troops arriving in France could not have had a greater reception.

The International Column grew out of the foreign volunteers who had gone to Spain to fight for the Government when the civil war broke out. Many of them were political refugees from Fascist countries like Germany, Italy, and Poland. Others were individual volunteers of Left Wing sympathies who wanted to join in this fight against Fascism; some were just men out for adventure. From the *émigré* cafés of the Latin Quarter, from poor streets in Switzerland, from offices and even country homes in Britain, they made their way to Spain. Some had to beg in the streets of French villages for money enough to reach the frontier. Many walked over the Pyrenees at night, sleeping by the roadside till they could reach the first Spanish village where they could get help to Barcelona.

At first they were scattered among the Spanish militia units, fighting side by side with the ordinary Spanish troops. Later a training center was set up at Barcelona. Newcomers were hastily drafted into the ranks of the Column, and by early November two brigades, numbering about three thousand men in all, had been formed and equipped.

The original intention of the Spanish General Staff was to use these brigades as mobile units to deliver flank attacks on Franco's lines from Toledo to Madrid. But this plan had to be abandoned because one factor had changed. It no longer appeared that the militia could fulfil their essential part of the plan by holding the rebels out of the city. The morale of the half-trained Spanish volunteers had suffered severely on that long retreat. So the First Brigade of the International Column was taken from the flank and hurried to stop the gap in Madrid.

VI

This first week of the attack on Madrid presented an almost unique journalistic spectacle.

We could get much of our news simply by standing at the windows of the Telephone Building. Spread out beneath us, as if on a football field, was the greatest battle waged in Europe since the fight for Warsaw in 1920. It seemed unreal in the extreme that those figures moving apparently innocently below us were engaged in the business of putting one another to death as rapidly as possible. It was like watching some fantastic puppet game—indeed, the American staff of the Telephone Company, anxious to avoid words like “the enemy” which would appear to commit them to support one side or the other, talked habitually of the “home side and the visitors.”

The eleventh floor was our favorite vantage point, until the guards in the street below began to take pot shots at us in the belief we were Fascist spies signalling to the enemy. Then we went down to the ninth, where the Americans had their living quarters. Colonel Behn, chairman of the Telephone Company, with that courtesy which Americans are always so much more ready than the British to extend to the Press, threw open his sitting room to us, and even provided us with coffee and his excellent brandy.

Below the windows ran the canyon of the Gran Via, cutting through the white modern buildings and closely packed, red-tiled roofs which formed the skyline of Madrid. Ahead, to the west, over the slight valley of the Manzanares, which was hidden by the old Royal Palace and a cinema, was the Casa del Campo. It was tree-covered, with open stretches, and looked like an undulating Hyde Park. Beyond were the needle shafts of the Quatro Vientos wireless station. Due south, the open plain stretched away to the red roofs and church tower of Getafe. To the north, over the roofs, showed the red mass of the Hospital Clinic in the University City, and in the distance the

line of the Guadarramas, gray-brown against the clear blue sky.

Three twinkles, as if someone had flashed a huge electric torch, garish yellow in the sunlight, would come from the edge of Carabanchel. Then three roars, and the sound of crashes at the city edge.

“Right in here by the Calle Mayor. See, through the roof of that house. And another just beyond that church tower.”

Into the still air the cloud of dust and smoke would rise. A rebel battery was shelling the city.

In trenches in the open we could see troops. We watched them being attacked and attacking back. Beyond, against a clump of trees, were horses, which, through glasses, could be identified as cavalry. Dark dots which were tanks moved down through trees near the Casa del Campo. Another battery started from a ridge near by, shelling the brick walls of the Montana Barracks.

At other times it was amazing how few signs the countryside showed of the fighting. Lorries passing along the Estremadura road looked like any stream of traffic. Yet glasses showed them filled with troops coming up to the attack. The Casa del Campo looked usually empty. But amid its trees were dug trench-lines between which there was a constant belt of rifle and machine-gun fire.

But the air raids never failed to be spectacular. We could count on one or two an afternoon. In the blue sky away to the southwest, coming from the direction of Talavera, would appear four or five dark specks. As they came nearer they would turn into broad-winged Junkers or gleaming silver Capronis. Above would be a flock of tiny escort planes. Almost contemptuously they would drone over the edge of the city, ignoring the few puffs of anti-aircraft shrapnel which burst below them. Many times they passed right in front of the window where we sat, almost, it seemed, within touching distance. We never felt much alarm about them. In those days we all had an almost touching conviction of our inviolability in this Telephone

Building. Did not Franco's supporters own most of the shares in the Telephone Company? we used to say to one another. They could be counted on not to damage their own property.

Under the bombers would suddenly appear a series of dark specks—three, four, six; they would fall slanting-wise toward the house roofs. There would come the sickening thud, and smoke would belch up.

We would stand waiting for the roar which would signal the engines of the Government chasers. They would suddenly appear, as if released from the roof of the Telefonica itself, rushing like terriers toward the bombers. A few seconds later there would be a furious air battle in progress. Mixed up in the sky like leaves in a whirlwind were fifteen or sixteen planes, diving and turning and swerving around one another. Their tracer bullets drew white chalky lines on the blue sky. Above the traffic you could hear the stutter of machine guns.

It was always exciting, even though one could never tell which plane was which. Not even the risk of stray bullets or the orders of guards could keep the people out of the streets while these fights were on. They stood craning skyward, shouting and cheering. The Russian fighters they nicknamed immediately *chatos*—snub-nosed.

At last one fighter would separate from the throng. You could pick out two other machines on his tail. He would begin to drop suddenly and uncontrolledly. When he seemed almost to have touched earth, out would flutter a white parachute—seeming to rise, because it fell so much more slowly than the plane, which would crash in a cloud of black smoke. The crowd would clap and cheer again. They were always convinced that it was a rebel plane brought down by *nestras gloriosas aviones*.

VII

The dark zigzag line running over the tawny slope which formed a wide bay of

open country between the promontories of suburban houses looked in the distance like no more than a field path. Only if you watched closely did you see the small dark figures crouching there. And those little puffs of white which appeared suddenly in the blue sky, as if conjured up by a magician, looked like symbols of softness. Even the dark, inverted cones of earth which rose suddenly in the air and fell around the twisting line seemed innocent enough.

It was hard to believe that this was a front-line trench, guarding one of the most important approaches to the city. Those gentle white puffs were shrapnel, raining down on men whose only head protection was a cloth-peaked militia cap, and the clouds of earth came from high explosives, thrown on to the trenches from rebel guns.

"They've got the range of it to an inch. There's little enough shelter in a half-dug trench like that," said the military expert, focusing his glasses. "I wonder how long they can stick it?"

Day after day in the first week of the attack on Madrid we watched that line. Day after day we asked one another the same question: "How long can they stick it?" The trench was manned by Government militia volunteers, most of whom, before last July, had never handled a rifle. We could see the typical blankets rolled round their shoulders, their rough uniforms. They were navvies, metal workers, tram conductors, clerks, postmen, newspaper sellers—the people in arms. Few if any of them were revolutionaries by training or desire. Some were no doubt toughs who would boast in bars later of their exploits, who had perhaps taken part in deadly executions at night on the edge of Madrid. Yet Fate had now thrust them into this post which demanded the effort and courage of heroes.

On their actions, and on the actions of thousands of others like them in trenches or houses, or behind barricades on the edge of Madrid, depended the fate of the city. The International Column could

throw a powerful shock force into the most threatened points; it could give the untrained militia a lead in tactics and discipline; but it could not hold anything but a small portion of the six-mile front on which the rebels were attacking the capital. The fighting quality of the Spanish People's Army was still an all important factor—perhaps the all important factor.

These too were the men we had seen retreating across the fields from Toledo to Navalcarnero, from Navalcarnero to Carabanchel. They had been shelled and bombed out of many positions like this. Their morale was still badly shaken. Would they break here too?

The bombardment went on morning and afternoon, sending fountains of earth spraying along the trench-line. Once we saw a flight of fighting planes swerve overhead, dive towards the crouching figures, loop round and dive again, sweeping the trench with their machine guns. When they had gone the guns took up their deadly work again. Yet throughout the bombardment two horses grazed unconcernedly only a quarter of a mile from the bursting shells.

Once we thought the line had reached breaking-point. We suddenly saw dark figures scramble out of the trench and run madly toward the rear, where the slope of ground offered shelter from that raking fire.

The first of the men had just got under the hill, and were walking toward a group of houses. From the rear, two men, lone figures before this running throng, walked toward them. They stopped the first man, and began to argue. We could see their arms raised in gesticulation. The other fugitives gathered round. The shells continued to pound the trench-line.

For several minutes they stood there, talking in groups. Then two of the men turned back, and, still under fire, ran forward to the trench and took their

places again. The rest followed in ones and twos. The enemy had not had time to attack. The line was held.

The men who had gone forward to check the retreat were two of the newly appointed Political Commissars. Whether they threatened or argued or pleaded, they had done their job. We saw no more breaks from this piece of line.

One afternoon other figures and two tanks suddenly appeared from behind a rise ahead of the trench-line. Opening out, they charged across the field toward it. The crackle of firing was hidden by the sound of guns closer at hand, but the defenders must have maintained a steady fire, for the attack wavered, and then failed. The charging men dropped flat and crawled away, or ran back to the rise for shelter. On the grass were little mounds of dead or wounded.

From time to time two or three dark figures would get up out of the trench and make their way slowly toward the rear. A wounded man was being helped back. The dead they carried out at night.

In the darkness as well as the sunshine the line was still held by these unshaven, dirty men, cold and staring under the autumn stars, firing nervously at every sound. They slept when they could, where they were. Their food was brought up under cover of darkness—stews of rice and meat, coarse bread, coffee.

The week wore on. On Thursday night they were still there. On Friday they had gone. They had fallen back on a new, stronger line hastily constructed at the edge of the houses to their rear. Had they not held on during these days, this better line could never have been built, and the break through might have come at this point. Had the militia not held hundreds of similar points during that fateful week, Franco would have been in Madrid. But they did not break. The miracle was beginning to happen.

(To be continued)



HONORIS CAUSA

THE STRANGE BUSINESS OF HONORARY DEGREES

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

COMMENCEMENT at Mammoth. On the platform this June morning are grouped the learned members of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, the Medical School, the Law School, and the College of Business Administration. Before the rostrum stands President Rogers P. Stindlebury, an impressive figure in his hood with its red cape. Beside him, in a gown with a mauve hood, is Professor Jimmy Raymond of the Department of Education, who will present the candidates for honorary degrees, now sitting fussing nervously with their gowns and mortarboard hats. Spread out before the platform are the six hundred and eight members of the senior class, while at the sides are their parents and friends, graduates, and the gentry and ladies of the college town. A tall man steps forward. Professor Raymond barks his name and history into the microphone. Then the President, handing the embarrassed gentleman his roll of parchment, intones the ritual:

"Lamington Jackson. Worthy son of our great mother, first a humble toiler and later an executive in the construction of machines for service, tireless in industry, leader of indomitable courage and clear-minded vision in this hour of increasing perplexities, ever giving of himself in the public weal, I welcome you to the fellowship of honorable men."

Mr. Jackson takes the parchment, bows, and hastily retires to his seat in the rear. Graduated from Mammoth in 1905, he was the son of a wealthy carriage manu-

facturer who began making automobiles. Young Jackson entered the factory and within four years became a vice-president in the Jackson Motor Vehicle Company, later consolidated with other concerns to become Jackson Motors, Inc. To-day he is chairman of the board. When in the full flush of congratulatory excitement later at luncheon, he will be asked by President Stindlebury to take charge of the new drive for the Alumni Fund. . . . The seniors do not know this.

Another figure comes to the front of the platform and listens with embarrassment to Professor Raymond's sing-song of praise. Again President Stindlebury echoes the refrain. "Morton P. Malloy, daring investigator in the realms of science, eminent business leader of many-sided experience, through diligence and genius you have risen far since leaving the portals of your alma mater. Combining idealism and practicality, you have always kept your interest in research and to-day your name stands high among those who tender to the public good. I therefore welcome you to this fellowship of honorable men."

While working as a graduate student in 1914 Mr. Malloy quite by accident hit on a way of flavoring dentifrice that seemed to have agreeable commercial possibilities. This discovery drew him into the drug business, in which he worked out merchandising methods which would permit various concoctions to be made for a few cents and sold for a quarter. One of his most remunerative concoctions was

discovered to contain more than a trace of potassium chlorate, a poison. Otherwise it was an excellent preparation. Anyway, all is now forgiven as he has amassed a fortune and has just presented Mammoth with five hundred thousand dollars for a new chemistry building to be called the Morton P. Malloy Laboratory. . . . The seniors do not know this.

A big, blundering figure stumbles forward. "Daniel P. Cahalan, gallant son of Mammoth. Honored member of the bar of this commonwealth, prominent in good government and public endeavors of every sort, ceaseless protagonist in the cause of civic justice, laborer in every communal enterprise, with years of constructive service to come, I welcome you to the fellowship of honorable men."

Twenty years ago Mr. Cahalan had some slight misunderstanding with President Stindlebury's predecessor, and was thrown out of college in his sophomore year. He got a job in a garage, worked by day and studied law by night, and at present is the State Democratic boss with the Legislature in his hand. The Legislature is of importance when appropriations for the University are at issue next fall. . . . The seniors do not know this.

Next in line. "James Seymour Woodbury. Lawyer, banker, business executive, sometime president of the Alumni Association. Following a long and arduous career in the marts of trade, you have given wise and important counsel to the heads of this university for many years, and are now faithfully serving your alma mater in wider fields. I welcome you to this fellowship of honorable men."

Mr. Woodbury is a lawyer who got himself and his clients into a second-rate investment trust which he found still intact at the bottom of the depression. He managed to persuade the authorities at Mammoth to buy into it, and the up-swing helped. To-day he is a successful investment counsel with a large office in Chicago, advising clients (for a fee) how to avoid inflation.

Just what do the seniors think of all this? They don't think at all. In fact,

they know nothing of the background of these men, of their relations to the University, or of what the University expects to get from them.

Has the business of awarding honorary degrees degenerated into a racket? Is there a widespread tacit conspiracy to honor second- and third-rate men who can and will be of help? Is there always a *quid pro quo*, so that whenever a degree is granted something will soon be forthcoming from the donee in the form of good hard cash or important services to be rendered?

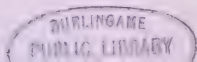
No, it is not nearly as simple as that.

II

Just what is an honorary degree? It is an academic title bestowed without examination on account of general cultivation or distinction and given exclusively by colleges, universities, and the See of Rome.

"We live by symbols," said Mr. Justice Holmes. That's what honorary degrees are, symbols, and they have existed ever since the beginning of mankind's attempt to institutionalize learning, although the title "Doctor of Laws" was a mark of honor among the Jews as early as the fourth century. The great universities of Europe were mostly founded in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and at this time the title of "doctor" was bestowed upon a few of the more celebrated of the scholastics. A dozen theologians were thus honored, including Thomas Aquinas and Johannes Bonaventure. When the medieval universities adopted the mode of honoring their favorite teachers with favors of this kind the emperors claimed the right to limit the degree, conferring the power to grant it only upon certain schools. Thereafter titles were given in the name of and by the authority of the rulers of the State, or of the Pope, who could confer degrees at his pleasure.

Later honorary degrees began to be distributed more generally. Very often the older universities had facilities which



their younger brothers lacked, and students would come to extend their research in better-equipped universities. Thus a doctor of medicine from Oxford might visit the University of Paris to supplement his studies, and in order that he might be allowed to take advantage of the facilities he would be given a degree from Paris, *honoris causa*, for the sake of honor. This custom grew common as time passed, and by the end of the seventeenth century honorary degrees were not infrequently offered for a cash consideration.

In the eighteenth century there were twenty-one universities in Germany alone which granted honorary degrees. Shortly after, one Karl Bretschneider paid two hundred and twenty-five dollars for a doctorate of theology at Wittenberg, an expense he later regretted. About this time William Anderson, a noted Scottish divine, refused a Doctorate of Divinity from the University of Edinburgh on the ground that "its senators were not in a position to judge of his divinity." Somewhat earlier Handel went to Oxford and having received the degree of Doctor of Music, twisted his sheepskin into a foolscap and, placing it on the head of one of the college servants, said, "There, I make you a Doctor of Music!" In the nineteenth century Herbert Spencer repeatedly refused an honorary degree, and one of the Duke of Wellington's officers declined to be honored by a D.C.L. from Oxford (this university does not grant LL.D.'s) as the fees were too heavy. He replied to the invitation in verse:

Oxford I know you wish me well
But prithee let me be.
I cannot, alas, be D.C.L.
For want of L.S.D.

What were apparently the first honorary degrees in the United States were bestowed by Harvard on three of her grateful sons, William Brattle, John Leverett, and Increase Mather in 1692. Being parsons, they were all granted S.T.D.'s (Doctor of Sacred Theology). The first non-Harvard man so to be honored was Jared Eliot, a graduate of Yale, who received

an honorary A.M. at Cambridge in 1709. In 1753 an A.M. *honoris causa* was given to a man who had had no college education. His name was Benjamin Franklin. Three years later he received an honorary A.M. from William and Mary, the first to be granted by that college. Yale gave her first honorary award—an A.M.—in 1724 to David Yale, son of a cousin of Elihu Yale.

In 1776 George Washington stopped off at Cambridge from the business at Bunker Hill long enough to accept an honorary LL.D. Marie Joseph Paul Yves Roch Gilbert, whom you may know better by his title of Marquis de Lafayette, was given an LL.D. by Harvard in 1784. By this time the custom of granting honorary degrees to the non-academic heroes of the day was so common that Baron von Steuben was in great fear lest he should meet the same fate. Having to pass through a certain college town in Pennsylvania, the old warrior halted his men and said, "You shall spur de horse well and ride troo de town like de devil, for if dey catch you dey make a doctor of you."

Before long most American universities were granting various kinds of honorary degrees, chiefly the A.B. (Bachelor of Arts), A.M. (Master of Arts), M.B. (Bachelor of Medicine), M.D. (Doctor of Medicine), D.M.D. (Doctor of Dental Medicine), S.T.D. (Doctor of Sacred Theology), LL.D. (Doctor of Laws), S.D. (Doctor of Science), and Litt.D. (Doctor of Letters). In 1850 there were about 300 colleges granting honorary degrees, and the number of degrees handed out was growing as new colleges were founded. A list made between 1872 and 1885 showed as many as 2,373 D.D.'s; 1,191 LL.D.'s; and 358 degrees of other kinds.

In the year 1833 Harvard gave Andrew Jackson an honorary LL.D. Lewis Gannett summarizes this episode as follows: "Harvard's stooping to confer a learned degree upon even so magnificent a frontier figure as Jackson was the first step in that degradation of American universities which has now reached the point

where every president, whether of the United States or the local power company, and often even the president's wife, is heaped with 'honorary degrees.' "

III

This democratic nation boasts no such appendage of snobism as a peerage. Nor yet have we any orders of merit like the Legion of Honor by which the countries of the Old World reward their distinguished citizens. We have, however, our own method: the honorary degree. Of the 1,500 recognized colleges and universities in the United States, there are 120 with endowments of two million dollars or over. Practically all these bestow a few (usually from two to eight) honorary degrees each June. The total annual number thus comes to about 600 from the principal founts of learning alone. The whole sum bestowed each year by all the colleges and universities, big and little, must run into the thousands. They go to bankers, manufacturers, chain-store executives, presidents of utility companies, parsons, politicians, and corporation lawyers, with a few professors tossed in to add respectability to the roster. This is the American Honors List. As Stanley Baldwin, who is a university officer as well as a prime minister, remarked: "Experience goes to show that the more democratic a country is, the larger its Honors List."

By what method do the colleges select their candidates for honorary degrees? Do they conduct a long and painstaking investigation among men of science, studying the work done in laboratories of other universities, of the research foundations, and of those government bureaus where underpaid scientists and other civil servants devote their lives anonymously to their fellow-men? Do they assiduously track down those who without thought of profit or fame have added to the store of human knowledge or the quality of human wisdom, or who are otherwise consecrated to the public good? Do they measure men by their contribution to intellectual advancement or to humanity

rather than by headlines and reputations? In short, do they attempt to pay the debt society owes certain of its citizens who have contributed richly to it? You know the answer. As a rule, they have never attempted anything of the sort.

Glance for a moment at the procedure by which the colleges select the recipients for honorary degrees. The method varies in different institutions. In some instances the choice is made entirely by the trustees, in some by the trustees upon recommendation from the faculty, in a few by the faculty alone, in fewer still by the president alone. The president has wider powers in some colleges than in others. In the Catholic colleges the faculty has wide jurisdiction. Usually there is a committee of the trustees or a joint committee of the faculty and trustees to make selections. At the University of Missouri nominations for honorary degrees are scrutinized by a faculty committee and have to be confirmed by the faculty at large. At Michigan the deans of the various schools present the president with a list of recommendations that are taken to the regents for their approval. Sometimes names are added, often they are dropped. In Washington University, St. Louis, nominations for honorary degrees are initiated by the Corporation or by the Chancellor. At Harvard the names are sifted by Dr. Roger I. Lee, a member of that self-perpetuating board, the Corporation, which has been in existence three hundred years. Dr. Lee, a Boston physician, is head of the committee on honorary degrees. Anyone who knows the intense conservatism of the old Boston families among which he moves can imagine what chance a Western poet or a modern painter, or alumni like Stuart Chase, Roger Baldwin, or Judge Julian W. Mack, have of getting past the good Doctor.

Occasionally the president is strong enough to award honorary degrees on his own judgment. Charles W. Eliot of Harvard is said to have been overruled by the Corporation on only two occasions, when they insisted on giving degrees to Prince Henry of Prussia in 1902 and to Henry

Cabot Lodge in 1904. "Eliot froze to the occasion," as Professor A. S. Hill remarked. He got even with the Corporation by citing Prince Henry as worthy of a degree because he was a grandson of Queen Victoria, who during our Civil War had said to her Prime Minister, "My lord, you must understand that I shall sign no paper which means war with the United States." The citation must have angered the royal visitor, though he is said to have shown no sign of dismay. Two years later Eliot gave Lodge a degree in the following terms: "Essayist, biographer, jurist, member in Congress at thirty-seven, now already senator from Massachusetts for eleven years, with long vistas of generous service still inviting him."

Some institutions permit suggestions from anyone, faculty, alumni, or even friends of the university. A few have a rule that no one in the employ of the college may receive any honorary degrees. Some grant degrees *in absentia*; but the majority of first-class institutions (Pennsylvania is an exception) do not. Almost all save the bush-league colleges of the South discount solicitations for degrees from individuals. Grinnell limits degrees to graduates who have done distinguished work, and as a rule colleges like to honor alumni whenever possible. Lafayette and Villanova now grant few honorary degrees, Washington University of St. Louis has given only fourteen since 1928, and the women's colleges, especially Vassar and Wellesley, are chary of their favors. Beloit, Grinnell, and Notre Dame limit theirs to a maximum of two to four annually; Oberlin never bestows more than five each June. A study made recently by Professor Reinhold of Swarthmore disclosed that over a period of ten years Dartmouth led in the number of honorary degrees awarded, with a total of 103, followed by Bowdoin with 82, Brown with 79, and Boston University with 59. A few colleges stay entirely out of the business either from preference or because they are forbidden by charter to grant honorary degrees, among others Bryn Mawr, Cornell, Virginia, and Stan-

ford. A study made in 1934 shows that eleven large universities, including Chicago, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Texas, and Wisconsin, granted no honorary degrees that year.

George Washington University in Washington tries to "avoid senators, financiers, and bigwigs generally," and each year grants degrees in some one field, such as music, science, or literature. Oberlin has an elaborate plan for choosing its candidates, with twelve distinct steps initiated by a list from the president to the faculty, who vote on the names submitted and pass the ball to the trustees, who vote and report back to an executive committee—a process which lasts several months and must be tiresome to the girls in the president's office. Notice that here, as elsewhere, the trustees are the men who count. Almost universally they wield the real power, and whenever there is a clash between Professor Herman J. Dudelsack of the Social Science Department and Henry J. Snifkins, a New York corporation lawyer and the president of the Board of Trustees, well, you do not have to be told who wins in the end.

IV

How much does an honorary degree cost? All college authorities vehemently deny there is any open barter, and usually this is true. However when taxed with unanswerable instances of give and take, they admit it has happened before and will happen again. One hundred dollars has been known to purchase an honorary degree from a small college in the Bible Belt, whereas up north the price is higher. Generally there is nothing so crude as open barter; simply a feeling that a large gift to a university is a service to the cause of learning which deserves an accolade; and conversely, that an institution which singles out the right man for honor deserves a tribute in cash for the soundness of its judgment.

Pittsburgh has a reputation in the collegiate world of being reasonable about honorary degrees. Harvard and Colum-

bia are more difficult. Thus George Fisher Baker was pleased to give Harvard five millions for a school of Business Administration, and Harvard was delighted to honor George Fisher Baker with an LL.D. He presented Columbia University with Baker Field, for the sport of intercollegiate football, and Columbia also honored him. On the other hand, back in 1889, Dr. William Everett presented Williams with the works of Walter Scott as a compliment for the granting of an honorary degree; and one small college in the West actually gave a D.D. to the generous donor of an unabridged Webster's Dictionary. Sometimes payment is made by the donee in a few kind words. Last June when William Mather Lewis, the president of Lafayette, was awarded a degree by Nicholas Murray Butler at Columbia, "he caused a burst of applause by asserting that neither the Democratic nor the Republican parties would nominate the most able men. If the best qualified candidate were nominated by the Republicans it would be Dr. Butler."

All sorts of considerations may enter into the granting of an honorary degree. By bestowing the learned doctorate upon Walter Lippmann, Dorothy Thompson, and Mark Sullivan, Wesleyan, Tufts, and Bowdoin may have been saving money. A commencement speaker is necessary each June, and if a college can obtain one, all traveling expenses included, by merely awarding a sheepskin, it has perhaps saved as much as five hundred dollars. When Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute invites the president of the Hartford Electric Light Company to receive an honorary degree it expects he will make a Commencement speech. He does. The president of a large Middle-Western university said to me: "The honorary degree is often used to obtain Commencement speakers, and personally I suspect that was the basic reason for four out of the five handed me."

Not only are the colleges too ready to use honorary degrees for practical reasons, not only do they award them to scratch the back of big business, but most colleges

find them handy to pat one another approvingly on the back. President A grants an LL.D. to President B, and the next June President B awards a Litt.D. to President A. Back in 1929 President Butler of Columbia in one swoop honored the heads of Minnesota, Purdue, Cornell, Sweet Briar, and Iowa. One recalls the remark of the Reverend William Sunday when awarded a D.D. by Pennsylvania State College, an institution more liberal with its degrees than its dogmas. Casting his eyes over the gaudily costumed faculty, he dropped to his knees in prayer, beginning, "Jesus! What a glorious bunch of men."

Honorary degree-giving has now reached the point where most charitable foundations discourage (if they do not actually forbid) their executives accepting academic favors. It is now common for many prominent men who see what these favors stand for, or don't stand for, to be shy about admitting their doctorates *honoris causa*. Thus at present Andrew Mellon lists in *Who's Who* only one LL.D. of his fifteen, that from Cambridge, England; and Walter Lippmann neglects to mention a single one of the nine honors conferred upon him.

To a university president the honorary degree is as necessary as a Cadillac limousine. The moment an institution of learning appoints a leader every sister college hastens to slap a degree upon him. What strange quality makes a man more worthy of honors to-day than yesterday? In 1932 Harold Willis Dodds and Tyler Dennett were professors at Princeton and James Bryant Conant was a scientist of distinction at Harvard. In 1933 Dodds was made president of Princeton, Dennett of Williams, and Conant of Harvard. In June, 1934, each one was showered with honorary degrees. In 1932 a shoe manufacturer named Stanley King became president of Amherst, and within twelve months he was an honorary LL.D. of Colgate, Dartmouth, Wesleyan, and Columbia. This past winter Edmund E. Day, Clarence A. Dykstra, and Henry M. Wriston have been appointed presidents of

Cornell, Wisconsin, and Brown, respectively. Watch the boys hang the medals on them this month at Commencement!

Presidents of the United States are fair prey for the degree-givers; nothing so swells the prestige of an institution as to show that it can attract a Chief Executive to its festivities, and nothing incidentally so insures a triumphant Commencement as the presence of the great man in his private car, guarded by his secret-service operatives and drawing his throngs of eager gapers. Princeton even honored the learned Warren Gamaliel Harding with the benefits and usufructs of an honorary LL.D.; while in the spring of 1925 Calvin Coolidge was invited to receive favors at no less than twenty different Commencements. The champion degree-getters of the nation are Herbert Hoover with 34, A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard and John H. Finley of the New York *Times* with 28, and Owen D. Young with 23. For many years Hoover and Nicholas Murray Butler had a close race for quantitative supremacy, first one ahead and then the other. Butler now lists in *Who's Who* 13 American degrees, 3 English, 3 Scottish, 4 French, 2 Canadian, 2 Hungarian, 1 Italian, 1 Czech and 1 Polish. Called by H. G. Wells "that international champion retriever of foreign degrees and decorations," President Butler has pretty well exhausted the intellectual gifts of this continent and Europe, and last winter was pleased to accept an honorary degree from the University of Trujillo, at Trujillo City, from President Trujillo of the Dominican Republic.

V

Carlyle once declared that Americans "like to hobble down to posterity on the crutches of Capital Letters." Look at some of the illustrious great who have become learned men by virtue of the authority vested in the president of Mammoth University—or one of his colleagues.

There is Dr. Henry Ford (largest motor-car manufacturer in the world) of Colgate, Dr. Walter Gifford (American

Telephone and Telegraph) of Colgate, Dr. Eugene Grace (Bethlehem Steel) of Lehigh, Dr. J. Edward Hoover (G-Man Extraordinary) of New York University, Dr. Will Hays (movies) of Mt. Union College, Dr. William A. Wirt (who discovered a red revolution in the New Deal) of De Pauw, Dr. Frederick L. Maytag (washing-machine co-ordinator) of Parsons College, Dr. Samuel Insull (noted foreign traveler) of Union, Dr. Newcomb Carlton (Use Western Union) of Harvard, Dr. Dorothy Dix (mother confessor) of Tulane, Dr. Bernard M. Baruch of Williams, Dr. Charles E. Coughlin of Notre Dame, Dr. J. P. Morgan of Princeton, Harvard, Cambridge (England), and half a dozen others, and Dr. Charles E. Schwab of Franklin and Marshall, not to mention Dr. Franklin D. Roosevelt of Yale (which voted against him three to one).

Now what particular assets have all these men and practically all their colleagues in common? For one thing they are all successful. Mr. Grace, Mr. Hays, Mr. Gifford, and the rest have arrived. They have got there. No question about them. Last year Sinclair Lewis was given a Litt.D. at Yale. His alma mater neglected to honor him on the appearance of *Babbitt* or *Main Street*; it preferred to wait until he had become long established and been given a thick varnish of regularity by the award of the Nobel Prize.

The next thing you notice is that in every instance the recipient of the degree is "prominent." The colleges use the Commencement program as a means of getting publicity. If Squeegie College gives Lew Douglas a degree, that is good for page one. The record of Rollins College as a bestower of honorary degrees brings out this point very neatly. Last, all these men are "sound." Alfred E. Smith was ignored by our universities when he was the fighting governor of New York; when he became the president of the Empire State Building and had begun the drift to conservatism which was to make him the darling of the Liberty

League, Columbia and Harvard were only too pleased to have him on the platform at Commencement. Walter Lippmann as editor of the *New York World* was a nobody so far as most of the larger universities were concerned, whereas when he became editorial commentator for the *New York Tribune* he was gladly received into the fellowship of honorary educated men, a fraternity that has no use for such illiterates as H. L. Mencken, Morris Ernst, Senator George Norris, Hendrik Van Loon, Robert Morss Lovett, Charles A. Beard, and Clifford Odets. The reverse also holds true. Oswald Garrison Villard received several honorary degrees before he became head of the *Nation*; since then only Howard, a Negro university, has dared reward his services to the community.

And this conservatism holds in the arts as well as in politics. Yale with its awards (mostly belated) to Edith Wharton, Eugene O'Neill, Willa Cather, and Sinclair Lewis has come as near as any institution to honoring current American achievement in literature; the other colleges are almost uniformly blind to contemporary achievement, unless it is well seasoned by time, or better yet, English and thus safely respectable. Harvard's record in twenty years between 1911 and 1931 shows that it recognized poetry only in the persons of John Masefield and Robert Bridges, both Poet Laureates of England. If men like Shakespeare, Voltaire, and Victor Hugo were alive in this country to-day they would have to wait a long while to get a Litt.D. from any American university.

College trustees measure men by reputation rather than by real achievement. Washington bureaus, especially the Department of Commerce, the Department

of Agriculture, and the Bureau of Public Health are crowded with men working on pitifully small salaries who have contributed to the welfare of the nation. In certain colleges, in many of the public libraries, in civil service posts all over the United States are men who by the nature of their calling must be anonymous, humble men of distinction. But no college seeks to honor them. Their names would not "mean anything" to the alumni and to the public glancing over the list of honorary degrees printed in to-morrow's newspaper. Easier to wait until they have reputations which can be recognized even by trustees.

When will these institutions realize that by giving degrees to the majority of those chosen they repudiate the ideals for which they are supposed to stand? The big universities are the worst offenders because they create the mental climate of the nation, and instead of setting standards, they simply echo the standards of the marketplace. They are supposed to stand for true and durable rather than false and ephemeral values; for intellectual pioneering rather than for timid stepping into line; for courage rather than for conformity; for disinterested public service rather than for a canny eye for prestige, publicity, and cold hard cash. These universities, which should be the true assessors of our civilization, which should search for and discover the real servants of the country, pass them by. One wonders what the effect would be on those bright young boys in the senior class at Mammoth if they fully understood the significance of the Commencement scene this month, as they watch their alma mater shoveling out honorary degrees to the face-cards of business and professional life.



THE UNCONQUERABLE MEXICAN

BY HUBERT HERRING

THERE are some things which any American knows about all Mexicans: Mexicans are bandits, they carry guns, they make love by moonlight, they eat food which is too hot and drink drink which is too strong, they are lazy, they are communists, they are atheists, they live in mud houses and play the guitar all day. And there is one more thing which every American knows: that he is superior to every Mexican. Aside from these items the atmosphere between Mexico and the United States is mild and friendly.

Of course we think the Mexican picturesque. He makes little jugs and paints flowers on them. He wears *huaraches* instead of shoes, a *sarape* instead of a coat, and an oversize hat. His women carry their babies on their backs, tightly wrapped in blue *rebozos*. We like the Mexican's villages, outlined with cactus hedges, spotted with houses of sun-baked adobe, enlivened with communal washing centers where women scrub and talk and sing. We delight in the village market lined by neat geometric piles of carrots and peppers and onions and more peppers, the tall *ahuehuetes* in their spare magnificence and massive vines of bougainvillea topping the scene with purple blaze—all dominated by the lacy grace of a sixteenth-century church pockmarked by the sun and the wind and the rain and the spent bullets of dead revolutionists. This Mexico invites the eager curious from Kansas, Oregon, and Maine, the tourists who crowd trains, planes, steamers, and automobiles bound for Mexico, filling hotels and pensions, jam-

ming restaurants, buying painted pigs, gaudy sarapes and jaunty straw horses as fast as the Mexican can produce them. Mexico becomes a cult. Greenwich Village moves to Taxco. The spell of Mexico is upon painters hunting line and color, schoolteachers pursuing culture and credit, starry-eyed wayfarers seeking vicarious atonement through other people's revolutions. On this restless crowd the Mexican turns a sober eye, ponders the strange ways of man, and raises his prices on painted pigs, lacquered gourds, and *frijoles refritos*.

The re-discovery of Mexico is well begun. It has already yielded a few dull books with figures and many bright books with few facts. It has created three separate schools of American thought in regard to Mexico. First, the sentimental who find the Mexican quaint, and try to copy him. Second, the lyrical who find him bold, and covet his audacity. Third, the dyspeptic who find him dangerous and hope that the United States will annex Mexico and civilize her. To which might be added a fourth school of philosophers, those who think Mexico perfectly lovely, and wasn't the bullfight awful?

But this re-discovery, no matter how it may be complicated by its discoverers, opens up new meanings and new excitements which lie beneath the kaleidoscopic surface of Mexico. She is a nation thrust up out of the mass of human history, isolated, alone, surprisingly untouched by the forces which have shaped other peoples. Mexico is a conglomerate in which

the several elements are bound together by the brittle cement of a common Mexicanism but are not fused. Toltec pyramids are topped, but not dominated, by Christian churches. Indian Mexico is a nation within a nation, unamalgamated, largely unmoved. Furthermore, Mexico is a land of regions, in each of which life flows in a large measure of self-sufficiency and self-satisfaction. Mexicans say, "I am of Oaxaca," "I am of Yucatan"; they seldom say, "I am Mexican."

And Mexico repulses those who would find her. Much of her life is hidden. There are no highways to ten thousand villages whose patterns of life have changed but little in a thousand years. Even those villages easily reached by train or automobile are hidden. Indian Mexico can be looked at, prodded, explored, but it looks back from somber eyes, tells nothing, concedes nothing.

The people of Mexico are divided into four unequal parts. There is a little handful of the old aristocracy, a few thousands in all, whose eyes are fixed on the golden days of Porfirio Diaz. These are the survivors of the colonial privileged. They survived Iturbide and Santa Anna, they hailed Maximilian and mourned his passing, they were secure under Diaz. Thousands of them fled in 1910 to Paris, many never to return. The few that remain cling to their houses of hewn stone on the Paseo de la Reforma, but find it difficult to pay their taxes. There is a second handful—and a very small one—of the new plutocracy, the creation of the madder days of modern revolutionary Mexico, the men who made revolution pay—Plutarco Elias Calles and his friends. The windows of their great houses on Chapultepec Heights and in Cuernavaca wear an anxious look. Their owners find it expedient to keep silent or to live in San Diego or to accept diplomatic posts in distant capitals. These first two groups account for only a few thousand Mexicans, and they are today voiceless. A third and more important segment is the thin layer of the Mexican middle class. At the heart of it is the

officialdom which draws its livelihood from the government. The government is almost the sole employer of the technically trained. Grouped with them in the Mexican middle class are the doctors and the lawyers, the small industrialists, the shopkeepers and the innkeepers, the traders and the bargainers. A scant ten per cent of Mexico is to be counted in this middle class, of which half live from the governmental payroll. It is in large part of mixed blood—Mestizo—although there must be counted in some hundred thousand Spanish, German, English, French, and other aliens. And fourth, there is Indian Mexico. Of the seventeen millions of Mexicans, seven millions can be classed as practically pure-blooded Indians, to which may be added those who are predominantly Indian and whose habits of life relate them to the Indian group; it is safe to say that fourteen to fifteen millions belong to Indian Mexico. This Mexico cultivates corn and tends cattle.

When one surveys this anomalous nation, with its great majority living in pocketed isolation, cut off from the main currents of national life by illiteracy, indifference, and lack of communication, it is difficult to place Mexico under any of the accepted political categories. Mexico calls herself a democracy. It has a full complement of the trappings of democracy. It has elections, universal male suffrage, state and municipal governments cut on the same pattern as those of the United States; it has a Congress with an upper and a lower house, a supreme court charged with the chaperonage of the Congress, a constitution, and a president elected by the vote of the people. But Mexico's peculiar political genius is not exhausted by such description. Its political structure is topped by a quaint institution known as the National Revolutionary Party, tightly controlled by the little group which holds the national power. The Revolutionary Party is supported by the free-will offering—automatically collected—of one day's pay out of every month's salary of each of the

fifty-four thousand federal employees. The Party holds conventions for the naming of candidates for federal and state posts. It presides over the election machinery. It plays a role in Mexico which is comparable to that of the Democratic party in Georgia or the Republican party in Vermont. Its candidates are duly elected with brilliant uniformity.

The casual observer concludes that there is no democracy in Mexico. Such an observer errs. Mexico has a democracy of her own practical design. She has governments which ultimately yield to the seemingly inert and silent masses of Indian Mexico. The incredible has become actual. The Indian must increasingly be reckoned with. He may not vote, not often at least. He may not hold the chief offices, save in rare instances. But to-day, Cardenas is in, Calles is out, because of the ground swell among those inarticulate millions.

The democracy of Mexico—limited and halting as it is—has been hard won. It is the tragedy of Mexico that each new ordering of her national life has been born out of due season. In 1519 she fell before Cortez and his six hundred men because Tenochtitlan and Tlaxcala were at odds. In 1810 she followed Hidalgo and Morelos to the creation of a republic, but her time was not fulfilled, and she could not resist the treachery of Iturbide and of Santa Anna. By the close of the forties, in spite of faithful effort to unify the nation, she had been outstripped by the United States in the race for national maturity, and lost a full half of her territory. In the fifties her faith was fired by the emergence of an authentic leader, Benito Juarez, but her national development was interrupted by the invasion of Napoleon III's army and the puppet emperor Maximilian. A century of struggle for independence was rounded out by the thirty years' rule of Porfirio Diaz, a rule which left Mexico bound and beholden to the alien investors invited and encouraged by Diaz. The twenty-seven years since 1910 have been marked by violent swings between hope and defeat,

between leaders and betrayers. With 70 per cent of her people still living close to the soil, with 14 per cent caught in the toils of a disturbing new industrialization lacking historical roots, Mexico has been hard put to it to make workable adjustments between tradition and modernity. With a paucity of technicians, with a surplusage of reckless generals and ambitious political chiefs, the wonder is not that Mexico has had defeats but rather that she has won such considerable victories.

II

Nor is this democracy, limited as it is, easy to maintain. Mexico's efforts to win national integrity within her borders and to achieve an adequate place in this modern world bring her into sharp debate with her neighbors. She seems—say outsiders—always to be fighting. The answer is clear. She is fighting. She has been fighting. She will continue to fight. Hers is the fierce vigor of a fighter just released from four centuries of chains. There are purple scars on her wrists and ankles. The Spaniard ruled for three hundred years. Spanish chains cut. The Mexican betrayers ruled for another hundred years. Their chains cut. It requires no great reach of imagination to understand why Mexico fights.

Mexico fights her colonial past. Nations, no less than individuals, fight their forbears. When Mexico attacks the *hacendado* and demands his land; when Mexico attacks the Church, and demands that the Church loose her hold, Mexico fights the past.

Mexico fights her betrayers. The one hundred and twenty-seven years since Father Hidalgo declared Mexico free and sovereign are spotted with the names of those betrayers. There were presidents who would be emperors, constitutional leaders who aspired to dictatorial power, and revolutionary leaders intent upon wealth. Mexico has fought them for a century. She fights them to-day.

Mexico fights the outside world. Tucked by a careless fate under the

shadow of the United States, she has an account to settle. There is hurt pride in it, the record of a hundred humiliating years in which the United States and others crowded her, cajoled her, and treated her as an inferior of limited sovereignty and clipped rights. There is the sharp memory of lost territory. There is the sense of her narrowed economic sovereignty, cut by the inroads of foreign capital, and the capture by aliens of mines and oil fields and acres.

Men and nations are never calm in reciting their real or fancied wrongs. Even the members of the American colony in Mexico City should understand why Mexico fights. Even the perfervid editors of our enterprising periodicals should get the idea. Mexico fights, and makes mistakes. Fights are never pretty.

But it is a winning fight. Mexico is notable in the vitality of her re-creative power. Santa Anna could sell the national birthright and lose even the mess of pottage, but Benito Juarez could write the reform Constitution of 1857, build schoolhouses, attack the holdings of the *hacendados* and of the Church, and give the nation a flickering glimpse of her certain destiny. Napoleon III could dispatch his men to the gates of Puebla, install his puppet emperor Maximilian, but the men from Oaxaca, Vera Cruz and San Luis Potosi could block that imperial march, and stand Maximilian against the firing wall in Queretaro. Porfirio Diaz could seize the communal lands of Morelos and allot them to his friends, but Diaz was no match for the illiterate Zapata and his barefooted soldiers with machetes. Plutarco Elias Calles, fired with early generous intention, could be corrupted by age and power and wealth, but he went down before Lazaro Cardenas who spoke accurately and persuasively for those who were cut off from their patrimony.

The journeyer to Mexico cannot understand Mexico until he discovers the meaning of the word Revolution. If he detects the lyric note in the Mexican description he will remember that revolutionists are seldom realists. The word Revolution

has taken the place of the Blessed Virgin upon the national altar. The Mexican air is alive with the mysteries of Revolution. Watch a barefooted Indian guiding a wooden plow drawn by a team of oxen in a Morelos valley bottom. Perhaps that Indian simply plows and plants, but again it is possible that the furrows which he turns are cut in his imagination in the pattern of the Revolution. For it is the Revolution which gives him the moist comfort of the land. It is the Revolution which sent the school-teacher to his village. It is the Revolution which builds roads, furnishes seed corn and credit. The Mexican Indian begins to know himself as the citizen of no mean country, and to take a timorous hand in determining that country's policy. He gives his Sundays to the building of the village school. He contributes a centavo daily to the salary of Señorita Esperanza, the teacher. On feast days (which come with cheering frequency) he joins in singing the *corridos* of the Revolution, those curious doggerel recitals of the heroic deeds of Pancho Villa, Emiliano Zapata, and others of lesser name. He may even vote. He holds his head a little higher, and he knows, with increasing fervor and even with increasing insight, what he means when he joins with his neighbors in shouting, *Viva la Revolución, Viva México*.

There are plenty to laugh at him. There are the plush entrepreneurs of the capital seats, the traders who wear shoes and drive automobiles. There are the dour survivors of old families resentful of lost privileges. But these cannot laugh him down, for he feels the Revolution in the firm soil under his feet. Nor will he listen to those who ridicule his faith and tell him that the Revolution has been betrayed. He has the wisdom reserved to seers, the instinct that revolutions are never ended, but simply delayed.

III

The Mexican Revolution is a pledge of faith, but also an earnest of works. Ev-

everything said and done, however fantastic and terrifying, must be assessed under the heading of Revolution.

The first is *Land*.

John Muir had a whimsical explanation of the derivation of the word "saunter." It comes, he said, from the French *sainte terre*. The Mexican understands the meaning of holy earth. His ancient feasts, adopted and renamed by the Church, celebrated planting, harvest, and fertility. Land was the one wealth which the Indian understood. It was his patent of nobility.

Mexico's story can be written in terms of land. Cortez discovered the Indian, the free-born communal owner of the village *ejido*. These communal lands were owned and worked by their joint owners. Their communal title was inalienable. There was neither buying nor selling, neither borrowing nor foreclosing. The *ejido* holdings were passed on inviolate, from generation to generation.

Successive attacks were made upon that communal system during four hundred years. The Spaniard rewarded himself by the bestowal of *encomiendas*, grants of great areas of land, together with all the Indians who lived thereon. The *ejidos* in the accessible valleys were disrupted, their Indians reduced to slavery. The distant *ejidos* persisted.

The Church, fellow-traveler with the conquest, also took a hand in the destruction of the *ejido*. The dying generations of the faithful divided their winnings between their children and the Church. By the middle of the 19th Century the Church was the chief landholder. Lucas Aleman, a defender of the Church, credited the Church with ownership of one-half the productive property. Other claims range from one-fourth to three-fourths.

The reformers of 1857, dominated by Benito Juarez, disrupted the *ejido* system. They thought to increase pride and self-respect by the gradual distribution of the communal holdings to the individual Indians. Their plan went astray. The rich became richer.

It remained for Porfirio Diaz (1876-1910) to complete the destruction of the *ejido*. Diaz had frank contempt for the Indian. He found the example of the United States admirable, and thought that Mexico's wisest course was to extirpate the Indian and to replace him with European immigrants. Diaz removed the last legal safeguards of the *ejido*. The free villagers, confronted with the economic power of the ambitious *hacendados*, were swiftly dispossessed. During the thirty years of the Diaz regime three million Indians were reduced to slavery. By the year 1910 Mexico was a nation divided into great haciendas, with a scant one per cent of the people holding 85 per cent of the land. One family, the Terrazas, owned 12 million acres in the state of Chihuahua, and ruled the state. Three brothers owned the state of Hidalgo. The 12 million Indians worked as slaves upon the lands of their fathers, worked from "sun to sun," at a wage of twenty-five centavos a day—a little more or a little less—they were bound to the land by custom and by debt, debt incurred in the bitterness of their necessity, debt inherited from generation to generation. They had no recourse save to laws made and administered by their masters. The Indian was a man without rights, without appeal, without hope. But Porfirian Mexico was prosperous. Its credit stood high in the bourses of the world. It had gleaming palaces, proud boulevards, and a substantial gold reserve. Its prosperity was built on the aching back of the Indian.

In 1910 the Indian struck. It was the centennial year of Mexican independence. The octogenarian Porfirio Diaz made a feast and bade his friends come. There was laughter and much champagne. It was the funeral feast, those about to die did the dancing. The flutes and the trombones were suddenly stilled, for men were marching in Morelos, just over the mountains to the South. These marching men were not trained to march. They marched without music. They

had no guns, no shoes, no discipline. They had the hard muscles and the hard hate of slaves driven by the overseer's whip, and they had a leader, Emiliano Zapata, who could not write his name. They burned sugar refineries and the houses of the *hacendado*. They had banners which bore the legend—*Tierra y Libertad*. This one thing they knew, that land is liberty. It was enough.

For twenty-seven years Mexico has sought to fulfil the promises of Emiliano Zapata. Zapata himself served only as a scourge and left an aching wilderness where there had been fruitful valleys. His followers seized the lands but could not work them. They had neither experience nor tools nor seed nor credit. The agrarian program was without substance until Calles came to the presidency in 1924. Calles actually assigned much land to the Indians, and devised a few practical steps toward training the Indians for their new responsibilities. But it was an abortive effort and Calles lost his first fine careless rapture. The Revolution had enriched him and his lieutenants; they built fine houses, assembled great haciendas, stocked them with blooded cattle and hogs, and from 1927 to 1935, the land program lagged. Calles, "the Chief of the Revolution," had forgotten the Indian.

In June, 1935, Lazaro Cardenas, who had been installed as president six months before, broke with Calles and appealed to the country for support. He began a series of journeys into the countryside, journeys which he has continued for two years. In distant villages, where a Mexican President had never before been seen, he talked with the Indians, heard their complaints and their demands. The distribution of land was resumed. The law as administered by Mr. Cardenas cuts wide and deep. The abuses prevalent in the Calles days are largely corrected. The best available figures indicate that while some 20,130,000 acres were expropriated during the twenty years before Cardenas actually took power in 1935, 12,350,000 acres were

distributed during the two years 1935 and 1936. It is in this fashion, say the Mexicans, that Lazaro Cardenas fulfils the promise of Emiliano Zapata.

Critics of the Mexican land program are quick to point out the economic wastes of this shift in land ownership. They cite figures on the production of corn—Mexico's chief food crop. In 1910—the last year of Porfirian prosperity—Mexico produced 81,069,000 bushels of corn. In 1935 production had fallen to 65,808,000 bushels. In the meantime population had increased twenty-one per cent, while the production of the chief food stuff had decreased about twenty per cent. The critics are quick with explanations for the loss—graft, inefficiency, waste. The Indian, they tell us, needs a master. He works better as a slave. The argument has a faintly familiar ring. The Romans said the same thing in the best Latin.

But the logic of the situation is clear. The old social order is uprooted. The new Indian owners and workers of the land have not accumulated capital or acquired skill. They are saying, give us time, credit, and training and we will prove our case.

But President Cardenas and his aides show no signs of wavering. The latest instance of expropriation is the most pretentious. There are a million acres of the richest alluvial land in Mexico in the states of Durango and Coahuila. This area is called La Laguna. The Spaniards sought to subdue it, and succeeded only partially. When national independence had been won, Laguna offered a ready field for alien enterprise. By the end of the Diaz regime in 1911 Laguna was mostly owned by a dozen families, aliens and nationals who had invested many millions in irrigation, drainage, and equipment. It was ranked as the most productive agricultural area in Mexico.

There are 160,000 farm workers in La Laguna. Beginning in 1925, they pleaded with Calles for a division of the land; but nothing was done until 1936, when they appealed to Cardenas. Cardenas dispo-

sessed the former holders (although each may retain 370.5 acres) and allotted the lands to the newly created *ejido* groups—each a co-operative collective society. The lands thus held cannot be sold or mortgaged. The government, through the *Banco Nacional de Crédito Ejidal*, finances their operations. The farmer members of these co-operative communities, now vested with land and credit, draw regular wages from the common credit funds, control their joint operations through overseers which they themselves elect, accept the technical guidance of agricultural experts supplied by the government through the Credit Bank, which also serves as their marketing agency, and divide the profits when the harvests are marketed. And further, the government promises schools, sanitation, and roads.

The critics are vocal. The seizure of La Laguna is denounced as flagrant confiscation. The program of ownership and management is termed unadorned communism. It is impractical and destined to fail. To all these arguments Mr. Cardenas turns deaf ears. He views La Laguna as the prime instance of the integrity and vitality of the Mexican land program. It is the living proof that a sovereign state can exercise its sovereignty for the recapture of the lost patrimony of its most defenseless citizens.

Closely akin to the Mexican land program, is Mexico's attempt to capture national control of petroleum. The constitution of 1917 reaffirmed Mexico's position that all sub-soil wealth belongs to the nation, and provided that any exploitation of such wealth must be under federal license. President Calles' attempt to enforce this law provoked the acrid dispute of 1925-27, which was not relieved until the newly appointed American Ambassador, Dwight W. Morrow, had secured a truce between the alien operators and Calles. The dispute, though stilled, was not resolved. Neither the oil operators nor the Mexicans were satisfied. The danger of an active dispute was lessened by the declining importance

of Mexico as a producer of petroleum for the world market. In 1925 she held second place among the world producers, while in 1936 she had slipped to seventh place. In March, 1937 President Cardenas announced the creation of the General Administration of National Petroleum and the assignment to this state trust of all federal oil reserves and of all foreign held leases as they expire, with the understanding that this trust will develop such fields and market the product in competition with the private companies. This seemingly marks the beginning of a program of oil nationalization. Calles proposed to do this in 1927. Now, ten years later, Cardenas may accomplish what Calles could not do. Cardenas has a distinct advantage over Calles. He knows that Washington no longer contemplates armed intervention for the protection of her oil operators. These can, if they will, call Cardenas a communist, but Cardenas can always quote the law books of Spain and Mexico and cite the inalienable rights of a sovereign nation.

IV

If the Mexican Revolution proposes the rescue of the landless peasant, it proposes no less to strengthen the hand of the industrial worker. Industry is a new thing in Mexico. Mexico jumped all of the intermediary steps which marked the industrial revolution in Britain and the United States, and found herself, under the pressure of alien capital, with a sizable industrial plant.

If the Mexican land program arouses the landholders, the Mexican labor program is no less irritating to the employers who run mines, oil companies, utility plants, mills, and factories.

There is no doubt where contemporary Mexico stands on the subject of the rights of labor. Labor's rights are implicit in the constitution, in the laws and the attitudes of the governing group. These say, in effect if not in words: Labor is always right. They say: Hitherto in contests between capital and labor, labor has

been on the defensive. In Mexico capital is on the defensive.

The charter of labor's rights is Article 123 of the Constitution of 1917. Its terms are unequivocal. Collective bargaining is obligatory. Minimum hours of labor and wage rates are prescribed, compensation insurance is assured. When a man is hired he cannot be fired without the payment of three months' wages. When a strike is called, and officially recognized, the doors of the factory or mill are sealed until the employers come to an agreement with the men. No "sit-down" is needed. Rather, the government does the sitting-down.

Mexico has had its full quota of labor racketeers. Chicago gangsters never did a more thorough job at terrorism and exploitation than was performed by some of the upper men of the Mexican federation of labor during the Calles regime. But times change, and men. An abler, a more honest, and a more radical group now prevail.

Mexico's labor policy represents her reaction to accumulated experience. Mexican labor was cheap, and enterprising foreigners seized their natural advantage. American oil companies, which paid five dollars for common labor in the oil fields of Pennsylvania and Texas, rejoiced in fifty-cent labor in the Tampico fields. Mining companies dug silver with fifty-cent labor. Cotton mills made cloth with ten-cent labor. Labor unions were ruthlessly crushed, hours were long, conditions of labor were intolerable.

American capital's way with Mexican labor excites strident criticism. Americans, say the Mexicans, come not as business men, but as gamblers. They are not content to build slowly and solidly, but insist upon quick gains. Many American investors admit part of this charge, but insist that the mercurial changes in Mexican legislation force them to seek an immediate profit and a quick get-away. The profit must be commensurate to the risk. So the argument runs.

Mr. Cardenas throws the weight of his government on the side of the unions,

but seeks to reassure the frightened industrialists. "The workers," he says, "cannot seize factories and other instruments of production because for the present they have neither sufficient technical ability nor the requisite financial experience required for an enterprise of such magnitude. There is no ground for alarm, not even to the employers, in the existence of an advanced social program." He chides the capitalists for their worry over communism. Of course, he admits, there are communists in Mexico, just as there are in Europe and the United States, but their numbers are trifling. Confronted by angry protests from the organized industrialists of the northern city of Monterrey, Mr. Cardenas warns against the attempt to organize industry against union labor, and specifically against the use of the lock-out as a weapon. "Even though the lock-out spread and be made national, it will avail nothing. The nation itself will strike." He warns against the attempt to make political capital out of anti-union agitation. That way, he says, lies armed struggle. Pressed by the importunities of the Monterrey industrialists, the Mexican President announced, "Employers who grow weary of the social struggle can always hand over their industries to the workers or to the government. That would be a patriotic deed, but the lock-out would not be." To employers and to workers Cardenas lays down the principle which is implicit in Mexican theory and practice, "The government is the arbitrator and the regulator of social life." That, some say, is Russian. Others call it German. The Mexicans call it Mexican.

There is another cry which surges up out of the struggle of revolutionary Mexico—*Tierra y Libros*. Land and Books. The demand for schools has been, next to the demand for land, the most insistent note of the revolutionary years.

The Mexican, the barefooted Mexican, had no schools in 1910. He could not sign his name. The overseer and the occasional priest were his only instruc-

tors. He did not have the printed word as the link between him and the outside world. He was isolated by his own ignorance.

To-day that Mexican has schools. During the twelve years which began with the coming of Calles to the presidency, over eight thousand village schools have been organized. Illiteracy, according to the official figures, has been reduced from over 90 per cent in 1910 to 62 per cent in 1936. Critics of the government debate this claim and insist that the improvement is less substantial.

The villager likes to call his school *La Casa del Pueblo*, the house of the people. That school is the visible sign of an invincible hope. The wayfarer who visits little villages in isolated valleys, talks with teachers and citizens and children, stands on the edge of school fiestas, shares the hospitality of village homes senses the miracle wrought. He becomes aware that these people have poured into their school all the dim hope and the nameless agony of their defeated years. They who have had little are intent that their children shall have much.

The Mexican school is useful. It is rooted in the community, and the life of the community flows through it. It is the social center, where families meet and learn and sing and play. It is for adults who would learn to write as well as for children. It is the health center in thousands of villages which have neither nurse nor physician. It is the agricultural training center, with lessons on seeds and fertilizers and the breeding of stock.

One quarter of the national budget goes into education. Of course there are still thousands of communities without schools. Moreover, many of the schools have proved pitifully inadequate, many have been impeded by the wastes of the politicians and by village jealousies. After all the discounts, a substantial achievement remains. Judged by the tests of resourcefulness and persistence, the Mexican educational movement wins high praise.

V

The Mexican Revolution wages war on the Church. It has always done so, even though the first great leaders of the Revolution, Hidalgo and Morelos, were themselves parish priests. To-day under the Mexican law all church buildings are the property of the nation. The Church uses these buildings as tenant of the state. Clerical education is banned. Priests work under severe restrictions as to their number and their rights. In some states no priests are licensed. In others they are limited to one priest for each 50,000 population. Priests cannot vote, express their minds on public issues, hold property. Religious orders are banned. For twelve years Mexico has been torn by the bitterness of this struggle. Politicians have often used the issue for their own advantage. The faithful adherents of the Church—and they are many—have been grievously wounded in their deepest convictions. There has been violence, agony, hatred on both sides.

Mexico's war on the Church is incidental to the larger struggle for social change. For over a hundred years Mexico has fought for her national political, economic, and social redemption, fought blindly, often unwisely, but fought. And for those one hundred and twenty-seven years the clergy, as is their wont, have usually been found on the conservative side. They, and especially the higher clergy, were on the side of Spain against the revolutionists in 1810. They fought civil marriage, birth registration, land reforms, and the establishment of public schools. They were content to be the allies of the dictators Santa Anna and Porfirio Diaz so long as those dictators would stand with the Church. In the sixties the clergy sided with the French and Maximilian. There is nothing sporadic or unexpected about such conservatism in the leaders of the Church. Her leaders followed the pattern usually set by organized religionists, whether these are Catholic or Protestant. The determined Congregationalists of Connecticut

fought Thomas Jefferson in 1800 with no less fury than the organized Catholics of Jalisco fight Lazaro Cardenas in 1937. It is the stubborn habit of those who think themselves entrusted with the secrets of the gods.

But the tumult dies down. Mexico has established her right to control the activities of the Church. Whether such control is salutary is sharply questioned. But, whether for good or ill, the state rules the Church. In the meantime, the harshness of the church laws is being tempered in effect if not in letter. Churches, with some exceptions, are open. Priests do their work, in lessened numbers. Masses are read.

The credit for the distinct improvement in church-state relations belongs to President Cardenas. He has a realistic temper. He is no less insistent than was President Calles upon the spirit of the church legislation, but he is less inclined to use it as a smoke screen for obscuring other issues. When, in February of this year, the police of the state of Vera Cruz broke into a private house where a private mass was being said, and shot an eighteen-year-old girl in the back, Cardenas summoned the governor of that bitterly anti-clerical state and made it clear that such outrages must be stopped. The next day the churches of Vera Cruz were opened for the first time in many years, and the President announced that from now on the constitutional rights of Mexicans will be respected, both for and against the Church. This marks a happier turn in Mexico's embittering church war.

VI

The Mexican Revolution turns a proud face toward the outside world. The conduct of her international relations is skilful.

Mexico has won an influential position in inter-American counsels. This was clear at Montevideo in 1933, and at Buenos Aires in 1936. Increasingly, Mexico becomes the polarizing center of the northern States of Latin America, as over

against Argentina's leadership in the south. Mexico logically becomes the spokesman of the predominantly Indian States, although their ruling cliques suspect Mexico and resent her Indian enthusiasms.

Mexico deems herself the champion of democratic movements in other nations. When, in 1926 and 1927, Nicaragua was torn by strife between Sandino (variously described as bandit and patriot) and the acquiescent leaders picked by Washington, it was Mexico which sent guns and food to Sandino. When, in 1929 Washington was under Latin American fire for using the weapon of recognition to pick or reject neighboring rulers, it was Mexico, through foreign secretary Genaro Estrada, which announced the principle of automatic recognition of de facto governments, without reference to approval or disapproval. When Machado was busily pillaging Cuba, Mexico furnished a refuge for Machado's foes. To-day Mexico harbors a determined group of Cuban revolutionists in full knowledge that they are plotting against Batista's military machine. When, in 1936, the democratically constituted government of Spain was attacked by Franco and his fascist allies, Mexico was the one nation which, without argument or apology, shipped food and arms to the threatened loyalists.

Mexico turns a proud face toward the United States. There is no cringing in her attitude, no apology. She demands with assured dignity that the United States cease to interfere, that it recognize implicitly and explicitly that Mexico is sovereign, entitled to make her own mistakes and her own successes in her own fashion, without hindrance or coercion.

Mexico is quick to recite history, and does not forget the record of a hundred years of dealing between the United States and Mexico. Her recital does not bear out the dictum of so able a historian as Samuel F. Bemis, expressed in his recent *Diplomatic History of the United States*. Says Mr. Bemis: "With one of the richest storehouses of natural re-

sources at its very door, where abundant provocation and justification for intervention and control have existed, the United States has exhibited, at great cost of life and property to its citizens, almost a Galilean forbearance."

The Mexican is not persuaded of that "Galilean forbearance." He stubbornly insists that we took advantage of Mexico, in the days of her weakness and youth, to separate Texas, to pick a fight while Mexico was at the mercy of her betrayers, and to appropriate a full half of all her territory. The Mexican has a story to tell of our bludgeoning diplomacy since 1910. The Mexican thinks that Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson's encouragement of Victoriano Huerta led to the murder of Francisco Madero in 1912. He knows that our marines stormed Vera Cruz in 1914. He remembers the punitive expedition of General Pershing's troops and their vain pursuit of Pancho Villa. He has not forgiven Washington's bargaining over the recognition of Carranza and Obregon, nor the plethora of notes with which Washington showered Mexico when Mexico embarked in 1925 upon its land and petroleum policies. He has a lively memory of a certain note, signed by Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg and delivered to President Calles in 1925, in which Calles was warned "your nation is on trial before the world," and the Mexican delights in remembering the quite universal applause accorded Calles' answer, "If our nation is on trial, so is every nation on trial."

The attitude of Mexico toward the United States is quite unlike the attitude of Cuba which knows she is owned, boots and baggage, by the United States and which entertains no effective hope of freedom. Mexico is aware of the threatening shadow of our economic power, of our political and military power, but she moves as though she were sovereign and, in the process, achieves the sovereignty which she assumes. This bearing is reflected in the changed attitude of the United States. Ten years ago there was no lack of minor prophets abroad in the

United States proclaiming that we should have to set Mexico right, we should have to discipline her for her own good, and ours. To-day the paid lobbyist of the American operators in Mexican petroleum might be dead for all the words that are heard from him. Even Mr. Hearst says little. The United States' share of credit for the happier state of affairs must be variously distributed. Dwight Morrow deserves a large portion. He patiently taught Washington the implications of sovereignty. His successors in office, J. Reuben Clark and Josephus Daniels, continued to preach the wholesome doctrine that a sovereign nation must be free to make its own laws and to enforce them.

The crowning proof of the happier relations between Washington and Mexico was given at the December, 1936 Inter-American conference at Buenos Aires. The two delegations which worked together with the greatest harmony were those of the United States and of Mexico. This was something altogether new under the American sun. Mexico's traditional role is suddenly reversed. She stands with the nation which she has denounced and despised. Her change reflects no buckling under, no acceptance of our suzerainty. It reflects rather the swift change in international outlook, a change in which both Mexico and the United States have shared. It reflects an increase in realism, an increase in mutual respect.

VII

The returning pilgrim can never be objective about Mexico. The country is too dazzling, its contours and colors too exciting. The pilgrim may be reminded that there is poverty and meagerness, but he knows that from such soil spring the most flaming flowers. He may suspect that much of the Mexican revolution is as yet poorly contrived and inadequately realized, but he cannot forget the boisterous faith with which Mexico presses on. He cannot banish his glimpse of a people whose ardor admits of no defeat.



WALNUTS

A STORY

BY GRIFFITH BEEMS

"DIDN'T cha get it?" Clark Cunningham called, sliding to the sidewalk from the stone embankment by the boarded-up Episcopal Church at the edge of town. He gave the two gunny sacks on which he had been sitting a swing, wrapping them round his arm, and stood waiting for Jitney. Clark had run all the way home after school for the gunny sacks.

"Nothing doing," Jitney reported, smacking a clinker against the stone embankment in his disgust. Jitney was wearing a red-and-green knitted cap, rolled small, set above his ears. He gathered the cinder fragments and shied them at the church roof. The cinders tinkled down the shingles and plinked in the eaves trough.

"Couldn't cha get it?"

"It's that fathead's fault. What does he do but forget to tell his mother we're coming for it. It's there, all right. It's in the shed. I saw it. But she won't let me have it, she says, without Clarence knowing, and Clarence didn't say nothing to her about it. So there you are. Clarence of course, that fathead, is down watching football practice. His permission, my foot. I'm not going to trot all that way down there and back, maybe for nothing. Besides we haven't got time. It's after four now."

"Let's go without it."

"Nothing doing. We gotta have a bike to bring them in on. I don't want walnut stains on my shirt."

"I don't care about walnut stains," Clark urged.

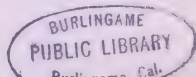
"Nothing doing." Jitney unwound one of the gunny sacks from Clark's arm and hoisted himself on to the embankment, the sack under him. Reluctantly Clark joined him. "I'm telling you another thing," Jitney stated belligerently. "Those nuts won't be there next week. To-morrow's Saturday and after practice some of those big guys, Hank Faragher and some of those guys, are going out after them. I'll betcha they do. This is a good place. You can bet your bottom dollar they know it. Old Acey's run some of them out of there before this."

"Do you think it was Hank Faragher he shot at?"

"Might have been," Jitney said. "Wouldn't surprise me." He tore up handfuls of frozen grass and threw them at his shoe. "Mrs. Gillen burns me up," he growled.

"Whyn't you argue with her?"

"I did," Jitney yelled, completely losing patience. "Where do you think I been all this time? I explained to her, nice, the same thing we told Clarence this morning after natural science, these booklets and samples of Dr. Ogden we got to distribute for Bye's Drug Store, and she says she's glad she knows now because she'd never give her permission, even if Clarence did, because the boys that distribute things from bikes always give them a sling at the front door and litter the front lawn and waste samples.



What can you do with a woman like that? What can you do?" Jitney was mature and bitter. The grass flew.

"Let her alone," Clark said, "I s'pose."

"I'm not going to tote a couple bushel walnuts all that way on my back," Jitney grumbled. "Nothing doing. The big fathead. The prize for memory. All his brains in his big toe."

Clark nudged him. "Hey, look."

Pedaling lackadaisically toward them, Roland Bye swung his bicycle from one side of the walk to the other alternately, looping like a fancy skater. His red leather windbreaker was unbuttoned. Every now and then in his looping he dropped his right hand from the handlebar and let it swing at his side nonchalantly, as he leaned into another loop. His cap hung from the handlebars, fastened there by the snap and eye in the visor.

"Hi, Bats, come here. We want to see you."

Sitting on the stone embankment adjoining the walk, they were directly ahead of him. At the intersection Bats Bye swerved from the walk into the road, detoured past them, jumped his bike over the curb, and resumed the sidewalk, looping as he rode.

"Come here, Bats," they yelled together after him, supplicating at the top of their lungs.

A block away, Bats suddenly sprinted, braked, cramped the wheel round, turning in the bicycle's length, and came tearing back. He coasted up to them, one hand on the wall, holding the bicycle upright.

"Hi," he said. He was breathless as usual.

Jitney blocked Bats from starting up by straddling over the front wheel, and leaned on the handlebars in his friendliness. "We were waiting for you, Bats," he cajoled. "Come on. We gotta get going. You gotta come nutting with us, Bats."

"This is the best place going."

"The ground's covered."

"You ought to learn this place, Bats."

"There's bushels. Bushels."

"Maybe I know it," Bats whispered, staring a little, eyes rolling confidentially from Jitney to Clark and back again, his mouth open, in that intent breathless way. They figured they were getting him. "Where is it?" he whispered excitedly. "Maybe I know it." Bats pretended to know everything. Bats' father ran Bye's Drug Store and was supposed to be a drug fiend and that explained Bats. It was easy to rattle Bats or stampede him. His mouth came open and a certain look came into his eyes, he pranced or jumped, and then he might do anything. "Where is it?" he asked again breathlessly.

Clark had slid down from the wall too. "Do we want to tell him?" he objected.

"Sure," Jitney said. "Sure. Listen, Bats." He wiggled the handlebars and it distracted Bats more. "We're going out to Acey Sones'."

Clark had his arm over Bats' shoulder. "You've heard of him. He let fly at one guy with a load of birdshot. Peppered him in the back. You aren't going to be afraid, are you, Bats? You aren't going to run out on us?"

"Who, me?" Bats protested, fidgeting. "Me?" They could hear the bicycle saddle squeaking under him; he was squirming with excitement. "It's a good place," he announced. Then he jounced on the seat. "Ain't it, Jit?" They had him.

"Come on," Jitney ordered briskly. "Clark, you leg it. We gotta hurry. Get on the handlebars, Bats. I'll pedal. Come on."

In a moment Clark, running, had been left behind, and Jitney had turned the corner of the street and was hesitating at the top of the hill to the Wapsipinicon River. It was a long hill, washed in places, spotty with loose stones, and just before it straightened out on the river flats it steepened. If they walked down Bats might change his mind, get ideas. They hadn't even had to promise him a share in the nuts so far. The thing to do was to keep his mind occupied. Jitney took the hill. The footbrake, he figured,

would burn out under their double weight, so he braked with his shoe, setting the toe of the shoe down on the front tire below the fork. It was hard, leaning forward to hold Bats steady on the handlebars and see past him, and at the same time bearing down with his shoe on the tire. Jitney took the hill slowly, and the bike complained, the front hub grinding every now and then, the tires ballooning.

The sun was low and the shoulder of the hill shut it off from the road. Under the shoulder the light was cold and treacherous. The loose stones were hard to judge. From the tail of his eye Jitney watched the signs on the barbed wire of the pasture fence, the telephone poles jogging by. Halfway down he was in difficulties. His hands on the bars had stiffened from cold; the sole of his shoe burned, and his leg was splitting, so cramped he couldn't tell whether he was pressing down or letting up on the front wheel. He wanted to change legs but didn't dare; they were rolling by then. He damned himself for taking the hill; he was earning his walnuts, he thought; his leg was ready to drop off with cramp. A stone was coming and he tried to jockey the wheel. The handlebars resisted. If Bats, damn him, was trying to take charge . . . Bats had tightened up and he braced between Jitney's arms, his face by Jitney's, as unresponsive and immovable as a lump of ice frozen there. They hit the stone, sideswiped it, lurched slightly. Jitney's foot flew off the wheel. The bicycle jumped forward like a scared dog. Bats' breath in his clenched teeth whistled. The bicycle grabbed momentum, gulped momentum like gulping up air. Jitney tried to get his other foot back, braking, but he couldn't; they were tearing too fast. He hunted with his feet for the pedals, thought of the footbrake, calculated. At this speed the footbrake would pop like a wet match. They were two-thirds down and he let her go.

The cold from the river whistled on his hands and at his cheeks, his eyes were dry and strained, his arms were set like two

struts; he was iron all over, a part of the machine. He held to the middle of the road as if hypnotized. The bike had stopped complaining. His face, close to Bats', was fighting the road. The road spun. They dipped into the steepest part of the hill and came down like a bat out of hell.

The road was turning up at them, tilting up; on both sides there were cornfields; they were down, tearing on the river flats at a coast, the telephone poles ticking past. Jitney eased, straightened, whooped with relief. Bats came to life, let his legs dangle, took his hands off the handlebars, one at a time, and rubbed and blew them, put them back. Suddenly, as Jitney made a dab at his cheek with his hand, Bats lifted up on the bars, shifting his cramped bottom, sliding it an inch to the other side of the fork nut, and in an instant they were plowing up the road and the bicycle bucking and kicking on top of them like a crazy horse.

Jitney came back to himself slowly. The cold air was flowing into his pants-leg and he knew his pants must be ripped. He tried his knee cautiously and, just as he supposed, he had bunged it. It would stiffen up on him and he would be hobbling to-morrow, Saturday. Jitney swore under his breath and thought of Bats, joggling and spilling them at the last minute, and he cursed him. Then he craned his head from the ground and looked. Bats was sitting up, feeling himself over systematically, and then he took off his windbreaker and examined the back and elbows to see if his fall had scuffed the red leather. Bats' callous self-absorption was too much for Jitney, and with his good leg he kicked the bicycle off himself and groaned. Bats, still seated on the ground, worked his arms back into the sleeves of his windbreaker.

"You should've let me take us down," Bats announced, resting his hands conversationally on his knees. "I know her better than you. I understand her, Jits." Jitney groaned again, in contradiction and contempt. He lay on his back in the middle of the road, disgustedly silent,

commiserating with himself on his bunged knee, calculating that if Bats asked for a share in the nuts they would rook him by promising a third as soon as the nuts had had a chance to season on Clark's porch roof. By the time the nuts dried, Bats, that dizzy, would have forgotten about them. Bats rambled on, telling the number of somersaults he had turned when he went off the handlebars—as if any guy ever knew—and how he tucked in his head and lit on his shoulders, and a lot more. Jitney didn't listen. He lay there, inwardly fuming at Bats, his kid palaver and the spill, and waited for Clark. Neither of them moved from the ground until Clark came up and witnessed the disaster. They could hear him coming, running, his feet on the downhill clomping away regularly, and on the flats the sound of his running lightened. When he came up Bats started yarning excitedly what a lalapalooza his fall had been, the somersaults, and the rest of it. Jitney hobbled up, righted the bicycle, and tried the sprocket chain and pedal. He was grim. He took the two gunny sacks from Clark, hung them on the handlebars over Bats' cap, so as to favor Bats' tender flesh, ordered Bats on peremptorily, and they set off again, wheeling slowly. Clark kept up.

At the river bridge the sky was lemonish yellow, and the matted leafless brush of the willows on the river flats made a rusty horizon of wintry twigs and branches. There was a rim of new ice at the water's edge, knife thin, black with the water under it. They slowed on the bridge. At the icehouses a man with a team was unloading sawdust in preparation for the ice-making season. He rang his shovel on the iron wheel rim. Across the river, Jitney wheeled faster. They took a side road through a scrub stand of timber; the road looped twice, the timber ended, and the road climbed out of the river valley, up a clay hill, between cut banks. The clay was stiff with frost. Bats and Jitney walked up the hill, pushing the bike. Near the top Jitney turned off, shoving the bicycle into the gully, up

the bank, through the brittle sumac bushes, and he and Bats lifted it over the barbed-wire fence. The corn had been cut and they laid the bicycle down behind a corn shock, completely hidden from the road, and waited for Clark. He came up the hill at a walk, slogging away, his head down, his second wind rasping in his throat, and Jitney whistled to him.

They followed Jitney across the cornfield, through another fence, and across a fall plowed field. At the end of the field, beyond the line fence, the ground broke away with stone outcroppings; the land was pasture and ran off to Three Run Creek. At the head of the little valley, in a hollow, was the grove. They were there. Bats started to climb the fence but Jitney stopped him.

"We gotta be quiet," he warned. "We don't wanta get a load of slugs in our back. Take it easy." Examining the ground, he took advantage of a washed place and rolled under the barbed wire. The three of them stood inside Acey Sones' pasture and listened. The sky was a peaked yellow and the light was going. Behind them on the road they heard a car changing into low gear, descending the hill. Faintly, explosively, came the labor of a gasoline engine pumping water. It was at the Delmar place on the road. Acey Sones' place was farther on and over the hill from them. The pasture with its frost-bitten yellowed grass, the valley with the dry gully and stony little ravine, the hollow and the seven walnut trees were empty of life, unguarded, still. In the half-light the trees stood waiting, the leaves sparse and ragged, the nuts knobby as fists among the bare looped branches. Even Jitney was unable to restrain himself. They broke and ran downhill to the trees.

As Jitney had promised, the ground was covered with walnuts. The trees stood on a slope and the nuts, falling, rolled and lodged in pockets of grass, behind stones, in the track of the cow paths. They were half collected already. The three set to work swiftly, tossing the

nuts on to a level space, and as soon as the pile was started Jitney set Bats to trampling off the hulls. The frost-ripe hulls split like rinds under the blow of a heel and Bats danced furiously, imagining that every hull was the head of a rattlesnake and that he was braining them with his heel. Jitney and Clark, each with a sack, went over the ground collecting more nuts. In half an hour the easy nuts had been gathered and they went to work shucking. Bats held the gunny sack, his elbow crooked in the mouth of the sack so as to keep the opening large, while Jitney and Clark went over the trampled pile, picking out the walnuts from the broken hulls and tossing the nuts down the mouth of the sack. Those nuts that missed the mouth of the sack Bats was supposed to pick up with his free hand. The hulls stained their fingers and nails a deep blackish brown. Clark covertly completed the staining, rubbing the hulls down the backs of his fingers and into his palms. The hulls had a sweet brief tang. It was dusk when they finished and they had a gunny sack half full of hulled walnuts. If it were filled fuller it would have been awkward to tote. Jitney tied up the mouth with string and they dried their stained hands on the burlap of the sacking. They had been working too hard to talk and now they grinned at one another with satisfaction and counseled. Should they make a clear getaway while they could, or should they shake down the trees and fill the second sack?

Clark wanted to clear out but Jitney had a plan. They carried the filled sack down to the dry ditch that led into the ravine and dropped it there, kicking leaves over it. They daren't climb the trees, Jitney pointed out, and shake the branches because the trees were hard climbing and anyway, if Acey came along, the guy that went up would be treed like a squirrel. The thing to do was to knock the walnuts down with clubs, and Bats should scout around and keep lookout. From the top of the hill, lying low, Bats could see Acey's house

and barns down by the bridge, and if Acey or any of Acey's kids started that way he could warn them in plenty of time and they could light out. Bats zigzagged up the hill, taking cover momentarily behind all the rocks and bushes on the way, and Jitney and Clark hunted clubs, and Jitney let sling. The nuts thudded down, seven or eight at least, but the club made a great racket and clatter, bouncing and knocking in the branches before it fell out of the tree. Clark sailed a stick into a second tree. They gathered the fallen nuts after every throw. It was getting so dark the nuts were hard to find on the ground. They worked like mad.

Acey Sones caught them from behind. He came along the line fence, and the first sight or sound they had of him was when Clark started for the sack and found Acey beside it in the dusk, his hands in the bib of his overalls, waiting for him. Acey was a big-shouldered, solid, chunky man, a spot of veiny coloring in each rounding cheek, and a mouth as square as a bureau drawer. The peak of his corduroy hunter's cap was pushed up.

"Working hard, boys?" Acey inquired jovially when they saw him. He did not smile. The red wristlets of his mittens stuck out of his mackinaw pocket. His joviality was false and hearty. They kept at a safe distance, ready to run. Clark cupped his hand over his mouth and wa-hooed. Then he yelled "Red light" several times and "Beefsteak." That was for Bats, as a warning.

"Three of you, eh?" Acey said. He was between them and the line fence. He reached down and felt the bag of walnuts with his hand and then walked up and down a little, examining the ground. He kicked at the pile of hulls and sighted Bats hiding behind the farthest walnut tree. "Come on down here," he called. "What's the matter with you boys. Why don't you come closer, so I don't have to yell." His hands were hooked peaceably on his overalls. "I don't understand it," amicably he went on. "This time of year I always get more hands down this way than I know

how to manage. You're the third set of boys this year. All wanting to pick up walnuts for me. Good workers too. All they need's a little supervision at the right moment to see they don't carry off my share of the nuts accidental." Without smiling, he rumbled with laughter. The boys remained some thirty feet distant, spread out so as not to interfere with one another if they had to run. Bats had his legs apart, ready.

Then Acey became serious. "I will say," he stated aggrievedly, "I get kind of provoked sometimes at the boys that come in here, breaking down fences and running my cows, heating them so they hold up their milk and get sick. It makes me pretty mad sometimes."

Clark spoke up. "We didn't do that," he said.

"I know you didn't," Acey said. "I been standing up there by the fence watching you. I been watching you for a long time. Probably you boys wouldn't do those things. But if it's walnuts you want why do you sneak in here without asking me? Walnuts—why, hell, boys, what good are walnuts to me? You can't sell 'em and you can't feed 'em. I got other things to do all day than sit on a fence and shell out walnut goodies to a carload of hogs. But you fellows don't ever step down to the house and ask permission first. If you did then I'd know who was up here in my pasture and I wouldn't be worrying about my fence and my cows. Did you ever think about that, boys? Now you fellows—you seem all right to me." He pointed at Clark. "What's your name?"

From the side of his mouth, Jitney "psst" in warning.

"Tom Swift."

"What's yours?"

"Hank Faragher," Jitney said.

"You the boy that plays football? You don't look big enough to me."

"I'm his kid brother."

Acey pointed at Bats. "I know you," he said. "You're Harry Bye's boy. I've seen you in your father's drug store."

"You have not," Bats contradicted

sharply. "My father's Fred Pillard." Fred Pillard was the sheriff.

"That big tub of guts," Acey said. He apparently knew Fred Pillard.

"Don't you call my father that," Bats said indignantly.

Clark shushed Bats. "Can we have your permission," he asked politely, "to take some walnuts?"

Acey ignored Bats' indignation and Clark's request. "Come here closer, boys," he ordered. He hefted the sack at his feet, one-handed. There was a pile of walnuts on the ground waiting to go into the sack.

"A sack of hulled walnuts like this," Acey declared, "means a lot of work." The three boys suddenly felt better. Acey couldn't have been watching them from the line fence when they hid the first sack in the ditch or he wouldn't have said that, and if Acey thought the nuts in this sack were hulled he wasn't going to be suspicious about the pile of hulls on the ground. But Acey was pretty slow if he couldn't tell unhulled from hulled walnuts. Even the sound inside a sack was different, and Acey had felt the sack with his hand too. "Now I'm fair. Maybe you've heard different, but it's not so. If I wanted to, I could run you off here, quick as scat. This is my land round here. This is my grove. You haven't no right on my land and you boys know that. This is private property. But I'm fair. I only want my share. You fellows—you take this sack here"—he kicked it—"and carry it down to the house for me and empty it there, and I'll let you come back and fill it for yourselves from that pile there." He poked over the pile with his foot, sizing it up. "Fact is," he said, "this pile's not so big. You go knock down a few more, or you"—he pointed suddenly at Jitney—"you're the biggest. You got a little heft. You skin up a tree and shake it."

But Jitney was not persuaded by Acey's reasonableness. "Nothing doing," he muttered, backing off. He wasn't going to be nabbed trying to shin up a tree.

"Suit yourself," Acey said. "Knock

down a few more, bring 'em here, and as soon as this pile's as big as what's in the sack, you can have it. But you got to promise me, when you come back from my house, you won't sneak any more. You don't want to be hoggish, boys."

Jitney was still suspicious, but Clark was persuaded and willing. "Why not?" he asked. "Let's try it."

"Go on," Acey urged. "Knock down a few more. They're for yourselves. I'll wait for you."

Jitney gave in. "All right," sullenly he said.

They attacked the remaining trees with sticks. Bats had a great time. Apparently he had been aching to sail into a tree with a club. But after five or six minutes Bats' throwing arm was tired, and their enthusiasm for Acey's scheme cooled. They saw they were gathering nuts subject to the possibility of being double-crossed.

"These'll be enough," Jitney said.

"Fine," Acey said. He started ahead of them, sauntering. "Fetch the bag, boys." They hesitated. Then Bats grabbed one end manfully and made an attempt to hoist the bag on his back. Clark picked up the opposite end, and Bats started, staggering on the up-slope.

"What the hell," Jitney broke out. "Give it to me." He grabbed Bats' end and shoved Bats away. Jitney and Clark started up the hill with it, but their holds were wrong, and Clark labored; all the nuts were at his end. Unnoticing, they had caught up with Acey, who waited for them. Clark was twisting, trying to change holds.

"Here, boys. You haven't quite got hold of it right," Acey said. "Let me show you," and leaning over them as if to adjust the bag, his hands closed, there was a powerful jerk, they dropped the bag, and he had them, each by the wrist. He shed his affability and reasonableness like a man peeling off his coat. "Now I got you where I want you. I been playing for this." Businesslike, he dragged them by the wrists down to the pile of hulls. "Where's that other bag of nuts?" he de-

manded wrathfully. "You tell me or I'll scrub your faces with those hulls. You like walnut stains, see how you like it up your nose. I'll make you eat hulls, god-damn it." He shook them. He was very strong. "Tell me."

"I don't know nothing about another bag," Jitney said.

"What bag?" asked Clark.

"A bag of hulled walnuts," Acey shouted, giving their arms another yank. "I wasn't born yesterday, you two. Where there's hulls, there's nuts." He pitched them on their knees in the hulls and yanked them up again. "You going to tell me?"

"I don't know nothing," Jitney insisted.

"I don't either."

"You don't, eh?" With a shove Acey sent Jitney spinning from him, yanked him to him again, reversing his wrist meanwhile, and jammed Jitney's twisted right arm up his back. Jitney howled with the surprise and the pain of it. Acey leveraged the arm upward. He had Jitney straining tiptoe and grinding his teeth.

"Stop it, stop it!" Bats screamed, dancing round them dementedly.

"It's up by the road," Jitney gritted out. "We took it up by the road."

"Whereabouts up by the road?" Acey pried the arm farther.

"We hid it up there behind a corn shock." He was gasping the words out.

Acey let up slightly. "You're a liar," he said, easing the torture in order to be emphatic. "A goddamned little liar. That bag's round here, behind one of these bushes or a rock. You never had sense enough to take that bag out of here. Tell me. So tell me. Tell me." He shoved Jitney's arm upward again. But the respite from pain and its renewal were more than Jitney could bear. Instead of answering, alternately he howled, screamed, howled. "This is what boys get that don't respect private property," Acey said inexorably. "Tell me or I'll break your arm. Before God, I will." He held Jitney firmly vised against his hip. The torture was unrelenting.

"Don't, don't!" Bats pleaded. He was jumping and dancing and sobbing too, maddened by Jitney's howling, and, beside himself, finding his nutting stick still in his hand, he attacked Acey from behind, clubbing the man on the neck and shoulders.

"Stop that, you little feist," Acey roared, swinging round, but Bats stood his ground and clubbed wildly at his face.

"Attaboy," Jitney shouted, taking a swipe that was meant for Acey. He had untrussed his arm and he butted and struggled. "Kick him where he lives," he shouted to Clark and tried to kick Acey in the groin. Acey let go of Jitney and with his right hand grabbed like a cat at Bats' stick, but Bats was quick too, and Clark, ramming his head at Acey's stomach, wrenched his wrist loose and ducked under Acey's arm.

Acey had Bats, but the other two were away. He jerked the stick from Bats' hands. "Don't you touch me, don't you touch me!" Bats screamed, and before Acey could cuff him, he threw himself down, dangling by his arm from Acey's fist, and kicked and threshed in every direction. His shirt came out; his knee-straps broke; he plunged, rolled, twisted, flopped, and frothed.

"Stand up," Acey commanded, rigid with anger, the flat of his hand raised for a blow, "stand up." But Bats could not be made to stand up. He sagged and spun and flopped, and all the while he screamed, piercing, iterative, fear-maddened screaming. "Stand up," Acey roared, stamping his foot, and unexpectedly let go of Bats, prepared to boot him as he crawled away. But instead Bats dropped. He lay huddled on the ground, his screaming suffocating and choking in him, subsiding into sobs, and the angry man stepped back, a short uncertain backward step, breathing heavily. He mastered himself, and with his foot he rolled Bats over. Bats huddled on his face again and continued sobbing. Acey's hands knotted; he trembled, and abruptly he picked up the sack of walnuts, walked to the nearest tree, and swung the bag

with all his strength against the trunk. He repeated this, and finally rid himself of his rage by heaving the bag from him as far away as he could, down toward the ravine. There was a thud as the sack landed; it was too dark now to see. Acey walked back to Bats.

Bats was still sobbing and Acey left him alone. He drove Jitney and Clark up the hill and off his land. When he came back, Bats was still snuffling and he picked Bats up, limp as a rag, and stood him on the other side of the fence. Bats promptly slumped down again.

"Go on," Acey said, not unkindly. "Go on after the others." He rattled the fence, making as if he were going to climb over, and Bats started. "You keep off my land," he yelled after the others, climbing upon the fence. "You come on my property and I can do anything I like to you. Do you hear? You keep off."

Jitney and Clark halted in the middle of the plowed field and waited for Bats. He trudged up and they congratulated him, slapped their hands on his shoulders, patted him.

"Good work, Bats."

"Nice work."

Bats was apathetic.

"The socko old Bats give him."

"God, he could've murdered you, Bats. God, he was hopping. He didn't even touch you, did he, Bats? Didn't put a hand on you, did he? God, I thought he was going to knock the tree down."

"You sure had him buffaloesd, Bats."

"We're going to give you a third of the nuts," Jitney said. "You've earned 'em."

Bats remained apathetic. "The big bully," he muttered. They couldn't liven him up. They waited in the field. They heard the staples creak when Acey got down from the fence. It must have been seven o'clock. In the plowed field the light from the stars was murky. After a considerable wait Jitney and Clark sneaked back. They both had the feeling that Acey had gone. Alone, Jitney rolled under the fence and slunk cautiously down to the grove. When Clark heard him in the leaves in the ditch he

went under too, and together they lugged the sack of hulled walnuts up the hill to the fence, shoved it underneath, and rolled under themselves. The other sack, Jitney reported in a whisper, that Acey had given a fling to, was so woozy with juice from the hulls battered against the tree-trunk that it would get stains all over them carrying it. There weren't many nuts in it anyway. They hurried along with the first sack. In the middle of the field they whistled for Bats and he answered ahead of them. By the cornfield they were talking again. Jitney was promising himself to beat up Acey's oldest kid the first time he caught him in town. Even Bats picked up enough to say he'd like to take a punch at the kid.

They got the nuts into the road and went back for the bicycle. Bats had pushed it up to the fence and they lifted it over.

"Say," Bats complained peevishly, "where's my cap? I don't want to lose that." Jitney told him it had probably dropped off during the spill. They got the bicycle down in the road again while Bats poked round the cornshock, and after loading the sack on the crossbar, Clark started on afoot with the bicycle, and Jitney went back to help Bats look. Bats was standing by the cornshock with his cap in his hand.

"Heh," Jitney said, "you got it in your hand."

Bats went right on kicking around the edge of the cornshock. "I had a bottle in it," he explained. "I was carrying a little bottle in it. I was carrying it in here." He indicated the lower portion of the lining as the cap hung vertically by the visor. "I can't find the bottle," he whined.

"How big a bottle?"

Bats indicated with his fingers. "I was delivering it for my father. I had to deliver it to old lady Cramer. I got to find the bottle."

"It's good-by bottle," Jitney said. "It went in the spill."

They both searched.

"Here it is," Jitney said. It had rolled

fifteen feet down a row of corn hummocks. It was a jar of vaseline.

Bats grabbed it. "I gotta hurry with that," he said. "If the old lady's called my old man on the 'phone, I'll catch it." He ran down the clay hill after Clark. Jitney took it slower. The day was over, a good afternoon's work, and walking, he would overtake Clark, pushing the bicycle, easily. Jitney tried the arm that Acey had twisted. His shoulder was going to go sore. At the foot of the hill he could hear Clark and Bats disputing. Clark had stopped. As he caught up to them Bats was claiming he had to have the bike to get back to town and deliver the damned jar, and Clark was trying to reason with him. Bats was dancing round, shaking the bike, and twisting the handlebars, so that Clark couldn't proceed, and as Jitney came up Bats tried to tip the nuts off the crossbar.

"Heh," Jitney said. "What the hell. Leave that alone, Bats."

"It's my bicycle," Bats shouted, "and I want it. You've got to give it to me too. It's my bicycle."

"We aren't hurting your bicycle," Clark put in.

"I want my bicycle."

"Aw, grow up," Jitney said, and as Bats made another attempt to upset the sack from the crossbar, Jitney jumped and shoved him away. "Go on, Clark," he said. "I'll keep the little devil off. Listen, Bats. We aren't going to hurt your bicycle." Bats tried to duck past him, after Clark, and Jitney blocked him. Clark pushed along, hurrying, and Jitney kept between Bats and the bicycle.

Suddenly Bats stopped, and as the others walked away from him, he threw himself down in the road and kicked and squalled. The farther they got from him the louder he seemed to squall.

"We'd better give it to him," Clark said, worried.

"Nothing doing."

Bats ceased kicking and lay on his back, yelling bloody murder.

"If an auto comes along . . ." Clark suggested. "He's goofy, Jits."

"Not that goofy."

"Tell him if he don't come we don't give him his share of the nuts."

Jitney shouted this threatening information at the top of his voice. Bats' squalling did not vary a note. It was impossible to know if he had heard.

"Oh, hell," Jitney burst out in a towering rage. "Give him his bicycle and I hope he breaks his neck." From the crossbar Clark tipped the bag on Jitney's shoulder. Too late Jitney remembered that his shoulder was sore. As soon as Bats saw Clark coming with the bicycle he

got up and walked down the road. He slipped the jar of vaseline inside his shirt and mounted.

"Hi," he called cheerfully as he passed Jitney. Jitney swore after him. By God, it was too much. By God, if he had to carry the nuts in, he didn't want them. By God . . . His bunged knee was beginning to hurt something fierce. So did his shoulder. He threw the sack on the ground. The collar of his shirt was stained already. . . . By God, what was the good of anything? . . .

Clark carried the walnuts.

STONE OF MEMORY

BY CHARMIAN LYNN MONTROSS

T*His house is mine, and it is big and dear
As it has always been. There is no part
Unloved in it and nothing changed this year
Than was long years before, nor my own heart.
And on the lawn the giant spruce tree stands,
Marring the gentle twilight sky with blot
Of scornful branches, shadow black. . . . The lands
Are brown and sweet with scrambled earth still hot.
There is no difference here. Strange that the sound
Of shrieking children at their late hour's play
Should bring the thought of grass and sky and ground
That knew some others, playing this same way,
Who, barely gone, have left me as a stone
In memory of them. I am alone.*



GYPSY IN A TRAILER

PART II. TRAILER CAMPS AND TRAILER PEOPLE

BY KONRAD BERCOVICI

UNTIL we reached Jacksonville, Florida, on our way south from Connecticut, we hadn't come upon a single half-decent trailer camp. Here and there we had come upon a camp that had some half-decent facilities, but in the main, wherever we found camps they were unclean, and the showers and rest-rooms they advertised, in large signs on the road, would surely not have been approved even by a blind sanitation officer. It was better to pull up at the side of a road, ask permission from a farmer to stop overnight on his lot, or to spend the night back of a gasoline station than to stop at a so-called trailer camp. Inside the trailer we were comfortable, as comfortable as in a small room at home. A day of traveling in the car made the 15 x 8 trailer look quite large. The weather was perfect.

The price for camping had varied but little: 25 cents per night without lights, and 50 cents with electric lights furnished by the camp. As we were four in the trailer, it amounted to only 12 cents per person, per night. It couldn't have been cheaper. But the camps were unappetizing, to say the least.

Once or twice when we had put up at the wayside or beside a stream we were told in the morning by the sheriff that it wasn't healthy. One sheriff woke us up in the middle of the night to look us over.

On the way to St. Augustine we took a bad road along the shore and landed in the center of the beautiful town after midnight, with our gas tank empty and

not a gasoline station open. We camped in the municipal park. In the morning the policeman gave me a talking-to, but when I had explained the situation he asked me to have coffee with him and told me that he had wanted for years to do just that: travel in a trailer.

I resented the fact that we weren't permitted to make any campfires anywhere. I missed smoke and the odor of burning wood. I can do without those things in the city; in the open I need them as much as any sunshine.

Wherever we had stopped to eat at restaurants on the road we had found the food atrocious and uneatable. I have no doubt that the food is very good in the homes of those little villages, but in the restaurants it is just slop. It made me think of little restaurants and inns all over Europe where one finds the most appetizing foods. Nowhere in the world is so much good food spoiled in the frying pan as in the United States. After a few trials we decided never, never, never to eat out, no matter how tired we were in the evening, except in places where chauffeurs of freight-carrying trailers stopped to eat.

But in Florida, a half hour from Miami, we came upon the paradise of trailer camps, on Biscayne Boulevard. There are a dozen fine trailer camps, each one with a capacity of at least 200 trailers; but the one we went to is the Ritz of trailers. We paid \$5.00 a week for the four of us. That included light, hot and

cold water, and showers. There was a dancing platform, a promenade terrace, a café; in short, every luxury of a good hotel. The camp had a capacity of 400 trailers; ten wide streets, twenty trailers on each side. Each trailer sat between four beautiful palms. The camp attendants were as capable and polite (though they did run round in bare feet and trunks) as the best-trained hotel servants. There was also a completely outfitted laundry, a playground for children, and a complete gymnasium for the grown-ups. Not counting the revenue from the sale of groceries, liquor, cigarettes, and other things, the income from the camp alone was \$2,000 a week. More than half of it was net profit to the owner.

I should say about three-quarters of the people camping there were on their vacations. There were cars from all over the Union and from Canada—all come for the Florida sun. There were homemade trailers, trailers that cost no more than a few hundred dollars, and also several palaces on wheels, complete with electric fireplaces and bathrooms.

I have no doubt that the Miami hotelkeepers and owners of cabin camps looked askance at the three or four thousand trailers, with the fifteen or twenty thousand people in them, in and about Miami. But I also have no doubt that almost ninety per cent of those people would never have come to Miami at all if they hadn't had trailers behind them. Miami storekeepers have no reason to complain.

Perhaps I am being a little too detailed about these matters, but only because I have met almighty sheriffs in Florida who thought that no trailer ought to be allowed to roll up on the sacred Floridian roads, meant only for the higher class of cars. Over and over again I heard that the people traveling in trailers were not the kind that Florida wanted; that they were undesirable. Had the sheriffs and hotelkeepers manufactured the ocean and the sun they couldn't have exhibited a more proprietary attitude. The poorer trailers were often stopped on the road and examined, and some of them were

turned back. Their owners' crime was poverty.

Sarasota, Florida, where the Ringling Brothers have their winter quarters, boasts of a municipally owned trailer camp, with a capacity of 1000 trailers. The yearly Tin Can Convention takes place there. It is a beautifully situated camp. Let me tell you of our reception there. When we drove up to the gate of the camp a man ordered us to stop, and then, in tones of one taking down the history of an applicant for charity, he asked:

"Who's the owner of the car? How many in the family? Where do you come from? What is the purpose of traveling? How long have you been in Florida? How long do you intend to stay? What's your ultimate destination? When do you go back where you came from? How old are you? Where were you born?" And so forth. It was the longest list of questions I have ever had to answer. I can remember few times when the tone of a voice has been so disagreeable. The man in charge of that camp was a disciplinarian by profession. I was told that he had once been the jailkeeper of the town.

When we had finally pulled up at the place shown to us, and the electricity was plugged in, we were told that we were not permitted to use any electric coffee pot. We didn't take the injunction very seriously. As a result the fuse blew. Though the cost of a fuse is less than five cents, we were made to pay a whole dollar—as a fine for having disobeyed the order. There was a beautiful dance hall and there were enough youngsters anxious to dance, but it was Wednesday, and the dance hall is open only on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday nights. And so the young people just walked round or went to dance halls in Sarasota. There was also a shuffleboard court, so ruled and regulated that all pleasure had gone out of the game. When I took the shuffle stick in hand I felt like a Sing Sing prisoner at a ball game.

The municipally owned camp charged \$3.50 a week. Compared with what one

got for \$5 at the privately owned camp near Miami, it wasn't worth half that. And the municipally owned camp was losing money, I was told. In other well-regulated camps in Florida, privately owned, the facilities had always been better. The hot water was hot, the cold water was cold, and one was treated as a guest and not as a municipal lodger. And they made money—too much money.

There is another camp in Florida, owned by two famous inventor-brothers. It is still in the process of construction; but the price will be such as to attract only the "better" class of people. It will have a swimming pool and golf course, well-appointed recreation rooms, reading rooms; all in all, it is intended to be an enormous de luxe hotel to which everyone will bring his own home.

There are no trailer camps of any consequence in Alabama or in Georgia, and hardly any in Louisiana until one comes to Gulfport. There you find a regular trailer city, with a capacity of 1000 trailers; drug stores, a resident physician, dance hall, garage, and everything needed for a population that varies from three to five thousand. But no school, although there is a fully outfitted gambling outfit on wheels. The majority of people were there on vacation, but there were any number of trailer owners who tried—and some of them succeeded—in making a living while on the way; an ambulant blacksmith, with forge and bellows rigged up at the rear of his trailer; an optician; two young ladies who sold and rented books, operating a sort of traveling lending library; a house painter, an upholsterer and furniture repairer, and a piano teacher.

The piano teacher, a charming lady, had established a considerable clientele within a radius of over two hundred miles. She and her mother would stay a few days in one place and a few days in another one, during which time she would teach. She told me that she was making a good living at it.

There were many people who peddled different small articles from house to

house. One trailer had a complete assortment of dresses, expensive and otherwise. From another trailer they sold shoes. Later on, on the back roads of Louisiana, we came upon a barber shop on wheels, and the wife of the barber called herself a "beautician." That trailer was an ingenious affair. It was a bedroom for the family during the night and during the day it was divided in two. In one half, with a separate entrance, the man plied his trade, and in the other half the woman plied hers. The barber was also an old-fashioned tooth-puller and sold leeches and did a little blood-letting for those who believed in old-fashioned remedies.

II

As one goes westward from Louisiana one notices that the number of trailers thins out. Most trailer people avoid Texas. I am not prepared to give all the answers. For one thing there are no trailer camps in Texas, and the owners of cabin camps more often than not refuse hospitality to trailers, even when money is proffered. The Texans look upon all people living in trailers as gypsies, and they don't like them. In a cabin camp we were permitted to stay over for the night only after paying the price of the cabin also, though we didn't occupy it.

It so happened that we had some trouble with our car there, and it was with difficulty that we found anyone willing to help us, though all we needed was just someone to push our car from behind and give us a start. This anti-trailer sentiment is pretty general all over Texas. It's too bad. There are so many beautiful camp sites in Texas—in Dallas, San Antonio, Corpus Christi, and along the Magic Valley. The climate of Magic Valley could easily compete with that of Florida, and the beauty of the landscape and vegetation leaves one speechless. Ten thousand trailer travelers would be camping month in and month out in Texas if they were offered some facilities and a better reception.

One evening we were caught on the

road by a heavy downpour of cold rain. We had gone off the main road on the way to Shreveport and had been traveling for two hours in the dark without finding a place to camp. Suddenly on the side of the road I noticed a gasoline station, and in the rear of that gasoline station I saw two trailers. We stopped. I went over to the gasoline station and found a young man sitting in his raincoat in front of a pot stove, warming his hands.

"Could I pull up here for the night?" I asked.

"Sure," he answered, without raising his head to look at me. "It's two bits without lights and four bits with lights."

"I'll take the lights," I said.

"Pull up," he told me; "I'll stick on the lights in a minute."

I left the man without having seen his face. A moment later the lights were on in our trailer and we were started on our cooking of the evening meal. We were so hungry we sniffed even the smoke arising from the bacon in the frying pan. And we were warm and snug inside while the heavy rain was beating a tattoo on our roof. I crawled under the blankets with my plate of food and was asleep at my last mouthful.

I rose very early the following morning, decided on an early start, and having dressed, went to the gasoline station to pay the man for the night's camping. I found two men sitting in front of the stove, warming their hands. A coffee pot on top of the stove was filling the room with a very pleasant aroma.

"Good morning," said I.

"Good morning," the two men answered, without looking up. It was still raining and cold outside. "Have a cup of coffee?" one man said, and handed it to me as he spoke.

Having drunk the hot coffee, I took out two quarters and offered them to the man, saying "Here."

"What for?" the man asked.

"That's four bits, for camping for the night."

"It's only two bits," he said.

"Yes, but I used the lights," I explained.

"Well, that's two bits just the same."

The other man explained, "I told him it was four bits, see?—and he's willin' to pay four bits."

"Makes no difference whether he's willin' to pay four bits or not; it's two bits," the other man said, and handed me back one quarter.

"Now, listen," the other man argued. "I told him four bits and he's willin' to pay four bits, so what's that giving him back two bits?"

"What difference does it make whether he's willin' or not," the other fellow said, still without looking at me. "Two bits, that's all it's worth, and that's all he's goin' to pay."

"Listen," the other one argued. "I told him four bits last night, and he's willin' to pay four bits, so let him pay four bits; he's willin', isn't he?" By this time he had stood up. His face was crimson. His eyes had narrowed down to slits.

"He's willin', is he?"—the other man said. "He's willin', is he?" Suddenly he reached for the gun hanging on the wall, above the cash register, and pressing the barrel against my stomach, he ordered: "Hand me everything you've got in your pocket. Make it snappy."

There was such determination in his face that I immediately put my hand in my pocket and said "Sure." Whereupon the fellow hung back the gun on the wall and said to the other man, "See, he's willin' to give me everything he's got too. But is that a reason to take it from him?"

I was white and shaking all over when the object lesson had come to an end.

"Have another cup of coffee?" he said to me, when the other fellow, who proved to be his brother, had stopped arguing about my willingness to pay.

"Look here, fellow," I said. "Do you realize you risked your life? If you had come upon a Texan quick on the draw you would have been a dead man by now."

"Yeah," he said, scornfully, "but I got you size' up." Then after another moment he added, "Texans don't travel in

trailers. Get a move on you. You talked enough."

III

Something will be done—something surely ought to be done—to make trailer traveling more comfortable, everywhere; more comfortable and more secure. Instead of being so suspicious of trailer travelers, local sheriffs and constables ought to watch the roads and make them safer. At present the local officials look upon the trailer traveler as an outcast, a man without a vote, without a home, without a fireplace, and who is only tolerated for the while, until some laws will be made that will wipe him off the face of the earth. Adverse publicity has succeeded in making people believe that the trailer traveler is living at the expense of the rest of the population; that he is a tax cheater; that his children go to school without paying taxes to the State. A grocery man in Virginia looked upon my trailer and denounced all trailer people as cheats. "You ain't paying no taxes—no taxes," he screamed, in a high piping voice. The tax on gas in Virginia is 7 cents on a gallon. I pointed out to him that since almost any trailer car would use at least five gallons of gasoline a day, a man who owned a trailer paid at least 35 cents a day in taxes, to the State and the government, which was more than \$100 a year, which was more than the average tax paid by the average United States citizen. But he wouldn't be enlightened. "You ain't paying no taxes. You are like gypsies. I hate gypsies."

In Louisiana the tax is 10 cents on a gallon of gasoline—100 per cent above the actual price of the gas. No luxury, domestic or imported, is taxed as high as this absolute necessity for those who travel. Why such a high tax should be imposed upon what has become a necessity for the majority of people, a necessity almost as great as bread, and meat, and sugar, and coffee, is past understanding! But that grocer, and many another little shopkeeper, wouldn't be convinced.

Such people envy the passing trailers as the worm envies the bird's ability to fly. Envy breeds hatred. In Alabama they wouldn't let our trailer be parked in front of a restaurant while we were eating inside.

"Eat elsewhere. We didn't send for you. Go back where you came from."

Nothing much is being done for the traveler with the money from the gas tax. Some day the government will have to do something: build camps with all the facilities necessary to civilized people, build a number of small schools for children traveling with their parents, and spend some of the money patrolling the roads, and supervising kitchens and restaurants. The trailer is here to stay. A million people are using it. There is no reason why the tax money should be used only for building beautiful jails and magnificent hospitals, and luxurious schools for the blind, and deaf, and feeble-minded, and institutions for derelicts. Courage and self-respect should not be discouraged by high taxes, unpatrolled roads, and grumbling and ungrateful shopkeepers.

More than 50,000 people are being employed to-day to manufacture trailers. From all accounts, more than 1000 trailers are being manufactured every day. Unless some harsh laws are put in the way of the industry, the trailer will take its place beside the automobile, the refrigerator, and the radio, as a typical American industry. It is something new, and something needed.

As a means of travel it affords those who could only take a very short vacation the opportunity to take a longer one. It enables the people of one State to get acquainted with the people of another State; not only to get acquainted, but to see what the other States looks like. If more people from the South went to the East they would be a little more ashamed of some of their own back roads and the hovels in which men and women, black and white, live like pigs and dogs. If more from the North and East went to the South they would probably understand a problem that is more easily solved on

paper than by actual deeds. And when you do travel, get off the main road. What you see there is only a façade. The majority of the people in the United States live on the back roads—live and die under conditions that haven't changed much in the past fifty years, except that they have become chronic. There still are thousands of shacks without doors and without windows all over the South. Five thousand carpenters could be kept busy year after year to make windows and doors for the shacks in Arkansas alone.

But getting acquainted is only one phase, and a very small phase at that, of trailer life. The trailer can and will eventually remove at least one cause of poverty and want. The technological advance of industry is continually reducing the number of workers in any given factory, though the same amount—and even a greater amount—of products is manufactured. It is more economical to work full tilt for six months and lay off for six months than to spread the work over a period of twelve months of slow production. In a town in Indiana where four thousand people had been employed in the manufacturing of musical instruments only six hundred are now employed to manufacture the same quantity of instruments. The rest are idle but hang on to their permanent homes so that they may be eligible for government relief.

There are too many lay-offs in most of the industrial towns, and during those periods of lay-offs, men, women, and children are on starvation rations—even when relief institutions do help them. Tied down to their homes, the workmen have no other recourse but to sit down and wait until the factory opens again. Meanwhile they are easy prey to their own despondency, and prey to such half-baked ideas as are generally hatched by an association of despondent people. When the factory gates are opened again, fifty per cent of a man's future wages are mortgaged to creditors—grocers, landlords, butchers, etc.; and by the end of the working period he is no better off than at the beginning of it. The trailer offers a solu-

tion. Why must they live in houses; why not in trailers? When the gates of the factory close they can pull up stakes and go—go somewhere where work has just begun, or where they could raise enough food for themselves. And, if the wages have been good, and conditions have been tolerable, they can come back in time to begin work again. I have met many a working family that has done exactly that. Never again will they be without a trailer; the factory closed, they'll go.

While men were idle in Louisiana, crops were rotting on fields in New Mexico and California for want of labor. It is true that labor is reluctant to go to those parts, but chiefly because of disagreeable living conditions offered to the transient laborers. The trailer solves the problem. A man can take his family along and live in his own house while he is working, a week here and a week there.

I know the objection of the heads of our institutions, and especially of our social workers, to such a plan. How shall we educate the children? The one answer to that is that very little education enters the head of a hungry and depressed child; and very little is done with that education during a hungry and depressed adolescence. It is the business of the State to find ways and means to serve its citizens. Why not have some of the schools on wheels?

France has for centuries had a population on wheels. I am speaking of the fifty or sixty thousand "Fair" people, those who follow the hundreds of Fairs, the "Foire" of France. Wherever you are in France you are not very far from a fair-ground. Paris has an open fair every day of the year, sometimes in one district and sometimes in another one. There are tens of thousands of people who have followed the fairs for generations and generations. Circus people, theatrical people, and people who furnish all sorts of amusements live in houses on wheels, which are transported from one fair to the other. Attached to each fair unit is a public school on wheels, and that school, with a teacher or two, moves every

week from one fair to another one. Wherever the children cannot go to school the school comes to them.

Eventually we too shall have to do that, in some form or other.

IV

Our trailer was a small one: fifteen feet by eight. At both ends were two studio couches, one of which folded up to become a table; on one side, in the center, was the kitchen. Opposite it were the ice box and kitchen paraphernalia, as well as a washstand. We traveled in the car. We only ate and slept in the trailer. Yet once, not feeling well, I remained in my bed while we crossed from Tucson to Yuma. I was as comfortable as in a Pullman bed.

I have met travelers who made the trip from New York to Los Angeles in three days. While one man drove the car eight hours the others slept in the trailer. At the end of their journey they were fresh and rested. It can be done. You couldn't do it as fast in a train and not as comfortably. The main roads are mostly good. When you get off the main artery of cement and tar it is another story. Almost every main road has a parallel-running dirt road. Dirt is the right word. It makes one realize that civilization hasn't penetrated deeper than a few thousand feet on either side of the main road. A thousand feet from the main road you are in another century. In some States you are in another world. In some of the larger cities of Louisiana and Texas you don't have to go a thousand feet to find this difference in civilizations. On one street you have palatial hotels and back of the hotels are homes of packing boxes and oil-cans, unfit even for dogs. Dirt, misery, ignorance, and superstitions make one ashamed of belonging to the same biological species.

Many of the States have Ports of Entry with little shacks astraddle the main road, at the State line. In Oklahoma and Arkansas, in Arizona, New Mexico, and California the traveler goes through a

more or less rigid inspection. It may all be for the best and maybe the control has some value. Just the same it is unpleasant to feel that you are not altogether free to travel at will in your own country. Shall we soon have to carry passports with visas from the consul of Arkansas?

People in shabby trailers avoided the main roads and passed through those States by the back way, where there were no Ports of Entry, although this made travel more difficult and more expensive for them.

The trailers coming from Oklahoma were the poorest we saw. Hundreds of families, of every degree of poverty, followed one another on the road, with ten and twelve people in a groaning little Ford. Most of them were driving toward Boulder Dam and the All American Canal, through the desert, to get work there. They all looked as if they had just left a famine region. Lean, emaciated, the children with bulging bellies, the hair crimping and colorless, they all made a terribly depressing impression on me. Some traveled in cattle trucks, with all their belongings—bedding, rocking chair, stove, hayforks, rakes, shovels. One family had a sow with her young in a crate fixed on the end of the truck. At night the Oklahomans camped together and more or less pooled their fare. They were indescribably poor, and sad and bewildered. I never heard song or laughter in these camps. The villagers of course wouldn't have anything to do with them. The Oklahomans didn't resent that attitude. They themselves were no more hospitable to people from other States. But they stuck well together.

Near Bakersfield, in California, there is a large camp of more than a hundred of these Oklahomans. They live in huts and shacks made of packing boxes and oil-cans, in tents, and in the wagons they have come in. Months of that kind of life have taught them to pool their resources. The men who have found work give each week a portion of their earned dollars to a common fund which pro-

vides the ingredients to a common pot, out of which eat those who have no work. A system of self-government has prevented the interference of the local sheriff. All small disputes are settled without his aid. A few unreliable characters have been weeded out. The younger children go to school. They surely are not in the first ranks of their classes, but they are in a clean room and a warm one at least part of the day.

Near Santa Barbara, under a railroad bridge, I found another such camp of people, mainly from Arkansas. But the Arkansas people don't pull together as well as the Oklahomans. They have no inner organization and no common kitchen. Each family lives strictly by itself and brooks no interference. Two hostile families, from the region whence came "Pretty Boy Floyd," the bandit, lived at opposite ends of the camp, hating each other as intensely as at home. The few people whose cars bore licenses from other States were looked upon as strangers, foreigners. State patriotism grows with distance. The deeper the ignorance, the higher the patriotism. These people look at the license on your trailer, and decide whether you are worthy to associate with them.

In Arizona I found a French family from North Dakota who had lived in their trailer now two years, and in the same place. They had settled down on a strip of land no one has claimed since, and had spaded up a vegetable garden and were doing well. They daren't do better for fear the owner might turn up any day, at any hour, and drive them off. For two years they hadn't dared to buy anything that might embarrass them should they have to go. They plowed with a primitive implement to which they harnessed themselves like horses.

The dislocation of our social life is evidenced by the gorgeous high-school buildings flanked by poverty-stricken villages all along New Mexico, Arizona, and California roads. We found many hundred-thousand-dollar school buildings in villages with four hundred souls.

Had half this money been spent in building homes for these people, the amount would more than be saved from not having to build new prisons and new hospitals for the next generation. What made the disparity more terrible was the luxurious trailer camp in each vicinity, where I saw vacationists' trailers worth tens of thousands of dollars.

V

The trailer is now the fashion in Hollywood. One famous comedian boasts of a trailer weighing ten tons that cost fifty thousand dollars to build. It is a veritable land yacht. Some of the smaller trailers are like expensive boudoirs inside. Rosewood, chromium, gilt Louis Quinze. They reek with perfume. The great stars live the "simple life" in them for a few days, in slacks and overalls and bandannas. A hundred feet away may stand another trailer—the service quarters, for cook, chambermaid, masseur, secretary, and publicity agent.

There are thousands of these trailers on the road in California. The skiing craze takes the "simple lifers" to the snowy mountains in their own boudoirs.

Near Yuma, Arizona, I came upon an English gypsy family, doing a good business in trailer-swapping and fortune-telling. The Burtons, who claimed to descend from the same family that produced Sir Richard Burton, the translator of the *Arabian Nights*, were a gay and amusing crowd. I supped with them from the "Kekavi" stewing over the fire and afterward we drank hot red "mull" with a red-hot poker in every cup. We sang. We told tales. The youngsters danced.

The Burtons had traveled all over the world. The Daia, the grandmother, who wasn't a gypsy at all, but an English lady, had taught them all to read and write, and wore an old but beautiful wine-colored taffeta dress, blue gloves up to her elbows, and high buttoned satin shoes. She was the best trader of the lot and made more money than the rest of them combined.

She has a complete collection of photographs of all the movie stars, and reads all the fan magazines. Actresses come to see her. She recognizes them immediately, "guesses" their names, and reads their palms—at twenty dollars a sitting. The stars bring her their cast-off clothing and jewelry, and have made her presents worth thousands. California is the most gullible of all States. Some day, when I have invented a new religion, I shall establish myself in California and die a multi-millionaire and a god.

Not far from the harbor of San Pedro is an international trailer camp, with about a hundred trailers, inhabited by Italian, Scandinavian, Russian, and Japanese fishermen. When the men are away on their boats the families live in the trailers. When fishing takes the men away to greater distances the trailer is loaded on the boat and taken to another haven to give the children an opportunity to go to school. In this manner the wife and children have a home and can see the father more frequently than when their homes were in one given spot.

"Any trouble?" I inquired, thinking of the different national groups in that camp.

"Why, of course not. Why should there be? Aren't we all fishermen?"

I was asked to stay to a Sunday fish dinner. We ate it outdoors. Cooked with a head of garlic, the fish wrapped in kelp, it had a savor so delicate it will remain with me as long as I live. After dinner I went out boating with two Italian youngsters and a Japanese girl who was in love with one of them. She had a pet seal who came to the edge of the boat when she called him from the deep. She was a very beautiful and in-

telligent girl and sang Japanese songs magnificently. It was odd to watch the slanty eyes look up with admiration to the round eyes of the Italian. I wonder what their children will look like? But then . . . hasn't traveling always done the great biological job of mixing up the races! And hasn't the wind performed the same job for the inanimate seeds, to help them become such a bewildering variety!

"I'll raise a family," the Italian boy told me. "I'll have a boat and a trailer. You got to keep moving when you want to make a living as a fisherman. And I want to own our home. Don't need a big one. Need one of my own."

VI

At the end of the long trek, my family was on the best of terms with one another. Trailering is a hilarious way of travel. The changing landscape, climate, and forms of speech are invigorating. No other form of travel offers the opportunity for contacts with people—real people, not the kind you meet in the smoking cars of trains, telling filthy stories, in the stench of cuspidors, on the leather bench facing the iron door of the lavatories.

Blessed be he who first thought of a house on wheels. Out on the road—to laughter, song, and the carefree brow, over the smoke of the campfire, and the friendly greeting of "Hello Connecticut"! With my trailer behind me I own the whole continent, without being owned by it.

And if I die on the road I don't want to be buried under a tree on a lonely road. Bury me across an open road where many trailers pass.



UNCLE SAM AS AN EXPORTER

BY CARL CROW

WHEN an export manager comes to China to bestow the representation of his products on some deserving agent or distributor he is usually rather shocked at the lack of enthusiasm with which his advances are met. Of course if his product has been on the market for a long time and has a well-established sale he will have plenty of agents to choose from; but if his company is unknown it is usually disillusioning to him to learn how completely and thoroughly it is unknown and what an entire lack of curiosity there is about it.

Shanghai, where most of the foreign trade of China is centered and most of the agents are located, is a big and busy city and singularly blasé, with the combined sophistication of each of the seven seas. Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, and Colonel Lindbergh, to say nothing of innumerable British lords, American senators, and continental princes, have all been visitors and have all wandered through our shopping districts with no congestion of traffic. When American government officials of high degree visit us the local American Chamber of Commerce has to fan local patriotism to a white heat in order to get any noticeable attention paid to them. If this were not done, and the visitors were left to bask in the unaided reflection of their own glory, I am afraid that most of the dignitaries would leave Shanghai feeling that the American colony had a singular lack of appreciation for the presence of greatness. Our British neighbors have to do the same thing, but the British notables

seem satisfied to get along with less limelight. This is just as well, for their countrymen are not so skilful as we are when it comes to working up impressive mass effects in artificial enthusiasm and highly organized and noisy hospitality.

It is probably because representatives of all the nations of the world pass through our gates daily that we do not get excited over any of them but applaud instead our own small local heroes, and for a very similar reason the Shanghai importer appears to be more interested in the old agencies he has than in the new ones that are offered him. It seems that every manufacturer in the world at some time or another tries to get an agent in Shanghai, and there are not enough agents to meet all the demands. As a result, no manufacturer of a product which is new to China has an easy time establishing a satisfactory agency connection and he has to do so much looking round that it usually takes him weeks to accomplish what he thought could be done in a few days. While on his way out to China he forms pretty definite ideas as to the kind of an agent he is going to appoint; but he usually ends up by appointing the first one he can talk into undertaking the work who is in any way acceptable. This is true of all manufacturers, but, if he happens to be an American, he will find the agents a little more coy than if he is British or German; for American manufacturers have a reputation for fickleness which leaves much to be desired.

A few years ago one of the local sales-

men of a large firm of Shanghai importers went to his chief with a scheme which he felt sure would greatly increase the sales of the brand of American automobile tires for which they held the agency. The chief listened to him attentively and encouragingly until he became convinced that the sales program had a fair chance of being a success. Then he sent for the sales reports on this item, considered them carefully, and made his decision.

"No," he said, "we are doing just as much business with this line as we want to do. If we carry out your suggestions and the sales increase, as I think they will, we shall very probably lose the agency. The manufacturers will see the amount of business we are sending them, and will come to the conclusion that they can make more money by taking the agency away from us and establishing their own branch. Let this line rock along and work on something else, and don't write these tire people any enthusiastic letters about prospective sales and the big opportunities there are in the Chinese market."

The manager was right. A few years later, as the sales continued to increase, a smart young man from Akron arrived one day, terminated the agency, and established a branch of the home office. Since almost all agency agreements give the manufacturer the option of terminating them without compensation for the business and good will which has been built up, all the agent gets out of a change of this sort is the bitter satisfaction of knowing that he has worked up a good business for the manufacturer and has lost the agency through his own efficiency. I have seen at least a dozen important American agencies taken away from firms in Shanghai in this manner, for no apparent reason other than the manufacturer's belief that he could enlarge his profits. In most cases the profitable Chinese business which he took over had been built up entirely by the efforts of the old agents, and the bitter feelings with which they accepted the termination of their agency contracts can easily be imagined.

However, it does not appear in all cases to have been a cold-blooded analysis of sales returns and costs of operation and theoretical profits which prompted the opening of some of the branch offices in Shanghai. It is really remarkable how much vanity there is in supposedly astute business men, or how much romance. It is either vanity or the romantic idea that business is like an adventure story which in many cases provides the urge to make them open expensive branch offices all over the world. These branches broke out in Shanghai like measles during the boom years following the end of the War, and it is to be hoped that the manufacturers had a lot of fun out of their ventures, because they didn't make much money and most of them would have made a better showing on the balance sheet if they had not disturbed their old sales arrangements. When the depression made it necessary to cut out luxuries and useless window-dressing in many lines of business, a great many of these branch offices were closed and the young men who opened them, slightly aged now, turned the business back to some local firm. The next boom will probably bring all the branch offices back again, with some new ones.

Apart from this passion for decorating their letterheads with the names of cities where their branch offices are located, the American manufacturers seem to enjoy changing their agencies in the hope, usually futile, that the new will be better than the old. This happens so frequently that when we get the renewal of an advertising appropriation from New York we always check up before releasing the advertising to make sure that the same local agent is still functioning. We handle the advertising of a number of American manufacturers and, at the moment, I cannot recall but two which have not changed their Shanghai agency or established a branch office during the past ten years; some have made three or four changes during that period.

On the other hand, among an equally large number of British and continental

clients I can recall only two which have made any changes in their sales arrangements during the same period of time. My business brings me in daily contact with distributors and sales agents of several nationalities, and I know that they all feel that if they have a profitable British agency they have an asset of some permanent value to which they can afford to put their best efforts; but if it is an American agency, they have the uneasy feeling that it may be taken away from them any time on the whim of an export manager, and American export managers, rightly or wrongly, have the reputation of being very whimsical people. British manufacturers, on the other hand, might find it advantageous and profitable to do a little more shifting of agencies than they do. Too many agents of British companies feel such a sense of security that they make no effort to increase sales but content themselves with the unearned commissions which come to them without any effort. There are a number of Shanghai men with British agencies who have suspiciously low golf handicaps.

The system of hiring and firing, which is much more common in America than in any other country, may be a wholesome one so far as domestic business is concerned, but it is very disturbing in the export business, and American export managers appear to hold rather insecure positions. In fact, it is the firing of old and the hiring of new managers that is frequently the cause of the change in agencies, for the new man sets in to improve on the organization of his predecessor by securing a lot of new representatives. Every time I see the name of a new export manager on a letter I know that we are in for a lot of tedious correspondence in which we shall travel through many new doors but finally get back to the place we started from. All knowledge is not confined to us, the "old China hands," who have usually, if truth must be told, acquired more disillusionments than knowledge; but the new export manager has acquired neither.

This hiring and firing by American

firms cost me time and money on my last visit to America, about five years ago. We were handling the advertising of a large automobile company and, when he heard of my impending trip to America, the Far Eastern Manager of the company insisted that I should visit their Detroit head office for a conference on advertising in China, and gave me letters of introduction to five different executives. There were several differences of opinion and misunderstandings which he thought I could straighten out on this visit, and he believed it would give me some mental stimulus if I would spend a few days at the fountain-head of the world's automotive knowledge. As soon as I could arrange to do so, I left New York for Detroit, taxied for many miles through the uninteresting streets of that mass-production city, and finally reached the imposing head office of the company. I hadn't taken the trouble to wire for an appointment, because my friend had assured me that, barring a golf game, any one of the five executives would drop anything he was doing and go into conference with me as soon as I sent in my card.

I gave the most important letter of introduction to the charming young lady at one of the many reception desks, but she soon returned with the information that that man to whom the letter was addressed was no longer with the company. She didn't know where he was but thought he was in New York. The second letter brought the same information; so in order to save time, I gave her the three remaining letters and asked her to deliver one to the first man she could find. She came back with the sad news that not one of them was now connected with the company and that not one of them was in Detroit. I didn't like the idea of having made this long trip with no accomplishments, so I gave her a few of my business cards and said:

"I have been handling the advertising of this company in China for several years. At the request of your Far Eastern Manager, I made a special trip from New York to Detroit to talk to the men in your

export department. I wish you would go out there and tell them this and see if any of them has ever heard of me or if anyone wants to see me."

She must have done a thorough job of it, for she was gone a long time, but when she returned it was only to report that no one had heard of me and no one wanted to see me. So I took a drive around Belle Isle and caught the next train to New York. I reflected that the only satisfaction I could get out of the incident would be the story I should have to tell my friend in Osaka, but even that was denied me, for when I got back to the Far East a few months later I found that he also had been removed from the pay roll.

II

A manufacturer's agent living in Shanghai confided to me some years ago:

"I have found out how to handle New York export managers. Write them plenty of letters. They have a lot of fun answering them, and they send the carbon copies to the general manager to show how busy they are. About all an export manager can do is to write letters anyway, and it is only fair to give them plenty of opportunities. Of course, they must have a reasonable number of orders, but if you write them enough letters they won't grouse so much about the size or infrequency of the orders."

I notice that he is still here in Shanghai and holds the same agencies, so his system must have some merits. The export managers, by reason of their isolation from the people with whom they are doing business, must carry on a voluminous correspondence; but theirs is not the only department in American business concerns which produces ready letter writers. The number of letters and the length of the letters which American business men seem to find it necessary to write amaze the business men of other nationalities—all except the Spaniard. He is even more long-winded, and can, without rhetorical difficulty, quote Alemán or Cervantes and give you an idea of the weather he is en-

joying and the state of his health at the time of writing.

The responsibility for American verbosity, I feel sure, lies with the very efficient American stenographer, and the temptation to garrulousness provided by the skill of her fingers. In some offices it seems that letter-writing has become a major undertaking, like writing for publication, and not a means to an end. There is no one who appears to be quite so well satisfied with the result of a day's work as the American business man who has dictated so many letters that his secretary has to work overtime transcribing them. The first practical evidence I had of the existence of the depression in America came when I noticed that the letters I received were fewer and shorter. Obviously, it had been necessary to reduce the staff of stenographers. Business must be improving now, for the letters are growing in frequency and length and will soon be what they were in 1928.

It is my candid opinion, after reading these letters for about twenty years, that half the typewriters in America could be scrapped and half the stenographers married off, and the wheels of business would run just as fast and with a good deal less noise and waste effort. Businesses in other countries are conducted successfully with only a fraction of the amount of correspondence Americans appear to find necessary. Every man whose business it is to dictate letters should be compelled to read over, at the beginning of every business day, the copies of the letters he dictated one year before and see for himself how many of them were twice as long as necessary, and how many were not necessary at all.

It may be unjust, but I can't escape the feeling that a great many of the letters I receive are not written to me, but for the benefit of the executive who looks over the carbon copies. If the letter is from one of the New York advertising agencies it is always quite obvious that the carbon copies should create a good impression on the client, who can easily see that the agent is alert and is looking

out for his best interests. The English typists are not so skilful and so the Englishman is not subject to the same temptation to verbosity. Just the other day I received, by the same mail, letters from New York and London correspondents. The letters were especially welcome, for each was a renewal for the ensuing year of advertising which we had in each instance been carrying on for a decade or more.

The letter from New York covered several typewritten pages of instructions, supported by formal orders, schedule of insertion dates, etc. In the letter we were admonished to be careful to get the best positions possible for the advertising, see that the publishers didn't place competing advertising on the same page, look out for poor printing, see the distributors occasionally to keep them contented and find out how sales were going, etc. In other words, we were exhorted to do just what any advertising agent would do as a matter of the usual routine and just what they had been telling us to do, annually, for more than ten years. In fact, in a properly organized office it would disturb the routine and be a lot of trouble to avoid doing all these things. The final paragraph was almost lyrical in its appeal to me to do the right thing by this account.

It didn't take the Englishman long to dictate his letter. In fact it was so short that I suspect he wrote it out by hand and then had it typed. The letter read:

DEAR SIR,

We beg to acknowledge receipt of your favor of the 17th ult. and to advise you of our approval of the revised advertising schedules contained therein. Trusting that this business will receive your usual careful attention, we are, Dear Sirs,

Your faithfully.

I believe it was an English nobleman who, when away on a hunting trip, wrote to his wife:

"Madam, it is very cold and I have killed two sheep."

While the Englishman's terse letters are more than satisfactory in ordinary

business correspondence, the average English correspondent is hopeless when it comes to writing a selling letter. Give an American the least bit of encouragement and he will bombard you with sales letters designed to convince you of the superiority of the goods he is selling. The Englishman's idea of a good snappy sales letter is,

"In response to your inquiry we beg to quote—"

While the American writes many and lengthy letters he does not always compose them very carefully. When an important business letter is written to be dispatched several thousand miles across the sea it should be checked and double-checked to make sure that it is clear and complete. Most letters from English firms bear a number of initials, showing that the letter has been read by several people. It is a far cry from that practice to the rubber stamp on some American letters which informs you that a letter has been dictated but not read, or to the fact that in many American offices it appears that everyone except the office boy is allowed to write and sign letters.

I recall one bit of carelessness on the part of a letter writer which caused us a lot of bother and some unnecessary expense. A letter which we received countermanded the instructions contained in an earlier letter which, it was said, was dated January 16th. We looked through our files, could find no communication of that date, and assumed that it had been delayed in the mails and would show up later. The letter did not arrive and then the Chinese office boy made the interesting discovery that January 16th was a Sunday, so obviously some other date was meant. We finally had to send a cable asking the correct date, as it might have referred to any one of several January letters. Now if your correspondent has a registered cable address, and any one of a dozen or more cable code books, you can send quite a long message at a cost which is not excessive; but this concern, although engaged in overseas trade, had no registered cable address and appar-

ently did not possess a code book. We had to pay cable tolls on the whole name and street and city address of the firm and send the message in plain language, and the costs were too large to be cheerful about. In the end, we learned that the letter referred to was dated January 6th.

III

There are very few people who will dispute the statement that when it comes to the technic of advertising and merchandising Uncle Sam is far ahead of John Bull, though far behind him in other factors which influence the sales in export markets. The most striking example of Uncle Sam's superior merchandising methods is found in the packaging by which the manufacturers of the two countries present their goods to their customers. A great many of the English packages of brands which have a world-wide sale were designed several generations ago, before typography had reached its present high stage of development or the modern art of package design had ever been heard of. They were, however, the best that could be produced at the time, which is more than can be said of the modern British package; for the manufacturer makes little or no use of the expert modern talent which could be supplied by any commercial art studio in England. He turns out the best product it is possible for him to make, and, having done that, he appears to consider that he has done all that a manufacturer could be expected to do. There are probably a good many honest differences of expert opinion as to which of the two nations is the more artistic, but there can be no doubt about the fact that the American manufacturer was the first to discover that art is a valuable aid in the selling of goods. When, in 1882, Oscar Wilde toured the country from New York to San Francisco, he scolded Americans for their lack of appreciation of art, for the ugly surroundings which they endured so complacently. He found nothing to admire; but if he were alive to-day he would undoubtedly

give American manufacturers a word of praise for their packages.

And he would probably exhort his fellow Britons to follow the American example. The safety razor I use is of British manufacture and design. It is a very fine piece of workmanship and, as safety razors go, a rather expensive article. But there is no hint of the existence of a superior article in the case enclosing the razor. Anyone who saw it for the first time might easily imagine that it was a tin of sardines of rather novel proportions. Any American manufacturer would, with little or no additional cost, produce a package of dignified beauty, in keeping with the high quality of the razor itself, and, by this method, make the article more saleable. In fact, any Chinese in my art department could design a more attractive package than this one.

There is the same indifference to style and beauty in British advertising, and lack of care or indifference in the typography and lay-out. But in one way, in the export field, the Briton is a better advertiser and merchandiser than the American. I have never known the latter to make or even to discuss any plans beyond those which are to be put into execution at once. All appear to make their plans on the assumption that the world will come to an end at the close of their next financial year. And with the first approach of a slump in sales he visualizes early dissolution. The Englishman has seen sales slump before and knows that somehow or other their business has continued for a good many years and is not going to come to a sudden end. This difference may be partly psychological, but it is partly due to the difference in company organization. Too many American manufacturers have found that they could make more money by floating stock companies and speculating in their own stock than by earning legitimate dividends. The result has been over-capitalization and hungry stockholders whose only interest in the business is in the figure showing quarterly earnings. Most

of the big British companies are privately owned. They have, as a rule, much larger reserves than American companies and are not so easily thrown into a panic by a temporary drop in sales. One of these British clients, by the way, uses his cash reserves to cut quite a generous slice out of his advertising costs, for he pays for a year's advertising in advance, and we are able to get such liberal cash discounts for him that he actually earns eighteen per cent on his money. Often we get our American appropriations and detailed instructions quarter by quarter. The Englishman takes a more long-range view of things. His firm has been doing business for a long time and he assumes that it is going to be in business next year and the year after. He likes to make plans not only for the current year, but for the years which he knows will follow.

The British manufacturer, once he has produced an article which is saleable, seldom changes it, and stubbornly resists any suggestion that it might be improved. In fact, it is not much of an exaggeration to say that he seldom makes any change or improvement until circumstances compel him to do so.

So far as the Chinese market is concerned this conservatism is a help rather than a hindrance to sales, for the Chinese customer is equally conservative. So long as an article is satisfactory he sees no reason for altering it and is likely to look with some suspicion on any change. His experience has made him skeptical and he finds it much easier to believe that a product has been changed so as to reduce the cost of manufacture at the expense of the quality than to believe that the manufacturer has voluntarily started in to produce a better piece of goods with no increase in price.

This conservative attitude on the part of the British manufacturers forms a striking contrast to the constant search for change on the part of the American. Sometimes this does not bring the reward that should follow honest and earnest effort.

The electric torch is one of the most

recent articles of foreign manufacture to become generally popular in China, and there is a very large sale for the small electric batteries which go with the torch. A friend of ours secured the agency for a well-known American battery and in a short time built up a surprisingly big sale for which we took some credit, as we were handling the advertising. Then someone in the factory came to the conclusion that the package could be improved and expert package designers were put to work. Without any warning that a change was even contemplated, a big shipment of batteries arrived in the new package, characterized by a few broad stripes instead of many thin stripes. There was no doubt that the psychology of the new package was correct, for it gave an impression of sturdiness which was entirely lacking in the old package. But the Chinese consumer didn't know that. All that he knew was that this was a new package, which he at once concluded must be a Japanese imitation and, therefore, inferior. We had to scrap all the advertising picturing the old battery and then spend most of the advertising appropriation explaining that the new battery was really just the same as the old.

All this naturally slowed up sales and they were just returning to normal when we suffered a body blow even more serious by another manifestation of efficiency. It was an engineer this time. He had gone through the records of domestic sales and found that all batteries were not only sold but consumed within six weeks from the time of production. Without thinking about the nice little business that was being built up in China, he came to the conclusion that it was a waste of money to make a battery which would outlast its allotted period of usefulness. The experts set to work to produce a battery which would last just as long as it was necessary for it to last, and no longer, thereby providing a saleable and satisfactory article at a substantial reduction in factory costs.

We didn't know anything about this change until angry dealers along the

Yangtze refused to pay their bills on the justifiable grounds that the batteries would not work. Their span of life which had been so expertly allotted by the efficiency experts had expired while the batteries were at sea. The batteries should then have been wrapped in an old sail and dropped over the side, after the manner of burials at sea. That was the end of our promising battery business.

British and Americans are more active in the export trade than any other nationalities. So far as China is concerned, there are but two other nationalities who offer any serious competition, Japanese and German. Were the Japanese not in the field, each of the two great English-speaking nations would do a great deal more business, not only in China, but in other parts of the world. But Japan has contributed nothing new to the world's

variety of merchandise, nor has Japan ever gained a foothold in world trade because of any superiority in methods of manufacture or merchandising. Japanese competition has been successful solely on the basis of price—low costs of production made possible by the most shameless exploitation of cheap labor. In the markets of the world Japan conducts a perpetual bargain sale.

German competition falls within a different category. The German has no essential advantage over either John Bull or Uncle Sam in costs of production. In his merchandising methods, he displays all the faults and all the virtues of both, but there is one essential difference: he works very much harder. He is more energetic than the American and much more energetic than the Englishman, who, all in all, is probably the world's most leisurely business man.





CZECHOSLOVAKIA: BRIDGE OR BARRICADE?

BY ELMER DAVIS

PEOPLE who try to describe the Czechoslovak Republic in its nineteenth year of independence seem driven to metaphor. President Beneš, in his radio broadcast last Christmas Eve, said that "Czechoslovakia stands like a lighthouse high on a cliff with the waves crashing around it—a democracy that has the mission to keep the flag of peace, freedom, and toleration flying in Central Europe." The propaganda which German radio stations and newspapers have been pouring out for months sees the country rather as a "sally port of Bolshevism," an "aircraft carrier of the Soviet Union." And Deputy K. H. Frank of the Czechoslovak parliament, a German belonging to the half-Hitlerized Sudetendeutsche Partei, has said that the state must be "either a bridge between Germany and the southeast or a barricade against Germany."

If the same nation looks to various observers like a lighthouse, a sally port, an aircraft carrier, a bridge, or a barricade, allowance must obviously be made for the point of view. Dr. Beneš's florid figure is rather surprising in a country with no seacoast, but it is an apt description of Czechoslovakia's situation, as well as being picturesque enough to have got highly desirable publicity in the world press. As for the phrases of German propaganda, it is hard to believe that even the rulers of Germany take them at their face value. The Czechoslovaks detest Communism as much as they detest Fascism; if they have a defensive alliance with Russia it was German menaces that drove them to it,

and they could become a base for Russian air fleets only if they were obliged to resist a German attack.

But Deputy Frank correctly described the relation between the state of which he is a citizen and the one which is his spiritual home, and therein put his finger on the most serious of Czechoslovakia's problems, both internal and external. At present Czechoslovakia is a barricade against German political expansion to the southeast. If you think it would be a good thing for the world to let Nazi Germany engulf the Balkans, dominate the Straits and Asia Minor, and realize the old dream of Berlin-to-Bagdad, it is too bad that Czechoslovakia is in the way. There is a school of thought in England, with some few sympathizers in France, which holds that if you could thus bribe the Germans to let western Europe alone (which is highly doubtful) it would be cheap at the price. The Czechs disagree, and not entirely for selfish reasons. But if that school of thought prevails; if England, which would like to disinterest herself in Central Europe if she could, and France, whose defensive alliance with Czechoslovakia might be repudiated in the pinch by certain conceivable French governments, should try to buy off Hitler by throwing Czechoslovakia to the German wolves, you could hardly blame the Czechoslovaks for following this example of self-preservation. If Hitler has a high nuisance value to France and England, so have they to Hitler; rather than defend themselves in a war which Germany

must win, but at heavy cost, they might prefer to come to terms with Hitler and become Germany's bridge to the south-east. But only as a last resort.

Centuries of struggle against the Germans, first to retain their independence and then to regain it, have given the Czechs of Bohemia, the dominant group in the republic, a distaste for Germans; and Nazi doctrines and practices are abominable to these confirmed democrats—not merely to the Czechs and Slovaks, but to a large percentage of the Germans in the country too. The grievances of the Bohemian Germans, partly synthetic but partly real and diligently kept alive by propaganda from across the frontier, have been one of the chief points of contention between Czechoslovakia and Nazi Germany. A change of government policy at the end of last February promised to remove the genuine grievances; but the better understanding between Czechs and Germans which it seems likely to promote can only be a worse offense than ever to Hitler. Czechoslovakia has now become the last refuge of German freedom and German democracy, something which the Nazis across the border must find it impossible to forgive.

Nevertheless, when President Beneš in that Christmas Eve broadcast said that he believed agreement with Germany was possible not only for western Europe, but for Czechoslovakia too, he ought to have started people to thinking in Downing Street and on the Quai d'Orsay. Some of the English would like to make that agreement with Germany by sacrificing Czechoslovakia. This of course is the method of the merchant who submits to the racketeer; the English have paid Hitler for protection by letting Fascism have its way in Spain, and some of them are ready to go on with the payments if only Hitler will let England alone—an understandable if not an admirable policy, though it rests on the very dubious premise that a Germany grown great on the loot of eastern Europe would have no appetite left for the raw materials to be found in British colonies.

But people in Prague will tell you that they too could settle all their differences with Germany to-morrow, and without sacrificing their independence. If they would only sell out their allies, France and Russia, and ally themselves with Germany instead, Hitler would sell out his German sympathizers in Bohemia without a qualm. Now, no Czech wants to do that—not merely because he dislikes Germans, not merely because he is a democrat who hates Fascism, but because he realizes that the sacrifice of his independence would only be postponed. Even Austria-Hungary had no real independence after the war broke out in 1914; Czechoslovakia is only a third as large as the pre-war Dual Monarchy, and in alliance with Germany could remain independent only so long as it suited German convenience.

Still, if it were a choice between that and a single-handed war of defense which the Czechs could not hope to win, surrender and alliance might be less of a disaster than conquest and devastation. And if France and England, feeling secure at home, decided to let Central Europe go, they might find that a German-Czechoslovak alliance made even home defense a little harder. In 1914 it was great guns from the Skoda works in Bohemia that blew to pieces the forts of Liege and Antwerp; those guns are better than ever now, and they might be heard again on the shores of the Channel. The Italians too might well consider the advantage of keeping Czechoslovakia a barricade instead of a bridge. German political expansion in the Balkans would menace Italy, and in times past Czech troops have served in Austrian—that is German—armies that occupied Milan and Rome.

These are remote and highly improbable contingencies, of which no Czech likes even to think. But Realpolitik includes the exploration of all contingencies; and unfortunately a good deal of it in Europe to-day is the calculation of comparative nuisance values. Hitler's nuisance value has become so high that London and Paris seem willing to make increasing sacrifices to buy him off, but as yet they have

only sacrificed other people's property, not their own. The Czechs merely want to point out that if anybody proposes to use them as the next payment for protection, they have a nuisance value too—not only to Germany but even, if it must come to that, to the western democracies.

II

Yet you find more optimism in Prague than in the greater capitals. The Czechs know that their situation is the most dangerous in Europe; but that if they spent all their time thinking about it they could never get any work done; so they go ahead and do their work without worrying over-much about what cannot at the moment be helped. Of their fish-shaped country Bohemia is the head—not only geographically but politically, culturally, and economically; half the population and most of the industry is concentrated there—and Bohemia has Germany on three sides. On the fourth side Austria, German by race and rather feebly Fascist in organization; beyond Austria lies Hungary, still bitter at the loss of Slovakia; to the north of Slovakia, Poland, whose relations with the Czechoslovak state have never been too friendly. Only a corner of the southeastern frontier touches an ally, and that ally is Rumania, dominated by court politics and increasingly penetrated by German influence. The only democracy east of Switzerland, bordered almost everywhere by enemies or chilly neutrals—it is not a situation in which any nation could be too comfortable.

Yet the best-informed Czechs still hope that the problem of Europe—which is nothing else just now than the problem of Germany—can be solved without war. There seems only one possible way for Germany to earn an honest living—by the restoration of the international trade in which Germans did so well before 1914; and while international trade is beginning to loosen up a little, it still has a long way to go before it will be a meal ticket for so large a nation. But war could not

help the Germans, yet; it would be a disaster—perhaps the final disaster—for all Europe; but with the present line-up it would be most surely disastrous to Germany, and the Nazi leaders would hardly destroy themselves just to have the fun of destroying their neighbors too. This implies of course that Hitler and Goering and the rest of them are rational men—which not all Europe believes. But they point out in Prague that all the adventures of the Nazi government to date (omitting Spain where the outcome is uncertain at this writing) have been successful; gambles perhaps, but gambles that won, proof not of megalomania but of a shrewd calculation of realities. Unfortunately it is impossible to forget that the Austro-German policy of 1914, the work of supposedly rational men, was a gamble that did not succeed, a bluff that was unexpectedly called. There could be another.

Early last winter all Europe was seething with rumors that the war was about to start right away, and in Czechoslovakia. It would begin with a rising of the Germans in Bohemia, and then the German army from across the frontier would come to their help. But in Prague both Czechs and Germans laughed at that story. The Bohemian Germans have no means for a serious insurrection, and few of them have the will for it either. Moreover, if Czechoslovakia were attacked, the alliances of May, 1935—unless repudiated—would bring France and Russia to her aid; and for a war on that scale Germany will not be ready for another year or two at least.

If the Germans could start a war by overrunning Bohemia as quickly as they overran Belgium in 1914, and unite with Austria and Hungary, it would give them a tremendous strategic and political advantage; but the stroke would have to succeed promptly unless it were to mean a disastrous diversion of forces needed on other fronts. Prague strategists believe that on the defensive the Czechoslovak army alone could keep half the present German army busy for a month or more,

and in the next war the first month is likely to be decisive. (Even in 1914 the first month was negatively decisive.) As German trained reserves increase, the Czechs will no longer be able to handle so large a proportion of the Germans, but they are ready to put up a stiff defense. The wooded and mountainous frontiers of Bohemia, which Frederick the Great and Moltke broke through, are fortified now, and the army defending them would probably fight harder than the troops of the Hapsburgs.

Detailed information about the Czechoslovak army is hard to get, but it has certainly been much improved, both in training and in equipment, in the past couple of years. The peacetime establishment has a strength of fifteen infantry divisions, supported by an up-to-the-minute air force which may number as many as 700 planes; by a strong tank and motor corps; and by a mechanized heavy artillery—11-inch and 12-inch howitzers traveling at express-train speed—which some people believe is the best in the world. In wartime the whole man power of the country can be mobilized, and it will only be a question of dividing the men among the factories, the farms, and the front. It is true that the Germans are 22½ per cent of the population of the country, and accordingly 22½ per cent of the universal-service army. But the assumption that in a war with Germany they would all be disloyal is highly questionable; many of them have no reason to love the Germany of Hitler. And they have been carefully distributed in units with Czechoslovak majorities; there are no German generals or even colonels, and hardly any Germans at all in the heavy artillery or air force.

How desperately Bohemia was defended might depend, however, on how promptly the big allies got into action. One hears unofficial talk of a possible strategy that might cut Czechoslovakia's losses. To defend Bohemia foot by foot would entail the destruction of cities and industrial plants in air raids; so it is suggested that unless help came quickly the

army might simply retire to the south of Prague, abandoning Bohemia to the enemy. Then some of its corps, with its Yugoslav and Rumanian allies, could overrun Austria and Hungary—which would present no serious difficulties at present, since the Hungarians, though excellent fighters, are badly armed; and thus the Czechs would have something which could be traded back for an undevastated Bohemia at the conclusion of peace. It sounds like a hazardous policy, and may be no more than talk; but in the next war all policies will be hazardous and any nation will be lucky to have anything left at all. The Czechs remember what happened to Serbia in 1915, and do not propose if they can help it to be similarly sacrificed to the dilatoriness of their allies.

III

In spite of all the blather of German propaganda the Russian alliance is only a matter of military defense, not of political co-operation. There is indeed a Communist party in Czechoslovakia. At the last election—in May, 1935, when the upturn now progressing had hardly begun—it elected 30 of the 300 Deputies in Parliament; which under proportional representation means that it got ten per cent of the total vote. There was a larger percentage of Communists than that in Germany, the last time they dared to stand up and be counted (in March, 1933). The Czechoslovak Communists never amounted to much in a country where democracy is almost a religion; yet German newspapers and German broadcasts—all under strict governmental control—still talk of Bolshevik Czechoslovakia, still spread stories of Russian air fields all over the country, and of swarms of Russian officers wearing Czechoslovak uniforms. Propaganda Minister Goebbels himself has repeated some of these stories, so they cannot be called irresponsible—except as everything in Nazi Germany is irresponsible.

Now I cannot say of my own knowledge that there are no Russian air fields in

Czechoslovakia; nobody could who had not been over every square mile of the country. But I met nobody there—neither Czechs nor foreigners, nor even the local Germans—who believed the story. It began when a Russian paper published a mere piece of aviation news under the heading, "Air Fields in Czechoslovakia"—i.e. Czechoslovak air fields. The Germans chose to maintain that the headline read, "Our Air Fields," etc.; they stuck to their story even after the Czechs published photostats of the original, and they have refused to let the German military attaché in Prague go out to see for himself if there is any truth in it. This is perhaps an illustration of the doctrine now taught in German universities, that National Socialist truth is a special (and of course superior) variety.

What is true of course is that the numerous landing fields of the Czechoslovak air force would be used as bases for Russian squadrons if a German attack on Czechoslovakia brought the Russians to the Czechs' aid, as British ports served as bases for American warships in 1918; but the Germans can easily avoid that contingency by not attacking Czechoslovakia. As for Russian officers in the country, a very well informed foreigner told me last winter that there were exactly seven—all on official business, and all wearing Russian uniforms when they wear any. Yet the German papers continue to print these stories, and German radio stations to repeat them in broadcasts which cover all Czechoslovakia. It is hard to see what purpose this propaganda can serve except to provide a pretext for attack. It would be transparently thin; but there is always a chance that it might give the English, perhaps even the French, an excuse for deciding that the war was no concern of theirs. No wonder the Czechs distrust Germany's intentions; especially when they read in Hitler's *Mein Kampf* that the rise on the German border of a state capable of becoming a military power is a menace to Germany, and that such a state must be struck down by all possible means.

Counter-propaganda against Naziism goes on from Czechoslovakia, but unlike the German propaganda, it is not official; indeed the Czechs have restricted it by measures which, if applied in this country to (for instance) the Irish papers that live by abusing England, would be called abridgment of free speech. Various groups of German refugees from Hitler publish newspapers attacking the Nazi government; their public sale is forbidden in Czechoslovakia but they may be taken by subscription, and a good many copies are smuggled into Germany. But that is only a drop in the bucket compared with the German propaganda, and very likely those papers would be suppressed if a decent understanding with Germany ever became possible.

At present that seems a long way off; even though the ground has been cut from under another Nazi complaint which was beginning to take an even more prominent place in the propaganda campaign than the Communist scare story—the grievances of the German minority in the Czechoslovak state. This is one of the largest minorities in Europe—3,200,000 Germans out of a total population of 14,500,000, by the 1930 census; and more than two thirds of them are concentrated in Bohemia, where they form a third of the population and were for centuries the dominant race. Even if all their complaints had been justified—which was far from the case—they would still have been better off than most other European minorities. But as a matter of practical politics a group amounting to almost a fourth of the population, of the same race as a great and aggressive power just across the frontier, deserved a specially careful handling, which till lately the Germans of Bohemia (there is practically no German problem anywhere else) did not get. And their troubles have been vigorously exploited of late years by the Sudendeutsche Partei (commonly abbreviated SdP) which arose in Czechoslovakia after Hitler came to power in Germany.

That it receives financial support from Germany its leaders deny and the Czechs

cannot prove, but it certainly receives powerful moral support. Its chief, Konrad Henlein, professes devotion to democracy and denies any desire to import Fascism; yet he often uses phrases and sets forth doctrines which are echoes of Hitler. But it is questionable whether the SdP can amount to much for very long as a mere missionary branch of the German Nazi party; what gave it its strength was its playing up of the real grievances of the Bohemian Germans. The understanding reached on February 20th last between the Czech leaders and the other German parties in the state promises to redress those grievances; if it is loyally executed on both sides, it will have been the most important and most salutary event in the recent history of Czechoslovakia.

IV

There have been Germans in Bohemia for at least a thousand years; Czech kings in the early Middle Ages deliberately imported a good many to help build up the country, and others drifted in as immigrants coming to a frontier where a better living might be made. Medieval Bohemia was a kingdom of two races; but it was overthrown by the Hapsburg armies in 1620, and for three hundred years thereafter whoever wanted to get ahead had to be politically Austrian and culturally German. A good many Czechs turned German in those days, and still more in the centralizing campaign of Joseph II in the eighteenth century. "A race," says Henlein (of course with particular reference to the German race) "is something made by God"; but nothing is clearer than that a considerable percentage of the German "race" in Bohemia was made by political and economic pressure.

So to-day you will hear people with Czech names and Czech faces speaking German—and people with German names and German faces speaking Czech; for there has been a good deal of intermarriage in the course of centuries. The three German ministers in the present

cabinet all have Slavic names, but they are just as German as Henlein; indeed two of the four SdP leaders with whom I talked have Slavic names. There are families in Prague in which one brother calls himself a Czech, the other a German. But a man's nationality is what he thinks it is; you can easily explode this concept of a divinely created German race, in Bohemia or in Germany itself, but that does not dispose of the problem of the German nationality in Bohemia, which dominated the country for three centuries up to 1918, and is unreconciled to taking second place.

Legally it is not in second place; all citizens of whatever race are equal as individuals. But the Germans say they were assured of special consideration as a nationality, citing a memorandum to the Paris Peace Conference from Dr. Beneš, then Foreign Minister of the Provisional Government, which promised "a regime very similar to that of Switzerland." If the Germans did not get it, they cannot throw all the blame on the Czechs; partly it was their own fault, partly a matter of geography and history. Most of the Germans of Bohemia live in blocks along the northern and western frontiers, contiguous with the German Reich; though even in those blocks there are Czech minorities, and they are separated by districts of mixed population. At the end of the War most of those German regions set up short-lived local governments, and on the principle of self-determination demanded union with Austria. Not with Germany, observe; they never had belonged to the German Empire or to any German state—not even to Austria; they had been subjects of the Hapsburgs, but only because the Hapsburgs were Kings of Bohemia too. If you ask why they were not allowed to join Austria, look at the map. Stand a horseshoe on top of a brick, knock a few holes in the horseshoe, and you have a model of the predominantly German districts of Bohemia in their relation to Austria. Economically and administratively, such a union would have been much the same as if you an-

nexed the French-Canadian colonies in Rhode Island to Quebec. The demand for it, followed by the long refusal of the Bohemian Germans to co-operate with the new republic, had no effect but to make the Czechs distrust them. As one of these Germans who has since realized that co-operation is the wiser policy put it last winter, "You cannot have a regime similar to that of Switzerland without a state of mind similar to that of Switzerland," where most of the German Swiss feel Swiss first of all.

What the Germans did get out of the new republic was equal individual rights and cultural autonomy. German-language schools, up to and including a university, are supported like Czech schools by the state; Germans may use their own language in the courts in districts where they amount to twenty per cent of the population; proportional representation insures them their proper percentage of members of parliament; and naturally in cities and communes where Germans predominate the local governments are German. The powers of local government are more limited by the central authority than with us, which the Germans do not like, since most of the central government's functionaries are Czechs. But there again, for years, the fault lay with the Germans; the new republic with which they refused to work had to fill up its civil service with men who would serve it loyally. Also Germans in the old days had generally been unwilling to learn the difficult Czech language, and thus found themselves unqualified when it became the language of administration.

Gradually the Germans realized that abstention was getting them nowhere; in 1926 some of their parties entered the government coalition—every government must be a coalition in this land of small parties—and there have been German ministers in every government since. The German nationalist parties still held off, but they were dwindling, the nationality problem seemed well on the way to solution—till the depression.

It hit the Germans of Bohemia particu-

larly hard because most of them live in the industrial districts dependent on the export trade; with less than a quarter of the population, the Germans soon were half of Czechoslovakia's unemployed. This was not the fault of the Czechs; many of the complaints of the SdP on economic and other policies are either unfounded or greatly exaggerated; but in some of the government's measures to meet the depression the Germans undoubtedly got a bad break. Relief funds were too often distributed according to population and not to need; government contracts, at a time when there were few private contracts, went mostly to Czech firms. A public-works program was set up to relieve unemployment, and about half the works were undertaken in German districts; but even there the contracts often went to Czech firms, which could underbid by importing cheaper Czech labor from outside. Ambitious young Germans, who would once have preferred private business careers to working for a government they disliked, saw more attraction now in civil-service jobs; but the civil service (which is much more extensive than ours, including for instance the railroads) was already full, and Germans who thought they knew the Czech language well enough to take examinations for vacancies were apt to find themselves facing questions on intricate problems of literary style. There are a great many Germans in the civil service, to be sure—but not so many by forty thousand as they should have in proportion to their percentage of the population.

There are excuses for this tendency to keep Germans out of government jobs; but it was stupid politics, for it tended to build up in Bohemia that class which is most dangerous to any state—an intellectual proletariat. That the government, as a government, was trying to starve out or denationalize the Germans is certainly untrue; but it is equally certain that a good many Czech officials, and some Czech bankers and business men, were hoping that these policies might turn Germans into Czechs, as similar policies

in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had turned Czechs into Germans. The Germans of Bohemia were sinking deeper and deeper into gloom; and then, at the low-watermark of the depression, Hitler came to power in Germany. When he talked of all Germans everywhere as one people, the German extremist parties in Czechoslovakia intensified their agitation to such a point that the government dissolved them. Whereupon, in October, 1933, a young man named Konrad Henlein, previously unknown to politics, announced himself the leader of a new German nationalist movement which developed into the SdP.

A novice in public life could not claim such a position, and hold it, without powerful support. Part of his support came from the dissolved old parties which looked toward Berlin, part from the Kameradschaftsbund, a society of young German intellectuals leaning toward Fascism of the Austrian type. But Henlein had personal qualifications too; as head of the Turnverband (the German athletic federation) he had shown considerable executive ability; and his training school for athletic instructors, sending out organizers of Turner societies all over the country, was a machine ready-made for missionary work in politics. It did that work so well that in the parliamentary elections of May, 1935, the SdP got nearly sixty per cent of the German vote, electing 44 of the 300 deputies. The three German parties in the government—Social Democrats, Christian Socialists, and Agrarians—together elected only 22; and there were half a dozen Germans among the Communists. Since then the SdP, in true totalitarian style, has professed to speak for all the Germans of the country; it insists on its democratic principles but denounces "egoistic" parties—meaning apparently all German parties but the SdP.

What the SdP wants, and how it proposes to get it, is far from clear, even if you talk to its leaders by the hour and read its literature by the kilogram. Taken literally, much of its doctrine is

unexceptionable. Henlein began by insisting on his loyalty to the state and declaring that his only objective was an "honorable reconciliation" between Czechs and Germans. He conceded (then) that no satisfactory racial frontiers could be drawn in Central Europe, and truly observed that the proper policy, not only for Czechoslovakia but for neighboring countries, should be to see that frontiers did not become spite fences. But not only Czechs but other Germans will tell you that SdP doctrine privately passed round tells a different story, in which loyalty to the state is not conspicuous. Henlein's more recent speeches have been full of contrasts between "the self-seeking I and the dutiful We," of talk of discipline and self-abnegation, of disquisitions on the philosophy of Führerschaft, which are pure Hitlerism.

Henlein has a good deal to say about German Kulturgemeinschaft, and also about Volksgemeinschaft, whatever that means. When he says that it is the historic mission of the Germans of Bohemia to be a bridge between the Czech and the German peoples, he expresses an aspiration very natural to a man who belongs politically with the one, culturally with the other; indeed, the durable independence and prosperity of Czechoslovakia depend on some sort of understanding with the nation which is not only its most dangerous neighbor but its best customer; but the Czechs wonder what kind of bridge Henlein is talking about. He opposes Hapsburg restoration in Austria; so do they—but so does Hitler. The SdP denounces the French and Russian alliances, and in foreign policy wants Czechoslovakia to become a satellite of Germany. When Henlein says that the common historical destiny of Czechs and Germans in Bohemia does not permit territorial separation, he speaks plain truth; but the Czechs suspect the implication that presently they must all be swallowed up in the expanding Reich. Germany has no particular use for the predominantly German-Bohemian districts along the frontier, but possession or domination of



PULPS AND CONFESSIONS

BY MARGARET MacMULLEN

CALL it "nosey-Parker" or intellectual curiosity, as you will, it is natural for a reader when he goes into a strange house to snatch at any chance to pry among the books, and from them to form an idea of their owner. Such from childhood has been my own habit. Why, in that case, have I for years been so stupidly incurious about that most public of libraries, the newsstand? With the better-class magazines I was familiar, but never until lately had I glanced inside a publication dedicated to confessions or young love or the antics of artless and surprised crooks. Recently then, to mend my ignorance, I have been soaking myself in *Sweetheart Stories*, *G-Men*, *True Romances*, *Spicy Detective*, and others of the same kind; and steadily in my mind has grown more insistent the composite picture of shop-girls, factory girls, mechanics, bell-hops, farm wives and taxi-drivers for whom these stories are written.

It is not a happy picture; for sharply as these magazines differ in appeal and emphasis, they are all alike in one thing, a denial of reality. Yet it is this, paradoxically, that so makes their readers come alive to one's imagination. One gets a feeling of hot, wanting people—wanting security, wanting diversion of a shoddy kind, cars of course, freedom from responsibility, and, above all, color in their lives. This latter, though vicariously, these magazines set out to supply, with what success is proved by their enormous sales. They do it in different ways and for different audiences.

Let us first consider those rough-paper,

crudely illustrated publications sold as a rule for ten cents and technically known as the "pulp." Being edited for a mental age of perhaps eleven years, they are above all specific—specific in title, dialogue, characterization. If the cover promises love, love you get, in such quantities as to give the effect of a strawberry soda poured down your back. There are "pulp" that contain nothing but railway stories. The "Westerns" never move the scene away from a ranch. In the sports magazines are all kinds of sport, from boxing to polo; but the issue is seldom confused by the introduction of even minor crime and detection, and only rarely by a subordinated love interest.

The attitude of the readers to the editor is of a beautiful trustfulness, never betrayed, and the contact between them is far closer than in the better-class magazines. When one of the periodicals devoted to young love inquired in its pages whether an occasional deviation from the happy-ending rule would be acceptable, the answer came in a torrent of pathetic, self-revealing letters, all on the theme that "life is sad enough as it is." These people were not arguing an abstract literary principle. They really cared. Likewise close are editor and writer. The former meets the latter halfway for several reasons. One is the limitation of choice owing to the fact that the pulps specialize so closely in one field or another. A second is that with a new writer the editor can get the work cheap; a third, that after receiving a sympathetic hearing for his maiden efforts, the writer, when he be-

comes more experienced, will have a sense of loyalty and continue to contribute. In this he will be justified; because once established, he can be sure, unless his work falls off badly, of continued association. And should his craft improve to the point of carrying him in a proud leap from the pulps, at one or two cents a word, to the "slicks" (*Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, *American*, *Woman's Home Companion*, etc.) with their lordly scale of pay, he may still use the old vehicle for his pot-boilers.

However simple the rules, they must not be transgressed. Side by side in importance with the happy ending comes the need for entire sincerity—or apparent sincerity—in the writing of the story; for a patronizing tone is instantly detectible by both editor and reader, and will not be tolerated. How certain authors manage to combine belief in their handiwork with a skill in plot-construction and an ability to write graphic, if crude, English is a psychological problem beyond my unraveling. The fact remains that they do. Another rule is the absence of all but really necessary descriptions. Everything must give way to the demand for action or full love passages. Oh, those love passages! Domestic sets are preferred, and of course the hero and heroine, no matter how far afield, must be American; but should by chance the scene be laid in a foreign country, you are merely told that this is Spain or Malaya and left at that. Credibility of detail is disregarded. The reader will swallow anything.

Here, chosen at random, is a story of a pretty young typist who decides she would like a job in South America. She boards a boat and, fitted out with a very taking and expensive line of evening dresses, draws all eyes. Her own are turned on a tall dark foreigner, to pursue her acquaintance with whom she sits in at a bridge game. She loses to him and his friends one hundred dollars, all she has in the world. Since she has no connections in South America and no prospect of work, one would think that she was out of luck. But no. A tall, blond Amer-

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It is an odd fact that in all the pulps I have read I have come upon few signs of worldly ambition, of the outthelth hope of great wealth and social advancement, such as were the stock-in-trade of the old dime-novels. When millionaires and grandees appear they seem merely to be relics of the Horatio Alger days, and are uncomfortable, lifeless figures whose only function is to hire the hero to do a spirited bit of work or have daughters to contrast unfavorably with the little shopgirl. Occasionally the heroine will catch the eye of a rising young buyer or even the boss's son, but never does the hero get an upward push by marrying above his station. Should he fall in love with a rich girl she must either lose all her money so that he can marry her creditably, or else he must himself acquire a respectable amount in some sudden fashion. It must be sudden in order to fit the demands of stories so limited in time as well as motivation that action extending more than a few days is unusual; but I have also noticed that there is never any suggestion that money, beyond the modicum needed for living, must be worked for. There the Hollywood influence comes in. Characters are found to be heaven-created for the movies or the radio, or to have an undiscovered genius for writing "blues" or singing in night-clubs. It is the twentieth-century equivalent of buried treasure.

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many of the settings, the filling-station, the Coney Island chicken-stand, the five and ten cent stores, it is taken for granted that cars are available whenever needed, and often when legs would do just as well. One of the most heroic things a heroine can do is walk, especially in the country. You are made to understand that no reward is too great for a girl who has thus taken boldly to her feet. In general the car is omnipresent. People make love in cars, commit crimes in them, escape in them, and just ride in them, on and on, for lack of something better to do. Existence without an automobile in unthinkable.

II

Once these broad rules are established, the variations in the pulps are many. An important group is given over to young love, and comprises such publications as *Sweetheart* and *Thrilling Love*. Youth is the keynote. In fact, a hero of over twenty-five or a heroine of over twenty-two would be without interest. Many of the characters are of college age and are presented as following higher education in very strange plants of learning. Since the young-love magazines exist only to stir a public made up on the one hand of the very young, who are emotionally still in the moist stage, and on the other hand of the very elderly, who are reliving their youth in tales of moonlight and kisses, they are necessarily shorn of any "rough stuff." These boys with sweetly buttered hair, these girls with starry eyelashes and ringlets who in the many illustrations cling together with unnerving frequency, have the unblemished past and mental equipment of a banana split. Unblemished, that is, in any large way. It is almost a strict convention for the heroine to have had uncounted minor love affairs. "Darleen had been kissed before, sometimes lightly, sometimes ardently. But never had a kiss reached the sacred shrine of her heart, where her ideals glowed with a quiet flame."

The idea seems to be that a girl goes on hopefully kissing until on some golden

occasion something clicks, and she knows she has found her perfect mate. Love always comes with a shattering suddenness. Two or three days are generally enough for first meeting, discovery, and engagement; so that when one comes on a passion that endures for two months before fulfillment one feels as though one had been communing with the soul of Dante. The cause of this lies not in the tradition of love at first sight, not in the time-limits imposed by the elementary nature of the plots, but in the very pathetic demands of the readers. The seventeen-year-old factory girl is not having a great deal of fun out of living. She wants security and freedom from work, she longs for romance. Of what use is it to preach the long pull to that undeveloped intelligence? Or to preach anything, for that matter? In these stories she finds the hope that for her as well as for the heroine of the moment life will make overnight one of its miraculous changes, and that she will be carried on some immense wave of perfumed water to a land undreamed of by the sirens.

How this is to happen she has not the slightest idea, but she gets some reassurance from the "sciences" that are to-day's version of primitive magic: numerology, horoscopy, and astrology. It is not necessary for her, unless she wants to delve deeply into the matter, to buy one of the little publications devoted entirely to such subjects; for many of the love-magazines have regular departments in which she can get advice on affairs of the heart and business according to the stars and the mysticity of numbers. For example:

"Wednesday, Nov. 4.

"During the early-morning hours, mark time in employment matters and conserve your marriage-partner's money. Between 8.00 A.M. and 9.30 A.M. you may receive employment benefits, and home affairs may be benefited thereby. The later morning hours and the afternoon hours will be somewhat quiet. Between 6.30 P.M. and 8.00 P.M., mark time in employment matters. Avoid unnecessary travel.

Curtail your social activities. Between 8.00 P.M. and 10.00 P.M., mark time in home affairs. Mark time in love and courtship matters. Be careful around large bodies of water."

In addition to such counsels, the reader is also, in some "port of lonely hearts," offered a number of "pen-pals" with whom he may enter into correspondence. Their geographic range is surprising. China, Egypt, New Zealand, South Africa, as well as every corner of the United States, furnish suppliants for letters, post cards, and snapshots. The writers vary as widely as do the locations: college and high-school students, chauffeurs, lonely widowers, children from grammar school (some as young as nine years of age), a girl whose hobby is "collecting match-holders," young married women who "have nothing to do when the housework is finished," yacht stewards, men and women living on remote farms. Some of the letters are touching, some matter-of-fact, some absurd, some—most of them—just distally hearty. Here is one that you may classify as you will:

"This is a plea from a girl in her early twenties. I am considered attractive, but because I have to wear glasses I have found life to be just one round of disappointments. I would love to correspond with girls who live in or near New York, especially those who also have to wear glasses. Maybe we can cheer each other up. At any rate, I am sure we could find a lot in common.

Glimmer."

III

So much for the pulps of young love. The "action" pulps, dealing with crime, sports, flying, railway and ranch-life, though even less hampered by the law of chances, are of much sturdier stuff.

The "Westerns" have their own code. The heroine, though capable of extraordinary physical feats, is a much less sophisticated creature than her Eastern counterpart. In the old-fashioned way, she expects to be sought instead of being

the aggressor. The hero, though a rough, tough man among men, dewily awaits the dawn of love, but is as a rule too much engaged in foiling bandits, leaping from precipices, swimming rapids, and discovering gold-mines to have his attention more than briefly distracted by the softer emotions. It is all in the good adventure-story tradition, less well written of course than the doings of Richard Hannay and Allan Quatermain, but hardly less credible. There is sometimes a rather nice feeling for nature—an element never allowed to intrude on the action of the other types of cheap magazines, all of which are sternly urban in tone. If one does not object to the merciless pace at which shooting follows shooting, and can understand the lingo talked by the actors, these Westerns are pretty good stuff.

Even more streamlined are the crime stories, crammed as they are with unintelligible action, like an exaggerated and distorted version of the more sober type of detective fiction. In one I read—a lunatic echo of Oppenheim—there are five murders and four attempted murders in twenty pages. No real clues are given and no incentive offered for the reader to use his wits, unless it be in simply following the plot. In several cases that feat was beyond my powers. What the author provides is a heavy mass of action with a burst of explanation at the end. Gangsters abound, especially in those tales devoted to the doings of G-men, incredible fellows who take any amount of punishment without letting it interfere with their duties.

Here is one G-man who is blackjacked and thrown on his head from a moving train, lands on the roadbed in a series of bounces, loses consciousness, but soon comes to, his entire body "one mass of howling, shrieking pain," but with no bones broken. He walks to the nearest railway station, hires a car, drives thirty-two miles to an airport, hires a plane, chases the very train from which his quarry had tossed him, drops by a rope from the plane, and lands on the observation-platform. "His feet struck wood,

glass. He felt himself hurled through the plate glass of the rear window, and sprawled inside the observation car in the middle of a group of terrified passengers." After these preliminary details, getting his man was easy.

Another hero, though he has been tortured by having a shoe-lace drawn tight round his throat, his gums and face burned by lighted cigars, pieces of flesh cut from under his finger-nails, and so on, until "no single inch of flesh (over his entire body) was unmarked," yet succeeds in so delicately opening a box containing a bomb that, with six men in a small room, five of them "killers," he alone escapes being blown to ribbons.

Like the "Westerns" and, indeed, all the action magazines, these crime stories have a sort of juvenile innocence. There is, however, one type of crime story, remotely fathered by Dashiell Hammett, which is deliberately knowing and fruity. It is written in a style meant to be swaggering, hard-boiled, and *chic*.

"A sour-pussed butler let me in. While I was trying to keep from socking him, a pair of legs came down the steps. I'm only forty-four and I like things like that. The dame was tall but not too tall, with plenty of thissa and thatta to make a guy lick his lips." Far from the Leabelles and Doraleens of young love are the Moiras and Glorias who undulate through these pages with a "flaunting sway of breath-taking hips." No matter what the formality of the occasion, even in such austere surroundings as a Pullman car, they all wear either tight-fitting satin evening dresses or chiffon negligées over scraps of lace. The illustrations are in the same larking vein. The heroes, either private detectives or self-sacrificing ex-convicts, show a notable stamina in both gunplay and lovemaking. Here is a gentle instance of the narrative style:

"But the war is not over yet by one hell of a long way. I squeeze my trigger again and nothing happens. My roscoe's clip is empty. And the remaining masked gazabo is coming at me, bringing up his gat to let me have it between the eyes."

And this: "Mûnah was warm enough to baste, but she kept her head."

It is not pleasant to think of the immature minds and mature appetites that feed on such stuff as their staple fodder, but there is no ducking the fact that sensationalism is the age-old need of the uneducated. The steady reader of this kind of fiction is interested in and stirred by the same things that would interest and stir a savage, only he can get it from the printed page instead of demanding real blood and pain. When we read the old English miracle plays, with their enchanting blend of pious legend and homespun detail, and reflect that such was, for the mass of the population, the entire literary diet; when, so reflecting, we decide that the peasant of the fourteenth century was a childlike, gentle fellow of unspoiled tastes, we forget the brutal sports that delighted him on holidays, and may perhaps take some comfort in the fact that his counterpart of to-day can be satisfied with vicarious violence.

But I am sure that Hodge wanted to be amused and be made to laugh. If the readers of the pulps, whether of crime or love or adventure, have any such desire, it remains ungratified, for in none of them, except perhaps in the flying stories, is there any trace of humor. No one ever laughs, except tauntingly, and no one seems to have fun out of anything but dancing, drinking, and lovemaking, all of which occupations are pursued in a grim, businesslike manner from which all gaiety has been banished. Nor is there ever a suggestion that the mind can be used as a source of pleasure. The characters have no curiosity about one another, no relish for the comedy or interest of a situation, no eye for any beauty except that of a young man or woman.

If such magazines give one a true picture of their public, one's only conclusion is that without routine their readers would be bored to death, and that it is fortunate that the economic structure of the modern nation has changed its masses into routine workers, no matter how unskilled.

IV

Whereas the pulps developed naturally from such old dime-novels as *Nick Carter*, the confession magazines sprang into life suddenly. Let Mr. MacFadden explain it in his own words.

True Story Magazine was really a logical outgrowth of Physical Culture Magazine. For nearly twenty-five years, Mr. Bernarr MacFadden had thundered in the pages of Physical Culture Magazine a call to the American people to live more vitally, more buoyantly, through greater strength and health. From all over the United States, and indeed from all over the world, letters had come to him from men and women, relating the inmost secrets of their lives and asking him, out of the fullness of long experience, to advise them. . . .

Mr. MacFadden, as he read over a batch of this extraordinary mail one morning, remarked to one of his associates, "Men and women are not to be taught by precept. The only teacher whose lessons stick is the great teacher Experience. And yet it would be a terrible thing if all of us had to suffer through experience before we learned the lessons of life. What a great amount of good might be done in this world if only the experiences of people might be passed on to others, that they might learn the lessons without enduring the suffering."

And at that moment the idea of True Story Magazine was born.

This much, at least, is undeniable: *True Story*, the first of the "confessions," did begin with genuine letters and, though now there is editing done and professional work bought, the flood of illiterate, exhibitionist documents continues to flow in from farmhouses, offices, suburban homes, city lodginghouses, even penitentiaries. Some are written on stationery, some in pencil on rough lined paper. I saw one scrawled on lined sheets about the size of ordinary notepaper which were held together by a large safety-pin. Another began thus: "This is a true confession I am giving in my own words. Something I hope will prove a lesson to other wemon who are afflicted with that dreadful thing called Jealously. My trubble all started over a girl that was employed in a cafe as waitress. . . . She never seemed to have anything to say to me, but always had a Plesent word for

Jack. . . . I had seen them several times in long conversions." Still another asked, as is often the case, that the manuscript be not returned "because of marital troubles." The author led up to the account of his shady love-affair with the words: "She greeted me with the most snuggest embrace I ever experienced."

But the problems presented in the confession magazines are by no means all "marital." *True Story* published, and continues to publish, experiences of all kinds. Not long ago, for instance, the prize in one of their competitions was awarded to a woman whose passion was centered on teaching and who wrote a simple, straight account of the lions she had met in her path. And there was another tale of a man brought up in the sea-going tradition making in a time of peril by water the wrong decision and fated to carry all his life the sense of having failed.

The successors of *True Story*, made up at first of the overflow of the parent magazine, deal, however, entirely with affairs of the heart. Though not one has gained the glorious popularity which *True Story* enjoys, several others have readers numbered by the hundreds of thousands: *Modern Romances* (published by Dell); the MacFadden women's group consisting of *True Romances*, *True Experiences*, and *True Love and Romance*; and *True Confessions* (a product of the Fawcett Publishing Company). Fawcett also publishes several movie magazines, but these do not come into our picture. They would require a book to themselves.

Given these magazines with their garish covers, their inflammatory illustrations, their preoccupation with the purple patches in the Ten Commandments, it is surprising to learn that as a general rule their readers are predominantly of the sober, church-going, backbone-of-the-country type, and that the prejudices of these readers must always be considered by the editors. The plots all deal with strong stuff in a big way, but certain definite taboos are necessarily enforced.

First, and most important, is that the

central character, the narrator (for all stories are told in the first person) must be "sympathetic": that is, no matter what the narrators have done—and as a rule they have done a good deal—the reader should feel they are not really to blame. They were too innocent to understand, the temptation was too great, the other fellow maneuvered them into wrongdoing. From the certain trials that ensue they may be counted on to emerge stronger and nobler characters, moreover with the right mate attached. To give an idea of the general type of plot, here is the outline of the first story in the first "confession" I read, which seems a fair enough way of drawing lots.

Lured by promises of marriage and a screen career by a man who proves later to be in the pay of a ring of malpractitioners in the West, the heroine, a village girl, goes to Hollywood. She lives there with the villain, Leon, who keeps putting off her pleas for marriage, and, when she finds there is no chance for her to get a screen test, takes a job as a waitress. Learning to her horror that she is about to have a child, she is steered by Leon to the infamous doctor, but with no idea of wanting an illegal operation. The doctor, however, performs it without her realizing until afterward what has happened, and in her illness and despair she is taken care of by Bill, the hero, a high-minded young photographer. The doctor has taken all her money as well as her only bit of jewelry, a ring belonging to her mother, and has secured her promise to pay him five hundred dollars more. She is utterly in his power because he threatens otherwise to notify her mother. She confesses all to Bill, who has fallen in love with her, and he swears to expose the racket; but before he can take any steps she manages in desperation to steal from the doctor's office his records and the ring. Thus all is made right. The sinners land in jail, and the heroine, a slightly wiser and little sadder girl, is united to Bill.

Here you have several of the elements common in these stories. You are meant to feel nothing but sympathy for this dear

little victim of wicked men, who, if she wasn't quite bright, is only the more appealing for it. Also—and this is most important—she had no desire to refuse her baby, inconvenient as its presence would be, for to do so would be to offend one of the strictest canons of the "confessions." (In another story the heroine considers an illegal operation, but is brought to better things by hearing a Christmas service, and her young man, also softened by the carols, carries her off to the nearest minister.) A third element can only be described as self-pity. The narrators, whether they have or have not sinned, usually feel that they are put upon. Though they may not express it in words, the tone of martyrdom is there. The persecutors may be tangible flesh-and-blood villains or, as I have said, inexperience and sudden temptation; but whatever happens is always the persecutors' fault. Still—and here is a fourth rule—actors must suffer for wrong-doing, no matter how innocent. But while the punishment is quickly visited, one is not given the impression that it is ever lasting. With the exception of *True Story*, which makes its sinners bear consequences indefinitely, these magazines present the happy ending as unfailingly as do their humble cousins, the "pulp."

It may be argued that the happy-ending convention has had a serious effect on the generation now middle-aged. Before 1890 the "popular novel" was represented by the works of such writers as Gyp, Ouida, and the Duchess, which were quite frank in their divorcement from daily living. Then came the first trickling waters of the flood on the later crest of which rode George Barr McCutcheon, Meredith Nicholson, Robert Chambers, and a triumphant handful of others. My generation read them all, enchantedly and clandestinely, at about the age of fourteen. Even though the heroes and heroines could not exactly be identified with our own friends and relations, the settings were as a whole lifelike enough to allow the much more exciting identification of ourselves, a few years hence, with

the Stephens and Sheilas who loved so strongly and so purely. From them we deduced that a happy marriage was ensured by the engagement kiss detailed on the last page. That maintaining any agreeable human relationship requires constant hard work never occurred to us until in later years we had our noses rubbed in the mess which our own stupidity made. The serious novelist of to-day may give a most dispiriting picture of holy wedlock, but surely the sandy wastes he presents are less dangerous country for the ignorant to wander in than the cloud-land to which the hero and heroine of the 1900's retired directly after the wedding breakfast.

With the "confessions," however, time has in this respect stood still. Given the usual plot, which in nine cases out of ten deals with an illicit love-affair, I should say that the happy-ending convention followed in their offerings has implications more serious than in the young-love magazines, where issues and emotions are alike trivial. Symbolizing the difference is the fact that in the latter the illustrations are of the Nell Brinkley school, only ever so much worse, whereas in the former the method used is photography. To pound into empty heads month after month the doctrine of comparative immunity from the consequences of uncontrolled action cannot be particularly healthy. Granted that the actors suffer for a time, as they always do, it is a very short time, and the resolving chord on which the stories end sets, or promises to set, the key for enduring happiness. The chance-got babies are always legitimized by repentant wedlock, the raffish, free-for-all girl finds a devoted husband who forgets her past as completely as she does.

Here is an account of a young couple who decide to be modern and dispense with the wedding service because the man associates marriage with children, and children he does not like. Nature betrays them, so they are married, and when the baby comes he enjoys it as much as does its mother. But she fears losing him if she grows too domestic, takes a job

again, and leaves the baby in the care of an ignorant maid while she and her husband fossick round the night clubs after office-hours. One evening, when they are both drunk, they arrive home to find the house on fire and child and nurse burned. A few lines of narrative serve to describe their distress, and then comes a row of asterisks, after which we begin afresh. They now have two more children, whom they both love devotedly; the mother stays at home and gads no more, and the husband adoringly provides for all of them. One is given to understand that the burning of the first child, regrettable though it was, was merely a salutary lesson, quickly learned and then dismissed, to teach them the delights of domesticity. Well, I know a woman whose carelessness was responsible for the death of her child by fire, and the outcome was very different from this.

V

Perhaps I am taking these magazines too seriously—overestimating their power. People in real life go by the trial-and-error-method—what works and what doesn't work. I am sure that in my grown-up years it would never occur to me to do or not do a certain thing because a character in a book did or did not do it. But I do know that my thinking, such as it is, has all my life been influenced by my reading, and if one's habit of mind does not mold one's habit of action, what does? It is impossible to believe that the chronic reader of "confessions" has much traffic with good books.

But there may be another aspect to this. I have said that the public in question is on the whole made up of fairly stern moralists. The editors of the "confessions" are psychologically sound in their discovery that such readers like a little dirt, but that great care must be taken about the labels and the way of presentation. The recipe calls for plenty of erotic excitement (but it will be dust in your mouth), a hint of slimier vices such as the mal-practitioner's (can such wickedness be!), and a large proportion of sweetness

and light in the form of toddling babes, mother-love, and the magic of the home. Thus the wife of the Methodist undertaker gets a good, strong "kick," and at the same time can persuade herself that the *point d'appui* is her moral sense. A deep and essential dishonesty exists in the muddled brain which would shudder away from D. H. Lawrence and yet will accept the veiled sexuality of the confession-magazine. Immaturity lies at the root of this mental confusion. To a small child, pretending is as natural as breathing, because the outlines between fact and fancy are blurred. He says, "This chair is a lion" and straightway it begins to roar at him. When in later years the mists lift, the adult sees through that fading belt of golden haze a deep gulf cutting apart the worlds of make-believe and reality. If truly adult, he will make his occasional jumps into day-dreaming only as a conscious indulgence, rather absurd and lots of fun. But to the person whose mental life is set at the age of seventeen, the gulf never becomes visible, and the haze, though it has lost its gold, still clouds his perception of truth.

When I think of the effect of these magazines on their readers' lives I imagine such scenes as this. Here is a prettyish woman in her thirties, who soon after leaving high-school some fifteen years ago married a young druggist. They are driving home from a bridge-party. It is a delicious summer night, and over them hangs the same flourishing moon which is responsible for some of the highest moments in her pet romances. But instead of a voice deep with passion hymning such themes as "this thing is too strong for either you or me," she hears the familiar nasal tones of her Albert lifted in complaint of the follies and vices of his new assistant, and, turning dully to look at him, sees not the thrusting jaw, the steely eyes, now tender, of the born leader of men, but only Albert. It does not occur to her to compare herself to the arrowy, blazing girl who rouses such warm emotions in the current hero. She only questions Albert's adequacy, and finds it

far from striking. After a few moments he snaps at her for her indifference. She snaps back at him, and the drive ends in a sour silence. Once home and in bed, she spins idylls of someone who really understands her, and leads them on to climaxes modeled on her afternoon's reading.

Now multiply this trivial picture over and over again in the life of a single person and the result is the waste of a happiness that might have been secured by facing facts instead of running from them. I do not claim that in this legend of the druggist's lady the confession-magazines are entirely responsible for her dismal married life; but I do think that they feed the tendencies of the soft-headed.

For many of us reading is frankly an escape as well as a means of diversion or instruction. Whether this is healthy or unhealthy depends on the particular avenues to which it opens the doors—and also on whether we walk or run down them; for a terrified flight into poetry may estrange the cultivated mind from actuality as subversively as cheap fiction does the less educated. One's chief quarrel with those magazines, both "pulp" and "confessions," that deal entirely with love, is with their assumption that only sex is exciting.

But after one has done with one's criticisms and moralizings there remains the conviction that most of these readers are not having much fun out of life. Divorced from the soil, deprived by machinery of the workman's pride in what his hands have made, their minds plowed and harrowed by elementary education but as yet unsoftened by the faint, rewarding green of growing seed, how should they be other than raw and incurious? Perhaps with better living conditions and shorter hours of labor men and women will have the leisure to wonder and then the desire to find out what there is in this "literature" of which, in grammar school, their teachers spoke so favorably. Perhaps not. I don't know. But certain it is now that "the hungry sheep look up and are not fed."



The Lion's Mouth



DICTATORS DON'T DRINK

BY CHARLES W. FERGUSON

IT is a matter of record that those weird firebrands who guide the destiny of peoples to-day, and the lesser fanatics who would follow in their train if opportunity allowed, are without exception men of exemplary personal habits. Stalin, Hitler, and Mussolini are models of sobriety, not to mention the sour Trotsky, alienated by circumstance and exiled by rivals but not by ineligibility, or the lamented Lenin. In a word, the men who symbolize tyranny in the modern manner, who are up-to-date rulers of men, are fellows worthy of emulation by any ambitious young man who earnestly wants to get ahead. Every one of the lot would make a good son-in-law and husband. They represent an evangelist's ideal of moral rectitude.

The degree of variation from the severe standard of almost monastic self-abnegation is the only fluctuating factor in this strange international Sunday-school class. Hitler eats no meat, does not drink, does not smoke. To these suffocating virtues he adds the further and more notable virtue of continence. Trotsky in the fastness of his Mexican holdout allows himself meat twice a week and is content with a hurried business man's lunch of fruit, macaroni, a single vegetable, and a light dessert. He does not drink. Mussolini is more of a horse in his eating, but he abstains with grim fortitude from spirituous liquors, now and then taking only a tantalizing glass of light wine—but nothing which might seriously interfere with such high matters as the subjugation of an inferior people. Stalin lives frugally in a three-room apartment, dresses inconspicuously and in self-effacing taste,

eats frightfully simple meals, and sips brandy like a connoisseur.

The average salary of European dictators is \$426 a month. Hitler will accept no pay, and Mussolini and Stalin get along on annual stipends of \$5250 and \$3000 respectively. The whole lot exemplify that noble thrift which is identified with clean living.

Now what, for us wayfaring men, is the significance of these ironic facts? Do they simply serve to show that we too should make our lives sublime? Or do they indicate that we are to-day in the grip of a coterie of men essentially smug, disastrously self-righteous, grimly aware of their tremendous rectitude, and hence so dangerous that the world at large would be better off if it could entice them on a roaring drunk?

I incline to the latter view, both from a study of the facts and a good deal of personal observation of men and women who might—if their conduct could be the sign by which they conquer—be dictators. It is true of course that in part the sober and disciplined life goes along with the routine of managing any great enterprise. The more power these fellows have, the less freedom. They are corporation presidents twenty-four hours of the day. A hiccough at a diplomatic conference, an unchaste remark dropped to a subaltern, a silly elision in a public address, a foggy decision about a minor war or a tariff might easily throw the whole regime of any one of them in the ash can.

From this point of view their lack of self-indulgence is admirable if inevitable. What is more, they are charged with the high and uncomfortable duty of re-creating a national ideal. The youth of the lands under their domain must be trained in principles of fanatic devotion. Hence

the biceps of the dictator are always on display; he lives in a glorified show-case, a wax model of his contemporaries, one whom the passing throng instinctively and inwardly salutes—not only for his position but for the collective moral and ethnological grandeur which he represents.

These explanations, however forcible they may seem at first glance, are in my opinion quite piffling when compared with the real truth which lies back of the starched crinoline morals of our lords and masters. The real truth is that the very moral man is a potentially dangerous man because he is likely to be totally unaware of the common ills and emotions to which the ordinary flesh of the governed is heir.

It is in no small sense this grievous moral exaltation which makes the dictators dangerous. Their morality is at once the concomitant and source of their power. By living more austere than other men they hedge themselves away from the common lot and arrogate to themselves a purity of motive too sublime for a mortal. Both to themselves and their followers they appear through these petty abstinences to be free from considerations of self and singly devoted to the cause which is greater than man.

The fact which looms behind all the towering and publicized excellences of character among these fellows is the fact that by and large they do not drink. Now there is much to be said against alcohol. It has been responsible for murder and for rape and for other heinous crimes. I hold no brief for drinking—indeed, I have myself been forced by manners to stop it lest I end all the hopes of a rosy youth. It is, however, perhaps because of the new sense of superiority which I have acquired since stopping that I am able now to see that abstemiousness too may have its dangers.

It is undeniable that alcohol gives one a sense of human kinship. Even the raucous singing of "Sweet Adeline" in a public drunken debauch signalizes the strong desire of men for harmony—not of

notes and varied parts altogether but of the spirit and of varied interests. After a few rounds of drinks even the stiffest of men finds himself on friendly terms with strangers. He is genial. Someone strikes up "Sweet Adeline." He joins in, hating himself a bit, but driven by some compulsion to be at one with his fellows.

What has happened? In a sense he is getting rid not so much of his inhibitions as of his emotions. He is getting them out of his system, giving them exercise and godspeed. And the next morning—if he has consumed alcohol in any quantity—he is dreadfully and stupidly aware of the fact that he has made a ghastly ass of himself the night before. Or at least that he has been indiscreet. He has debauched his health. He has squandered his money. He has thrown away his armor of dignity.

No man could be a dangerous dictator with a hangover. His sense of god-almightiness would be wrecked. He would feel himself to have been gross and humiliated in the presence of his subjects. He would have become one of the masses—one of the lowest of them—and the experience would have done something to his insufferable conceit.

Any duffer who has ever had one too many—who has felt the magic which liquor works in the veins—knows that it gives, among other things, an extraordinary sense of power; that it speeds up unconscionably the processes of the body and the mind; liberates, not to say licenses, the imagination; mows down obstacles or obscures them: Yet anyone who has ever recovered from the effects of too much alcohol knows that this sense of power which ignores difficulties, which sings its way over hazards and leaps gazellelike from achievement to achievement, is a completely false sense of power.

Now a fanatic is a person who, cold sober, believes what the average person believes when drunk. Add to the fact that he is deprived of the best of all opportunities to know he is absurd the further fact that his abstinence gives him an inescapable feeling of righteousness, and

you have doubly built up in him that terrifying sense of importance which is the *sine qua non* of a dictator.

With a large part of the world to-day under the domination of moralists, the end cannot but be slaughter. Through these fellows we are led to place our trust in high moral principles and to allow ourselves to be killed for the sentiments of others.

I have, therefore, a modest proposal to make. Instead of a disarmament conference or a session of potentates and functionaries to discuss moot matters of commerce and colonies and territories and raw materials (such conferences would be in vain because they attack perplexing problems without the change of heart and attitude which must be the prelude of civilized action), I propose instead an international cocktail party, attended only by chosen leaders and not by their emissaries.

The setting is not important, though I should vote for London or Geneva. The time would be the first available Friday afternoon at five-thirty. The drinks would seem innocent and harmless, but would be cunningly administered to the worthy end of getting every great ego in the world to-day wholly pifflicated. Knock-out drops would be barred and the selection of drinks left to a committee of barflies. There might be a choice of black velvet (champagne and stout in equal parts), London fog (made of absinthe, vermouth, and brandy in equal portions), and dyna. This last drink would be very efficacious. It is a festive concoction of miners in Southern Nevada and is compounded of equal parts of straight alcohol and water—in which is playfully dissolved a pea of dynamite. The effect, through some frightful distension of the muscles, is a weird feeling that the head is eight times its normal size.

The main object would merely be to fry the dignitaries as smoothly and quickly as possible. We would grant the lot diplomatic immunity, as the phrase is—nothing said or done in the course of the evening would be binding. All re-

marks would be off the record and no visitors would be allowed save those charged with the mixing of the drinks and a sufficient constabulary to prevent violence.

From the informality engendered we might expect certain desirable by-products. At the stage where everyone was calling Mussolini simply *Ben* and Stalin *Joe* and Hitler *Addie*, where Hitler was telling Stalin with uproarious laughter what he would like to do with the Ukraine, it is possible that some of these fellows might conclude that the others were, after all, not as bad as they had been painted.

But even if everyone really let go and simply tons of ice were broken, I should expect the greatest good from this noble experiment to result on Saturday morning. Every one of the world's great leaders would have suddenly and harmlessly made himself ridiculous in *his own eyes* and in the eyes of his fellow-immortals. Everything that had been said the night before would seem preposterous and, more ghastly still, the haunting wonder of what it was after all one had said to Ben and Addie would rack the mind and agonize the spirit. Far from being the irreproachable supermen of to-day, the world's best would have become ordinary fellows, afflicted like their meanest followers, and perhaps in a frame of mind to grapple with matters as men and not as demigods.

I submit the plan for whatever it is worth to those who are concerned with the future of the race. Whether we should follow up the hangover with a disarmament conference the next afternoon I cannot say. This matter could be decided later. At least we can get the boys together and let them be boys again.

YOUTH MUST BE SERVED

BY CHARLOTTE MOODY

RECENTLY Miss Hemming had begun to wonder whether she didn't need new, fresh interests. She had been quite contented before, reading a good deal,

going for short walks, making her own underwear, entertaining women (secretaries to heads of departments at the college) at tea, feeding her blue Persian, and reading her *New York Times* faithfully every day. She belonged to a Discussion Group which somewhat reproachfully surveyed world affairs, and she took in an occasional worthwhile movie. But lately something had told her that perhaps she might be in a rut, even though the rut was a pleasant one. And so she became fair game for the overworked professor who wanted her to read papers for him.

The professor had been flattering and persuasive. His course was a required one for all freshmen, he explained, and it was an interesting course, dealing as it did with contemporary affairs. It was intended to give students a bird's-eye view of the world and its problems, social, economic, political, and religious. The students read a book every two weeks, a book chosen from a prepared list. Here he flashed a terrifying number of mimeographed pages under Miss Hemming's nose. The students wrote reports on these books, due every fortnight, and it was these papers which Miss Hemming was so superbly qualified to read. "Why, there's no one better fitted for it," the professor had declared enthusiastically. "I expect you've read most of the books on this list already; it will be a great relief to me to know the whole thing is in such capable hands." He was sorry, he said, to give it up himself but he simply couldn't manage this year. He was only sorry his departmental budget wouldn't allow him to pay Miss Hemming what her services were worth. She didn't mind about that, Miss Hemming assured him. She would like to do it, a little money would merely add a filip to work she was sure she would enjoy. The professor had almost a guilty look as he thanked her and took his leave. It would often be drudgery, he said. There were a good many papers, and coming so often . . . Miss Hemming laughed graciously and said, yes, she supposed it would be tiresome sometimes, but she would look forward to it.

She had felt quite excited about it. It would be stimulating to come in contact with young minds. She saw herself in her pleasant sitting room, the firelight flickering on the pewter bowl and the hooked rugs and the wide floor boards, advising a handsome dark young man about what books to read; showing a sensitive, nervous boy how he might better express himself. "Write more simply," she would say. "Master your medium before you try to do stylistic tricks." Gently, unobtrusively, from the background, she would be an influence, a mold of youth. Through her, young men might come to love literature as she did. Perhaps some of them would be her friends, would call on her, would come to her throughout their college course with their problems, and she would be patient and wise.

Miss Hemming sighed, remembering. It hadn't worked out that way exactly. She had been unprepared for the immaturity of freshman minds. "Why, they're only high school students really," she'd said to the Dean's secretary. "Good Lord!" The Dean's secretary reached for another cucumber sandwich. "Often they aren't *that* far along." Furthermore, she hadn't become acquainted with many of the students. Those who got good marks were happy, apparently, to go their way without discussing it. Those who came to see her were the ones whose work was far from satisfactory.

"I thought I'd come to see if you could tell me how I could get better marks," they would say, and Miss Hemming would smile at them gently.

"It isn't a question of that, is it? Isn't it a question of how you can do better work?"

"Yes, ma'am," they replied politely, obviously regarding her sally as the merest quibble.

There were some things she'd learned, Miss Hemming thought, settling herself at her desk, adjusting the reading light, making a note of the time. (She was paid by the hour.) She'd been through enough of these papers now to know, for instance, that to become immersed in them was

like plunging under water. She would emerge, in two hours or so, having made no impression on the great threatening pile, but feeling drained of all emotion, all sense, with dull strained eyes and her mind full of fog. She'd learned too that contact with young minds was not stimulating. Rather it made one feel one's years. And she'd learned why the professor had looked guilty. But this was no way to go on. She picked up her red pencil and the first paper. They were arranged alphabetically, Abbott to Zombrowsky.

Mr. Abbott had chosen *All Quiet on the Western Front*. *I do not see*, he had written, *how anyone who had read this book could ever want another war*. Miss Hemming moaned. They all said that. It was hard to comment on this thought, particularly when you remembered these children hadn't even been born in 1914. Mr. Abbott went on to particularize about the book, in its entirety. C, wrote Miss Hemming firmly. *Too much detail about the book's contents; summarize more*.

Mr. Allen had read *My Autobiography*, and this time, thank God, he had typed. *I was not in sympathy with Mussolini before reading this book but now I am all for him. Some people might think he sounded conceited but I think he has good reason to be, if you can call it conceit. I do not see how it can be propaganda when Mussolini has written it all himself. I would recommend this book to anyone interested in knowing more about Mussolini*. They all said that too. If they read *My Country and My People* or *Manchoukuo*, *Child of Conflict* or *The Good Earth* or *Anglo-French Intervention in the Far East* they all ended by saying they would recommend this book to anyone interested in China, and appeared to think they had said something. Better just let it go, thought Miss Hemming, and wrote merely, *What is your understanding of the word propaganda?* in the margin.

Mr. Akin. Sometimes he was amusing. Miss Hemming smiled indulgently at his opening sentence. At least he expressed himself naturally. *If you ask me, this*

book I chose for my sixth book report is not so hot. I chose it because I really wanted to know something about Afghanistan, which has always been a country of mystery and romance to me, but all I learned was what the author thought of the sunsets and what trouble he had with his passport. Travel books are about the slowest reading there is, anyway.

Miss Hemming winced at the next paper. Mr. Babcock tried hard, but there didn't seem to be much informing intelligence behind his effort. *My only criticism would be, he had written, that the chapters are too long. They ought to be short because that brings the author nearer to his reader*. Miss Hemming read the sentence again, fascinated. It would be enough to comment on Mr. Babcock's spelling, grammar, punctuation, and sentence structure. Should she go into the business of short chapters, find out what was at the back of his confused little mind? She shivered and decided best not.

Mr. Bazil was always fluent. He noticed the important things about a book and expressed himself well. His judgment seemed unwontedly mature. Most freshmen left one unprepared for this sort of work and Miss Hemming was suspicious of it. Could he be copying book reviews from some periodical? She had a nervous horror of accusing innocent lads of cribbing, of allowing the guilty to go unpunished. But how could you tell, with three hundred papers and all of them written alike?

Mr. Callahan had not liked his book. The author had a frank bias toward communism, and no good American, he pointed out, was interested in communism. This shocked Miss Hemming. No communist herself, she did fancy herself as a liberal. Wasn't youth supposed to be insurgent? She read on and on.

The author writes clearly. He uses no unnecessary words. His style is simple and clear.

I think after reading this book that Hitler deserves a great deal of credit for

rising so far. *I heard bad things about him, but he has certainly done a lot for Germany as you can see if you read My Battle. I think he goes too far with his attitude toward the Jews, but a man in his important position must have good reasons.*

All this about child marriages is very revolting but it must all be true or the author would never dared print it.

I falter with repugnance when I contemplate the systematic slaughter with which the Russians do away with worthy intellectual people who have culture and education.

The author puts in too many dry statistics and the book becomes boresome, but it contains much worthwhile information and I would recommend it to anyone who is interested in the Balkans.

Humor! Pathos! Drama! Pearl Buck has plunged deeply into the Chinese soul.

I agree with General Smedley D. Butler (retired) and say with him TO HELL WITH WAR!!!!

Miss Hemming straightened her back, which ached. It wouldn't be fair to read

any more to-night. Her red pencil was making vicious stabs at the papers. She knew it was time to stop when she began giving so many Cs and Ds and commenting "Indeed?" and "These are not high school reports" and "Think more, write less" and "Can't you do something about your handwriting?" She pushed away the papers, feeling drowned. She would drink some hot milk and go to bed. Perhaps there was something on the radio, a little music would be soothing.

She turned the dial and a voice was talking in her room. "Youth is the important thing," it said. Miss Hemming was fascinated. What a coincidence! "Youth has a task ahead of it. Look at the world around you, a world our elders have made. We have to make it over." Apparently, thought Miss Hemming, she'd tuned in on that Youth Conference; she'd heard someone talking about it yesterday. "Our elders seem to resent us; they won't give us a chance. Well, we'll just have to take that chance. They owe it to us and they won't pay. What about it? What are we going to do? I'll tell you what we're going to do." The voice cracked with excitement. "We're going to *organize*."

Miss Hemming snapped off the radio. "Ugh," she said, and went out to the kitchen to heat milk in a saucepan.



THE FRUSTRATE CENSOR

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

WHEN the dictatorship of the proletariat has at last raised up a generation capable of creating the great society there will be no attempt to censor art, literature, and entertainment. Prophecy does not reveal whether the race will be too strong to yield to temptation or whether the capacity to be tempted at all will have been bred out of it; but one or the other reason will make censorship unnecessary. And that is just as well, for the only solution to the problem of censorship is to do away with it entirely. In these disheartening, pre-millennial stages of the unfolding plan, the censor has the most futile job in the world. In all history no effort to control literature or entertainment in the interest of morality has ever succeeded for very long. Cromwell has no sooner closed the theaters than the populace is sneaking up back alleys to attend illicit performances, and there has hardly been time to organize that service effectively before Charles II is on the throne, all London is crowding the reopened box-offices; and the plays are bawdier than they ever were before.

In our own time we have had twenty years of unceasing effort by the righteous to drive nudity from the stage and throughout those years nudity on the stage has steadily become more common. Twenty years ago a chorus without stockings was something of a sensation; to-day completely naked choruses are a commonplace in revues and restaurants, and the strip-tease act has spread from the burlesque and the honky-tonk to the most

respectable theaters. Such organizations as the Society for the Suppression of Vice have labored just as vigorously to prohibit indecency in fiction. To-day you can buy practically any novel they have ever proceeded against in practically any bookstore, and the sole result of their labor has been to confer popular successes on a number of books which, if they had not advertised them, would have perished in remainder sales. It is only three years since a group of aghast clerics, backed by one of the most powerful church organizations in America and directly or indirectly encouraged by most other churches, undertook to purify the movies of indecency, immodesty, lubricity, salaciousness, concupiscence, violence, horror, cruelty, propaganda, levity, and a miscellany of other evils. This was no bush-league effort but a powerful campaign by powerful people, backed by a threat of mass pressure so menacing that it scared the movie-makers into compliance with all the demands made on them. But when you enter a movie theater to-day you perceive at once that the formidable effort has accomplished exactly nothing. Quantitatively, the movies are just as cruel, indecent, lubricious, and salacious as they ever were, and qualitatively, they are more effective at it, for their technic has improved.

The specific problems which censorship faces in the movies are somewhat different from those it faces elsewhere, but the principles and forces that frustrate it in the movies are the same everywhere.

The campaign of the bishops was defeated practically because there is no way of distinguishing between fashion and morality in entertainment, because there is no way of predicting either the course or the duration of a fashion, and because there is no way of anticipating the means by which indecency may be expressed. It was defeated socially because the public has an insatiable desire for entertainment, because there is no way of defining either morality or decency so that the public will support the definition, and because censorship is never content to accept a role which is socially acceptable but always tries to assume a further one which is not. Any of these is enough in itself to wreck a censorship, and most, if not all, of them operate when one is attempted. In sum they indicate a simple conclusion—that effective censorship of literature and entertainment is impossible.

The code of regulations drawn up by the latest censors (it is almost identical with earlier ones which regulated the industry) is still in effect. It is an absorbing document. It prohibits derision of ministers—and may be effective here; for though the man of God is usually a stock comic figure in the movies, he is seldom derided. It prohibits contempt of the law and representation of the methods of crime, of illegal traffic in drugs, third-degree methods, surgical operations, and various kinds of violence, cruelty, and brutality. All of these flourish quite unchecked in the movies, though morality is sometimes provided for by the right kind of ending, or violence and cruelty may be suggested rather than represented, which is far more effective. But the attempts to abate them have probably been perfunctory, for over half of the code and at least ninety-nine per cent of the censors' energy is devoted to sex. It always is. Effectively, censorship means the censorship of sex. And sex is quite uncensorable.

The movie censors have not been able to determine, as a practical working basis, what aspects, accessories, and treatments of sex are tolerable; they have not been

able even to compose a satisfactory theory. The code is impossibly narrow and rigid. On the one hand it tries to prohibit certain specific kinds of scenes, actions, and themes. At the same time it tries to prohibit certain tones, emphases, attitudes, and colorations. It tries to prohibit the representation of certain emotions on the screen and to prevent the evocation of certain other emotions in the audience. And all its attempts have in common the fact that they are out of touch not only with the freedom permitted other arts but also with the realities of public behavior, public taboos, and public sanctions.

The people who try to censor fiction have given up hope of suppressing anything except a half-dozen monosyllables. The novelist is free to write scenes in which sexual intercourse occurs, to describe any behavior that leads up to or follows it, to express all the emotions associated with passion, and to concentrate his whole work, if he chooses, on the direct or indirect motives of sex. The movies would not dream of using the monosyllables or of representing sexual intercourse on the screen. For similar values they had different technics and these rest upon the real taboos of the public, but the Production Code disregards the technics and the social realities. Its interest is not in what society taboos but in what it ought to taboo on behalf of society. "Impure love [defined as love outside the marriage relation] must not be presented as attractive or beautiful." If that commandment were to be enforced on fiction to-day the race of novelists would have to go on Relief to-morrow. Society does not forbid such treatment of "impure love" to literature—and your corner movie house testifies that it extends to the screen the freedom which the censors forbid it. Dancing which involves "movements of the breasts [or] excessive body movements while the feet are stationary" is forbidden by the Code—but the public conscience permits it in any high-school auditorium. Semi-nudity and "silhouette" are forbidden the movies

—but are quite proper in newspaper advertisements, family magazines, shop-windows, and religious pageantry. And, returning to impure love, it “must not be the subject of comedy or farce or treated as material for laughter,” though literature, the stage, the newspaper headlines, and the daily conversation of the Ladies’ Aid are perfectly free to laugh at it as much as they please.

These and all the other provisions of the code are violated every day. Impure love remains a stock theme of the movies—perhaps their commonest theme, and when it is not presented as attractive and beautiful it is commonly treated as material for laughter. Suggestive dancing is a staple of the musicals and a common interlude in other films. Silhouette, semi-nudity, and even complete nudity are commonplaces; by a happy coincidence, a logical development of the plot usually requires the heroine to undress or to be surprised in the bathtub. As for the major and minor motives of sex, well, the movies are an industry where boy eventually gets girl, and their entire climate is erotic. Continually, deliberately, and unavoidably erotic. In an erotic climate you cannot escape suggestive actions, passionate emotions, and exciting scenes. You cannot, in short, deal with love unless you deal with love. No one can censor the erotic, for no one can repeal psychology; no one can censor the suggestive, for no one can predict individual response; and no one can censor the salacious, for the tones of the voice and the expressions of the face and body are beyond legislation. Censorship has merely refined the skill of presentation and opened up new possibilities of expression and suggestion.

Every other form of art and entertainment has demonstrated the same principles. A censor who works within the public’s taboos, confining himself to its ideas of what is fraught with harm or danger to itself, has a good chance of being sustained. Thus the traffic in smutty post cards is driven underground and the movies which are shown to stag parties

could never be presented in public. But the censor who goes beyond and acts on his own ideas of what is good for the public invariably fails. As a policeman he has a chance; as an uplifter he is licked before he starts.

The public instinctively, or let us say by a sentiment as deep as consciousness and probably deeper, rejects the hypothesis that to witness a fictional representation on the screen is to be tempted or stimulated to action. Several years ago, when the cycle of gangster movies was at its apex, the censors demanded their suppression on the ground that they would impel children, adolescents, and weakminded adults to rob banks and kidnap millionaires. The public accepted the risk and attended the gangster films in ecstatic multitudes. We have not become a nation of criminals, the fashion has lapsed, and currently there is a cycle of movies which celebrate sweetness and light. On the theory that condemned the earlier cycle, this one should turn our children and weakminded to wholesale self-sacrifice, heroism, and austere virtue. The public seems willing to accept that risk too, and it is probably right. For no one has yet brought to the judgment bar of science any conclusive evidence that screen plays produce imitative behavior, and in the absence of evidence, the theory that they in fact reduce the psychological necessity for it is probably the better one.

Certainly it is the better one in regard to the censors’ cherished nightmare, sex. The public seems to understand that there is a difference between fiction and reality, and to understand further that a fictional representation may have a very valuable use in place of reality. The eroticism of the screen is a release of fantasy, and the troubled mind of man gets from it a gratification of the greatest sanitary value. Many of the impulses of the Old Adam are socially unacceptable, in fact, socially impossible, and the theater permits them to be drawn off over a spillway, whereas to dam them up would be dangerous. Far from producing immoral behavior, the movies are a powerful

prophylaxis against it. The classless society will unquestionably root out the Old Adam's primitive impulses to wade to the good life through murder and sexuality; but till then it is better to permit them substitute gratification on the screen than to shorten the way to action by forbidding phantasy. During the intermediary stage of the dictatorship of the proletariat, which will be logical above all else, we shall probably require the populace to attend movies of lynching and adultery on the same principle that sends them to the clinic for inoculation against typhoid.

The censors also ignore the public's rule-of-thumb distinction between virtue and rationalization. The public fervently agrees with the theories of anti-sepsis preached by the censors, and would probably be willing to embody them in a constitutional amendment. Yet it supports the movies that violate them. It believes that precepts should be phrased in language of the highest moral idealism, but believes that such precepts must not interfere with its freedom of action. What the movies ought to be in theory, in short, has nothing to do with what they may be in action. This verbal paradox betrays the censors, who try to make moral precepts binding on behavior. The public sees no necessary relationship, and acts as if it held that to attend immoral performances is not only psychologically sound but morally sound as well.

Ethical analysis of this phenomenon must be left to experts, but certain observations are open to everyone. The binding conventions, the social taboos that are the effective determinants of behavior, become more rigid and far more strict as we go down the social scale. The upper middle class is much more tolerant of unconventional—immoral—behavior than the lower middle class. But it is only in the upper half that perturbation about immoral entertainment occurs—it is there that censorship arises, and Minsky's will never be closed by an uprising

in the slums. The bottom half is more conventional—more moral—in its behavior but completely receptive of salacious movies. It enforces its taboos more generally on behavior; it relaxes them more on entertainment. It acts as if entertainment had nothing to do with virtue. Maybe it is right.

Hence the futility of censorship. It tries to improve society instead of policing it. It tries to infuse with morality an area that society considers non-moral. It fails to distinguish between fiction and reality. It mistakes a verbalism for a psychological and ethical principle. And it is perpetually out of touch with society as it is, and so finds itself stopped by social energies which it perpetually misunderstands.

No one need grieve therefore. Working on the lowest common denominator of two or three hundred million people, the movies are neither corrupting society nor pandering to its evil impulses nor playing upon its weaknesses. They are merely entertaining it. Within that greater function they are serving other functions. They are lowering the potential of primitive and antisocial instincts, they are neutralizing centrifugal forces, they are supplying vicarious fulfillments to an age which, as Freud says, has to live psychologically beyond its means. The flywheel that makes them safe is the fact that society distinguishes between the imagined and the actual, between entertainment and reality, and is not afraid of temptation. There exist some people who are stimulated to involuntary action by the sight of a fire-alarm box. Society knows that such people exist but it provides asylums for them; it does not destroy the socially useful system of fire-alarms in order to remove temptation from their path. Society acts effectively to put immoral entertainment on precisely the same level. The censors can neither think that clearly nor feel that acutely. That is why the censors always lose.



Harper's *Magazine*

THE WAR BOOM BEGINS

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

THE next war may turn out to be a shocking affair, but for the time being the world is enjoying it hugely. It is, at least in places, luxuriating in that pleasant by-product of war—a war-trade boom—without the war; a sort of bloodless war prosperity. The blood will come later.

Some countries are like a small town into which a millionaire maniac has escaped with all his money, rolling up and down Main Street, flinging his cash about among the happy merchants. Broken, half-bankrupt Europe now finds in her midst a shopper of infinite and reckless means—the War God—maddest of all spendthrifts, tossing his borrowed money about for ships and planes and tanks and machine guns and gas masks and poisons of many sorts. This grim fellow may end up by blowing the world to bits; but no one can deny that, pending the catastrophe, he is making business wherever he goes.

And so while we argue about the next war and what it may do to us, already it is doing its work upon us. War of course

has many consequences, social, cultural, physical. Among these are its economic consequences. And these differ from the other fruits of war in this, that they do not wait for the war itself to come down on us. The slaughter will not begin until the armies take the field. We shall not brutalize ourselves wholly by the murders and cruelties of war until the slaughter gets under way. But already, long before the first gun sounds, the war, still undeclared and unfought, has begun its economic effects.

You cannot produce a machine gun or a hand grenade by a mere act of ambition or hate. You must set up a factory, put men to work, buy steel and copper and leather. Soon wages flow out to workers. Make up your mind to have a great air armada, and presently thousands of men will be employed in plane factories, coal mines, iron mines, steel plants, and a score of other industries. But this is not all. The men in these war industries will get wages and they will take them to the grocer and haberdasher, the movie theater and the automobile salesman, and soon

you will see the wages which began in a wartime factory roosting in the cash register of the merchants and flowing thence to jobber and manufacturer and mine and farm, sending a little thrill of life through all the economic anatomy. And so a little flush of prosperity follows your plan for air defense.

But suppose, instead of merely setting out to make a few hundred or a thousand planes, you decide to arm the nation to the teeth. Suppose your vainglorious or desperate or merely bewildered dictator goes in for producing battleships and machine guns and tanks and explosives and armaments of every description. Into the armament factories, the steel mines, the coal and oil industries, the machine-tool industries, the shipyards, the plane plants, the textile mills, the metal industries, and a hundred other centers of economic activity, orders will flow for hundreds of millions—billions—of dollars of production. These armament and semi-armament and auxiliary enterprises will hale men to work by the hundreds of thousands. This is the first phase. Then, as the wages and material costs flow into the war industries in this first wave, the next wave will take all the money out into the peacetime industries. The wages of the gun-maker will buy cloth and shoes and food. And soon the peacetime industries, under the stimulation of these vast new floods of purchasing power, will be summoning other hundreds of thousands of workers to the peacetime factories. Prices will rise much. Wages will rise a little. Profits will soar greatly. And then one day you will pick up your newspaper and read in the financial column the naïve assurance of some half-informed financial reporter that Germany has shown "marked recovery"; that "Japan leads all countries in her ascent from the depression." And some traveler, returning from his summer jaunt to Naples and Milan and Rome, will tell you that "under Mussolini Italy has enjoyed a remarkable resurgence and that there is little or no unemployment there."

But—and here is the rub—the prosper-

ity is all based on the war effort. It begins with the making of war apparatus and will end when that ends. The war effort is so great that in the very act of expanding the war machine the peace machine is at first expanded and then crowded out. The energies of the nation are focused more and more on war production. There is not enough steel for guns and children's toys too. And so the making of toys ceases and the dictator calls upon the "little patriots" to turn into the "Motherland" the toys they already have to make guns for their grown-up brothers to play with. There are not enough credits abroad to buy copper and iron and coal and also wheat and butter which the people need, and so the credits are used to buy the more essential war supplies. And they have indeed become essential. For now the one industry which has become the basis of the economic prosperity of the nation is the war industry. War may be the ultimate curse, but the preparation for war has now become necessary to the stability of the whole country. And thus a nation at peace becomes hopelessly dependent on the war effort to support the nation in peace.

This is the tragic mess into which the advocates of armament as the guardian and guarantee of peace have at last drawn unhappy Europe. They began by provoking arms production to protect their societies from war. They end by making the war industry essential to protect the society from a more terrible enemy—industrial collapse. Europe cannot live without her arms plants and cannot live with them. She will probably resolve the difficulty in the end by hurling herself into the arms of both war and depression. And now the wide-circling waves of this mad current have touched our own shores and flooded into our own country.

II

The American busy with his own affairs has little conception of the vastness of the effort which goes on in Europe in preparation for the next war to save the world

for something or other. The war news which fills the newspapers depicts gesturing dictators, marching troopers, saluting children, ship launchings, and other war scenes conforming to the photographer's conception of war. But the war now is being fought in the industrial plants and the banking houses of Europe. This phase of the struggle does not make good material for the March of Time. Hence the average reader sees little of it.

But the immense effort which is going on in the world to-day may be seen at a glance in the following simple table. It reveals the "defense expenditures" of six major nations in 1931 and 1936:

	1931	1936
Great Britain .	\$449,000,000	\$846,000,000
France	695,000,000	715,000,000
Italy	272,000,000	871,000,000
Germany	247,000,000	2,600,000,000
Russia	281,000,000	2,965,000,000
Japan	132,000,000	307,000,000

The leading nations of the world, excluding the United States and South and Central America, spent \$4,232,000,000 in 1931 on "national defense." Last year they spent \$9,552,000,000.

Here is an increase of over five billion dollars. This is nearly twice the amount spent by this country on recovery and relief in a year. So that while we have been clambering back to recovery on government monies spent on various WPA, CCC, PWA and other recovery projects, the rest of the world has been climbing back on expenditures for war.

But this year the outlays will be far greater. For now France and England have joined the warrior nations on a large scale. M. Blum's government has laid out an armament program to cost 19,000,000,000 francs (\$890,000,000) over the next four years. This is for military roads, the extension of the Maginot Line of fortresses along the Belgian and Swiss frontier, and for industrial mobilization. It is in addition to a similar sum of 19 million francs in the regular budget for defense purposes this year. So that France proposes war expenditures this year in excess of a billion dollars.

Great Britain has decided to spend \$7,500,000,000, spread over the next five years, on armament construction. This is in addition of course to her large outlays upon her ordinary military and naval establishment. The ministry has laid plans to spend a billion, five hundred million dollars a year on battleships, naval and air bases, armament factories, and the modernization of her military and aerial establishments. Mr. Neville Chamberlain has been authorized to borrow up to two billion dollars for this purpose. He has already offered a loan of £100,000,000 as the first step in this warlike program to buttress England's threatened empire on land and sea and, incidentally, has suffered the humiliation of seeing it tardily subscribed.

Italy has just increased the war budget 727,000,000 lire over last year's, while Germany's outlays are lost under such a maze of strategic financial devices that no one can tell to what new limits they have gone.

These are vast sums. But they are supplemented by other large grants by almost every nation, great and small, to expand their arsenals and multiply their armaments. France has loaned Poland \$121,000,000 for this purpose. The little Netherlands is spending 43,000,000 guilders to strengthen her East Indian defense. Czechoslovakia has floated a loan of \$120,000,000 to strengthen her armies and protect her frontiers. What the whole amount to be spent by the world, outside of the United States and South America, will be no one can say. But it is safe to say it will be not less than twelve billion dollars.

The average American is familiar with what has happened in this country in our effort to climb out of the depression and he has heard no little about the staggering deficits we have piled up in the past four years in our little domestic war on hard times. We have borrowed and spent three and a half billion dollars a year on recovery and relief. And in the presence of this even this great rich country now stands somewhat aghast and turns

an apprehensive ear to the mounting clamor for economy. Those other cruelly depressed nations of the world, on the edge of financial chaos, will, nevertheless, manage to spend this year nearly four times as much as our great relief and recovery bill—and all on war preparations. I had not been able to find any really reliable figures on the expenditures in the first year of the World War, but I think they were probably not much in excess of preparation expenditures in this year of peace. This year's war bill would be more than sufficient to pay the entire war debt due by the Allies to this country. It is not difficult to imagine the effect of these huge outlays, raised for the most part by inflationary central bank loans, upon the whole economic system of Europe.

All the leading countries now find themselves in a position in which the abandonment of the war preparations would be an economic disaster second only to war itself.

During the World War, before our own entrance into it, every rumor of peace overtures sent a thrill of fright through Wall Street. In December, 1916, just before Germany made that last fatal bid for peace as a prelude to the final submarine campaign of ruthlessness, the event was thus reported in the *New York Times Annalist*:

"Tuesday, one-half hour before opening time, news of Germany's move for peace leaked out. It conjured up in the minds of traders prospects as terrifying as the declaration of war. Transactions amounted to 1,019,000 on Monday. On Tuesday they went to 2,352,000. There was a dumping of securities, etc."

With this in mind we can now see how futile would be any conference called to end the armament race or to bring about disarmament. A group of premiers or diplomats sitting round a conference table confronted with a proposal of disarmament would be asked to adopt a measure which would ensure an immediate collapse in every country. The French Premier recognizes this and has admitted it

frankly. "It would be impossible to restrict the armament race without provoking the danger of a great crisis." In a world, therefore, where the existence of economic stability now rests upon a continuance of the war effort, all talk of peace by diplomacy becomes a grim jest.

III

You cannot of course unloose in Europe so mad a prodigal without producing some effect here. It would be manifestly untrue to say that our own recovery has been in any major way produced by war expenditures or that Europe's war trade has furnished any determining part of the energy for our upward push. Europe has been shopping here for war materials, but no one has the right to say that this trade has as yet reached such proportions that its withdrawal would cause a serious collapse. But the effects produced here are, none the less, grave. And they continue to grow more serious. They must be looked for in two sections of our economic life—first, in the impetus given to armament in this country and second, in the direct and indirect effects upon our foreign and domestic trade.

Because of the disturbed state of Europe the warrior spirit has flamed up here. It happened, by a strange coincidence, that as Europe sprang to her armaments, we named as President a man with a little-understood attitude toward military and, particularly, naval matters. It would of course be a grave injustice to Mr. Roosevelt to say that he is a militarist in the sense that Mussolini is a militarist. Mussolini is a lover of war. Mr. Roosevelt is not. But he is a lover of the instruments of war. There was a time when he favored universal military training—the corrosive curse of Europe. It was natural that, as he came to power in a world under the spreading shadows of Mussolini and Hitler, his first acts should have been to build up a military machine.

In the past four years the Army and Navy have been flourishing in their favorite preoccupation—preparation against

that mysterious and as yet unknown enemy who is one day to invade our shores. It would be ridiculous to name the armament and battleship makers as conspirators pushing Congress and the President into extravagant outlays for defense. It has not been necessary. The President has been the leader in this job. The Navy is his darling. And the first monies earmarked out of the first huge relief appropriation in 1933 were for naval construction.

Let us see just how much business Americans have got out of our own war preparations. To understand this you have to look at our defense appropriations in the three years before Roosevelt and in the past three years.

They are not easy to follow. The vagaries of the bookkeeping of the present Treasury officials make the scrutiny of such things difficult. There are those two budgets—the ordinary one and the emergency one. And accounts have been shifted about from one to another in such a way that they are confusing even to those who make a business of watching them. When you read in the papers that a certain impressive sum has been allocated to Public Works you are not apt to suspect that there may be a couple of cruisers and a flock of submarines lurking in that innocuous item, as the salesman's new overcoat hides away in his innocent-looking expense account.

If you look at the expenditures for national defense for the years 1930, 1931, and 1932 you will come upon a total for the three years of \$2,440,000,000. But you cannot compare this figure with the defense expenditures for the past three years because various expenditures which used to be marked "defense" are now carried in different accounts. For instance, before the Roosevelt bookkeeping came into being, river and harbor expenditures were allocated to the Army. Now they are carried separately, partly in the general expense account but more largely in the recovery expense account. So to make a comparison between the three pre-Roosevelt years and the past three

years, we have to omit the river and harbor expenses from the defense accounts and we have to make certain other adjustments. At the end of this we find that in the years 1930, 1931, and 1932 the federal government spent in round numbers on national defense two billion dollars, and in 1935, 1936, and 1937, three billion dollars.

In other words, in the past three years the government has poured into the bloodstream of American spending, and hence into business, a billion dollars on war preparations in excess of what it spent in the Hoover years. Put differently, the government has loosed into the stream of spending an average of a billion a year on war preparations—which is \$333,000,000 in excess of its previous annual expenditure. To this extent has it been stimulated by the war movements of the rest of the world.

If you think this is not a great sum, then you have merely to compare our own little war industry with some other large industries. A billion dollars a year is twice as much as the value of our whole wheat crop which supported over a million wheat farmers in 1935. It is almost twice as much as our great cotton industry's output in 1935. It is five times as much as the value of all our hard coal mines, and a good deal more than the combined product of our hard and soft coal mines which support over half a million men. It is greater than the value of our vast crude oil industry. And the increase per year alone—\$333,000,000—is enough to support one of our larger manufacturing industries.

The Navy itself is very proud of this. "The money appropriated to the Navy," it declares in a recent bulletin, "is nearly all returned to the general channels of commercial business. It serves as a stimulus to the general business of the country." It then points out that of \$90,000,000 spent in a given period for shipbuilding, \$35,000,000 went to the steel industry and the balance for machinery, metal doors, paints, varnishes, and other materials drawn from every State in the Union.

What we are doing is evident from the following facts. Here is a simple table giving the number of war vessels under construction on January 1, 1937, for the various countries in the world:

	<i>No. ships</i>	<i>Tonnage</i>
United States	87	276,265
Great Britain	54	248,195
Japan	29	87,194
France	30	180,608
Italy	34	109,870
Germany	42	232,866

There remain, however, great sums appropriated for new tonnage. But here we fall a little behind. England, with her ambitious plans, passes us. However, we do quite well, for we have just provided for two more capital ships to cost \$100,000,000.

The truth is that the bulk of American shipbuilding is naval. Without our jittery government and its terrors of the unknown invader, shipyards would be quite empty. Of vessels of over 100 gross tons under construction about March 15th, only 30 were for private account, while the Navy had 87. The tonnage of these private vessels is only 181,000 tons while that of the naval vessels is 276,265 tons. And now we are about to embark upon a program of shipping subsidies to stimulate the construction of more merchant vessels which are capable of serving as transports in time of war.

IV

While it is difficult to put one's finger on the precise spots which have benefited most, no one who looks at the daily and weekly dry-as-dust picture of foreign commerce as told in the reports can doubt the effect of Europe's war business on our own.

So far as I know, there has been no concert between rascally traders in war profits. The average business man with a product to sell is eternally in search of customers. When he sees a customer he hails him with delight and does not pause to conduct an investigation into his social

philosophy or, for that matter, into the particular use to which he intends to put the merchandise purchased. The humble junk dealer laboriously scratching in back yards and attics for abandoned iron is not concerned with the grim fact that it is to be sold to some foreign nation to fabricate into guns and shells and that it may come back to us on its return trip in the muzzle of a machine gun to mutilate one of his neighbor's sons. There is no evidence of bankers inventing stratagems to mobilize American investors behind a growing war trade. It has all come about in a most natural way. Europe has money to spend. Our exporters are more than happy to accommodate her and no questions asked.

Of course there is a feeling that the immense activity in the steel industry is connected with Europe's war trade. Steel exports have of course increased, but it is hardly true yet that much of the metal turned out of our busy mills is for foreign war demand. Up to now European warrior nations have preferred to utilize their great armament programs to activate their domestic industries. Hence they have kept business as far as possible at home. But now the whole armament industry of Europe moves into a higher tempo. Haste—not the furious haste of 1914, but still rising haste—characterizes the preparation energies of Germany and France and England and Russia and Italy in these past few months. Now some of these countries have found their own resources and those of their neighbors hardly sufficient for their imperious necessities as the war cloud gathers breadth and darkness. Up to now they hardly have been willing to pay the American price for steel. But now they are not only willing but eager. Orders for steel have been coming in ever greater volume.

The steel companies themselves have shown a lack of willingness to take these orders. The chief reason of course has been that they have been supplying just about all the steel they can make to domestic business. Exporters in New York say that they are being swamped from

abroad with orders for steel and that some buyers are offering bonuses as high as ten per cent. England has reduced her tariff duty on steel fifty per cent and has wiped out her duties on pig iron. There is a general impression that domestic steel orders are going to taper off a bit and that when this happens the American producers will be glad to have this foreign business. The *Iron Age* recognizes this: "If steel were available," it said editorially April 9th, "American producers could easily book a large volume of export business at prices higher than domestic business. Much of this demand cannot be satisfied by European mills and will be a cushion for American mills if it should be still available when domestic demand has ceased."

This, however, is merely by way of preface. Thus far Europe has confined her purchases largely to iron to be converted into steel in her own furnaces. And she, as well as Japan, has been buying scrap iron. If, as you have motored along the highway, you have overtaken an old truck piled high with rusted bed springs, car fenders, old stoves, corroded iron pipes, and other metal junk, held fast to its creaking carrier with wire, you have in all probability passed within arm's length of a far distant outpost of the world's war effort. For the first commodity to feel the thrill of this war prosperity has been the scrap iron and steel business. Thus war begins its work where it ends—with the scrap heap.

You must not look with scorn upon scrap iron. It plays a most important part in the making of steel. It is known as the surface iron mine, and these great junk mines frequently supply more iron to the steel blast furnaces than the underground mines do ore. It is not unusual for steel makers to use 60 per cent of scrap and only 40 per cent of pig iron in the conversion of metal into steel.

This scrap iron and steel export business began to feel the touch of life when Japan became serious about her great mission and Hitler raised the sword again in Germany. This was in 1933. In 1931

we shipped 136,000 tons of scrap abroad. The greatest year up to then was 1929, when we sent over half a million tons. But in 1933, when the world set about beating its plowshares into swords, exports increased rapidly. Last year they were around two million tons. This year they will be perhaps not less than three million. For the month of March the total was 360,000 tons—an all-time record—three times as much as in the whole year 1931. In fact this year we shall undoubtedly send abroad more scrap than in the eleven years between 1923 and 1933 combined.

Of course the price has soared. It was \$8 a ton in 1933—the low point. It averaged about \$15 a ton in 1935. It averaged about \$20 a ton in 1936. It has gone as high as \$25 a ton. It is around \$20 as I write.

How important this is you will gather from these simple facts. There are about 250,000 people, I am told by the savants of the Scrap Iron Institute, making a living out of this business—small enterprisers at the very bottom of the industrial heap. Yet, as the output of the so-called "purchased" scrap industry this year will be around fifteen million tons, you will see that at current prices we are talking about a 300-million-dollars-a-year industry—as big as our lumber products industry or the silk and rayon industries.

The bulk of our shipments have gone to Japan, England, and Italy. Scrap shipments have so clogged up freight trackage in certain places that railroads had to impose temporary embargoes. Near Philadelphia a thousand cars loaded with scrap were tied up for lack of ships.

In case you have forgotten it, it was thus the war business got under way in 1915—that is, in remote areas of industry. And if you think the scrap men don't think well of this business, just talk to one of them about it. You might learn that they are prepared to send up a mighty protest if any attempt is made to prevent them from cashing in on this handsome opportunity to make the world safe for scrap iron.

The business has, by the way, started up our first little war-trade row. Of course the rise in the price of scrap has hit the makers of steel in this country. And of course the steel makers don't like that. So they are sponsoring a bill in Washington to put an end to scrap export save under presidential license. Since they have not gone very industriously after this war trade themselves, it is worth recording that the steel producers' association has warned the scrap dealers in a burst of pacific hysteria that they would do well to remember that some of this junk they are selling may come back to this country as shells to kill some of our brave boys. Fine Americans, those steel men!

Into this war trade, as was inevitable, has stepped the speculator with his little bag of tricks. London, rather than New York, has been the scene of the adventures of the 1937 speculator in the materials of war. But all of these raw products, which are so innocent in themselves but which become so vital when the sabers are rattled, have come in for sensational increases in price. There is a whole host of such materials—aluminum and tungsten and antimony and manganese and quicksilver and zinc and lead and tin and ammonium nitrate, jute, cotton linters, leather, and a number of other things.

There is tungsten, to take a modest commodity. A critical scarcity has developed. It is important in the making of tool steels, but it is also an essential war commodity. And the scramble for the meager supplies has driven the world price up 100 per cent.

Leather prices have risen 25 per cent in the past six months. This is due chiefly to the frantic demand in Europe for skins for manufacturing gas masks.

A good example of the indirect effect of the European war trade on our own business is found in commodities like glycerine and copper. A year ago glycerine was selling at 14½ cents a pound. Now it is fetching 34 cents. The chief reason is that imports of glycerine have fallen

very low, and this in turn is due to the fact that European producers are holding their supplies for war production.

In the case of copper the sensational rise in price from 9 cents a year ago to a high of 17 cents before the recent break was the result of war demand. We do not, it is true, send much copper to Europe, and the copper producers did not make their money out of sales to the war builders. But the price of copper, for some mysterious reason, is fixed in London, and copper prices soared in Europe because of the armament demand there. Our own went up with them. This brought a handsome sum to the copper smelters. This difference in price between 9 and 15 cents meant an increased return of around 75 million dollars to the copper producers.

Of course the aviation industry has been one of the great beneficiaries. It has been seeking orders in Europe not only for planes but for parts. Following the assassination of Alexander of Yugoslavia in 1935, advices to our government revealed that instantly American airplane and parts-makers sent their representatives rushing to Germany and that in less than 60 days they sold enough for over a thousand planes. The plane plants are working, like the arms plants in New England, three shifts a day.

As a matter of fact, our whole export trade has been deeply affected by this war trade. Even though actual exports in 1936 and 1935 do not show a preponderance of war materials, the rise in our exports in 1936 was due principally to Europe's increased purchasing power, and this in turn was due to the recovery produced by war expenditures. Moreover, in 1936 there was a serious rise in prices of European goods needed here, much faster and higher than the price rises in our own goods. This price boost, due to the war buying, tended to increase Europe's buying power, and the effect has been seen in every section of our export trade.

To sum the matter up, the business created here by our own preparedness ex-

penditures—an increase of \$333,000,000 a year—plus the increase in our sales of certain war materials abroad, plus the increase in profits on commodities like copper and aluminum and glycerine and numerous other commodities which have gone up in price as a result of the scramble for those commodities in Europe—all these together have produced enough business to more than equal the amount of war business this country had picked up from the warring nations of Europe by about the middle of 1915.

No one would have said at that point that our national economy was being shifted to a base of war-material production. But the business had got into our system and into our bank accounts. And presently we began to be interested in Europe's capacity to buy from us. The next step was to lend her money. And that is the step which lies just ahead of us now.

V

There is little doubt that Europe's buying here may well be restrained by her inability to pay. These warlike countries can build and recruit within their own borders so long as they can print bonds and unload them on their banks for credits. But when they step over their frontiers they must carry cash or sound commercial credits with them. They have been enabled to finance their purchases here so far in various ways. First of all, they have up to a point used gold. Second, some of these countries, like Germany and Italy, have exercised despotic dominion over their entire foreign trade exchange. Every scrap of merchandise sold by an Italian to America creates a credit here. The Italian government has assumed to avail itself of such credits and to say what kind of materials such credits should be used to purchase. Also Italy, and in a lesser degree Germany, have seized the foreign securities owned by their nationals and have used the dividends and interest payments due on these to make purchases abroad. Then besides, as already indicated, the

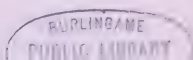
rising prices of commodities in Europe have expanded the cost of our imports from those countries and given them a larger buying power here.

But there is a limit to all this. And, in the case of England and France in particular, democratic countries which can hardly seize the foreign holdings of their citizens as the fascist dictator does, the problem of financing large purchases here will be difficult. The only way it can be done is to effect loans here—perhaps large loans. But this is impossible as things stand now because of the Johnson law. This law prohibits loans by Americans to any nation which has defaulted on its war loans to us. This both England and France, along with all their allies save Finland, have done. The only way round the Johnson Act is to resume payments on the war debts. Therefore today behind the scenes, but apparently well observed by everyone, all sorts of moves are quietly in progress to arrange a debt settlement which will permit England and perhaps France, to make moderate yearly payments on their repudiated obligations. If this is done, then both England and France will be in a position to make further loans here.

This of course is much like what happened in 1915. By the middle of 1915 further purchases in America were difficult without large commercial credits first and outright longer-term loans later. Hence the first Anglo-French loan of \$500,000,000 was floated in the fall of 1915 upon the alluring assurance that all of the money would be spent here in our factories. This is precisely the offer which is due to come to us again and which may actually come before this can appear in print.

I do not see what can be done about this pre-war trade. It probably cannot go to very disastrous lengths here unless we make loans to whip it up. Therefore, the one practical method I can see is for us to discourage loans to any foreign nation for war purposes by every means in our power.

I urge this upon purely pragmatic



grounds and without any feeling either for or against any of the belligerents. Of course a section of our people deeply sympathetic with France and England will set up a sentimental clamor that it is our duty to come to the aid of the great democratic countries in a world threatened by fascism. On the other hand, the professional and hysterical foes of communism will cry out against aid to those countries which allow themselves to be drawn into communist alliances.

The intelligent American will think this all out in terms of the interests of his own country, its ideals, and its relation to the civilization of the world. I hope he will bear in mind these considerations:

First, no possible good can come from a boom in this country built on war trade. No man in his right mind can suppose that such a boom can last. It is bound to collapse and leave the country afflicted by it worse off than when it started.

Second, we have had the lesson of our last war participation. We have been the most hated nation in the world ever since that little adventure of questionable altruism. The money we loaned then has not been paid and never will be paid for the obvious reason that it cannot be paid. If we make further loans, the ability of the countries borrowing from us to pay will be reduced to the extent of the loans we make. They cannot pay the old loans. They will not be able to pay the new ones. They will default on

them. When the next episode comes to an end in a disaster, and we ask for our money, we shall add another load of obloquy to the old one inherited from the last war.

No man likes to write in a tone of pessimism. But ahead I can see no escape from the appalling tangle into which Europe has got herself—no escape for Europe.

There is, however, an escape for us. It is to refuse, under any circumstances, to get enmeshed in that tangle. I would listen to the rulers of Europe whenever they want to talk peace. I would talk with them, exchange ideas with them, and trade with them. Because there is apparently no way to stop it, I would permit trade in any commodity even though it had an ultimate war use. But I would not encourage such trade and, above all, I would not permit the lending of a single penny to any nation to carry on such trade. Our safety lies in Europe's inability to buy disastrously from us without credit.

And then, should war come, I would ruthlessly restrict war trade and protect this nation by every device that ingenuity can invent, from the rise of a war-trade boom financed by the sale of American securities owned by foreign investors here or by credits from bankers, manufacturers, or lenders. I do not see how, in actual practice, we can do more than this. We shall do less at our peril.



THE HAUNTED PALACE

A STORY

BY ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

THE House stood at the head of a valley where the hollow melted away into the rolling uplands. The high trees about the place so confined the songs of the birds that on a spring morning the jargoning seemed to emerge from the walls. The birds seemed to be indoors or within the very bricks of the masonry. In winter the winds blew up the hollow from the valley and lashed at the old house that stood square before the storms. The place was called Wickwood. It had been the abode of a family, Wickley, a group that had once clustered about the hearths there or had tramped over the courtyard or ridden through the pastures.

From a road that ran along the top of a ridge two miles to the east, the House could be seen as a succession of rhomboids and squares that flowed together beneath the vague misty reds of the mass. Or from the valley road to the west, looking up the hollow into the melting hills, in winter it could be seen as a distant brick wall set with long windows, beneath a gray sloping roof. Sometimes a traveler, allured by the name of the place or by the aloof splendor of the walls as seen vaguely from one or the other of these highways, would cross the farmlands by the way of the uneven roads. He would trundle over the crooked ways and mount through the broken woodland to come at last to the House. Leaving his conveyance, he would cross the wide courtyard on the smooth flagstones, and he would hear the strange report his foot-

falls made as they disturbed the air that had, but for the birds and the wind, been quiet for so great a length of time that it had assumed stillness. He would wonder at the beauty of the doorways and deplore the waste that let the House stand unused and untended. He would venture up the stone steps at the west front and peer through the glass of the side lights. The strange quality of the familiar fall of his own shoe on stone would trouble his sense of all that he had discovered, so that he would at last come swiftly away.

The country rolled in changing curves and lines and spread toward the river valleys where it dropped suddenly into a basin. The farms were owned by men and women who had labored to win them. But among these were younger men who worked for hire or as share-owners in the yield.

One of these last, Hubert, lived with Jess, his wife, in a small whitewashed shelter behind a cornfield. Jess spoke more frequently than the man and thus she had more memory. She had been here two years, but before that time she had lived beside a creek, and before that again in another place, while farther back the vista was run together in a fog of forgetting. She had courted Hubert in a cabin close beside a roadway. She remembered another place where there was a plum tree that bore large pink-red fruits, and a place where her father had cut his foot

with an axe. Now, as a marker, her own children ran a little way into a cornfield to play. Beyond these peaks in memory, going backward, the life there rested in a formless level out of which only self emerged. She met any demand upon this void with a contempt in which self was sheltered.

Hubert was a share-laborer, but he wanted to be able to rent some land. He wanted to use land as if he were the owner, and yet to be free to go to fresh acres when he had exhausted a tract as he willed. After the first child, Albert, was born, he said to Jess:

"If a person could have ahead, say, four hundred dollars, and against the Dean land might come idle . . ."

His fervor had the power of a threat. He was knotty and bony and his muscles were dry and lean. He had learned at school to write his name and to make a few slow marks that signified numbers or quantities, but later he had used this knowledge so infrequently that most of it was lost to him. He wrote his name painfully, and writing, he drew his fingers together about the pen. His breath would flow hard and fast under the strain, his hand trembling. If there were other men standing about he would, if he were asked to write his name, sometimes say that he could not, preferring to claim complete illiteracy rather than to undergo the ordeal.

"Against the Dean land might come idle . . ." He had a plan over which he brooded, wanting to get a power over some good land that he might drain money out of it. He was careful, moving forward through the soil, taking from it.

When the second child came they lived at the Dean land, behind the cornfield. Jess would fling a great handful of grain toward her hens and they would come with reaching bills and outthrust necks, their wings spread. She would throw ears of corn to the sow and it would chew away the grains while the sucklings would drag milk, the essence of the corn, from the dark udders.

"We ought, it seems, to build the sow a little shed against winter comes," Jess said to Hubert.

"We might eat the sow. I might fatten up the sow and get me another."

"She always was a no-account sow. Has only five or six to a litter. It's hardly worth while to pester yourself with a lazy hog."

"Fannie Burt asked me what was the name of the sow or to name what kind or breed she was. 'Name?' I says. As if folks would name the food they eat!"

Hubert laughed at the thought of naming the food. Names for the swine, either mother or species, gave him laughter. To write with one's hand the name of a sow in a book seemed useless labor. Instead of giving her a name he fastened her into a closed pen and gave her all the food he could find. When she was sufficiently fat he stuck her throat with a knife and prepared her body for his own eating.

Jess yielded to the decision Hubert made, being glad to have decisions made for her, and thus she accepted the flesh of the brood sow. Of this she ate heavily. She was large and often of a placid temper, sitting in unbrooding inattention, but often she flamed to sudden anger and thrust about her then with her hands or her fists. She did not sing about the house or the dooryard. Singing came to her from a wooden box that was charged by a small battery. She adjusted the needle of this to a near sending station and let the sound pour over the cabin. Out of the abundant jargon that flowed from the box she did not learn, and before it she did not remember. . . .

Jess had a few friends who came sometimes to see her. They were much like herself in what they knew and in what they liked. She would look curiously at their new clothing.

But one of them, named Fannie Burt, would come shouting to the children as she drove up the lane in a small cart, and her coming filled the day with remembered sayings and finer arrangements. When Fannie came Jess would call Al-

bert, the oldest child, and send him on his hands and knees under the house to rob the hen's nest if there were not enough eggs in the basket; for the day called for a richer pudding. Fannie had no children as yet and she could be light and outflowing. She went here and there and she knew many of the people.

"Miss Anne mended the cover to the big black sofa in the parlor . . ." She would tell of many things—of tapestry on a wall, blue and gold. Words seemed light when she talked, as being easily made to tell of strange and light matters. Jess was not sure that Fannie knew more of these things than she knew herself since the words conveyed but an undefined sense. The lightness of bubbles floated about Fannie, things for which Jess had no meanings. Fannie had lived the year before at a farm where the owner had been as a neighbor to her. She often went back to call there, staying all day as a friend.

"Miss Anne mended the cover to the sofa where it was worn." Jess laughed with Fannie, and she scarcely knew whether she laughed at the sofa or at the mended place. She herself could not sew, and thus she could not mend any broken fabric of any kind. She laughed however, Fannie's call being just begun. She was not yet hostile to it. She tried for the moment to stretch her imaginings to see something desired or some such thing as grace or beauty in the person who leaned over the ancient tapestry to mend it. The effort was spent in wonder and finally in anger. Fannie laughed at the sullenness that came to Jess. The sofa had come from Wickwood, she said. It had been given to Miss Anne at her marriage, for she was somehow related to the Wickleys. Laughing, Fannie tossed the least child and settled to tell again. Her tales would be, all together, a myth of houses and families, of people marrying and settling into new abodes. She was gay and sharp, and her face was often pointed with smiles. Or she would be talking now with the children and telling them the one story she had from a book.

"Then a great ogre lived in the place . . . a thing that threatens to get you . . . a great Thing . . . destroys . . . eats up Life itself. Drinks the blood out of Life. It came with a club in its hand. . . . It was a fine place, but had a Thing inside it. . . . That would be when little Blue Wing went to the woods to play. She found this place in the woods . . ."

"What was that?" Jess asked suddenly. "What kind was that you named?"

"A giant. Ogry or ogre. A Thing. Comes to eat up a man and to eat Life itself. . . ."

Fannie would be gone and Jess would be glad to have an end of her. As if too much had been asked of her she would sit now in vague delight, and she would forget to run her radio instrument while she saw Fannie's bright pointed face as something slipping past her. The stories that had been told had become a blend of indistinct mental colorings that would drop out of memory at length, as a spent pleasure no longer wanted. She would reject the visit completely and turn to anger, thrusting Fannie out. Then, complete hostility to the visitor having come to her, she would set roughly upon her tasks. If the children spoke of the stories that had been told she would order them to be quiet.

Some of the farms had lost their former owners. A house here and there was shut and still while the acres were farmed by the shifting men who lived in the cabins or in the town. A man came searching for Hubert at the end of the harvest to offer him a part of the Wickley place to farm.

"It's said fine people once lived there," Hubert said when he told Jess of his offer.

"If they're gone now I wouldn't care."

"It's not like any place ever you saw in life. It's good land howsoever."

Other tenants would be scattered over the acres, laborers who would farm by sharing the crops. Hubert would rent the acres about the house and he would live there.

"Is there a good well of water?"

"Two wells there are," he answered her.

"I never heard of two wells."

"One has got a little fancy house up over it."

"What would I do with a little fancy house built up over a well? I can't use such a house." As if more might be required of her than she could perform, Jess was uneasy in thinking of the new place to which they would go. She did not want to go there. "It's a place made for some other," she said. She could not see the women of the place going about their labors. She could not discover what they might carry in their hands and what their voices might call from the doorways, or how they would sleep or dress themselves or find themselves food. In her troubled thought, while she came and went about the cabin room where the least child lay, shapes without outline, the women of the Wickleys, went into vague distances where doors that were not defined were opened and closed into an uncomprehended space.

But the next day Fannie Burt came and there was something further to know. The Wickley farm was called Wickwood, she said. Miss Anne's father had gone there in old Wickley's lifetime. Together these two men had made experiments in the growing of fine animals. Sometimes it would be a horse old Wickley wanted. "Egad!" he would say, or "I'm not dead yet!" Another story running into a comic ending, "A good colt she is, but a leetle matter of interference. Look at her hind feet." Fannie had something that Miss Anne had in mind. It was told imperfectly, thrown out in a hint and retained in a gesture, put back upon Miss Anne, who could tell with fluent words and meaning gestures. She would be sitting over the last of the dessert in the old, faded dining room. She would be telling for the pure joy of talking, laughing with the past. "Pappy went over to Wickwood. . . . It was Tuesday. . . . Came Sunday then and we all said, 'Where's Pappy?' Came to find out and he's still over to Wickwood

with Cousin Bob. All that time to get the brown mare rightly in foal. And all still on paper."

Fannie would seem to be talking fast, and one thing would seem to be entangled with another, although she spoke with Miss Anne's quiet, slow cadence. In her telling men would be sitting together in a library. One would be making a drawing of a horse, such a horse as he would be devising. A horse would be sketched on paper before it was so much as foaled. This would be old Robert Wickley, a pen between his thumb and his fingers. "What we want after all is a good Kentucky saddle horse, fifteen hands high and two inches over. Take Danbury II, say, over at Newmarket . . ."

"You take Danbury and you'll plumb get a jackass."

"Pappy laughed over a thing once for a week before he told us," Miss Anne's speaking through Fannie's speaking. "Pappy in a big tellen way one day and he let it be known what he was so amused about."

A man had come in at the door at Wickwood, a hurried man with money in cash saved by. He wanted the Wickley land on which to grow something. He wanted to buy, offering cash.

"Do you think you could live in my house and on my land?" old Wickley asked.

Fannie would be telling as Miss Anne had told and, beyond again, the father who had told in a moment of amusement. Men who came on business were let in at a side door. "Business was a Nobody then," Miss Anne said. Mollie would be off somewhere in the house singing. Carline had run off to get married. Old Wickley, father to Robert, rolling back his shirtsleeves because the day was hot, and walking barefoot out into the cool grass, or he would be standing under the shower in the bath house while somebody pumped the water that sprayed over him. Miss Sallie made the garden with her own hands and designed the sundial. They made things for themselves with their hands. Bob Wickley sketching for him-

self the horse he wanted on a large sheet of manilla paper. His grandmother had, as a bride, set the house twelve feet back of the builder's specifications in order to save a fine oak tree that still grew before the front door. A man wanting to plow his pastures . . .

"Two hundred dollars an acre for the creek bottom, cash money."

Wickley had called him a hog and sent him away. "Pappy laughed over it for a week. 'You think you could live in my house? Come back three generations from now.' . . . 'And egad, he couldn't,' Pappy said."

"Hogs want to root in my pasture," Bob Wickley said. He was angry. . . . Miss Anne speaking through Fannie's speaking, reports fluttering about, intermingled, right and wrong, the present and the past. Fannie could scarcely divide one Wickley from another. One had gathered the books. One had held a high public office. One had married a woman who pinned back her hair with a gold comb. Their children had read plentifully from the books. Justus, William, and Robert had been names among them. Miss Anne now owned the portrait of the lady of the golden comb. There had been farewells and greetings, dimly remembered gifts, trinkets, portraits to be made, children to be born. . . .

In this telling as it came from the telling of Miss Anne, there was one, a Robert, who danced along the great parlor floor with one named Mollie. Mollie was the wife of Andrew. She had come from a neighboring farm. When they danced the music from the piano had crashed and tinkled under the hands of Miss Lizette, Robert's mother, or of Tony Barr, a young man who came to visit at Wickwood. Down would fling the chords on the beat and at the same instant up would fling the dancers, stepping upward on the rhythm and treading the air. Mollie's long slim legs would flash from beneath her flying skirts, or one would lie for an instant outstretched while the pulse of the music beat, then off along the shining floor, gliding and swaying with the glid-

ing of Robert, until it seemed as if the two of them were one, and as if they might float out the window together, locked into the rhythms, and thus dance away across the world.

"Where are they now?" Jess asked.

Fannie did not know. Miss Anne had not told her.

"Where would be Andrew, the one that was her husband?" She was angry and she wanted to settle blame somewhere.

He would be beside the wall. He would look at Mollie with delight. His head would move, or his hands, with the rhythm, and his eyes would be bright. Mollie loved him truly.

Sometimes it would be the old fast waltzes that were danced, and then Miss Lizette and old Bob would come into it. Then they would whirl swiftly about the floor and the music would be "Over the Waves." The young would try it, dizzy and laughing, or they would change the steps to their own.

"What did they do?" Jess asked. "I feel staggered to try to know about such a house."

"They had a wide scope of land," Fannie answered her. "They burned the bricks and made the house. They cut the timber for the beams of the house off their own fields."

The House had become an entity, as including the persons and the legends of it. All the Wickleys were blurred into one, were gathered into one report.

"There was a woman, Mollie Wickley. She was the mother of Andrew, or maybe she was his wife," Fannie said. "I don't recall. It's all one. There was a Sallie Wickley. I don't know whe'r she was his daughter or his wife."

"Ifen he couldn't keep it for his children," Jess called out, "why would he build such a place?"

"He lived in the house *himself*."

Jess and Hubert would be going to the place where these had been. All these were gone now. The land was still good. Hubert would be able to take money out of it. He would hold the plow into the soil and his tongue would hang from the

side of his mouth in his fervor to plant more and to have a large yield. The people would be gone. Jess dismissed them with the clicking of her tongue. They seemed, nevertheless, to be coming nearer. In Fannie's presence, while she sat in the chair beside the door, they came nearer to flit as shapes about her fluttering tongue while Jess fixed her gaze upon the mouth that was speaking or shifted to look at the familiar cups and plates on the table. Shapes fluttered then over the cups. Vague forms, having not the shapes of defined bodies, but the ends of meanings, appeared and went. Fannie knew little beyond the myths she had made, and Jess knew much less, knew nothing beyond the bright tinkle of Fannie's chatter.

"It was the horse then," Fannie said, in part explaining. "Now nobody wants enough horses. . . . Now it's tobacco."

Hubert and Jess came to the place, Wickwood, at sundown of an early winter afternoon. Hubert talked of the land, of the fields, growing talkative as their small truck rolled slowly through the ruts of the old driveway. When they had passed through the woodland, which was now in part denuded of its former growth, they came near to the house. It seemed to Jess that there was a strange wideness about the place, as if space were spent outward without bounds. They went under some tall oaks and maples while Hubert muttered of his plans.

A great wall arose in the dusk. The trees stretched their boughs toward the high wall in the twilight. When it seemed that the truck would drive into the hard darkness of the wall that stood before them as if it went into the sky, Hubert turned toward the left and rounded among the trees. Other walls stood before them. Jess had never before seen a place like this. It seemed to her that it might be a town, but there were no people there. The children began to cry and Albert screamed, "I want to go away." Jess herself was frightened.

"Hush your fuss," Hubert said. His

words were rough. "Get out of the truck," he said to her. She attended to his short angry speech; it jerked her out of her fear and dispersed a part of her dread of the place. It made her know that they, themselves and their goods, their life and their ways of being, would somehow fit into the brick walls, would make over some part of the strangeness for their own use. He had climbed from the vehicle and he walked a little way among the buildings, stalking in the broad courtyard among the flagstones and over the grass. He looked about him. Then he went toward a wing of the largest house and entered a small porch that stood out from one of the walls.

"We'll live here," he said.

She did not know how he had discovered which part of the circle of buildings, of large houses and small rooms, would shelter them. He began to carry their household goods from the truck. Jess found her lantern among her things and she made a light. When the lantern was set on a shelf she could look about the room where they would live.

There were windows opposite the door through which they had entered. Outside, the rain dripped slowly through the great gnarled trees. The rain did not trouble her. A press built into the wall beside the chimney seemed ample to hold many things. Hubert set the cooking stove before the fireplace and fixed the stovepipe into the small opening above the mantel. The children cried at the strangeness, but when the lamp was lighted and food had been cooked they cried no more. When Jess set the food on the table they had begun to live in the new place.

Hubert went away across the courtyard and his step was hollow, amplified among the walls of the building. He came back later, the sound he made enlarged as he walked nearer over the flagstones.

"It's no such place as ever I saw before," Jess cried out.

She had begun a longer speech but she was hushed by Hubert's hostile look. They would stay here, he said. It was

the Wickley place. She closed the door to shut in the space she had claimed for their living, being afraid of the great empty walls that arose outside. The beds were hastily set up and the children fell asleep clutching the familiar pillows and quilts. Her life with Hubert, together with her children and her things for housekeeping, these she gathered mentally about her to protect herself from being obliged to know and to use the large house outside her walls. She began to comfort herself with thoughts of Hubert and to court him with a fine dish of food she had carefully saved.

The morning was clear after the rain. Hubert had gone to bring the fowls from their former abode. Albert had found a sunny nook in which to play and with the second child he was busy there.

"What manner of place is this?" Jess asked herself again and again. Outside the windows toward the south were the great gnarled trees. Outside to the north was the courtyard round which were arranged the buildings, all of them built of red, weathered brick. Toward the west, joined to the small wing in which Hubert had set up their home, arose the great house. There were four rows of windows here, one row above the other.

The buildings about the court were empty. A large bell hung in the middle of the court on the top of a high pole. There was a deep well at the back of the court where the water was drawn by a bucket lifted by a winch. Jess had a great delight in the well, for it seemed to hold water sufficient to last through any drought. Not far from the well stood a large corncrib, holding only a little corn now, but ready for Hubert's filling. She went cautiously about in the strange air.

She had no names for all the buildings that lay about her. She was frightened of the things for which she had no use, as if she might be called upon to know and to use beyond her understanding. She walked toward the west beneath the great wall of the tallest house.

There were birds in the high trees and

echoes among the high walls. The singing winter wren was somewhere about, and the cry of the bird was spread widely and repeated in a shadowy call again and again. Jess rounded the wall and looked cautiously at the west side. There were closed shutters at some of the windows, but some of the shutters were opened. In the middle of the great western wall there were steps of stone. They were cut evenly and laid smoothly, one above another, reaching toward a great doorway about which was spread bright glass in straight patterns at the sides, in a high fanshape above.

Jess went cautiously up the steps, watching for Hubert to come with the fowls, delaying, looking out over the woodland and the fields. Hubert had said again and again that this would be the Wickley place, Wickwood, that they would live there, tilling the soil, renting the land. Jess saw before her, on the great lefthand door, a knocker. She lifted it and tapped heavily, listening to the sound she made, waiting.

There was no sound to answer her rap but a light echo that seemed to come from the trees. Her own hate of the place forbade her and she dared not tap again. Standing half fearfully, she waited, laying her hands on the smooth door frame, on the fluted pillars and the leading of the glass. A cord hung near her hand and, obeying the suggestion it offered, she closed her fingers about it and pulled it stiffly down. A sound cut the still air where no sound had been for so long a time that every vibration had been stilled. The tone broke the air. The first tone came in unearthly purity, but later the notes joined and overflowed one another.

She waited, not daring to touch the cord again. The stillness that followed after the peal of the bell seemed to float out from the house itself and to hush the birds. She could not think what kind of place this might be or see any use that one might make of the great doorway, of the cord, of the bell. A strange thing stood before her. Strangeness gathered to her own being until it seemed strange that

she should be here, on the top of a stair of stone before a great door, waiting for Hubert to come with her hens. It was as if he might never come. As if hens might be gone from the earth.

She saw then that the doors were not locked together, that one throbbed lightly on the other when she touched it with her hand. She pushed the knob and the door spread open wide.

Inside, a great hall reached to a height that was three or four times her own stature. Tall white doors were opened into other great rooms and far back before her a stairway began. She could not comprehend the stair. It lifted, depending from the rail that spread upward like a great ribbon in the air. Her eyes followed it, her breath coming quick and hard. It rose as a light ribbon spreading toward a great window through which came the morning sun. But leaving the window in the air, it arose again and wound back, forward and up, lost from view for a space, to appear again, higher up, at a mythical distance before another great window where the sun spread a broad yellow glow. It went at last into nothingness, and the ceiling and the walls melted together in shadows.

When she had thus, in mind, ascended, her eyes closed and a faint sickness went over her, delight mingled with fear and hate. She was afraid of being called upon to know this strange ribbon of ascent that began as a stair with rail and tread and went up into unbelievable heights, step after step. She opened her eyes to look again, ready to reject the wonder as being past all belief and, therefore, having no reality.

"What place is this?" she asked, speaking in anger. Her voice rang through the empty hall, angry words, her own, crying, "What place is this?"

At one side of the floor there were grains of wheat in streaks, as if someone might have stored sacks of wheat there. Jess thought of her hens, seeing the scattered grain, and she knew that they would pick up the remaining part of it. They would hop from stone to stone, coming

cautiously up the steps, and they would stretch their long necks cautiously in at the doorway, seeing the corn. They would not see the great stairway.

A light dust lay on the window ledges. A few old cobwebs hung in fragments from the ceiling. The dust, the webs, and the wheat were a link between things known and unknown, and, seeing them, she walked a little way from the hall, listening, going farther, looking into the rooms, right and left. She was angry and afraid. What she could not bring to her use she wanted to destroy. In the room to her right a large fireplace stood far at the end of a patterned floor. There were shelves set into the white wall beside the large chimney. She left this room quickly and turned toward the room at the left. Here two large rooms melted together and tall doors opened wide. There were white shapes carved beneath the windows and oblong shapes carved again on the wood of the doors, on the pillars that held the mantel. Before her a long mirror was set into a wall. In it were reflected the boughs of the trees outside against a crisscross of the window opposite.

She was confused after she had looked into the mirror, and she looked about hastily to find the door through which she had come. It was a curious, beautiful, fearful place. She wanted to destroy it. Her feet slipped too lightly on the smooth wood of the floor. There was no piece of furniture anywhere, but the spaces seemed full, as filled with their wide dimensions and the carvings on the wood. In the hall she looked again toward the stair and she stood near the doorway looking back. Then suddenly without plan, scarcely knowing that her own lips spoke, she flung out an angry cry, half screaming, "Mollie Wickley! Mollie! Where's she at?" The harsh echoes pattered and knocked among the upper walls after her own voice was done. Turning her back on the place, she went quickly out of the doorway.

In the open air she looked back toward the steps she had ascended, seeing dimly into the vista of the hall and the upward

lifting ribbon of the stair. A sadness lay heavily upon her because she could not know what people might live in the house, what shapes of women and men might fit into the doorway. She hated her sadness and she turned it to anger. She went from the west front and entered the courtyard. Hubert came soon after with the fowls and there was work to do in housing them and getting them corn.

On a cold day in January when his ewes were about to lamb, Hubert brought them into the large house, driving them up the stone steps at the west front, and he prepared to stable them in the rooms there. The sheep cried and their bleating ran up the long ribbon of the stair. They were about thirty in number, and thus the wailing was incessant. Hubert and Jess went among them with lanterns. The ewes turned and drifted about among the large rooms; but as they began to bear their lambs Hubert bedded them here and there, one beneath the stairway and three others in the room to the right where the empty bookshelves spread wide beside the tall fireplace. The night came, dark and cold.

"They are a slow set," Jess said. She wanted to be done and she was out of patience with delaying sheep.

"Whoop! here! Shut fast the door!" Hubert called.

Jess was wrapped in a heavy coat and hooded in a shawl. She went among the sheep and she held a lantern high to search out each beast. If a ewe gave birth to three lambs she took one up quickly and dropped it beside a stout young beast that was giving life to but one and she thus induced it to take the second as her own. She flung out sharp commands and she brought the animals here and there. The halls were filled with the crying of the sheep. Threats came back upon her from her own voice so that she was displeased with what she did and her displeasure made her voice more high-pitched and angry. Anger spoke again and again through the room. She wanted the lambing to be easily done,

but the days had been very cold and the sheep delayed.

"It was a good place to come to lamb the sheep," she called to Hubert. "I say, a good place." She had a delight in seeing that the necessities of lambing polluted the wide halls. "A good place to lamb. . . ."

"Whoop! Bring here the old nannie as soon as you pick up the dead lamb," Hubert was shouting above the incessant crying of the sheep.

The ewes in labor excited her anew so that she wanted to be using her strength and to be moving swiftly forward, but she had no plan beyond Hubert's. "Whoop, rouse up the young nannie! Don't let the bitches sleep! Whoop, there!"

He was everywhere with his commands. When the task was more than half done he called to Jess that he must go to the barn for more straw for bedding. "Whoop! Shut the door tight after me. Keep the old ewe there up on her legs." He went away, carrying his lantern.

Jess fastened the outer door and she turned back into the parlors. Then she saw a dim light at the other end of the long dark space that lay before her. She saw another shape, a shrouded figure, moving far down the long way. The apparition, the Thing, seemed to be drifting forward out of the gloom, and it seemed to be coming toward her where she stood among the sheep. Jess drove the laboring mothers here and there, arranging their places and assisting their travail with her club. She would not believe that she saw anything among the sheep at the farther end of the rooms, but as she worked she glanced now and then toward the way in which she had glimpsed it. It was there or it was gone entirely. The sheep and the lambs made a great noise with their crying. Jess went to and fro, and she forgot that she had seen anything beyond the sheep far down the room in the moving dusk of white and gray which flowed in the moving light of her lantern.

All at once, looking up suddenly as she walked forward, she saw that an apparition was certainly moving there and that

it was coming toward her. It carried something in its upraised hand. There was a dark covering over the head and shoulders that were sunk into the upper darkening gloom. The whole body came forward as a dark thing illuminated by a light the creature carried low at the left side. The creature or the Thing moved among the sheep. It came forward slowly and became a threatening figure, a being holding a club and a light in its hands. Jess screamed at it, a great oath flung high above the crying of the sheep. Fright had seized her and with it came a great strength to curse with her voice and to hurl forward her body.

"God curse you," she yelled in a scream that went low in scale and cracked in her throat. "God's curse on you!" She lunged forward and lifted her lantern high to see her way among the sheep. "God's damn on you!"

The curse gave strength to her hands and to her limbs. As she hurled forward with uplifted stick the other came forward toward her, lunging and threatening. She herself moved faster. The creature's mouth was open to cry words but no sound came from it.

She dropped the lantern and flung herself upon the approaching figure, and she beat at the creature with her club while it beat at her with identical blows. Herself and the creature then were one. Anger continued, shared, and hurled against a crash of falling glass and plaster. She and the creature had beaten at the mirror from opposite sides.

The din arose above the noise of the sheep, and for an instant the beasts were quiet while the glass continued to fall. Jess stood back from the wreckage to try to understand it. Then slowly she knew that she had broken the great mirror that hung on the rear wall of the room. She took the lamp again into her hand and peered at the breakage on the floor and at the fragments that hung, cracked and crazed, at the sides of the frame.

"God's own curse on you!" She breathed her oath heavily, backing away from the dust that floated in the air.

Hubert was entering with a load of straw on his back. He had not heard the crash of glass nor had he noticed the momentary quiet of the sheep. These were soon at their bleating again, and Jess returned from the farther room where the dust of the plaster still lay on the air. Hubert poured water into deep pans he had placed here and there through the rooms. He directed Jess to make beds of the straw in each room. Their feet slipped in the wet that ran over the polished boards of the floor.

It was near midnight. Jess felt accosted to the place now and more at ease there, she and Hubert being in possession of it. They walked about through the monstrous defilement. Hubert was muttering the count of the sheep with delight. There were two lambs beside each of the ewes but five and there were but two lambs dead and flung to the cold fireplace where they were out of the way. There were thirty-two ewes, they said, and their fingers pointed to assist and the mouths held to the sums, repeating numbers and counting profits.

Lamb by lamb, they were counted. There were two to each mother but the three in the farther room and the two under the staircase. These had but one each. "Twice thirty-two makes sixty-four," they said to assist themselves, and from this they subtracted one for each of the deficient ewes, but they became confused in this and counted all one by one. Counting with lantern and club, Jess went again through the halls, but she made thus but forty lambs, for she lost the sums and became addled among the words Hubert muttered. At last by taking one from sixty-four and then another, four times more, in the reckoning they counted themselves thirty-two ewes and fifty-nine lambs. The sheep were becoming quiet. Each lamb had nursed milk before they left it. At length they fastened the great front door with a rope tied to a nail in the door-frame, and they left the sheep stabled there, being pleased with the number they had counted.



A PROFESSOR QUILTS THE COMMUNIST PARTY

BY STUART BROWNE

IT WAS four o'clock in the afternoon, and I had just begun to revise my lecture notes on the Industrial Revolution (my special field is English History in the Eighteenth Century), when my wife came into my study.

"Someone 'phoned. Said he was coming over." As she spoke she gave me a queer look and sat down as if waiting for me to reply.

"Who was it?" I asked.

"He wouldn't give his name."

"No? Well, what does he want?"

"He didn't tell *me*." She stressed the pronoun to indicate a rather definite disapproval of the kind of people who sought my company.

"All right, dear, and please don't look so worried. I'm sure he's not from the President's office."

"Well, I hope not," she said and left me to the quiet of my study. I looked down at my notes again and saw: Burke "Thoughts and Details on Scarcity." Following the title I had written: cf. T.L. p. 198ff. "T.L.," I muttered to myself. "Now why in hell do I always use these abbreviations and then forget what they stand for. T.L.?" I was still puzzling over the letters when the doorbell rang. A moment later my wife opened the study door to admit my caller. She closed the door behind him, leaving us alone.

"Hello, Benson," I said as I arose to shake hands with him. He was a short, heavy-set man whose nervous hands were never still except for brief moments when they were poised in some dramatic ges-

ture. He spoke in a voice that suggested secrecy, and when he finally took a seat he sat forward on his chair, tense and restless.

"My wife said you 'phoned, but did not give your name."

"Yes. I did not tell her my name because you never know who may be listening. I came on a special errand, direct from the Party Headquarters."

Two hours later, when he left my study, I had given my word that I would be a member of the Communist Party of America. I had also signed a card, but not with my real name. No man in the Party who wishes to be protected uses his own name. He has a party name under which he registers and by which he is known to other party members.

But I must not give the impression that my decision was the result of an instantaneous conversion. For three years preceding this meeting in the spring of 1934, the recent economic depression had been very active on our campus. We had received three separate salary cuts totaling a reduction of thirty-five per cent. Our class hours had been increased to eighteen a week, with an increase of students in the classes. We no longer were allowed assistants to read class papers. Mortgage companies were asking money on the line. In fact, the professors were beginning to feel the pressure of a real world outside the campus. This in itself was bad, but even worse was the vicious propaganda against the professors which almost daily headlined certain newspapers. Our Uni-

versity President made no effort to defend us. We even believed that he was secretly aiding the forces that were encroaching upon our intellectual freedom.

To meet these conditions, certain leaders among the faculty liberals had organized groups for the consideration of action to meet the policies of the Administration. It was in one of these groups that I had met Benson, who was invited there to lead the discussion on some phase of Marxism. Through him I was led to sign some anti-Fascist protest, then to speak before the Central Labor Council on the development of Trade Unions in the late Eighteenth Century. Following that speech, I was in constant demand for speaking engagements at labor union meetings, liberal professional groups, and other organizations such as Townsend Clubs and Technocrats. I talked myself into the Party without knowing that I was doing it. At the time I joined, it seemed clear to me that only by the united action of all liberal groups, under the leadership of the Communists, could we possibly stem the Fascist waves that were sweeping over the country, stifling freedom and liberty. It seemed then as though our University was ready at any moment to capitulate to the fierce demands of Fascist newspapers, and that before long University professors would be muzzled in America as effectively as they are in certain European countries. I joined the Party because I believed it would foster and protect that precious freedom which we Americans believe is so necessary to life.

As I look back on it now, I feel sure that I believed myself a martyr in a noble cause. My Communist friend made me feel that at last I had become a man, not just a narrow, cloistered parasite on the Capitalist System. Now I could join hands with the workers, I could call them Comrades, and then, after the Revolution, I and the other professors who were Comrades would run the University.

"Since I have signed the card perhaps you'll tell me who else on the faculty are members," I said.

"No. We never reveal the name of a Comrade," he answered. "To-morrow night at eight o'clock a Comrade whom you know will call for you. Your unit meets every Wednesday night."

At the first meeting of my unit I found that two other faculty men and their wives had preceded me into the party. In addition to these four, there were eight other professional workers. We were classed by the Party as a professional unit attached to a larger section made up of industrial workers.

The Organizer who had recruited me was present to welcome me and to explain certain duties and responsibilities to the Party. In the first place, he covered briefly the organization of the United States into twelve regions. Each region is ruled by a District Organizer, affectionately referred to as the D.O.

"Some day you will meet our D.O.," a nervous little man with a hairline mustache whispered to me. Comrade Benson had paused to show his displeasure at the whispered interruption. His strong, restless hands were poised in mid-air, tense and still. Next followed the explanation of how each region was divided into sections, with a Section Organizer and an Agitprop.

"The unit is the backbone of the Communist Party. It is in the units that we make the true Bolshevik. We teach you in the unit to exercise true Bolshevik initiative." And here he expounded on fundamental theory, the essence of which seemed to be loyalty to the Party program, once it had been established in true Bolshevik manner, through the channels of Democratic Centralism.

"What is an Agitprop?" I asked after this speech was over.

"He is the Comrade in charge of Agitation and Propaganda," said the organizer. "He takes care of your reading material, examines you in theory, indicates what you should read, sees that you subscribe to the *Daily Worker*, and that you buy pamphlets, magazines, Russian and American, that are essential to your growth and development."

"I am the Agitprop," said the little man with the hairline mustache.

I looked at him, and then recognized him as a bookkeeper in a downtown furniture store. Perhaps it was at this point that my fundamental unfitness for the Party first asserted itself. I admit that I may be guilty of snobbery, but somehow I resented it that this bookkeeper, whose intellect and background had never impressed me when I came to make my monthly furniture payments, should now have charge of my reading and further intellectual development. I smiled a little insincerely and nodded acquiescence.

The next procedure was introductions all round by our new Party names. Everyone was urged to use the prefix Comrade, and to address the members of the unit by their Party names. After that I was given my Party Book in which my new name was inscribed. The Agitprop then showed me how I could figure my dues from the table given in the back. That there would be dues, I had known, but I was not quite prepared for what I found—with the help of the bookkeeper. My yearly salary was \$3600 or, since we were paid on a ten-month basis, \$360 a month. The scale of dues ranged from two cents a week for unemployed members, to three dollars and fifty cents a week for me. To this was added an extra week's dues every month for the International, plus an occasional extra levy of a month's dues for the American Party Convention in New York. In the two and one-half years I was a member only two of these extra levies were made. Then there was literature to buy: books, pamphlets, magazines, and newspapers. Often we were required to buy bundles of these, which we were permitted to resell, but which no professor or professional worker could possibly sell. Once each year we were requested to contribute a day's salary to the *Daily Worker* drive. In all, my financial obligation to the Party amounted to approximately nine hundred dollars in two and one-half years. This in itself became a serious

matter with me as time passed, because my standard of living was "wrong, middle-class, and bourgeois." All very true, but there wasn't a great deal I could do about it and retain my university position. Like most professors, I was living up to the full capacity of my salary. Each year I saved out enough money for a vacation, but after I had been in the Party for a year I was forced to give up the usual two weeks' auto trip with my wife and child.

II

The fact that membership in the Party cost me nearly four hundred dollars a year was not an insuperable obstacle, but the psychological reaction was the source of endless worry. I began to save in all the places where I knew I should not save. I discontinued membership in two historical associations, I stopped subscriptions to three different magazines, I stopped buying books in my field. One of my chief literary interests had been gathering together a good library of novels and poetry of the Eighteenth Century, including modern novels with a setting in that period. I continued to look through the pages of English secondhand book catalogues, carefully marking books I wished to own and then filing the catalogues away in my library without ordering the items checked.

This was a minor worry compared to others that came to disturb my waking hours and haunt my tortured sleep. I didn't like the atmosphere of the Party. There are some people who thrive in a conspiratorial atmosphere. To them the most innocent remark suggests endless dark and sinister meanings. Every unit meeting was permeated with a conspiratorial undertone. Fascists were lurking in every corner of the city. Roosevelt was leaning toward Fascism, our University President was clearly a Fascist, in almost daily communication with Hitler and Mussolini. There was an air of profound secrecy surrounding our movements. If someone in the excitement of a discussion should raise his voice he was

immediately hushed. Imaginary enemies lurked outside our doors. If some innocent caller rang the doorbell a dead silence fell over us, as we waited with fluttering hearts for the caller to depart. Then in whispered tones, the discussion would begin again.

These unit meetings were held in the homes of members, except in cases where the wives were not Comrades. I went through the first year without letting my wife know that I was a member. This added further complications. At least twice every week when I attended a secret Party meeting I had to lie to her about my absence from home. This in itself became so intolerable that it almost resulted in a serious quarrel in my family, not because she doubted the various meetings and professional responsibilities I had suddenly assumed, but because I grew so sick of myself and my endless lies that I began leaving night after night without a word of explanation. Then at breakfast the toast stuck in my throat as I saw how my behavior worried my wife.

It was not the two secret meetings that caused all the trouble. A Party man must give everything to the Cause. After I got well into the routine of Party work I was fortunate if I had two nights a week free to devote to my family and ordinary social engagements. On such nights I was often so exhausted that I went to sleep at a movie or dozed in my chair at a social gathering. Quite often after I had promised to take my wife to the theater I would receive a 'phone call from my unit organizer saying that the strategy committee of the Farmer-Labor party was meeting. Would I please attend in an advisory capacity? I could not answer, "I should be pleased to but, you see, I have promised to take my wife to the theater." Nothing could be more ridiculous for one who has asserted his belief in the class struggle and the ultimate triumph of the workers' revolution. I would go to the meeting, knowing all was not well at home.

This situation came to a sudden dramatic conclusion when I returned home

at three o'clock one morning to find my wife sitting by the fire. She had been crying.

"Please come here and talk to me," she said.

I sat down by her side, more unhappy than I had ever been before in my life.

"Tell me," she said, "what is wrong. I have waited a long time for you to explain, until now I am desperate." After a brief pause she said very softly, "Do you love someone else?"

Like a fool, I had never thought she would doubt my love. I answered by telling her that I had joined the Party. We talked till dawn. I shall never forget the joy I experienced during the next few days as I moved free from the endless lies that had filled my home.

A week later my wife said, "If the Party is good enough for you it's good enough for me. I'll join with you. If we have to lie and deceive, let's do it together." The Party accepted her, somewhat doubtful of her "political maturity," but the little man with the hairline mustache promised to give her some special education. I was congratulated by my unit organizer for my splendid work in recruiting a person into the party who had such "a definite bourgeois background."

My wife is the daughter of a man who has an owner's share in a small factory employing non-union workers. Hence the pointed reference to her background. Her schooling proceeded rather slowly because of her sense of humor. At one of her first unit meetings she made some light, joking reference to Stalin's mustache. This remark produced a profound silence. She found that only Hitler, Roosevelt, and such people were subjects for jokes. "This is war, class war," said our organizer, "and if we don't defend the Soviet Union we are traitors to the working-class movement."

That night, after we had gone to bed and finished reading a pamphlet on the share-croppers' union, I put out the light. For a long time there was silence. I turned on my right side very carefully so as not to awaken my wife, when she sud-

denly burst into a fit of laughter. When I asked her what was so funny she answered, "Stalin's mustache. It's part of the working-class movement." Then I laughed too, and both of us felt very friendly to Stalin and his disciples. We wished them all well, and slept in peace.

The greatest devotion, loyalty, and honor was expected from every Comrade. Our ethical standards were very high. It soon became apparent, however, that ethics may harbor strange practices. After my wife had been in the Party a month we were given a joint assignment. We were asked to get my wife's father to tell us what plans were being made by the executives in his factory to oppose unionization of the workers in his plant. Would the officers put up a fight? Whom are they planning to fire? What do they know about the Chamber of Commerce's attitude toward the union meetings? These things we were to worm out of my wife's father while we sat as guests at his dinner table or entertained him in our home.

One day the Section Organizer came to my house asking me to contribute twenty dollars to an emergency fund. A crisis had arisen. (Crises arise frequently in the Party.) I explained that I didn't have twenty dollars. "If you had come an hour earlier, I'd have given it to you," I said. And then very foolishly I made the following explanation: "An old friend of mine came here this afternoon. He is a farmer and his wife is expecting a baby. He did not have the money for hospital expenses and asked me to loan him fifty dollars, and I did."

The Organizer's face grew red. "You gave him fifty dollars and you deny twenty to the Party. That is not Bolshevik behavior."

"But he told me his wife's condition was critical and that she must be delivered in a hospital."

The Organizer looked disturbed. "I suppose," he said, "we can't expect middle-class ideology to adjust itself to the higher loyalty of the Party. I'd cheat my grandmother if by so doing I could

further the cause of the revolution."

These examples could be multiplied endlessly. From a purely rational point of view it may be argued that the Party is right and that I am wrong. It is probably far more important to aid the workers in their struggle for a just wage than it is to help save the life of some poor farmer's wife. Let someone else answer that. All I know is that I could make no other choice than the one I made.

One of the "concentration tasks" of our unit was to raise money. At every meeting we discussed the names of well-to-do people who might be made to contribute under one guise or another. The possible sources of contribution were spoken of in the most scornful tones as contemptible and bourgeois, and then we were asked to use our social position to win their favor and get them to make contributions. We were asked to get them to contribute to organizations that existed only in the minds of Party members and then turn over the money to the Party. We were asked to sponsor dinners, picnics, and excursions in the interest of workers and then get people to contribute to these affairs. We were requested to have parties in our homes and charge our friends admission. "This is war," said our Organizer. "When the enemy is storming your trench you don't say, 'Pardon me, but you'll have to wait till I get my machine gun ready for action.' No! You don't stop to see if your pants are pressed. You meet the emergency." Thus our Organizer inspired us to action.

In addition to raising money and exploiting our middle-class friends, those of us who were faculty members were to recruit others from the faculty. We were to discover who were sympathetic, invite them to our homes, lead them into a discussion of Marxist theory, and thus by a simple, logical process lead them to the Party. Anyone can see how reasonable a request that is. All you have to do is to abandon the friends you have usually entertained in your home—all except one or two who may be Party material—

and then embark upon a new social life with a group of people who may be radical. The fact that you may not like the radical English Professor, who thinks he should run the faculty meeting, makes no difference. You may not like the Psychology Professor's wife, who talks in a high-pitched voice about the wonderful things her four-year-old son can do. That doesn't matter. Her husband has signed a petition in favor of Spanish Democracy, therefore he must be cultivated even though your wife thinks him a bore. "You are a Comrade, and a Comrade knows how to sacrifice for the Cause. Lenin endured all sorts of people whom he hated personally because he put The Cause above himself."

During the thirty months that I was in the Party I recruited my wife and a graduate student in History who had failed in his preliminary doctor's examination. I was doomed to enjoy the fruits of this great victory for only a brief period. After he had attended three unit meetings he received an appointment as an instructor in a normal school out West. He promised to write for his Party Book when he got settled, but the letter never came.

Others in our unit fared not much better. When I entered the unit there were thirteen members. When I withdrew there were sixteen. We had recruited six and lost three.

III

Part of our ineffectiveness was due to our leaders. During my period as a Communist I met a great many of the officials in the Party including one member of the Central Committee. Tiresome as the average politician may be, he is a wonder of ingenious perspicacity when contrasted to the Communist Party leader. The Party leaders are all alike. This is a strange statement to make about any group of people, but with minor reservations, everyone is willing to accept this statement as true of certain selected groups. If you have heard one lecturer from a certain church Board of Lecturers,

if you have talked to one member of the House of David, if you have seen one Doukhobor meeting, you have observed the pattern to which all the others are cut. Perhaps in all the cases I have mentioned this is a sign of strength from which flows their power and their virtue. I would not deny that, but I would make the purely individual remark that to me they are very, very dull.

The Communist leaders fit a pattern more perfectly than any other human beings I have ever known. They are all dogmatic. So dogmatic that they are not even conscious of their dogmatism. If a Comrade disagrees with a D.O. he is told about his error and the "true line" is explained to him. If he still persists in opposition he is told what to believe, and if that doesn't work he is assigned to a study unit where he is instructed in Marx and Lenin.

The leaders move in an atmosphere of sanctity that requires a humorless devotion to appreciate. One slight deviation from the true faith brings forth fiery denunciation. I had not been in the Party very long when I took the "mistaken position" that Villard's article in *The Nation* on the first Moscow Trial was sound reasoning from a democratic point of view. I was told of my error, and the contemptible character of people who did not see this trial as a triumph of Working Class justice was emphasized. When I murmured a comparison to Hitler's purge I was told to read Olgin's pamphlet on Trotsky and I should see the difference. I read Olgin and I still don't see the difference. I was once a completely submerged and *bona fide* member of the Baptist Church, but I never encountered a Baptist preacher more certain and smug about his knowledge of the one and only road to salvation than the Party leaders are of the one and only true revolution.

The Party leaders talk about democracy, but the only democracy they practice is that defined within the limits of Comrade Stalin's dictates. The answer to anyone who objects is simple and clear. "The party line was laid down by the

Seventh World Congress. In Comrade Dimitroff's speech you have a clear Marxist-Leninist analysis of the working-class struggle against Fascism. The answer is the United Front. This is our guide." No evangelist ever pointed with greater pride to a Bible text than do the Party leaders to the text of Marx as amended by Lenin, defiled by Trotsky, and practiced by Stalin. To deny this, or even to speak lightly of it, is heresy.

The Party leaders are often confused in their reasoning, and substitute passion for common sense. In their last campaign in the interests of Mr. Browder they devoted their whole energy to defeating Mr. Landon. This was following the party line laid down by Comrade Dimitroff. Mr. Landon was excoriated as the arch fiend of growing Fascism, and our duty was to defeat him. But as Communists, we were to vote for Mr. Browder. If we asked, "But how can we defeat Landon by voting for Browder?" we heard more talk about Landon, but no answer to our question. On this issue I saw one man from my unit "read out" of the Party. He had persisted in saying that if the Party wants Roosevelt elected, why don't they say so, instead of beating about the bush.

He was summoned before the D.O., the Section Organizer, and his Unit Organizer, and I was permitted to go with him to the hearing. It was in the form of a trial in which the judges did all the talking. He was asked if he believed in the class struggle, in the dictatorship of the proletariat, in the Marxian interpretation of history, and all the other sacred articles of faith. The man answered in the affirmative, but with a stubbornness born of American love of independence, reiterated that the party line on defeating Landon by supporting Browder was wrong. Then he added, "Furthermore, I believe in the danger of Landon so much that I'm going to vote for Roosevelt."

A hushed silence fell over the group. The officials looked so serious that for a moment I felt as though we were in Moscow and not the United States. I should

not have been surprised had I heard this man labeled as an enemy of the working class, a wrecker of true socialism, a spy and a traitor, a vermin whose doom would be "Execution before a firing squad." At last the D.O. spoke. "Turn over your book to your Unit Organizer, and from now on you are no longer a member of the Party." I wiped my brow and went over to the window for a breath of fresh air. The sun was shining on a familiar American city. At that moment I admitted to myself for the first time that I wished I were out of the Party.

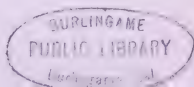
IV

Just exactly what can a professor under the direction of the Communist Party do to help the cause of a working-class revolution? The best I can do to answer this question is to give an account of my activities for one week. I shall begin with Sunday. At the previous Wednesday unit meeting we were instructed to send representatives to a plenum. A plenum is something that an American would call a party convention. To this plenum all units in our section sent representatives. We met at a private home at nine o'clock on Sunday morning to consider the following program:

1. Middle-class position in the workers' revolution.
2. How to broaden the base of the finance committee.
3. New tactics in the *Daily Worker* drive.
4. The Comrades' work in the trade union.
5. Bolshevik strategy in strike-leadership.
6. Fractionating:

The Socialist Party
The Central Labor Council
The Women's Republican Club
The Women's Democratic Club
The University Branch of the American Association of University Professors. (This with special reference to University people in the Party.)
The Faculty Wives' Club
(This list was long, including almost every organized group except the D.A.R. and W.C.T.U.)

7. How to bring forth the party line.
8. Self-development and required reading.
9. Criticism.



The purpose of the plenum was to coordinate the work of the various units, prevent wasteful duplication and the dangers of over-fractionating any group; to base the Party policy upon the action of the units; and to develop self-criticism.

The plenum which met to deal with the above topics lasted from nine o'clock in the morning till midnight. Each topic was presented by a person who had prepared a speech on the subject. After each speech came specific recommendations and then debate. The plan sounds very democratic, yet it soon became clear to me that any suggestion which did not fit into a preconceived plan of the Party leaders would receive no consideration. I'll be specific. The woman who reported on fractionating the Faculty Wives' Club recommended that my wife should begin taking an active part in club work. She should strive for definite objectives, such as:

1. Get *The New Masses*, *Health and Hygiene*, *The New Theater* into the club reading room.
2. Penetrate the drama section and get them to sponsor a workers' drama.
3. Get a committee organized to sponsor radical speeches on the campus.
4. Get support for left-wing candidates in local elections.

My objection, voiced on the floor, was that such a program would fail because no woman could advocate these reforms among a group of highly selected conservatives such as the members of a Faculty Wives' Club without exposing herself as a radical. My objection was overruled and I was instructed to inform my wife of the decision of the plenum. It is true that a vote was taken whenever it was demanded by a member of the group, but no balloting was secret, and the selected group was entirely under the influence of the Party leaders.

The meeting droned on endlessly with rules, regulations, plans, and the whole generously interspersed by laudatory testimonials of Party achievements in the past. Mistakes were admitted and analyzed in such a way that one felt that if it

were human to err it was godlike to admit it.

Six months later at a plenum meeting I felt convinced that not a single objective of the previous plenum had been carried out, with one exception: definite progress had been made in developing left-wing leadership in the trade unions.

Thus I had passed my Sunday. On Monday I attended a union fraction meeting. We spent three hours trying to decide how to get mass support for a motion to endorse the Farmer-Labor Party. At the union meeting later we did not get the endorsement.

On Tuesday afternoon, from four to six, I attended a very dull meeting of the American Association of University Professors. I tried in vain to get them to pass a resolution announcing to the press that they openly opposed the dismissal of Professor Granville Hicks.

Wednesday was free until eight o'clock, when my wife and I went to our unit meeting. The meeting began promptly. We listened to a poorly written paper on Volume One of Webbs' *Soviet Communism*. We heard reports on the activities of the various Comrades, how one had gone to a Socialist meeting but had not seen fit to move anything; how another had attended a public meeting of the Women's Republican Club. This Comrade gave a long account of what the speaker had said. The report was as monotonous as it was painstakingly accurate. Everyone who listened could be sure he knew what the speaker had said at this large open meeting. The speech had been expertly reported in the daily press three days before. So we went round the circle.

After that we took up our proposed activities for the coming week, again going round the circle, one by one. Next came the talk by the Agitprop on our reading, and then the sale of the so-called literature. We all bought extra copies of the *Sunday Worker* and *Soviet Russia To-day* because our Agitprop had shamed us by pointing out that many units made up of workers in the lower-

wage brackets had a better record for buying literature than we had. I wanted to remind him that my Sunday School Superintendent years ago had told that story, but I kept still. You learn to keep still if you are in the Party.

Thursday was a free day. We had a little dinner party at our home to which we had invited two professors and their wives in order that we might sound them out on their attitude toward Corey's *The Crisis of the Middle Class*.

Friday at three o'clock I came home from my last class. As I came in the door, the phone rang.

"For God's sake don't touch it!" I shouted to my wife, in a tone so loud that she turned pale with fear. Before she could question me I hastened to explain. "It's nothing except I want to get out of here before something does happen." We hurriedly got our wraps, jumped into the car, picked up our son at his school, and then drove into the country for dinner. We stayed away until ten o'clock. No Party work that day.

On Saturday night we attended a *New Masses* party, where we paid admission, and then paid for cocktails and talked in little groups about *The Coming Struggle for Power*. Tired and a little sad we went to bed at midnight. A typical party worker's week was over. I also taught some classes at the University during that week.

V

There was no dramatic trial when my wife and I dropped out of the Party. We were not summoned before the D.O. or threatened with dire punishments. Our withdrawal was a little sad, a sort of weary cessation of useless activity. Our Unit Organizer had a downtown office. I called on him and told him that I could no longer consider myself a member of the Party. He looked worried and disturbed. After we had talked for a time he asked me to come to the unit meeting and explain why I was leaving. I replied that I would gladly do so, but that I didn't think he would want me to

tell the group what my objections were.

"Certainly I should. We want intelligent criticism," he replied. "Just what are your reasons?"

I had prepared them very carefully and proceeded to explain. "In the first place, I believe that I am not temperamentally fitted for the Party. The rigorous routine, the stifling of individual initiative, the necessity for secrecy, the inevitable deception which forces one to live in two worlds, these disturb my peace of mind. It may be my fault, but I have lost contact with my old friends outside the Party, and those in the Party have no time for friendship. Before I entered the Party no one could predict the subjects that might come up for discussion when a group of us met. Now every discussion follows a pattern that is monotonous—perhaps worse than monotonous. I feel that my intellectual life, poor as it may have been, is stifled. I have no time to read the books and magazines that are free and unfettered, that give joy and adventure to the art of reading. My intellectual life has become dull. My teaching, which used to be interesting, has not flourished under the dictates of the Party Line. Instead, it has become stereotyped. I have come to hate my classes. The solemnity with which the Party treats every problem weighs upon my spirit. I cannot believe that the economic conditions in our country warrant an attitude which implies that the revolution is imminent. Every unit meeting is as serious in tone as though it were being held in a cellar near University City, Madrid. The interference with my personal liberty is no longer endurable to me. I'll give you one example. I am simple enough to take joy in the feeling that when I enter a voting booth in the United States no one, in spirit or in fact, goes with me. I may vote wrong, and I may have to pay for my mistake, but I vote as a free man. As a Communist I voted according to the *line* laid down for me and all Communists by the Seventh World Congress in Moscow. These are a few of the reasons why I must with-

draw, and of course my wife is also leaving the Party."

In the silence that followed my statement I could not help wondering why I had stayed in the Party for two and a half years. The objections I had just enumerated did not dawn upon me suddenly. I had felt them more or less clearly after the first few weeks in the Party. I believe that one reason I remained a member after I had come to hate Party activity was that I was ashamed to admit defeat; I did not want to be a quitter. For a long time I tried to make myself believe that the Party could organize an effective protest against the worst aspects of labor exploitation. It was not until I had actually seen the Party at work in many different situations that I came to believe that its interest in revolution often led the unions into taking a stand that was so unreasonable as to invite disaster. As time passed, I felt quite certain that often the Party leaders aimed at creating a strike situation for its own sake, and not primarily in order to gain advantages for the workers. The Party wins, according to its theory, even though the individual worker may lose, because it is the development of strikes and more strikes that brings the day of revolution nearer.

These objections developed slowly. Day by day there were certain compensations to which a Party man clings. I be-

lieved that my work was helping the cause of labor, that I was closer to the living problems of history in the making. I also felt that I was doing something unselfishly to help remedy the evils in my own profession. The idea of all workers united in a common cause appealed to me. When I realized that my activities were furthering a dictatorship with the name of democracy used as bait for the unwary, the one hope that had supported me over many specific disappointments was lost.

My friend sat staring out of the window. It was a long time before he answered. "Do you then mean to say that everything is wrong that the Party does?"

"No, I won't say that; but before it can enlist any genuine support from the majority of Americans, it will have to abandon its Russian-born practices. It will have to become an American Party before it succeeds in America."

"Did you bring your book?"

"Yes, and I also brought my wife's. You don't want me to come to the unit meeting then?"

"No. I think it best to accept your books to-day."

On my way home I thought of how I had joined the Communist Party of America in the interests of freedom, and how I had withdrawn in order to be once more a free citizen of the United States.



THE IMPORTANCE OF LOAFING

BY LIN YUTANG

THE American is known as a great hustler, as the Chinese is known as a great loafer. I do not know if eventually the West and the East will meet; the plain fact is that they are meeting now, and are going to meet more and more closely as modern civilization spreads and makes communication easier. In China we are not going to defy this mechanical civilization, and the problem there will have to be worked out as to how we are going to merge these two cultures, the ancient Chinese philosophy of life and the modern technological civilization, and integrate them into a sort of working way of life. It is more problematical whether Occidental life will ever be invaded by Oriental philosophy, although no one would dare to prophesy.

America to-day is most advanced in mechanical civilization, and it has always been assumed that the future of a world dominated by the machine will tend toward the present American type and pattern of life. I feel inclined to dispute this thesis, because no one knows yet what the American temperament is going to be. At best we can only describe it as a changing temperament. I do not think it at all impossible that there may be a revival of that period of New England culture so well described in Van Wyck Brooks' new book. No one can say that that flowering of New England culture was not typically American, and certainly no one can say that the ideal which Walt Whitman envisaged in his *Democratic Vistas*, pointing to the development of free men and perfect mothers, is not the

ideal of democratic progress. America needs only to be given a little respite, and there may be—I am quite sure there will be—new Whitmans, new Thoreaus, and new Lowells when that old American culture, cut short by the gold rush, may blossom forth again. Will not then American temperament be something quite different from that of the present day, and very near to the temperament of Emerson and Thoreau?

Culture, as I understand it, is essentially a product of leisure. The art of culture is, therefore, essentially the art of loafing. From the Chinese point of view, the man who is wisely idle is the most cultured man. For there seems to be a philosophic contradiction between being busy and being wise. Those who are wise won't be busy, and those who are too busy can't be wise. The wisest man is, therefore, he who loafs most gracefully. I shall try to explain, not so much the technic and varieties of loafing as practiced in China, but rather the philosophy which nourishes this divine desire for loafing in China and gives rise to that carefree, idle, happy-go-lucky (and often poetic) temperament in the Chinese scholars, and to a less extent, in the Chinese people in general. How did that Chinese temperament—that distrust in achievement and success and that intense love of living as such—arise?

In the first place, the Chinese theory of leisure, as expressed by a comparatively unknown author of the eighteenth century, an author who happily achieved oblivion, is as follows: Time is useful be-

cause it is not being used. "Leisure in time is like unoccupied floor-space in a room." Every working girl who rents a small room where every inch of space is fully utilized feels highly uncomfortable because she has no room to move about, and the moment she gets a raise in salary she moves into a bigger room where there is a little more unused floor-space besides those strictly useful spaces occupied by her single bed, her dressing table, and her two-burner gas range. It is that unoccupied space which makes a room habitable, as it is our leisure hours which make life endurable. I understand that there is a rich woman living on Park Avenue who bought up a neighboring lot to prevent anybody from erecting a skyscraper next to her house. She is paying a big sum of money in order to have space fully and perfectly made useless, and it seems to me she never spent her money more wisely.

In this connection I might mention a personal experience. I could never see the beauty of skyscrapers in New York, and it was not until I went to Chicago that I realized that a skyscraper could be very imposing and very beautiful to look at if it had a good frontage and at least half a mile of unused space round it. Chicago is fortunate in this respect because it has more space than Manhattan. The tall buildings are more spaced about, and there is the possibility of obtaining an unobstructed view of them from a long distance. Figuratively speaking, so are we too so crammed in our life that we cannot enjoy a free perspective of the beauties of our spiritual life. We lack spiritual frontage.

II

The Chinese love of leisure arises from a combination of causes. It came from a temperament, was erected into a literary cult, and found its justification in a philosophy. It grew out of an intense love of life, was actively sustained by an underlying current of literary romanticism throughout the dynasties, and was eventually pronounced right and sensible by

a philosophy of life, which we may, in the main, describe as Taoistic. The rather general acceptance of this Taoistic view of life is only proof that there is Taoistic blood in the Chinese temperament.

And here we must first clarify one point. The romantic cult of the idle life, which we have defined as a product of leisure, was decidedly not for the wealthy class, as we usually understand it to be. That would be an unmitigated error in the approach to the problem. It was a cult for the poor and unsuccessful and humble scholar who either had chosen the idle life or had had idleness enforced upon him. As I read Chinese literary masterpieces, and as I imagine the poor school-master teaching the poor scholars these poems and essays glorifying the simple and idle life, I cannot help thinking that they must have derived an immense personal satisfaction and spiritual consolation from them. Disquisitions on the handicaps of fame and advantages of obscurity sounded pleasing to those who had failed in the civil examinations, and such sayings as "Eating late [with appetite whetted] is eating meat" tended to make the bad provider less apologetic to his family. No greater misjudgment of literary history is made than by the young Chinese "proletarian" writers who accuse the poets Su Tungp'o and T'ao Yuanming and others of belonging to the hated leisure-class intelligentsia—Su who sang about "the clear breeze over the stream and the bright moon over the hills," and T'ao who sang about "the dew making wet his skirt" and "a hen roosting on the top of a mulberry tree." As if the river breeze and the moon over the hills and the hen roosting on a mulberry tree were owned only by the capitalist class! These great men of the past had gone beyond the stage of talking about peasant conditions; they lived the life of the poor peasant themselves and found peace and harmony in it.

In this sense I regard this romantic cult of the idle life as essentially democratic. We can better understand this romantic cult when we picture for ourselves Laur-

ence Sterne on his sentimental journey, or Wordsworth or Coleridge hiking through Europe on foot with a great sense of beauty in his breast, but very little money in his purse. There was a time when one didn't have to be rich in order to travel, and even to-day travel doesn't have to be a luxury of the rich. On the whole, the enjoyment of leisure is something which decidedly costs less than the enjoyment of luxury. All it requires is an artistic temperament which is bent on seeking a perfectly useless afternoon spent in a perfectly useless manner. The idle life really costs so very little, as Thoreau took the trouble to point out in *Walden*.

The Chinese romanticists were, on the whole, men gifted with a high sensibility and a vagabond nature, poor in their worldly possessions, but rich in their sentiment. They had an intense love of life which showed itself in their abhorrence of all official life and a stern refusal to make the soul serf to the body. The idle life, so far from being the prerogative of the rich and powerful and successful (how busy the American successful men are!), was in China an achievement of *high-mindedness*, a high-mindedness very near to the Western conception of the dignity of the tramp, who is too proud to ask favors, too independent to go to work, and too wise to take the world's successes too seriously. This high-mindedness came from, and was inevitably associated with, a certain sense of *detachment* from the drama of life; it came from the quality of being able to see through life's ambitions and follies and the temptations of fame and wealth. Somehow the high-minded scholar who valued his character more than his achievements, his soul more than fame or wealth, became by common consent the highest ideal of Chinese literature.

Great men of letters of this class—T'ao Yuanming, Su Tungp'o, Yuan Chunglang, Yuan Mei—were generally enticed into a short term of official life, did a wonderful job of it, and then got exasperated with its eternal kotowings and receiving and sending off of fellow-officials,

and gladly laying down the burdens of an official life, returned wisely to the life of retirement. Yuan Chunglang wrote seven successive petitions to his superior, complaining of these eternal kotowings and begging to be allowed to return to the life of the free and careless individual.

This cult of the simple, easy life was best seen in T'ao Yuanming, in my mind the greatest poet of China. T'ao once had been induced to accept a magistrate's office in order the better to pay for his wine, and when he was in office he tried to plant glutinous rice (the plant for making wine) in all the fields belonging to the local government, and only under protestations from his wife did he allow one-sixth of the fields to be planted with another kind of rice. After serving for eighty days as a magistrate he had had enough of it and repented of his folly. It was the end of the year, and a little government clerk was coming to ask for his annual report. His secretary told him that he would have to girdle his gown in order to receive this little fellow, and T'ao sighed and said, "I cannot bind my waist and curtsy for the sake of five bushels of rice." Thereupon he decided to leave his office.

The cult of idleness was always bound up with a life of inner calm, a sense of carefree irresponsibility, and an intense wholehearted enjoyment of the life of nature. Poets and scholars have always given themselves quaint names, like "The Guest of Rivers and Lakes" (Tu Fu); the "Carefree Man of a Misty Lake"; "The Recluse of the Eastern Hillside" (Su Tungp'o); and "The Old Man of the Haze-Girdled Tower."

No, the enjoyment of an idle life doesn't cost any money. The capacity for true enjoyment of idleness is lost in the moneyed class and can be found only among people who have a supreme contempt for wealth. It must come from an inner richness of the soul in a man who loves the simple ways of life and who is somewhat impatient of the business of making money. There is always plenty of life to enjoy for a man who is determined to enjoy it. If men fail to enjoy

this earthly existence we have it is because they do not love life sufficiently and allow it to be turned into a humdrum, routine existence. Laotse has been wrongly accused of being hostile to life; on the other hand, I think he taught the renunciation of the life of the world exactly because he loved life too tenderly to allow the art of living to degenerate into a mere business of living.

For where there is love there is jealousy; a man who loves life intensely must be always jealous of the few exquisite moments of leisure that he has. And he must retain the dignity and pride always characteristic of a vagabond. His hours of fishing must be as sacred as his hours of business, erected into a kind of religion as the English have regarded sport. He must be as impatient at having people talk to him about the stock market at the golf club as the scientist is at having anybody disturb his laboratory. And he must count the days of departing spring with a sense of sad regret for not having made more trips or excursions, as a business man feels when he has not sold enough wares in one day.

III

A sad, poetic touch is added to this intense love of life by the realization that the life we have is essentially like a dream. Strange to say, that sadness in the awareness of our mortality makes the Chinese scholar's enjoyment of life all the more keen and intense. For if this earthly existence is all we have, we must try the harder to enjoy it while it lasts. A vague hope of immortality detracts from our whole-hearted enjoyment of this earthly existence. As Sir Arthur Keith puts it with a typically Chinese feeling, "For if men believe, as I do, that this present earth is the only heaven, they will strive all the more to make heaven of it." Su Tungp'o says, "Life passes like a spring dream without a trace," and that is why he clung to it so fondly and tenaciously. This feeling of the evanescence of life, this touch of sadness, overtakes the Chi-

nese poet and scholar always at the moment of his greatest feasting and merry-making, a sadness that is expressed in the regret that "the moon cannot always be so round and the flowers cannot forever look so fine" when we are watching the full moon in the company of beautiful flowers.

I believe that this feeling of our finite existence is one of the finest things that many Westerners have missed. There is something clean and healthy and sound about it. With the admission of our finite existence, humanity learned to stand on its own legs. I understand that the distinction between Christianity and paganism is largely arbitrary; that there are many Chinese pagans who believe in the continued existence of the soul after death, and many Christians who do not. And those who do not are also caught with this feeling of the infinite sadness and evanescence of life. I cannot help thinking that a too serious belief in the next world has somehow colored the Western conception of life and has militated against a whole-hearted and complete enjoyment of the present life. Belief in the next world is nourished by a sense of frustration in the present existence, and where this sense of frustration is not so clearly felt, as in the case of a successful business man, belief in the next world also correspondingly loses its reality. Nevertheless, it is still at the back of his head, and somehow the survival of medieval theology has impressed him unconsciously in a manner to make him feel that enjoyment of this present life is sinful.

The belief in our mortality, the sense that we are eventually going to crack up and be extinguished like light from a candle, I say, is a gloriously fine thing. It makes us sober, it makes us a little sad, it makes many of us poetic. But above all, it makes it possible for us to make up our mind and arrange to live sensibly, truthfully, and always with a sense of our own limitation. It gives peace also, because true peace of mind comes from accepting what is worst. Psychologically

I think it means a release of energy.

The Chinese idea is that life is essentially a dream, or a tragicomedy, and we human beings mere puppets in it, as Shakespeare and so many Occidental and Oriental writers have said. But then, since we are all engaged in the performance of the play, we are forced to act our characters nobly and with as much convincing power as we can. In the ofing, however, there is always a subconscious feeling that the performance is not going to last forever; as the Chinese often say at the end of a happy reunion, "Even the most gorgeous fair, with mat-sheds stretching over a thousand miles, must sooner or later come to an end." The feast of life is the feast of Nebuchadnezzar. This feeling of the dreamlike quality of our existence invests the pagan with a kind of spirituality. He sees life essentially as a Sung landscape artist sees a mountain scenery, enveloped in a haze of mystery, sometimes with the air dripping with moisture.

Deprived of immortality, one finds that living becomes a simple proposition. It is this: That we human beings have a limited span of life to live on this earth, rarely more than seventy years, and that, therefore, we have to arrange our lives so that we can work peaceably, endure nobly, and live happily under a given set of circumstances. Here we are on Confucian ground. There is something mundane, something terribly earth-bound about it, and man proceeds to work with a dogged common sense, very much in the spirit of what George Santayana calls "animal faith." He clings to life—the life of the instinct and the life of the senses—in the belief that, as we are all animals, we can be truly happy only when all our normal instincts are satisfied normally. This applies to the enjoyment of life in all its aspects, first of all the enjoyment of the home (mammals that we are), and then the enjoyment of food, clothing, gardens, and flowers and trees (which are all definite Godgiven things, without requiring the exercise of faith), and finally, of friendship and conversation

and art and reading and philosophy.

Are we therefore materialistic? A Chinese would hardly know how to answer this question. For with his spirituality based on a kind of material, earth-bound existence, he fails to see the distinction between the spirit and the flesh. Undoubtedly he loves creature comforts; but then creature comforts are matters of the senses. It is only through the intellect that man attains the distinction between the spirit and the flesh, while our senses provide the portals to both. Music, undoubtedly the most spiritual of our arts, lifting man to a world of spirit, is based on the sense of hearing. And the Chinese fails to see why a symphony of taste in the enjoyment of food is less spiritual than a symphony of sounds. Only in this realistic sense can we feel about the woman we love. A distinction between her soul and her body is impossible. For if we love a woman we do not love her geometrical precision of features, but rather her ways and gestures in motion, her looks and smiles. But are a woman's looks and smiles physical or spiritual? No one can say.

This feeling of the reality and spirituality of life is helped by Chinese humanism, in fact, by the whole Chinese way of thinking and living. Chinese philosophy may be briefly defined as a preoccupation with the knowledge of life, rather than the knowledge of truth. Brushing aside all metaphysical speculations engendered in our intellect, the Chinese philosophers clutch at life itself and ask themselves the one and only eternal question: "How are we to live?" Philosophy in the Western sense seems to the Chinese eminently idle. In its preoccupation with logic, which concerns itself with the process of arrival at knowledge, and epistemology, which poses the question of the possibility of knowledge, it has forgotten to deal with the knowledge of life itself. That is like so much tomfoolery and a kind of frivolity, like wooing and courtship without coming to marriage and the producing of children, which is as bad as having red-coated regiments marching in

military parades without going to battle. The German philosophers are the most frivolous of all; they court Truth like ardent lovers, but seldom propose to marry her.

IV

The peculiar contribution of Taoism to the creation of the idle temperament lies in the recognition that there are no such things as luck and adversity. The great Taoist teaching is the emphasis on being over doing, character over achievement, and calm over action. But inner calm is possible only when man is not disturbed by the vicissitudes of fortune. The great Taoist philosopher Liehtse gave the famous parable of the Old Man on the Fort:

An Old Man was living with his son on an abandoned fort on the top of a hill, and one day he lost a horse. The neighbors came to express their sympathy for this misfortune, and the Old Man asked, "How do you know this is bad luck?" A few days afterward his horse returned with a number of wild horses, and his neighbors came again to congratulate him on this stroke of fortune, and the Old Man replied, "How do you know this is good luck?" With so many horses about, his son began to take to horse-riding, and one day he broke his leg. Again the neighbors came round to express their sympathy, and the Old Man replied, "How do you know this is bad luck?" The next year there was a war, and because the Old Man's son was crippled he did not have to go to the front.

Evidently this kind of philosophy enables a man to stand a few hard knocks in life in the belief that there are no such things as hard knocks, because they are like medals which always have a reverse side. The desire for success is killed in him by the shrewd hunch that the desire for success means very much the same thing as the fear of failure. The greater success a man has made the more he fears a climb down. The illusive rewards of fame are pitched against the tremendous advantages of obscurity. From the Taoist point of view, an educated man is one who believes he has not succeeded when he has, nor is he so sure he has failed when he fails, while the mark of the half-

educated man is his assumptions that his outward successes and distinctions are absolute and real.

Hence the distinction between Buddhism and Taoism is this: the goal of the Buddhist is that he shall not want anything, while the goal of the Taoist is that he shall not be wanted. Only he who is not wanted by the public can be carefree; only he who is carefree can be a happy human being. In this spirit Chuangtse, the greatest and most gifted among the Taoist philosophers, continually warns us against being too prominent, too useful, and too serviceable. Pigs are killed and offered on the sacrificial altar when they become too fat, and beautiful birds are the first to be shot by the hunter for their beautiful plumes. In this sense he spoke the parable of two men going to desecrate a tomb and robbing the corpse. They hammered the corpse's forehead, broke his cheek-bones and smashed his jaws all because the dead man was foolish enough to be buried with a pearl in his mouth.

The inevitable consequence of all this philosophizing is: Why not loaf?

V

To the Chinese, therefore, with the fine philosophy that "Nothing matters to a man who says nothing matters," Americans offer a strange contrast. Is life really worth all the bother of making our soul a slave to the body? The high spirituality of the philosophy of idleness and loafing forbids it. The most characteristic advertisement I saw was one by an engineering firm with the big words **NEARLY RIGHT IS NOT ENOUGH**. This desire for hundred-per-cent efficiency seems almost obscene. The trouble with Americans is that when a thing is nearly right they want to make it still better, while for a Chinese, nearly right is good enough.

The three great American vices seem to be efficiency, punctuality, and the desire for achievement and success. They are the things that make the Americans so unhappy and so nervous. They steal from them their inalienable right of

loafing and cheat them of many a good, idle, and beautiful afternoon. One must start out with a belief that there are no catastrophes in this world, and that besides the noble art of getting things done there is a nobler art of leaving things undone. Taken on the whole, if one answers letters promptly the result is about as good or as bad as if he had never answered them at all. After all, nothing happens, and while one may have missed a few good appointments, one may have also avoided a few unpleasant ones. Most of the letters are not worth answering if you keep them in your drawer for three months; reading them three months afterward, one might realize how utterly futile and what a waste of time it would have been to answer them all. Writing letters really can become a vice. It turns our writers into fine promotion salesmen and our college professors into good efficient business executives. In this sense I can understand Thoreau's contempt for the American who always goes to the post office.

We do not deny that efficiency gets things done, and very well too. I always rely on American water-taps rather than those made in China, because American water-taps do not leak. That is a consolation. Against the old contention, however, that we must all be useful, be efficient, become officials and have power, the old reply is that there are always enough fools left in the world who are willing to be useful, be busy, and enjoy power, and so somehow the business of life can and will be carried on. The only point is, who are the wise men—the loafers or the hustlers? Our quarrel with efficiency is not that it gets things done, but that it is a thief of time when it leaves us no leisure to enjoy ourselves, and that it frays our nerves in trying to get things done perfectly.

An American editor worries his hair gray to see that no typographical mistakes appear on the pages of his magazine. The Chinese editor is wiser than that. He wants to leave his readers the supreme satisfaction of discovering a few typo-

graphical mistakes for themselves. More than that, a Chinese magazine can begin printing serial fiction and forget about it halfway. In America this might bring the roof down on the editors, but in China *it doesn't matter, simply because it doesn't matter*. American engineers in building bridges calculate so finely and exactly as to make the two ends come together within one-tenth of an inch. But when the Chinese begin to dig a tunnel from both sides of the mountain, both come out on the other side. The Chinese firm conviction is that it doesn't matter so long as a tunnel is dug through, and if we have two instead of one, why, we have a double track to boot. Provided you are not in a hurry, two tunnels are as good as one, dug somehow, finished somehow, if the train can get through somehow.

The tempo of modern industrial life forbids this kind of glorious and magnificent idling. But worse than that, it imposes upon us a different conception of time as measured by the clock, and eventually turns the human being into a clock himself. This sort of thing is bound to come to China, as is evident, for instance, in a factory of twenty thousand workers. The luxurious prospect of twenty thousand workers coming in at their own sweet pleasure at all hours is of course somewhat terrifying. Nevertheless, this is what makes life so hard. A man who has to be punctually at a certain place at five o'clock has the whole afternoon from one to five ruined for him already. Every American adult is arranging his time on the pattern of the schoolboy—three o'clock for this, five o'clock for that, six-thirty for change of dress, six-fifty for entering the taxi, and seven o'clock for emerging into a hotel room. It just makes life not worth living.

And we have now come to such a sad state that we are booked up not only for the following day, or the following week, but even for the following month. An appointment three weeks ahead of time is a thing unknown in China. And when a Chinese receives an invitation card happily he never has to say whether he is going to be present or not. He can put

down on the invitation list "coming" if he accepts, or "thanks" if he declines, but in the majority of cases the invited party merely writes the word "know" which is a statement of fact that he knows of the invitation, and not a statement of intention. We have come to an even worse plight than that. An American or a European leaving Shanghai can tell me that he is going to attend a committee meeting in Paris on the 19th of April, 1938, at three o'clock, and that he will be arriving in Vienna on May 21st by the seven o'clock train. If an afternoon is to be condemned and executed must we announce its execution so early? Can a fellow not travel and be lord of himself, arriving when he likes and taking departure when he likes?

But above all, the American's inability to loaf comes directly from his desire for doing things and in his placing action above being. We should demand that there be character in our lives as we demand there be character in all great art worthy of the name. Unfortunately, character is not a thing which can be manufactured overnight. Like the quality of mellowness in wine, it is acquired by standing still and by the passage of time. The desire of American old men and women for action, trying in this way to gain their self-respect and the respect of the younger generation, is what makes them look so ridiculous to an Oriental. Too much action in an old man is like a broadcast of jazz music from a megaphone on top of an old cathedral. Is it not sufficient that the old people *are* something? Is it necessary that they must be forever *doing* something? The loss of the capacity for loafing is bad enough in men of middle age, but the same loss in old age is a crime committed against human nature.

Character is always associated with something old and takes time to grow, like the beautiful facial lines of a man in middle age, lines that are the steady imprint of the man's evolving character. It is somewhat difficult to see character in a type of life where every man is throwing

away his one-year-old car and trading it in for the new model. As are the things we make, so are we ourselves. In 1937 every man and woman looks 1937, and in 1938 every man and woman will look 1938. We love old cathedrals, old furniture, old silver, old dictionaries, and old prints, but we have entirely forgotten about the beauty of old men. I think an appreciation of that kind of beauty is essential to our life; for beauty, it seems to me, is what is old and mellow and well-smoked.

Sometimes a prophetic vision comes to me, a beautiful vision of a millennium when Manhattan goes slow, and when the American "go-getter" becomes an Oriental loafer. American gentlemen will be floating in skirts and slippers and ambling on the sidewalks of Broadway with their hands in their pockets, if not with both hands stuck in their sleeves in the Chinese fashion. Policemen will exchange a word of greeting with the slow driver at the crossroads, and the drivers themselves will stop and accost one another and inquire after their grandmothers' health in mid-traffic. Someone will be brushing his teeth outside his shop front, talking the while placidly with his neighbors, and once in a while, an absentminded scholar will sail by with a limp volume rolled up and tucked away in his sleeve.

Lunch counters will be abolished, and people will be lolling and lounging in soft, low armchairs in an Automat, while others will have learned the art of killing a whole afternoon in some café. A glass of orange juice will last half an hour, and people will learn to sip wine by slow mouthfuls, punctuated by delightful, chatty remarks, instead of swallowing it at a gulp. Registration in a hospital will be abolished, and "emergency wards" will be unknown. Fire engines will proceed at a snail's pace, their staff stopping on the way to gaze at and dispute over the number of passing wild ducks.

It is too bad that there is no hope that this kind of a millennium in Manhattan will ever be realized. There might be so many more perfect idle afternoons.



EYE-WITNESS IN MADRID

PART II. TERROR BY DAY AND NIGHT

BY GEOFFREY COX

Correspondent of The London News-Chronicle

BY THURSDAY, November 12th, we correspondents in Madrid could send with clear consciences the news that Franco's first attack on the city had failed.

Tactically, one great reason for this check was that the rebels had not enough men. They were hampered by the essential weakness of the whole Right Wing revolutionary movement—its lack of real support among the Spanish people. Numbers and courage had almost overwhelmed it in the early days. Since then it had depended for its striking force on outside aid. The Moors and the Legionaries had been brought over in early August, and the German and Italian pilots and tank-drivers, artillerymen and machine gunners had poured in steadily ever since. But while these forces had been strong enough to take Badajoz, Irun, Toledo, it was by no means sure that they would enable Franco to capture a city with more than a million inhabitants.

His advance from the southwest had been accomplished with a force of not more than 25,000 men. The real fighters of these were Moors and Legionaries, who did not number much more than 15,000 between them. He had a definite superiority in armaments, particularly in tanks, machine guns, bombers, anti-aircraft guns, and general military equipment like range-finders and entrenching tools. But it was clear that with this force he could capture Madrid only if the de-

fense crumpled up suddenly or if he could find an open enough route to the center of the city, so that his tanks and armored cars could protect his small forces.

For against him the Government had some 35,000 men in the militia and at least 75,000 armed men in Madrid who could be called on in a house-to-house struggle. There was the First Brigade of the International Column, numbering some 1,900 trained and determined men. Another 1,550 were to march in the next week.

Why did Franco not bring up more men? The truth was that he did not have them to bring up. His long line of communications from Toledo and Talavera northward was still sufficiently threatened to force him to keep locked up thousands of troops in the villages and towns along the route as garrison against counterattack. He had to face the threat of increased pressure from the Basques in the north, on Oviedo, and on the Aragon Front, and thousands of men had to be kept behind the lines to control the territory he had conquered. Had the people of Spain really been on his side he would have had plenty of troops.

In their first attack on Madrid the rebels appear to have counted on the Government's defense breaking up almost before it began. Franco appears to have believed that a series of violent blows, delivered before the Government had time to repair the damage done to morale and

organization during the retreat on Madrid, would bring about the rapid fall of the city.

But it did not fall like this. The people fought, and showed that they were prepared to fight further. Their position was much stronger in the city confines than it had been in the open field. They were fighting now on short internal lines of communication. They had the machinery of a great city to help them. Troops and supplies could be shifted even by tram if need be. Men could be fed in restaurants and cafés instead of in makeshift field-kitchens. Reserves could go home to sleep. Headquarters were near, and co-ordination easier. There was the natural cover of the buildings and streets of the city.

Time was on the Government's side. Within a week Madrid was beginning to look like a fortress.

If Franco could not crumple up the defense at once, what was he to do? The rebels could aim to cut the Valencia road and try to starve out the city. But they left it so that there should be a hole "for the Red rats to flee." It was Franco's greatest blunder. Instead of being used for flight, this link with the world was used to bring in more men, more munitions, more arms. The tide which flowed on it was not a rabble moving to Valencia, but an army to Madrid.

Franco's next plan appeared to be to attack farther through the University City and drive north, so as to cut the Escorial road. Moreover, it was not at all clear that direct attack on the city, even if held up on the south and west, would not succeed through the University City. The University buildings were open enough to enable tanks to be used. Once captured, they would serve as small fortresses behind which a force could be concentrated for a big push. It looked fully worth while to try the University City once again.

Above all there remained one weapon which had not been used in the first attacks on Madrid—the bombardment of the civilian population. This was not to be kept in reserve for long.

II

A cloud of dust and smoke filled the end of a little street off the Gran Via. In the old days it had housed a famous nightclub. A few people turned down to see what had happened. At the corner, militia guards were shouting. Smoke rose from a round jagged hole in the roof of a house. Inside, I could hear men hacking and pulling at wood-work.

Along the street came a car with an ambulance man clinging to the side. "Out of the way," he shouted. "Out of the way."

Suddenly from inside the house a woman's shriek rose above the clamor. It mingled with another scream overhead. With a tearing crash, as if a railway engine had come full tilt through the air, a shell hit a building fifty yards up the street. There was more smoke and more shouting.

Crouching beside me was an old man in corduroys. His lips moved. "The swine," he kept muttering. "The swine." The militia guard told him to go into a building for shelter. He shuffled away, his lips still moving.

Out in the Gran Via people were hurrying across the road as if a bitterly cold wind had suddenly sprung up. Almost overhead there came another terrifying whine and a crash. Debris was falling from a roof. People rushed past me into a café. The roadway cleared, except for two cars and a donkey cart piled high with household things. Beside it ran a terrified old peasant shouting and cracking his whip.

I ran across the road toward the Telephone Building. I had just got into the hall when there was an explosion outside. One of the guards at the door spun round and fell on his face. Blood began to ooze through his uniform. A piece of shrapnel had gone through his shoulder.

For half an hour we sat in the cellar of the Telephone Building. Every now and then there would be a crash in the distance, and we could feel the building quiver. Round us sat masses of refugees

from villages and bombarded parts of Madrid. Food was being issued to them from a canteen. Mothers with wide apprehensive eyes sat on boxes feeding their babies. In one corner an old woman wept bitterly, her face in her hands. But the children played completely unconcerned, talking to one another, going about making friends. Most of them took shelling and bombing in this way. Perhaps it was too far from their wildest imaginings to stir fear in them.

When we went upstairs we found that one shell had burst just outside the windows of the journalists' room, spraying it with shrapnel. The cap of it lay on a bed in the telephone-girls' dormitory. The girl who slept there had gone on duty five minutes earlier. On the sixth floor a three-inch shell had broken a neat hole in the brickwork and blown a room to pieces. No one was hurt, but our faith in the inviolability of the Telefonica was gone for good.

After the shells, the planes. As we sat at our typewriters, writing our stories of the bombardment, we heard the sound of motors overhead. It was another attack with incendiary bombs. The Carmen Market, a small Covent Garden tucked in at the back of the Puerta del Sol, was set ablaze. The flames spread madly through the wooden stalls and canvas roofs. The red glare lighted up the whole of the center of Madrid.

In the west another great fire was raging. The elaborate Palace de Liria, home of the Duke of Berwick and Alba, descendant of the Stuarts, friend of George V, one of the most prominent aristocrats in Spain and one of Franco's representatives in London, had been hit by an incendiary bomb.

After July the palace had been preserved by the Communist Party as a museum of the present, so that the people could see how the aristocracy had lived. Its art treasures were second only to those of the Prado. But it was not them which people crowded to see. The most popular exhibits were the Duke's Savile Row suits, laid out, each with its appropriate

shirt and shoes and headgear, and the Duchess's hand-painted gold bathroom.

The Duke of Alba wrote later to the Press in Britain protesting against the way his art treasures had been mishandled and destroyed by the Government. The tone of his letter was, to say the least, surprising. The palace was hit by a bomb dropped from the airplanes of the side which the Duke of Alba was serving. Militiamen worked in the darkness and rain, with stray shells dropping round them and without adequate fire-fighting equipment, to save what they could from the ruins. True, they were not art experts. The first objects they saved and placed with care on the lawn were a large stuffed polar bear and some figures in armor. But one does not expect people, many of whom are still illiterate, to have a knowledge of art values. And valuable canvases stayed throughout the night stacked on the damp grass. But the militia did everything possible to save the Duke's treasures from the bombs of his own side.

The Duke of Alba's palace was the most spectacular fire of that evening; but it was only one of a hundred. When darkness fell Madrid was ringed with flames. Its doom seemed nearer at hand than at any time since that black Friday only ten days before.

And still we had not seen the last of the Junkers for the night.

III

Nine o'clock. In the dimly lit foreign-telephoning rooms of the Telefonica correspondents were dictating their messages to shorthand writers hundreds of miles away. By each man sat a censor, wearing headphones, and with one hand ready to cut off the call should the speaker change or add anything material to the type-written script from which he was reading.

"... fires burning on all sides full point new paragraph as I write." . . .

"... *le palais du Duc d'Alba*. . . . Aristide, Leon, Bertrand, Aristide . . . *oui, oui, c'est ça.*"

In a corner the assistant censors talked in low tones. Two lay on their beds asleep. It was a scene typical of any night since the civil war began.

Suddenly outside in the Gran Via there was a terrifying roar. The building rocked like a ship which has been struck by a heavy wave. Then another explosion, and another.

"Put out the lights," someone shouted. Overhead we could hear the drone of planes.

"The building's been hit," another voice yelled. "Out in the corridor."

"My God, look at the window—the whole Gran Via's on fire."

Outside the window the buildings in the Gran Via danced in a mad, greenish haze as if huge floodlights had been suddenly turned on them.

From the switchboard room next door came shriek upon shriek. A girl, ear-phones still on her head, rushed into the corridor, and flung herself into the arms of the matron. After her rushed another girl. Two more began to shriek. American officials suddenly appeared, torches in hand, urging, "*Calmo, calmo.*"

Roar, roar, roar. Three more bombs had struck right beside the building. Again it lurched, as if it had been almost uprooted. Then other explosions, farther in the distance.

There was an acrid smell of smoke.

"Out on the stairway. The roof's on fire."

Guards with electric torches were undoing the hoses.

"Turn on the water."

"There isn't any. It's off at the main."

Again there came the roar of the bombs. All the way up the staircase came the sound of sobbing. One telephone girl near me was weeping unrestrainedly. Outside the windows flames flickered.

Pressing up through the crowd came a journalist whose name is known to millions. His face was smudged with black where he had dropped to the ground. He had been in the street when the first bombs fell.

"What a story!" he said. "What a story!"

A hissing sound in the dark. The water had come on. Then the lights. "It's all right. The building's not hit—just a small incendiary bomb on the roof. They've got the fire practically out already."

The girls trooped back to their switchboards. We rushed to find the censor. The first big air raid on a European capital at night since the Great War had taken place.

Outside in the Gran Via the flares had died away. They were calcium lights dropped by the bombers to light up their targets. But the flames from the fires all around lit up the scene. Half way along the road a car was blazing. Dark figures of wounded were being picked off the pavement and hurried into cars. Beside the radio station a great gaping hole had been blown. Nearby men were throwing earth on flames licking at a pile of broken beams. Dolls from the broken window of a one-price store lay tumbled on the pavement.

Up the Calle Montera from the Puerta del Sol people were streaming, their arms filled with bedclothes, books, perhaps a canary in a cage, a bucket of precious coal—anything they had been able to snatch from their burning homes. Ghostly figures against the flames were trying to beat out fires with shovels, mats, some even with their hands. From the doorways where people crouched came the sound of sobbing. In the Puerta del Sol gaped two holes, twenty feet across, in which lay a tangled mass of paving stones, piping, twisted iron, broken balustrades from the underground entrance, and plaster from ruined walls. A bus-stop sign leaned over, touching a tram rail blown five yards from the tramway. Two trams with windows smashed lay on their sides.

IV

The next morning the shattered streets were more crowded than ever. People appeared to have come from all over Mad-

rid to see the damage. They strolled along the pavements, past the fast-growing heaps of rubbish and broken beams and old plaster before each smashed building, oblivious to the fact that another raid might come any minute. They pointed out to each other the big craters. The shell-hole in the wall of the Telefonica came in for special attention. They had to be kept back by ropes from walls which were in danger of collapsing. They chatted with the refugees who still lined the streets and doorways and stood watching gangs working to save people buried in the wreckage. Children poked in the rubbish, searching for things of value.

There was no panic over this attack, rather a dazed incomprehension—as if the people could not realize how such horror could come in one night—mingled with an almost childish curiosity. After all, an air raid on Piccadilly would draw a big crowd of sightseers the next day.

As the raids continued, the nerves of the people were undoubtedly strained. The physical and nervous tension of the bombardments was, to say the least of it, tiring. It was easy enough to say that the only way was to take the attacks philosophically and trust that nothing would hit you, but it required effort to do so. But from the point of view of breaking the resistance of the city, the raids had failed. The civilian morale was taut but not broken.

Why was this? Franco had not of course attacked the city with all the violence he could muster. There were no raids when the sky was dark with planes, no attacks by hundreds of bombers such as we may expect in the next war in London. At this writing, the greatest number of bombing planes which have been sent over Madrid at one time is, I believe, thirty-two. These raids were carried out by squadrons of five or eleven or thirteen. Franco was, after all, trying to capture a city he wished to make his own capital, not merely strike at the heart of an enemy. There were still thousands of his supporters living there. And, very

importantly, his backers owned the property which would be destroyed.

It was, moreover, no easy task to break the morale of the people of Madrid at this point. For what does the phrase "breaking morale" mean in practice? A rising by the civilians against the Government? A "strike" by troops at the front because of the sufferings of their womenfolk and children at home? But Franco's own actions had made either of these very improbable. For the civilians as well as the militia knew that if the bombers were bought off by a promise of surrender there would be greater slaughter from the firing-squads when the rebels controlled the city. Almost everyone in Madrid had by now someone—a husband, a brother, a friend, a fiancé—serving the Government in one capacity or another, and likely to be done to death if Franco ever took possession of Madrid.

Moreover, the working classes of Madrid had tasted since July a fuller, richer life than they had ever known before. Side by side with the civil war had gone a degree at least of Left Wing revolution. And the masses felt that all they had gained was now at stake. They had been the people who for the past four months had ridden in the motor cars, sat in the best cafés, walked the best streets feeling they were their own. They had tasted self-expression, self-respect, power. And they were not going to be easily forced back to subservience.

There is a big difference, I believe, between the effect of terrorism on people fighting in a national war and in a civil war. Air raids in a struggle between countries may rouse the people to overthrow their Government and sue for peace, because at bottom many of them feel that they are not really fighting their own fight, but their employers'. But in a civil war they may only intensify the bitterness of the struggle.

Not only had the air bombardments failed; the rebel attack in the University City had been thwarted. Instead of breaking their way through to the wide north-eastern streets, Franco's troops

found themselves held around the University buildings, where an extraordinary type of warfare went on.

These big brick buildings, which were the ex-King Alfonso's last project for Spain—a project carried on by the Republic—were spread over a wide, treeless slope in the approved fashion of an American campus. The solidly built blocks forming the separate schools and residential hostels for the students stood apart from one another, making excellent natural fortresses. The Casa de Velazquez, standing on the point from which the famous painter had sketched views of the Guadarramas to form backgrounds to some of his most famous pictures, and intended as a residential home for French students; the School of Agriculture; the cancer research department; the great, unfinished block of the Clinical Hospital, and many others became the scenes of bitter fighting.

The first parties of Moors who had crossed the Manzanares secured a footing in the buildings nearest the river. After this began a series of attacks and counter-attacks. The Government would shell a building till the enemy troops were thought to have moved out. Then they would occupy it. Very often there was fighting from floor to floor. Sometimes the Government forces would be in one wing and the rebels in another. In the Casa de Velazquez they fought from room to room. Four members of the International Column, throwing open the door of one room, found in it two Moors. The Moors met them with hand grenades. Two of the International Column troops were killed outright. The other two replied with hand grenades and killed the Moors.

Some of the stories of this fighting are as fantastic as only war incidents can be. A Government soldier put a hand grenade in the service lift, pulled out the pin of the grenade, and pulled the lift rapidly up to the top floor, which was full of Moors. In the research laboratories of the medical school the Moors found a number of monkeys, guinea-pigs, and

other animals kept for experimental purposes. Being cut off from their food supplies, they killed and ate these animals. Within a few hours several of them were down with typhoid. The animals had been heavily inoculated with typhoid germs.

Sieges of the different buildings were always in progress. The rebels set up the machine-gun positions in the Clinical Hospital, but food could be got to their men only from planes. Sacks of provisions used to be brought over and dropped in the courtyard of the building. If they missed, the planes would drop some bombs along the Government lines to check their fire while the rebels ran out and retrieved the bundles. Once a ham dropped on a man in the Government lines, breaking his shoulder.

It was not, however, the vivid incidents which were typical of this struggle. The true note was the bitter incessant fighting which went on from day to day—companies of men lying in shallow trenches and behind their barricades while their artillery battered yet another University building; charging through machine-gun and rifle fire toward it; hurling their hand grenades through windows; occupying a wing into which the enemy immediately began to crash shells; enduring siege, attack, counter-attacking; having their comrades die beside them; one or two even screaming and writhing with shell shock; firing sometimes hundreds of rounds of ammunition from Lewis guns and rifles in a day; going two, three days on scraps of food because they were cut off in isolated buildings.

Throughout the week of the heavy air raids on the heart of Madrid this struggle to the death went on in the University City. So it was to continue, not only for days, but for weeks and months. The rebels' second onslaught on Madrid could not yet be said to have been defeated. But it had been checked. They had thrust a salient into Madrid, but there they were held, while steadily they were, as one loyal officer said, "bleeding themselves to death."

V

The little blonde leaning against the bar was drunk. She had had enough yellow beer to make her dangerously loquacious.

"Yes," she said, swaying and holding up an empty glass. "Three times they took me out and put me up against a wall and said: 'We're going to shoot you if you don't confess.' Three times. In the early morning. But they'll get it yet. Wait till my friends get in. Wait till . . ."

She swayed off through the crowded, smoke-hazed bar, buttoning the fur collar of her coat round her neck. Her escort, a tall young militiaman, was telling her to be quiet.

At the door stood a little plump man in a beret. He stepped forward.

"Excuse me," he said, turning back the lapel of his coat and showing a police badge in the best movie manner. "You are under arrest."

The blonde froze into sobriety. In the darkness of the street outside two guards with rifles were waiting. She pulled herself together, and said to the little man, "All right. I'm coming."

She was not Spanish, but French. The next day we heard she had been expelled from Spain. It was better to go over the frontier if one wanted to make remarks about one's friends "getting in." There were many little men in berets about in Madrid listening for just that sort of thing.

Madrid was very wary about spies. There were hundreds in the city, getting information for Franco, organized and disorganized. There were thousands of Franco's supporters in Madrid. At least 50,000 people were said to be in hiding there. And his spying service was well organized. Secret radio, couriers, men who slipped across the lines in darkness, saw to it that many of the Government's closest secrets were revealed to the rebels. A lurid poster in modernist style showing a man with greenish face cupping his ear with one hand and a girl with fingers to

lip in a warning "Shh!" backed by a command, "Comrade, not a word to brothers or friends or sweethearts!" was plastered over the walls of Madrid.

Matters had improved since the start of the war, when every Ministry was packed with rebel supporters; but still the rebels continued to have uncannily accurate information of Government movements.

The foreign Press they left very free—or they watched us so closely we were unaware of it. Sometimes at night a little man in a beret would bob up suddenly beside one in the street outside the Embassy to demand one's pass. There were two others—one very short and cheerful, one very tall and lugubrious in appearance, whom we got to know well by sight. But though one correspondent was said to be shadowed because of Rightist sympathies, none of us ever saw the shadow.

The Government had to take every precaution. Our passes were examined with minute thoroughness every time we went near the front. At night, walking home through the black deserted streets, we took care to let our feet ring on the paving-stones, so that we would not suddenly come round a corner and startle a guard into opening fire. We learned to keep our ears open for the command: "*Halto!*" and to walk toward the challenger with our hands ostentatiously out of our pockets so that there would be no suspicion that they held a gun. It also paid to move one's hand gradually toward one's pocket when one drew out one's pass. A quick movement looked too much like a quick draw.

Ignorance of these very elementary rules of life in an attacked city nearly cost me dear on my first day in Madrid. I had gone up towards the front, which was then in the open near Getafe, with a German photographer. We were in the village of Valdemoro when three Junker bombers came over. Since Valdemoro was packed with Government troops it seemed the sensible thing to get out on the field on its edge. So we climbed on

to a little hillock, where we stood watching the bombers maneuvering about a mile away, toward Getafe.

Below us, under the trees at the edge of the village, were lines of troops. I noticed a number of these moving up past a farmhouse in our direction.

Suddenly there was a shout to the side, and we turned to find ourselves surrounded by about twenty men, many of them with their rifles pointed at us. We put up our hands, and I shouted: "*Ingles, Ingles!*"

They stopped. One of them kept shouting. Then another put his rifle to his shoulder and very deliberately took aim at me. For the moment I thought that perhaps they did not understand my putting up my hands as a gesture of surrender. So I put my hand toward my pocket to draw out my handkerchief.

Immediately I heard a shot behind me. Whether it was at me I shall never know. Anyway it missed. I drew out my handkerchief and waved it. The men rushed toward us, and my companion broke into an explanation in Spanish. A little man with a beard thrust a revolver in my ribs and searched me for arms. He pulled out my pocket-book. I presented my passes. He could not read, but another man read them out. Then they started off down the hill, leading us toward the village with guns still in our stomachs.

They had thought we were spies. Who else would be standing in civilian clothes on a hilltop during an air raid, but someone signaling to the planes? So they had sent out a patrol to arrest us and they interpreted my reaching for my handkerchief as stretching for a gun.

But it was not finished yet. A second wave of men came on the scene from over the hill. They were not at all satisfied that we were not spies. The planes were coming over the village again. Obviously we had signaled to them. Better finish us off on the spot because they would have to take cover. We had probably given their position away to the enemy and scores of men would be killed by the bombs.

Our luck held. The bombers passed overhead without dropping a bomb within a mile of the village. We were taken to the Commander. He roared with laughter and offered us a drink of beer. We laughed too. After all, this was war and one couldn't walk anywhere at any time. The little man with the beard joined us. We parted amidst a hail of "*Saluds.*" But I never went near a hilltop during another air raid.

The only man in Madrid who cheerfully disregarded all regulations was H. V. Drees, a London photographer whose interest in "good pictures" made him oblivious to passes and challenges. He carried a big camera slung on his back, in a city where cameras were always suspect. He wore a pale-gray suit with a double-breasted waistcoat, a brown leather overcoat, and a hat perched on the back of his head, in places where proletarian dress was the rule. He was sometimes stopped and questioned three or four times a morning on the fifteen-minute walk from the Embassy to the Gran Via. He spoke no Spanish. For ten days he had no passes. Yet by some extraordinary gift—I suppose that is what makes a good press photographer—he got away with it. The night of the main air raid was his greatest triumph. Badly shaken up by the bombing—he had been literally knocked across a narrow street by the concussion—he went to sleep on a bed in the Telefonica, suddenly woke up, seized his camera, and went up to the tenth floor to photograph the blazing city. He was arrested there by a guard. A Spanish-speaking journalist who heard this went to the head of the guards of the building to explain. He found Drees not only no longer arrested, but standing on the thirteenth floor surrounded by admiring guards, who watched him photographing the whole scene and posed proudly for their own photographs.

His favorite story was of how, when he was on the rebel side, the artillery officer had fired off a battery of six guns, so that he could photograph them in action.

"And any one of those shells might have fallen on you fellows here," he used to chuckle. "Now wouldn't that have been just too bad!"

He was an example of the thoroughness of Italian Fascism—and of the minuteness of their "co-operation" on Franco's side. After working for a fortnight with the rebels he was told he must leave at once. The reason, he discovered, was that his name was on the black list, because his were the photographs from Abyssinia of gassed natives which had clinched the case against Italy before the International Red Cross at Geneva!

VI

The old lady cut a crust of bread off the loaf lying on the cloth beside her and dipped it in the gravy in her plate. Then she filled her wineglass—I noted its delicate stem—from a tall black wine bottle, and offered it to the leggy, long-haired girl by her side.

Not an unusual scene for lunchtime on Sunday. Its counterpart was probably occurring at a million tables elsewhere in Europe. But this cloth was spread on the edge of the crowded pavement, outside the Telefonica, in the Piccadilly of Madrid. The old lady and the girl were squatting in the gutter, oblivious of the cars which rushed past a few feet away. The meal had come from a mottled brown saucepan which lay, still with traces of stew in its bottom, beside them on the curb.

They were refugees, peasants by the look of them. Probably they slept at night in one of the crowded underground stations, where the air stank of hundreds of bodies. So with true peasant adaptability they had come here for their midday meal. The stew was fetched from a municipal or trade-union kitchen.

There were thousands of scenes like this in the gray battered Madrid of late November. Much of the air-raid damage had been patched up. The shop fronts on the Gran Via were all boarded, to replace their smashed windows, or shuttered, or

had their plate-glass windows barred with crisscross strips of paper to keep them from smashing in air raids. The pavements were crowded with strollers morning and afternoon. There was little else for those with leisure to do.

Food had begun to get seriously short. There were long queues for every type of it and even for tobacco. Women risked the curfew regulations, which ceased at six in the morning, to steal out early and get a good place in the queues. Those who were not served one day were given places at the head of the queue the next. There was practically no meat, very little fish, and beans and chick-peas, forming a large part of the staple diet of Spain, were short. There was plenty of bread; oranges, cauliflowers, cabbages, and eggs could be got on the market. Potatoes, at one time rarities, at another became almost plentiful. Prices were strictly controlled in the shops, but hawkers with barrows were always being accused of profiteering.

As the weeks went on the food situation became definitely worse. With refugees and troops, the population of Madrid had grown from less than a million to 1,300,000, and all required feeding. It became one of the most serious aspects of the defense. At first the people and the municipality had reserves they could call upon. When these ran out, though no one starved, many were underfed. The drawn look of hunger began to appear on the faces of the people in the streets. The queues grew longer.

Yet the life of the city went on with a surprising degree of normality. People went to work on trams over which stray shells whined, passing through streets where here and there a house was torn and shattered. At night, boys cried the names of evening papers in the pitch-dark street. You had to feel in the dark the change they gave you; you could not see to count it. One journalist injured his nose by walking into a black car parked on the pavement outside the swing doors of the Gran Via Hotel.

The trams ran—it was a Madrid joke

that a tram was safer than the tube, because the worst they could do was to take you to the front line, while in the tube you might come up on the other side. The newspapers appeared—one sheet for each of the morning dailies except for the picture papers, which seemed well supplied with art paper. Children still spun their tops in squares where women sat and gossiped. You would pass them, and a moment later there would be a whine overhead and the crash of a shell; smoke and dust would rise up from a house wall. The ambulances would dash up; perhaps a man and his wife, sitting at table when the shell crashed, would be taken to the hospital badly wounded. The children would stop their playing to watch the confusion; the gossiping women would hurry forward to help. Twenty minutes later the scene would be as usual.

Yet the threat of danger was never really absent. As you walked down the road you found yourself automatically keeping to the leeward side, where the buildings would shelter you from the shells which came always from the south or the west. You hurried past places like the War Ministry, which were obvious targets. You were grateful when dusk came because then the shelling usually ceased. A sunny day meant one thing primarily—air raids. A wet day—a relief from bombs if not from shells.

You developed unconsciously an air-raid sense. A group of people pointing upward, a man running across a road, made you hesitate immediately. Was this another raid? A motorcycle would chug-chug down the street outside. For a moment there would be silence. Was it an airplane engine? A heavy door banged upstairs. Was that a bomb? Our hearing must have become needle-sharp in those days.

People slept at night in their cellars. They went to bed early because it was cold and there was so little fuel. Besides, there was no night life. The bars in the center of Madrid closed at eight. There were only two cinemas open, showing propaganda films, and they were al-

ways packed; they did not, however, give night performances. All the theaters were shut. There was none of the wild, behind-the-lines atmosphere one might have expected. There were few prostitutes, though those there were had little time on their hands. Their veiled advertisements had disappeared from all but one newspaper.

There was still "The Miami Bar," once one of the most fashionable bars in Madrid. The air was thick with tobacco smoke; the huge square armchairs were beginning to show grime from uniforms and rough clothes; the wall-painting behind the bar, with its languid men and women surfing in a blue sea and a white yacht scudding toward the roof, was a reminder of another world. Sometimes the beer ran out, and when there was music the records were old—"Night and Day" and "You Are My Lucky Star."

Other places like this scattered in the center of Madrid, and the smaller bars with the chairs stacked round the walls, were packed with uniformed throngs.

But there was little drunkenness—I do not remember ever seeing any really drunk Madrileño—and by eight o'clock the city was shuttered down and dark and dead.

The front line was only twenty minutes' walk from the Gran Via. As you came nearer to it in, for instance, the direction of the Model Prison, there was little enough to indicate that you were anywhere near a war. You walked along streets where refugees streamed, carrying bundles. The barricades became more numerous. You realized that the buildings you were passing were deserted; the shellholes in the walls and roofs became more frequent. A strange depressing sense of desolation seemed to hang in the air.

Suddenly a guard would step out from a doorway. "*Salud, compañero.*" Your fist went up in salute. You produced your pass entitling you to visit the fronts, stamped with the blue seal of the Junta. In a little bar nearby militiamen were talking and drinking.

"You'll have to make a dash for it across that next square," the guard would say. "They've got a machine gun trained on that bit."

The square had been plowed up with bomb craters, with the leaves knocked from the trees by bullets and the telegraph wires cut and trailing. Suddenly the realization that that ping-ping was bullets. A dash for a barricade. Behind it a section of militia, with blankets round them like cloaks, peering through loopholes at the other barricade ahead, from which a machine gun kept up an intermittent fire. It was a quiet day. You thanked your stars for it. In a trench below the barricade a militiaman was asleep.

You looked through the loopholes. The enemy line was a building right ahead, a piled embankment in the park; not a sign of a living thing there. Another building. Bullets were streaming overhead, burying themselves in the sandbags. You were glad to duck and run out of it. The city seemed remote, a world away, when you got back.

VII

In the early days of December Madrid disappeared suddenly from the front pages of the world. The fighting was settling down to trench warfare, which had little general interest. But this was not the main reason. The greatest news story since the War had broken. The King of England wanted to marry Mrs. Wallis Simpson of Baltimore.

On December 10th I was instructed to leave Madrid. As I walked down the Gran Via to get my passes at the War Ministry my mind was a mixture of pleasure and regret. It would be good to get away from this cold and poor food, above all, from the constant strain of these shells and night challenges and air raids. By the end of the day they produced a sense of continual weariness, like the strain of driving a car all day at high speed in dangerous traffic. Yet, now that I came to go I felt unwilling to leave this

atmosphere. To a slight degree I could understand why Siegfried Sassoon's hero in *Sherston's Progress*, after making a struggle for pacifism, goes back to the front line. We, the journalists in Madrid, were not in the front line, but we were near enough to get something of its atmosphere. It was stimulating as well as tiring. We did not share in this feeling to the same degree as these people fighting for their lives, but we tasted it, and I, for one, found it good.

The convoy of Scottish ambulances with which I left Madrid for Alicante slipped out of the city under the stars before dawn the next morning. Our headlights were bars of yellow in the mist on the Valencia road, through which rumbled an occasional food lorry to Madrid. How little Madridward traffic there was on this road! Was it lack of lorries or petrol or just sheer inefficiency which was wasting these hours at which one would expect every inch of the road to be covered with convoys speeding toward the hungry capital?

From dugouts by the roadside sleeping troops stirred to watch us go by. On through the brilliant sun of early morning, across plains as bare and brown as a desert, through bouldered, fantastic valleys. At Tarrancon, the anarchist guards who had halted a Cabinet let these ambulances go through with a salute. To be in a Scottish ambulance was the best of all passes in Governmental Spain. On past hillsides where in the afternoon sun men trained beside batteries of brand-new olive-green field-guns; through a little town where there were more guns on the outskirts.

Alicante at last, oriental in the darkness, with white buildings and palms and lights shining on the still waters of the harbor whose cranes still clanked, unloading material for Madrid. Chicken for dinner and milk in our coffee. It was a world away from Madrid.

The next morning I was at the Alicante airport, leaving for Toulouse by an Air France plane.

But I was to have one last adventure.

Our plane had been in the air only a few minutes when the radio operator flung open the door of his little cabin and peered out of one of the rear windows of the plane. Then he hurried back to the pilot. I looked down.

Away below, above the roofs of the town, was a fighting plane, its snub nose turned straight for our side. At the speed we were traveling it appeared poised, like a fish in a tank of clear water. In fact, it was climbing as fast as it could toward us. I could see the red markings on its wings. It was mounting up, up. It was the ugliest sight I have ever seen.

Then, far above and ahead of us, I noticed two other fighters, mere specks against the clouds. I looked at the floor. What protection was there against bullets coming through the floor? None that I could see. I looked at the three other people in the plane. They too were all staring fixedly at the dragon-fly-like machine mounting toward us.

Then the ground below us began to swing. It was no longer the flat roofs of the town, but fields, hillside, a village. We had turned, it seemed, almost in our own length. We were heading inland, coming down fast. The ground seemed very close. Were we going to make a forced landing? It did not look very hopeful. The country was rocky, and broken by small valleys and ridges.

Suddenly the hangars of the aerodrome came in view. We circled round just

above them. Out of one window I caught a glimpse of the planes. All three were close behind us now, circling too, right above us. Would they dive from there?

We circled on, round and round. A little crowd had gathered outside the hangars watching us. They pointed up and turned to one another, talking excitedly. Through the roar of the engine I listened for the rat-tat-a-tat of machine guns which I had heard so often in those air battles over Madrid. It did not come. For five minutes we kept up our circling. Then I saw the chasers moving southward, apparently satisfied. We turned seaward and climbed fast for a bank of clouds.

Whether any more chasers came to inspect us on the trip to Barcelona I do not know. I took refuge from alarms in the only way I could. I went to sleep.

Barcelona, with its factory chimneys smoking and the Mediterranean still and gray; the snow-topped battalions of the Pyrenees; the square green fields of France; Toulouse at last. . . .

In the darkness of the landing-field a young Frenchman came up to me.

"You come from Spain?"

"From Madrid."

"I too am going there, to-morrow, as a machine-gunner."

His eyes were alight with eagerness.

"*Bonne chance—et salud.*"

"*Salud.*" He raised a clenched fist in the darkness.

I went on to the waiting Air France bus.



SPEAKING OF CATS AND DOGS

BY GRACE FLANDRAU

THE new kitten, with more aplomb than is usual even for a cat, made itself promptly at home. It sat down just inside the library door, opened its eyes very wide and gazed about in a way that was at once observant and casual, until in the middle of this stock-taking it irrelevantly began to wash its face. This process too it interrupted to rise and stalk about, very light and fastidious on its extreme toe points, sniffing at chairs and table legs, until a sudden attack of playfulness caused it to bound sideways down the room, back arched, tail in air, an expression of wild and willful silliness on its small face.

Clearly it had no suspicion that to every person in the family but myself its presence was excessively unwelcome. "Although, they do say never to marry a woman who doesn't like cats," my husband remarked gloomily, trying to take what comfort he could from the unwelcome situation.

I was not surprised. I have often noticed that for every ten people who love dogs to distraction (and if you like them at all you love them to distraction) there are not half as many who can tolerate cats, and usually several who can't even do that.

Chief among the reasons for this I suppose, is that cats are less flattering to our vanity. They don't follow us with adoring glances or offer obsequious devotion; nor will they under any circumstances do what they are told, do anything, indeed, except what happens to please them at that moment to do. And

people seem to be so constituted that they like flattery and adoration, and enjoy being obeyed. Cat-haters themselves usually make the somewhat inadequate explanation that cats give them the "creeps." They seem to find in them an uncanny, slightly demoniac something I can't account for unless it be that cats move so lightly and so silently. You think they are in one place, and lo, they are somewhere else. You walk out of a room where a cat is sound asleep on the sofa and when you get to the other end of the house, there is the cat lying dreamily on his side at your feet. You never hear or see how he gets where he is—there is indeed a word for it, pussyfooting, and it seems to be something people do not like.

But to me this silence in a far too noisy world is one of their great virtues, and they have many. They are self-sufficient, they don't have to be amused, taken for walks and automobile rides, but prefer their own company and their own thoughts—if, indeed, that dreaming wide-eyed trance in which they spend so much of their time can be called thinking. Then too, they are so satisfactory to look at, their movements at play offer more in the way of exquisite grace, expressiveness, subtlety, humor, dramatic fire than the best ballet in the world. And don't forget that they purr, and I don't know any response so cheering as that instant cozy rumbling inside a cat. And beyond all this, they have a further and supreme quality.

But for the moment let us return to the new kitten. It had just been presented to

me by the barmaid in a beer place known, most inappropriately, as the Gayety. Here, along with a half dozen brothers and sisters, it had managed, as cats do, to get itself born. It was a very small kitten, with white and yellow fur that was neither quite short nor really long, but merely suggested that among a host of exceedingly undistinguished ancestors was perhaps one aristocratic Persian who had stepped out incognito for an evening's slumming. But if color and coat left something to be desired, the face was entirely satisfactory. It was just the kind of face a kitten ought to have—very sweet, innocent, gay, and bright-eyed like the pretty-kittens you see with ribbons tied round their necks on picture cards and colored calendars.

It was, moreover, an extremely sensible cat. Although it had just been snatched away from home and mother—an unattractive home, I admit, and an even more unattractive mother, lean and hard-eyed, whose dirty white fur, worn thin in spots, spoke of much loose living in an environment of back alleys and garbage pails, but mother, nevertheless—and although it had just experienced motor transportation for the first time in its life, it was entirely unruffled. In the car it had folded itself up at once and gone soundly to sleep. No yowling or scratching or un-called-for display of nerves.

II

But the real ordeal, or so it was supposed, awaited it now, awaited it in the person of Cucaracha, an imperious and pampered pet who had been until then sole heir, or rather heiress to all the saucers of milk, soup meat, chop bones, caresses, and hearth rugs, and who, there was no reason at all to suppose, would take kindly to the idea of sharing anything that was hers.

Cucaracha is a foundling Mexican street dog and hers is the perfect Cinderella story. If you know anything at all about our enchanting sister republic of Mexico, you know there is at least one,

smallish perhaps but, nevertheless, very black mark indeed against her. And that is the condition there of dogs. I am sure there are few countries in the world where so many dogs live lives of such prolonged and ghastly misery. It is not that they are actively mistreated. On the contrary. It is merely that so many people who have no right to keep any keep so many dogs, and that it never occurs to any of them that dogs, like other domestic animals, have got to be fed.

It is not enough to say that some of these people have very little to eat themselves. Nothing compels them to keep all the puppies that are born in their patios and grow up into these desperate famished creatures whose skeleton bodies and haunted eyes become one of those sad memories one would give so much to be without. There is nothing that I can think of to prevent these people from quickly and mercifully drowning most of them.

I wish I could forget certain sights I saw in the beautiful little town of Taxco where Cucaracha's success story began. I wish I could forget the hordes of half-dead, scurried mongrels who dragged themselves on their poor rachitic legs round the outskirts of the markets, along the dusty cobbled streets, forever searching for some miserable scrap of edible refuse, until they sink down for the last time under the watchful ferocious eyes of the vultures already gathered in the nearby trees.

I wish I could forget a mother dog I saw one day. I had been riding outside the town and took shelter from a storm under the veranda of an Indian hut. The usual horde of dogs, hideously gaunt and covered with sores, lay stretched everywhere in the dirt. And when I sat down this mother dog came from inside the hut, followed by her puppies. She was a large brindle cur with immense loving gentle eyes and her flanks literally met under her skeleton ribs. She tottered toward me when I spoke to her and, too weak to stand alone, too far in starvation even to be hungry, she leaned against me

while the puppies pulled ravenously at her empty teats. I asked the householder if he would sell her to me, and he declared she was a fine dog and he would not. I gave him money which he casually pocketed, but laughed loud and derisively when I suggested he spend a little of it to buy food for his fine dog.

This is a characteristic picture; but any person who suggested that the hordes of starving curs which roam the Mexican streets and fill the nights with prolonged and nerve-destroying howls and yapping should be put out of their misery would probably start another revolution.

Anyhow, in this town and undoubtedly to this fate Cucaracha was born. We saw her first while she was still a puppy. She is a short-haired, medium-sized dog, yellow in color, with a tail long and strong as a kangaroo's curved up gallantly over her back. And if so far the picture doesn't please your doubtless severe and high-class taste in dogs, let me add that she has the most exquisitely delicate, sensitive, beautiful, and also humorous face you ever saw on any dog.

She was running, or rather prancing, about the plaza. She was thin of course, but not yet a skeleton, and a long feather was sticking out of her mouth—caught in some scrap of refuse she had salvaged. Her prancing drollery as well as her lovely smiling face set her apart from other Taxco street dogs and impelled us to invite her home for lunch. She accepted with pleasure, and every day after that the cook brought something from the market for Cucaracha. (Our name for her. "What—Cucaracha!" the owner exclaimed, indignant, when he heard; "why, she is called Mimi.")

And each day after she had fed she picked out the corner of the couch where the sun shone warmest and went to sleep. Each day too an odious little boy came whining, "I want my she-dog, I want my she-dog." "Well, why don't you feed her?" "Feed her!" He stared at the lunatic Gringos in alarm.

So he would take her in his arms and, with a venomous look on his pointed yel-

low face, bear her off, until one day it occurred to us that perhaps he might sell her. And would he! When we offered him a peso—twenty-eight cents—he hurled Cuca down so hard she almost broke her back and made off with the money at top speed before we could regret our reckless bargain.

So she was ours, and when the time came for us to leave, and word went round the town that these loco foreigners were actually going to take a street cur of no race whatever all the way back to the United States, people came in droves to inquire if this marvel were really coming to pass. She cost twenty-eight cents to buy, but an American steamship line charged fifteen dollars for taking her up the west coast. High for transportation, but not high as the price of a Cucaracha—when you think what you pay (or some people pay, not me) for a mere uninteresting, kennel-raised, standardized thoroughbred!

Personality is this Cinderella's crystal slipper. You have seen dogs who smile, but Cuca's smile is different; it's a kind of roguish twinkling. She would rather play than eat. She loves to tear from one end of the house to the other, leaping on and off chairs and sofas, usually with something in her mouth, hoping we will pursue and attempt to take it from her. But just try to catch her! Her special delight is motoring, because that too is a kind of play. The instant the doors are safely closed and the car safely in motion so that no humorless street dog can call her bluff, she begins. She screams, she snarls, she howls, she claws at the pane, she leaps from window to window, she hurls at every dog that passes what must be such insults as only a bullying cur-dog gutter-snipe from Mexico could possibly conceive of. All in a perfect delirium of make-believe and fun.

So this is Cucaracha whose spare time is always spent trying to kill cats and squirrels in the back yard, and who slept serenely on her cushion, in full possession of the home she had believed was maintained solely for her. Everybody but me

of course expected the worst. "Cuca will tear it to bits—don't set it down—keep Cuca on her leash," and so forth.

But (and isn't it nice once in a long while to be able to boast about how smart you were?) I did nothing of the kind. Also I know my cats. I set the kitten on the kitchen floor and opened Cuca's wire pen. Cuca meantime had already seen, smelled, taken an instant and maniacal dislike. She leaped out the way a fighting bull, stuck full of goads, leaps from his pen, and made one furious bound toward the kitten.

The latter, crouched in the middle of the floor, did not move. It did not even rise on its toes or arch its back; it merely underwent a strange sea-change. Its fur seemed to wave silently as if breathed upon by winds from hell, its blue eyes turned yellow, and out of its tiny rosebud mouth issued that most potent and forbidding of all sounds, that cat-sound that is not precisely a hiss but more like the breath made suddenly audible, of consummate and fearless hate.

Cucaracha came to a dead stop. She stared, she whined, she pawed the floor, carrying on a serenade of snarling and short, wolfish barks. She tried to creep up on the kitten from behind, she leaped toward it—but always a little short as if giving herself time to change her mind at the last moment. Which, indeed, she always did. Sometimes the tiny cat lifted its paw or hissed. Sometimes it did nothing at all or else turned its back. Once it yawned in her face, once lay down, smiling dreamily—inviting to play.

Cuca is twenty times bigger and heavier than the cat. She is powerful and fast. She is four years old; the kitten is four weeks old. She could have swallowed it whole, pinned it down with one paw and broken its back. She certainly wanted to. But slowly, by what means I know not, unless it be the old story of mind over matter, of will exceeding brawn, of losing or risking your life to save it—of some kind of willing that carries over into the infinite—by whatever feline power, Cucaracha was conquered.

III

And this brings us to that other thing I spoke of in cats. Courage. It is, I think, what makes dogs so unutterably loathe them; it is chief of the reasons why I love them. It doesn't always win of course—sometimes dogs learn to kill cats. But courage, which is fifty per cent pride, is supremely theirs.

Not long ago I saw a huge Doberman Pinscher, so fierce that the family later had to get rid of him, bound into a room where a cat dozed on the sofa. He made a furious lunge toward the cat. The latter did not stir, did not stiffen or even hiss. It merely (and rather languidly) opened its eyes. It opened them very wide. The pupils, which had been large and soft, narrowed to a thin perpendicular black line and it stared without expression into the Doberman's face. I suppose it was sheer surprise that the cat should neither move nor flee which first halted the dog, and the momentary pause was enough. His eyes met those others—so ruthless, so cold, so supremely unflinching, and after a long moment he turned and walked away pretending he hadn't seen the cat at all.

Courage. The feline race is the sheer embodiment in flesh and blood of that characteristic we call courage. It is something that can be carried to the ultimate, and I believe that in the cat family it often—not always of course—is.

This is made very clear in places like East Africa where you are among great numbers of wild animals. It is night and you are on the veldt, inside a thorn hedge boma. Outside is a dead zebra. You see nothing, but incredible lunatic sounds fill your ears—bestial laughter, snarls, sad screams, sounds of fighting, gobbling, snuffling—hyenas, a hundred of them perhaps, round the kill. Then, in a split second all is silent. In the deadly quiet there is only a swift soft rushing as of leaves in the wind, as the horde flees away across the dry veldt. You put on your flashlight and the white beam illumines a single figure—one shining golden leopard. One cat. One feline against a hundred ca-

nines, and its mere lonely presence causes all the hundred to flee in abject terror. It would even seem that that satanic howling of the hyenas—brutish, sad, insanely base, is the very voice, the very spirit, made audible, of cowardice. It is the voice of souls that have lost themselves, that are abject, beaten, and know themselves for what they are, know themselves without what perhaps every living creature must have—some decent atom of courage.

Here are lions in full morning sunlight, calm and kingly on the veldt. We try to approach two in our little open Ford, to make a photograph. They stare haughtily and with dislike and when we come too close they rise. They rise with impeccable dignity, with proud and utter fearlessness, not to run, merely to stroll away from our vicinity which they find intolerably boring. And when we persist, and the lioness, with that extra female bad temper, whirls to charge, we whirl too, and

fast, and rattle away like corns in a popper, in a fashion that is anything but impeccably dignified.

Lions in sunlight and at twilight jackals—those uneasy cousins of the hyenas, flitting, forever frightened shadows, through the bush. And when I see dogs and cats together I think of these relations of theirs in the wilds. Dogs of course are not hyenas or jackals or anything but dogs—supreme companions, friends, bestowers of a touching undeserved faithfulness and love. Heaven knows, one of the many things I love more than cats is dogs. Nor are cats serene and kingly lions.

Nevertheless, I think of these when this small kitten nonchalantly turns its back while Cucaracha, thirsting for its blood, thrusts her long nose within an inch of it—longing, pondering, weighing the possibilities, wishing desperately she had the courage to seize this eternal enemy and crush it between her powerful jaws; and knowing she has not.

NO ONE HAS SUNG FOR US

BY JESSE STUART

NO ONE has sung for us, and may I sing
 As one of us, for all of us, my songs,
 Though futile as the mountain winds that fling
 Their fluffy silver bellies on these throngs
 Of jutted hills oak-crowned against the skies?
 I sing of mountain men, their lives and loves,
 And mountain waters and the wildbird cries
 And percoon blooming in the late March coves.
 It's fun to run on iron legs and shout
 Songs to the wind my blood has left unsung—
 The tunes at home they never thought about,
 Too busy living life while they were young.
 I'll keep on singing long as this blood flows
 And brain keeps active in this living head;
 I'd like eternal spring when this blood goes
 To sing among ghosts of the mountain dead.



THE RIDDLE OF OUR REDDENING SKIES

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

PERHAPS the most publicized theory of the world as a whole is that suggested by the picture of the expanding Universe—a title and an idea which have been broadcast by public lectures, radio, newspapers, magazines, and books to every nook and cranny of literate civilization.

Who has not heard of the famous red shift—the curiously unanimous behavior of the light of the distant galaxies when it is passed through a prism? The picture which the red shift suggested was of the Universe in process of dispersion: innumerable galaxies all rushing away or being carried away by the distension of the cosmic bubble. It was as though the world were exploding, scattering itself outward at a rate which increased with distance, doomed to an ultimate acceleration at which its parts would be traveling with the speed of light, each part thereafter invisible to all the others. The most generally accepted hypothesis of the expanding Universe predicted this sort of end—and still predicts it.

But late in 1936 and early in 1937 astronomers of Mount Wilson Observatory began to publish details of an analysis of the evidence which casts doubt on the reality of the expansion and makes it necessary to reconsider the whole problem of the meaning of the red shift. This startling announcement from the mountain top in California has come like a bombshell into the camp of the theorists and is providing a major topic of discussion among astronomers, cosmologists, mathematicians, physicists, and other universe explorers and world builders.

That there is a red shift no one denies, for the evidence is photographic, numerous, and consistent throughout. Except for a few galaxies in our immediate neighborhood, which may constitute a local group or association of Milky Ways with motions of their own, all the hundreds of others from which it has been possible to obtain a spectrum show a displacement of their lines toward the red. In studies of individual stars this shifting of spectral lines has been accepted as evidence of motion of the stars. Thus one reason why we believe that the Sun rotates is the fact that the light from its western limb shifts toward the red, indicating that the western edge of the Sun is turning away from the observer, while the light from the eastern edge shows a displacement toward the violet, indicating a motion of approach. The other stars are too remote to show their images as a disc in even the largest telescope; but from the displacements of their spectral light it has been possible to detect the general motions of approach and recession for thousands of stars.

The reason why these shifts of light are accepted as evidences of motion is simple. Just as a receding locomotive tends to pull the vibrations of sound from its whistle into longer waves, causing the departing whistle to howl with a deeper bass note than the whistle gives when the locomotive is standing still, so does a receding star tend to pull its vibrations of light into longer waves. But a prism is less able to bend long waves than short ones. Therefore, when the light from a

receding star is passed through a prism its characteristic lines of color and shadow are not bent as obliquely as they would be if the star were stationary. In practice the astronomer selects certain spectral lines as landmarks and centers his attention on them. There are two bold lines generated by glowing calcium gas, known as the H and K lines of calcium, which appear in the light of practically all stars—for apparently all stars contain calcium. Characteristically, these lines fall in certain positions in the violet region of the spectrum, and when the calcium light is generated in the laboratory or from some other stationary source, the H and K lines are always found in these standard positions. But when a star which contains calcium is moving outward, the waves of its violet calcium rays are lengthened, therefore the prism is less able to bend them, and they fall upon the photographic plate to the redward side of their accustomed positions on the scale. The faster the star is receding the more drastic is the lengthening of its wavelengths and the more redward is the position of the photographed lines. By measuring the amount of the shift, the astronomer is able to gauge the velocity of recession of departing stars like Aldebaran, Betelgeuse, and Capella. Similarly, by measuring the magnitude of a violetward shift the astronomer may determine the velocity of approach of oncoming stars like Antares, Sirius, and Vega.

In the catalogue of stars there are about as many violet shifts as there are red shifts. Indeed, the individual stellar motions appear to be in every direction. But in the roll call of the galaxies the vote is not divided; it is practically unanimous. Except for a few galaxies of the local group, all of which lie within a million light-years of the Earth, the reds have it. From the outer systems every single spectrum shows a shift toward the red.

It is this unanimity of the effect that caused many astronomers to question the interpretation. Might it not be that space has an influence on light, that light degenerates with age just as other things

do, that the reddening is a consequence of something that happens to the rays in their millions of years of flight through millions of millions of miles of the void?

Physicists, and particularly those physicists who concern themselves with the stars, have been reluctant to admit this latter hypothesis. For if a flight of a hundred million years affects a ray of light in a certain way, is it not reasonable to think that a flight of a million years would affect it perhaps a hundredth as much, and a flight of a thousand years or ten years or ten minutes would similarly affect it proportionately? Such questions are disquieting, for our physical world picture is based on the idea of the inviolability of light. The ruggedness of rays, their ability to endure time and perform motion without degeneration, is a cardinal principle of physics. It is recognized of course that an encounter between a light ray and an atom or other particle of matter may have violent consequences. Invariably in such collisions, the light is robbed of some of its energy, and in extreme cases its quantum may be absorbed entirely by the particle of matter. But assuming no collisions, assuming that in traversing the void between the galaxies and between the stars the light escapes these encounters, science has held that a quantum could travel any distance without internal deterioration. The theory of relativity is built on the idea of the constancy of the velocity of light. And now to question the constancy of the energy of light, to suggest that light may tire or grow decrepit with age, seemed to threaten the foundations. It seemed to open the way to a flock of uncertainties.

But science supremely is the art of entertaining doubts of beliefs experimentally received. No truth is sacrosanct. No belief is too generally accepted, too well established by experiment, to escape the challenge of doubt. And no doubt is too radical to receive a hearing if it is seriously proposed.

Quite early in the discovery of the red shift of light from the distant galaxies,

these doubts were expressed as to its meaning. The shifts were so much more pronounced than those of individual stars, indicating velocities of thousands and even of tens of thousands of miles per second, that there were several critics who said at once that the red shift might mean something other than motion. But the doubters were silenced by the retort of the theorists who found that the reddening effect fitted in quite neatly with their ideas of the behavior of the Universe. For, according to the general theory of relativity, the Universe cannot stand still. Given such and such conditions, it must either expand or contract. Some of the theorists held that it would first expand and then contract, a pulsating Universe. Others held that the expansion was an irreversible tendency, that the world bubble must continually blow up with a perpetual scattering of the galaxies. There were dozens of hypotheses, each distinguished by some detail, but all grounded on the assumption that the photographic record of the red shift was evidence of the runaway motions which theory predicted.

In 1934 a practicing astronomer, Edwin Hubble of Mount Wilson Observatory, and a theoretical physicist, Richard C. Tolman of California Institute of Technology, collaborated in a new attack on the problem. Up to that time the only observational evidence cited in support of the expansion was the red shift. Theory called for such a shift, and the presence of the shift was accepted as a proof of the theory. But theory called also for a *uniform* distribution of the galaxies. It was only in a world where the star systems were scattered with approximate regularity that they could move in this systematic way. And so Hubble and Tolman turned from the photographs of the spectra to the photographs of the galaxies themselves to see if the assumption of uniform distribution was supported by the actual counts. A preliminary study was published by the two investigators in 1935, and more conclusive reports by Hubble later.

II

Five carefully calibrated surveys of the northern skies have been made—one at Lick Observatory with its 36-inch Crossley reflecting telescope; the others at Mount Wilson Observatory, two with its 60-inch reflector, and two with the 100-inch reflector. Each telescope has its limiting distance for the kind of photographic plate used and the length of time of exposure, and the problem was to find out how the brightness of the galaxies dimmed with distance. There is a law of optics which tells how they ought to dim, all other factors being equal, and thus by counting the images and classifying them according to magnitude it should be possible to judge whether the spacing of galaxies thinned with increase of distance, or became more crowded, or remained uniform.

Altogether 888 satisfactory photographs were obtained, each representing a sampling of the heavens in a particular sector. Each photograph showed the images of many galaxies, ranging from the bright and comparatively near ones to the faint and relatively remote. A total of 41,069 significant galaxies were recorded. These were plotted as a chart of diminishing magnitudes, or brightness, rated according to distance.

But the raw records, as measured directly from the photographs, do not represent the actual state of affairs. For our chart to approximate reality, certain corrections must be made—specifically, two kinds of corrections.

1. There are certain instrumental limitations: those of the atmosphere, those of the mirror and other optical parts of the telescope, and finally those of the photographic plate. Each of these has a distorting influence on the image as recorded. Thus in passing through the Earth's atmosphere, the light from the distant worlds is subjected to a certain amount of collisions and scattering in which the longer waves of red light fare better than the shorter waves of blue. It follows that, since more long waves get

through to the telescope, the image received there is less brilliant than it would be if the telescope were poised in space above the atmosphere and so enabled to receive all wavelengths equally. Similarly, there is a selective effect in the mirrors and lenses of the telescope. Silver, which until recently was used almost universally as a coating for telescope mirrors, reflects very poorly the rays at the violet end of the spectrum. And while the modern mirror surfacing, aluminum, is an improvement, still there are even here certain lapses of reflection that must be measured and accounted for in this careful appraisal of the brightness of the remote galaxies. Not only the atmosphere and the optical parts, but also the photographic plate seems to choose certain wavelengths and reject others, a selective sensitivity that no precisionist can afford to ignore. Each of these three instrumental limitations is tested experimentally, calibrated by exact laboratory measurements, and then applied to rate the galaxies at the brightness they would show if instruments were perfect.

2. But even if instruments were perfect and transmitted all light rays without distortion, there is still a correction inherent in the light itself—a correction that must be made to care for the changed energy of the light. For although the longer wavelengths of red are more successful in penetrating the atmosphere than are the shorter wavelengths of blue, the redder light is actually endowed with less radiant energy. Therefore, an image of an object projected with red light will appear not so bright as an image of the same object projected with blue light. But we know that the true image of a distant galaxy is bluer than that which appears in our corrected photographs—because the H and K lines generated by its violet calcium light show their redward shift, revealing that their rays arrive with less energy than they carried at their start. It is clear from this analysis that the images we receive are less brilliant than they would be if there were no red shift. Therefore, this en-

ergy effect must be reckoned for each galaxy and the rating of the magnitude of its image changed accordingly.

All these minute details were very carefully investigated and measured by Hubble and Tolman and, when applied as corrections, the chart of magnitudes assumed a form which declared the distribution to be uniform. Former discrepancies disappeared. The counts now indicated that the galaxies dimmed at a rate that was approximately constant, suggesting that these huge stellar swarms are scattered fairly evenly through space. Here and there clusterings are found, and in these clusters of galaxies the density exceeds the average. But, on the whole, Hubble reports that the Mount Wilson samplings, reaching out to a distance of about 400 million light-years, show a reassuring uniformity, with the galaxies spaced on the average about two million light-years apart. All this agrees with our common-sense idea of a harmonious Universe. Also it is in accord with the relativists' idea of an expanding Universe.

But, hold a moment! If we are to assume an expanding Universe, there is, say Hubble and Tolman, still another correction that must be added to our records. For if these distant objects which we see in our photographs as faint blobs of light are all running away from us, then their outward motion must affect the quantity of light which reaches us from them. The number of light units, or quanta, received from a receding body in a second of time must be less than the number from a stationary body. Therefore, we must revise our ratings to care for this third correction:

3. The number effect. This effect may be computed from the velocity of the object. One of the photographed galaxies has a red shift so considerable that its velocity of recession must be about 25,000 miles a second—assuming, as we are here, that red shift is an effect of recession. This velocity is more than an eighth the velocity of light itself, and it is only a problem in computation to reckon the number of quanta per second

that would be subtracted from the normal number by such a speed of withdrawal. There are other galaxies with red shifts which indicate velocities of 15,000 miles a second, a speed of withdrawal which would affect the number of arriving quanta by its proportionate smaller amount. And so with galaxies of lesser shifts indicating lesser speeds of recession: each can be calculated, the number effect arrived at quite exactly, and the correction applied.

Let us make sure that we understand why this latest correction is necessary. If a distant luminous body is broadcasting a thousand million quanta from a certain unit area of its surface, and if only nine hundred million quanta reach us, it is inevitable that the photographic image which the nine hundred make will be fainter than the image which the full thousand would have made. Thus the image we receive is fainter than it should be to represent the actual brightness of the galaxy. Since faintness is the criterion of distance, and since the extent of the red shift increases directly with the distance of the object, it follows that we have been rating the remote galaxies as more distant than they really are. Quite clearly then, the correction for the number effect must be made. And so we make it, altering the brightness of our objects, and correcting their distances accordingly. What follows is a shrinkage of our scale. The correction draws the galaxies nearer to us, the more remote the object the more considerable is the reduction of its distance, and thus we attain a corrected density which assumes quite a different arrangement from the comfortable reassuring common-sense density of uniform distribution.

Thus corrected, our astronomical photographs disclose a curiously unbalanced world. The distribution of matter grows more dense with distance, the spacing between the galaxies dwindles, the emptiness fills in, the star systems increasingly gang closer together—a strange, lawless, unaccountable Universe which no authority is willing to accept.

III

Dr. Hubble points out that the fantastic picture may be avoided, and the results interpreted within the theory of the expanding Universe if we assume that space is sharply curved. The increased crowding of the galaxies with distance may then be explained as a relativity effect, the curvature of space causing the galaxies to appear more concentrated than they really are.

But such an assumption involves other considerations. This idea of curved space is quite fundamental to the theory of relativity. For relativity holds that space indeed is curved by the gravitational influence of the matter which it contains, and that the greater the mass of the matter the greater is the curvature. If there were no matter there would be no curvature; the fact of curvature indicates the presence of matter; and from the degree of curvature the density of space, *i.e.* its content of matter, may be computed. Hubble calculates that if the total matter of the Universe be assumed to average the one one-hundredth million million million millionth (10^{-26}) part of a gram to each cubic-centimeter of space, then the curvature would be such that the red shift would operate about as we see it, the apparent increase of crowding with distance would be resolved as an illusion and the distribution made uniform again, and thus the strange picture would be reconciled.

Although Hubble's calculated density per cubic-centimeter may seem to be a very small fraction, it is really an enormous increase over the densities previously assumed. For such a density to be actual it is necessary that the Universe contain vast quantities of non-luminous matter. Specifically, by his reckoning, the invisible dark stuff must be a thousand-fold more than the luminous stuff of stars and nebulae which we see as making up the galaxies. We know that there is non-luminous material in the spaces between the stars. Several years ago thin mists of sodium and calcium atoms were

detected floating through the interstellar void, and recently Walter S. Adams discovered titanium atoms also among these diffuse wanderers. We know also of yet denser clouds of non-luminous material—they have been sighted as a fog of dust obscuring the central girdle of our Milky Way and appearing as obscuring belts encircling some of the outside galaxies. But this dark dust cannot account for the huge surplus of mass that is needed to curve space according to the new computation, for the dust obscures light. Since the light from the distant galaxies gets through without noticeable obscuration, the unknown material that we seek in the darkness must be of such size and in such condition that it does not absorb light. Conceivably the non-luminous matter may exist in concentrated form, in chunks or large fragments, and of course there are the highly condensed black dwarf stars which we are just beginning to recognize and which may exist in large numbers. It is not impossible that the invisible population of space may outweigh the visible a thousand-fold.

All these assumptions might be acceptable to the expansionists but for one item. Hubble finds that the radius of curvature of a world as dense as that he has calculated would be a matter of a mere 470 million light-years. And that is almost inconceivably small. In 1934, guided by his actual observations of the distribution of galaxies in representative samplings of space, Hubble estimated the radius of curvature to be 3000 million light-years. It is this sharp reduction of the scale, this shrinkage to about a fifth of its former value, that makes the 1936 findings so astounding to all cosmologists and so challenging to the relativists.

Does Hubble's small-scale model represent the real structure of the Universe? Not necessarily—he has proposed an alternative solution; but if we are to accept the red shift as a result of receding motion it is the only model that fits the conditions. To quote Dr. Hubble: "If red shifts are velocity shifts, the model is closed, small, and dense. It is rapidly ex-

panding, but over a long period the rate of expansion has been rapidly diminishing. Existing instruments (the 100-inch telescope, for example) range through a considerable fraction of past time since the expansion began."

In other words, if the red shift means expansion, the Universe must be a very small system of which we have already glimpsed a large part.

But suppose the red shift means something other than a velocity. Suppose we give up the idea that this curious behavior of light, which tells so much of the motions of our stars, is giving us the same sort of information regarding the motions of outside galaxies. Grant that we have no certain evidence of recession of these remote bodies. Then that third correction—the number effect, which caused all this seeming nonsense—becomes unnecessary. And the uniform distribution which we found at the end of our first two sets of corrections is restored. With no clue to the reason for the red shift, we can no longer cite any observational evidence for the expansion; we can find no trace of curvature, no limitation of space, no restriction of the time scale. "The sample, it seems, is too small to indicate the type of Universe we inhabit." For all we know then, the Universe may be infinite in extent, ageless in time, and subject to "some unknown principle of nature" which eternally shifts fossil light toward the red.

IV

These two solutions have been proposed by Dr. Hubble as alternatives. And while he is not committed to either of them, he admits that in the present state of knowledge the second solution seems the more promising approach to the problem. The expanding model, with its small, dense, closed Universe, involves many improbabilities, and seems less plausible than the suggestion of an unknown immensity of which we have sounded only an insignificant sample and in which there is yet to be discovered the

"unknown principle" which mysteriously reddens our skies.

Other authorities also indicate a tentative preference for the second solution, but with a reasonable caution. In the opinion of H. P. Robertson, as expressed in a report to the Physical Colloquium at Princeton discussing Dr. Hubble's preliminary announcement, the second alternative would seem easier to reconcile with the facts now before us—provided there were any experimental or theoretical grounds for believing that light is subject to fatigue. The great difficulty of course is that no such grounds are known. But apart from this, and quite independent of what the red shift may finally prove to mean, the general theory of relativity stands established by many experimental tests. As long as relativity is accepted as correct, and as long as the evidence points to a sensibly uniform distribution of matter in space, one is necessarily led to one model or another of the several types of "expanding universes" broached by Alexander Friedmann on theoretical considerations in 1922. This was before the strong evidence of the red shifts had accumulated; indeed, Friedmann arrived at his conclusions without knowledge of the red shifts. We may therefore say that a world picture which was derived from sound theory in 1922, without the assistance of observational evidence, and later was supposedly confirmed by the discovery of the evidence of the red shift, does not necessarily fall when the assurance of the evidence is questioned.

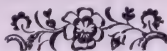
One of the details found by Hubble in his first alternative—the small, dense, closed model, with the red shifts accepted as measures of velocity—is that the rate of expansion has been rapidly slowing down. From the data given in Hubble's preliminary report to the National Academy of Sciences, Robertson calculates as a tentative estimate that the present age

of this small-scale Universe is probably less than a thousand million years. This is rather a short time-scale for a world in which the Earth is rated as thousands of millions of years old and the stars as yet older.

If the smallness, youthfulness, and other anomalies of this dense closed model compel us to abandon our customary interpretation of the red shift we have left at present no way of choosing among the various proposed types of expanding universes—or even between them and the static universe first suggested by Einstein in 1917. The dilemma, therefore, is more complicated than appears at first sight in Dr. Hubble's two alternatives. If we reject the curiously small, youthful, closed model, with its remarkably high density of matter, to accept a postulate of tired light, we have to accept also the idea that this light is propagated in a Universe which may be expanding in any one of several ways without our being able to test it by any physical means now at our disposal.

But present limitations may be springboards for future accomplishments. The 200-inch telescope is in process of grinding in Pasadena. Its massive metal mounting and mechanism, precise and responsive to the hundredth of an inch, is in process of construction in Philadelphia. Its foundations are already being prepared on Mount Palomar. The great mirror will have the light-gathering power of one million human eyes. It should penetrate more than a thousand million light-years. By 1940 it will sweep the skies, surely to break through many barriers—possibly to push out into a vaster world than even our imaginations dream—or, it may be, to prove that the small, dense, closed world is indeed the Whole.

Meanwhile, some penetrating thrust of theory, some adroit mathematical counter-attack, may resolve the difficulty in advance of the instrument.



THE NECESSARY DASH OF BITTERS

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

CHARITY laid down her ruler and surrendered.

This was highly significant, for Charity is ordinarily an indomitable person. She is a professional violinist who for years has been coming to our house and, with a ruler for baton, beating some slight semblance of law and order into an ensemble composed of variable elements, but never by any chance including another musician. School children, a couple of psychiatrists, a housewife, a dentist, a newspaper man, occasionally a real estate dealer and a biologist—this was the refractory material with which Charity had struggled without complaint. If she had not succeeded in extorting much music from the group, she had demonstrated brilliantly her own capacity to "take it."

But there is a limit to the endurance even of an iron woman and Charity reached it at last.

The occasion was an assault upon the Mozart quartet in D major for flute and strings, and the proximate cause of Charity's collapse, defeat, and complete rout was the total inability of the flute to make the grade. This was ruinous because, as the name implies, if the flute is out of this particular work, what you have left is emptier than the Democratic party without Roosevelt. No true amateur ensemble expects ever to carry through an attack on any important piece of music without suffering casualties, but in general the outfit can contrive to limp along even if one member after another is shot from under it. If, however, what you

are playing is a quartet for flute and strings and the flute drops dead, well now, I ask you, could even Charity, the indomitable, be expected to hold out? I couldn't blame her, and if I couldn't, who could? I was playing the flute.

The point of this sad story, the thing that gives it substance and significance, is the fact that I know that music. I pretend to no ability whatever as a sight reader. Set before me a sheet of music that I never saw before, and I disclaim any responsibility for what transpires thereafter. As a blatant amateur I am not a whit abashed by this; but when the music on the rack is the D major quartet, which I have gone over time and again, which I know measure by measure, and note by note, and which is not particularly difficult to begin with, then inability to play it is more than merely failure to rise to the level of professional standards of musicianship. It raises doubts not of musical, but of mental competence. It brings one up with a bang squarely against the basic futility of human existence.

It is distressing. It is depressing. It is mortifying in the extreme. It is filled with the bitterness of unrequited love and quinine. Yet suspicion lingers that in some obscure fashion it may be tonic also, and that it is, in fact, one of the elements of value to amateurs in playing music. Certainly there are few things better designed to humble intellectual arrogance and induce humility. To translate into practice what one knows in theory is hard, very hard; yet in our inane

way we are apt to plume ourselves on a lot of theoretical knowledge that really doesn't mean a thing. Frequently we get away with it too. I know that in newspaper work, and I suspect that in psychiatry, dentistry, and the real estate business as well, a man is not always compelled to call his shots in advance; and if he pockets the wrong ball he can mask his surprise with a smirk and shove up another counter on his score. This is demoralizing; this ought not to happen, but it does.

It doesn't happen in ensemble playing, however. There your shots are called for you—set down in black and white, on the conductor's score, as well as on your own, and usually unmistakably indicated, if not actually printed, on the other parts as well. If the composer has written an ascending chromatic scale ending in E flat, it is E flat you must pocket and not any other note whatsoever. More than that, it must be a straight shot across the board too. It will not do to carom off three cushions and the eight-ball first, even if you end by triumphantly knocking the E flat into the pocket; because in your wild career you will have disrupted the entire ensemble and all the other players will be thirsting for your blood.

Doubtless one measure of the difference between an artisan and an artist is the fact that if the former does his job even moderately well the difference between his original concept and his final product is so small as to be negligible; whereas the practitioner of a great art must do extremely well or the difference between his concept and his product will be appalling. Choice of a low standard is of great assistance in inflating one's vanity. Indeed I, myself, can start with the concept of "Listen to the Mocking Bird," and if the end-product isn't exactly "Listen to the Mocking Bird" it approximates it so closely that it couldn't very well be mistaken for anything else; whereas when I start with the concept of the flute part of the D major quartet, the end-product is such that Charity, the iron

woman, lays down her ruler and, wailing, quits.

Does this not discourage me? Of course it does. But the discouragement, not being vital, is not paralyzing. I do not depend upon music for a living, so my inability to play doesn't induce suicidal tendencies. A bit of discouragement now and then in non-vital matters is probably not bad for any of us. It tends to reduce the Napoleonic delusion; as has been said of humor, it fulfils the function of the slave who followed Cæsar to remind him in the midst of his triumph that he was bald.

A professional musician who could not play the notes on a sheet of music before him I suppose would be in the position of a newspaper reporter who could not hit any of the right keys on his typewriter; he ought, first, to try sleeping it off, and if that didn't work, he ought to have an inquiring neurologist rap on his knecaps. But an amateur who cannot play is, contrary to the opinion of the neighbors, not under any obligation to go hang himself immediately. This assertion of his freedom presupposes of course that he has not deliberately invited the neighbors in to hear him; if he has done that then the situation is reversed and the obligation is plain.

Yet there are violent men who, confronted with this baffling situation, have flung aside their instruments and quit cold. All that one can say of such cases is that it is really just too bad; for the persons who quit in disgust obviously are just the ones who ought to stick it out. The very violence of their reaction to a touch of bitterness is evidence that they need it—very much as the man whose arm gets sorest is he who most needed to be vaccinated.

I am talking of course about the ineluctable failures. If a man can't play because he hasn't practiced that is another matter. If he picks up a wind-instrument and attempts to play it with a fever-blister on his lip, or one of the strings and tries to play it with a sprained finger; or if the light is dim, or the edi-

tion is badly printed; if someone has opened a window behind him and a cascade of air right out of Siberia is pouring down his neck; if the man at his elbow blandly refuses to admit that there is any such thing as an accidental, or the fellow opposite insists on beating time with a foot encased in a freshly shined shoe that sparkles and glitters like the mouth of hell itself; if the first violin starts a quarter-tone off pitch and eases farther away with each successive measure, or if the pianist exhibits about as much sense of rhythm as a cook-stove falling down-stairs—in any or all of these cases there is cause for indignation, but not for bitterness. These are but normal incidents of life in an amateur ensemble, which sensible men accept as philosophically as they do blizzards, politicians, insurance agents, and dinner hosts who ice the claret. Wrath is an entirely different emotion from despair.

The failure under consideration here is the failure without excuse. It stalks behind everyone who undertakes to play music or who tries to practice any other great art. With the amateur musician it is usually a failure in technic; but even the master of technic doesn't escape it. I cannot play the Mozart quartet because, while I know the music, my lip is leathery and my fingers are slow and clumsy. However, the best violinist of my acquaintance, a man to whom all the tricks of technic long ago became second nature, a man who can perform at sight any music ever written by any great composer, tells me that in twenty years of assiduous practice he has played just one phrase of Mozart exactly as he thinks the master intended it to be played. He performs Mozart's music constantly and admirably; his performances have brought him applause and a lordly reputation in the musical world; and he is not ill-content, because technical dexterity carries a man far in the world. He cannot justly be denied the title of virtuoso now, but he will call himself master-artist on the day when he plays not a phrase, but an entire page as he thinks Mozart imagined it.

He frankly admits that he thinks when that happens the conductor will be Israfel and his instrument not a violin but a harp.

I am no artist of any sort and farthest of all from being a musical artist. As long as I live I shall be engrossed primarily with the problem of sounding the note at all. If I live longer than Handel, or Haydn, or even Leopold Auer, I shall never arrive at the point at which technic is a question of minor importance and interpretation everything. But one need not be an artist to know the taste of frustration. Right at the beginning of this same D major quartet there is a measure consisting of a little run of sixteen notes—perfectly simple, perfectly plain, such a trifle as anyone who has had a couple of lessons on the flute ought to be able to play, merely a small ripple on the surface of the melody. And I can run through it, sounding every note and ending the measure in time; but when I do so it isn't a rippling passage; it is a wobbling passage, and the difference is all the difference between Lazarus in Abraham's bosom and Dives, being in torment.

II

Then why not chuck it? Why continue to struggle with difficulties that I shall never overcome, or which, if I did overcome them, would by their removal merely unmask other and more formidable difficulties and so on, world without end? Why turn for recreation to any art, knowing in advance that all art is tinged with the bitterness of frustration?

Well, why drop tincture of gentian into a cocktail? It has a villainous taste, straight, and sophisticated with angostura bark, quassia, and the like, it tastes even worse. Yet what people would think of a man who served old-fashioned without any bitters is beyond expression. Properly mingled with suaver ingredients, its villainy becomes merely an accent, underscoring their various excellencies, compounding their antagonisms, strengthening their affinities, and intro-

ducing into their relations a warmth and geniality that rescue the whole from flatness and monotony.

I submit that a man, and especially an American, who makes his living doing something that he can do fairly well may improve the taste of life appreciably by choosing for his hobby something too difficult for him ever to do it expertly. This rules out most forms of sport; for a man who can make a true hobby of any form of sport is pretty much of an adolescent. It rules out the lower forms of mechanics. Carpentry, for example, is not a good hobby, because a man clever with his hands can soon carry carpentry as far as any reasonable human being cares to go. Lift it a notch or two though, into the realm of cabinet-making and you have entered the field of art. It is improbable in the extreme that the best amateur cabinet-maker is ever going to rival Duncan Phyfe, not to mention Sheraton or Heppelwhite. Up to the day when he is too old and feeble to lift a tool there will still be a curve that needs more grace, still a finish lacking the velvety softness that his imagination has created, but that his hands haven't.

Assume that your amateur cabinet-maker is in his true vocation an eminently successful man. Suppose he is, for example, a bond salesman so great that he could go out to-morrow and sell bonds of the Confederate States of America to Andrew Mellon at par. Suppose that his life is otherwise so placid and satisfactory that he has never seen the inside of a jail, a divorce court, or a Senate investigating committee room. Suppose, in short, that his draught in the chalice of life is mixed with none but sound, mellow, aged-in-the-wood ingredients. Nevertheless, the dash of bitterness injected into it whenever he looks at the table that he just can't get quite right brings out the flavor of all the rest and vastly improves the whole.

Taking us by and large, we Americans are a pretty successful lot. I say that without for a moment forgetting the millions of exceptions. I remember clearly

the existence of such people as the unemployed, the Baltimore lady who isn't a queen, and Mr. Landon. Nevertheless, I stick to it that the proportion in the total population of people who have no real excuse to kick is larger in the United States than in any other country of the world.

But to draw the obvious inference that we are, therefore, the happiest people in the world is a little more than I am prepared to do. Easy living is no guarantee of happiness, as every psychiatric and neurological clinic in the country can demonstrate. Suicides among us are not by any means confined to the unemployed and the poverty-stricken. There is little convincing evidence that Americans, even the more successful, are conspicuously well equipped to enjoy the world no matter how far they have chased the wolf from the door.

On the contrary, there is an impressive body of evidence to support the theory that American life, despite the soundness and agreeable flavor of its ingredients, is a little flat on the tongues of some of our most successful citizens after they have passed, say fifty. There are far more Americans than men of any other nation who, at fifty, have accumulated enough to keep them and their wives in great comfort, and even in modest luxury, for the rest of their lives; but there are very few Americans who retire from business or from professional practice while they are still mentally and physically vigorous. When one does withdraw he does so at the price of a sharp reduction in prestige, not infrequently involving suspicion that his intellectual faculties are tottering, if not collapsing. Americans, say the neighbors scornfully, are not quitters; from street-sweeper right up to Supreme Court Justice, they stay in the ring until they are knocked cold or until Death strikes the gong and the round is over.

If this were incontrovertible evidence that we are a stout-hearted race, it might well be a matter of national pride. Unfortunately though, there is another explanation that will account for the facts

just as well. This explanation is that we don't quit for the simple, but not altogether flattering reason that we can't quit. We are like highly specialized organs of the body; we must continue functioning in one specialized way because we have lost the power, if we ever had it, to function in any other way.

If he retires from business at fifty, what can the ordinary American do but die? What else does he do? Certainly if he takes up in a really big way any debauchery involving wine and women he will pass out of the picture with great speed. If he harbors the illusion that because his head is clear, his eye alert, his stomach still competent, and his blood pressure somewhere within reason, therefore he has the physical endurance he had at twenty-five and decides to devote his time to developing a really good game of tennis, he is a gone coon. Even if he confines himself to as decorous and aldermanly a game as golf, thirty-six holes a day will probably put him under the sod pretty soon. Besides, how can a man who has been accustomed for many years to wrestling with real problems which only a full-grown man can hope to handle get any kick out of sports at which a nineteen-year-old sophomore, with never a brain-cell working, can give him a fearful trimming and not even extend himself?

Countless Americans hug the delusion that for the proper enjoyment of life a man needs only money and leisure, plus fairly good health. It is a cruel misconception. For sports he needs youth, as well as money and leisure; and for anything else he needs preparation running back through many years—come to think of it, he needs youth there too, for he needs something that began when he was fairly young.

For a case in point, take travel. A man with money and leisure and nothing else cannot travel; he can only go. He may cause his body to be transported over thousands of miles; he may acquire an aching head and an awful case of museum feet; he may become familiar with all the

time-tables of all the continents; and he may develop a burning, personal hatred of every hotelkeeper between Liverpool and Shanghai, both inclusive, with no resources other than money and leisure. But this is merely going, not traveling. Really to travel, a man must take along with him a sufficient fund not of money only but of appreciation of the significance of what he is going to see; and this fund cannot be accumulated in a day, or a week, or a month, or a year.

Nor is it likely to be acquired by constant attendance at the public library and faithful perusal of the books there. This will give a man information, but not experience except as, by a feat of imagination, he may be able to gain experience at second-hand. This is at best only a carbon copy of the original; but the man who has made a mess of any art is in far better position to appreciate the work of men who have made a success of any art. A man who has tried to play Mozart and failed, through that vain effort comes into position better to understand the man who tried to paint the Sistine Madonna and did. The defeated musician at least knows how it feels to be up against the impossible that is made impossible by the feebleness of one's own resources. Thus he begins to get some conception, even though a dim one, of the truth that the greatest artistic masterpiece represents only the failure of a nobler plan, that Raphael imagined something greater than the Sistine Madonna, Ictinus than the Parthenon, Michelangelo than the David. Thus the mightiest works of the human hand become to him merely suggestive of the greater achievements of the human spirit, conceptions so great that no hand could execute them.

I am by no means certain that this will make him a better man, but it will assuredly make him no worse; and it will assist marvelously in entertaining him in the years when younger men are pushing him out of business, the doctors are taking away his cigars and cocktails, and advancing age is making him a model of

propriety. Surely there is no figure more truly pitiable than the man of high intelligence who has devoted that intelligence, exclusive of all else, to something that is bound to lose its flavor just about the time he reaches full maturity, and who finds at the very moment when he is prepared to enjoy the fruits of his long labor that he has mixed himself a draught that, however excellent, is flat and tasteless.

III

Moralists never tire of denouncing us as a pleasure-mad people. Perhaps they are right, but hardly in the sense which they attach to the phrase. It is not our avidity for pleasure that is the sad thing, but the fact that so many of our pleasures are no fun; and to chase furiously after pleasure in which there is no fun is indubitably a crazy procedure. But the saddest, and the maddest, of our diversions is not the chase frankly after pleasure, but the chase after "cultural values" that are no fun either. I suppose the immense widening of experience that attends contact, as a hard-working student, with one of the arts is a cultural value; but I hate to admit it, because that links it up with lecture courses and discussion groups and selected reading lists and all the folderol that has gone far toward establishing the American belief that a cultured man is one who is able, when any subject whatsoever is introduced, to say nothing about it in not less than five hundred words.

It is not that the American search after culture is ineffective; on the contrary, it produces some of the most formidable people imaginable. I remember the sprightly lady to whom the idiot who presented me gave what she considered a cue with the word "music." Instantly she was off. "Oh, I am simply wild about modern Spanish music," she declared, in the manner of Norfolk, Earl Marshal, proclaiming a new king. Well, as we used to say in the South, she had me in a split stick. I don't know anything about Spanish music, but something had to be

said; so after a moment's desperate mental scrambling I murmured a word or two about De Falla, hoping faintly that I had pronounced it right. "What?" she asked; so I knew I hadn't, but I tried again. "I don't believe I know that," she returned, thoughtfully, "but I am crazy about the rhumba and the tango." A thrice-blessed man-servant arrived at that moment with a tray, and Blücher was no more welcome to Wellington at Waterloo. I never got the lady's name, but I remember her as The Shulamite; for to me she is terrible as an army with banners.

The man who devotes himself to alcohol or amour or the development of the striated muscles with such assiduity as to land himself in the graveyard or the lunatic asylum is assuredly a fool; but I am inclined to think that he is as Socrates is to Simple Simon by comparison with the man who fritters away his life seeking "cultural values" that do not amuse him. The frankly non-intellectual fool does have a good time for a short while; the solemn ass may live longer, but why should he want to?

I speak with vibrant emotion upon this subject, for I have been just such a one myself. When I was younger and, as I choose to believe, sillier than I am now, I put in enormous quantities of time trying to understand music by listening to it. Doubtless this would have worked had I been musical to begin with; Henry Adams says it worked in his case and I have no reason to doubt that it did. But I happen to be one of those individuals to whom harmony is a closed book, and an appreciation of melody alone doesn't carry you far when you are listening to a hundred and twenty-five instruments playing a Brahms symphony, not to mention one of the productions of Prokofiev, Hindemith, or Honneger. It was a melancholy endeavor, this search of the blind man in a dark room for the black cat that wasn't there; but I pursued it with an assiduity worthy of a more hopeful cause, and after every evening in a concert hall, straining my ears to take in

an incomprehensible uproar, I went away as stuffed with the consciousness of virtue as an Indian fakir arising from his bed of spikes.

Some surviving shreds of common sense prevented me from adopting any such attitude toward the playing of music. I am ready to grant that the artistic performance of fine work may broaden the intelligence and enrich the culture of the man who does it; but never, my lords and gentlemen, the sort of playing that I do. There is not, there never was, any earthly excuse for it except that I like it. But it has had the effect of bringing me round at last to two conclusions: to wit, first, that I shall never understand music and, second, that I don't give a hoot if it is a mystery to me.

For, once I was relieved of the notion that I could understand it if I worked hard enough, I quit working, whereupon listening to music became merely a pastime and a highly diverting one. I have no patience with those superior persons who are forever denouncing people who regard music as no more than a pleasant sensation in the ears. What's the matter with that? If it is pleasant in the ears it justifies its existence. But if one has struggled to produce it, it is a great deal pleasanter in the ears when it is well played. Hence struggling to produce it is also justifiable, certainly in the estimation of a frank hedonist.

However, when one has devoted some time to trying to play, certain other matters appertaining to music begin to appear. One is the formidable nature of the difficulties that have to be overcome by an expert, which inevitably heightens the appreciation of a fine performance. A second is some conception of the strange things that have to be done to produce a desired effect, which is the beginning of appreciation of good composition.

Are these, taken together, the rudi-

ments of an understanding of music? Maybe so, but what difference does that make? They are certainly the beginning of something that is interesting and amusing and that may be pursued indefinitely without coming to an end. If the pursuit is attended by defeats that are exasperating, and sometimes maddening, well what would you have? Do you want to play golf on a course without a single bunker or sand-trap? If you do you are no sport.

In any event, the amateur musician is pretty well insured against the catastrophe of finding the taste of life going flat as he arrives at middle age. However much he may have accomplished, there is always vastly more to be done; however good he is, there is always something that he knows perfectly well how to do and yet can't get done right. Thus there is in his mixture the dash of bitters requisite to bring out the flavor of the rest.

For my own part, when I have discovered a gold mine in the back yard and have, therefore, told the boss to take his unfavorably adjudicated job and go climb a tree, I have a long life's work ready to be entered upon immediately. It is learning to play Debussy's "Syrinx" for flute unaccompanied. It is not the idle dream that one might think, because I come of a conspicuously long-lived family. One grandparent triumphantly reached ninety-two, without playing any musical instrument at all; if the old boy had been equipped with a flute to beguile his latter years, who knows what he might have done? At any rate, if I can surpass his achievement by only a few years I may touch the goal. Certainly I shall be extremely busy to the last moment; but "might I of Jove's nectar sip" I should find it no such glorious summation of human existence as, at ninety-six or ninety-eight, at last to play "Syrinx" superbly, take one bow, and let the curtain fall.



KILLING OLD AGE SECURITY WITH KINDNESS

BY ABRAHAM EPSTEIN

THE United States has been converted to the idea of social security, and the conversion is all but overnight. Where once a handful of people were interested in the subject, now in little more than a twinkling almost everyone is. Where only a few States had begun to experiment with old age pensions, and unemployment insurance was unthinkable, now almost all are doing it. Columns of newspaper space are devoted to social security. It has become in itself a new industry, furnishing employment to thousands of administrators, researchers, and clerks (making them secure incidentally) and supplying material to freelance writers, "experts," and advisers to business men. It has boomed the accounting and book-keeping-machinery industry and keeps printers working overtime. More than twenty-five million workers carry in their pockets little cards bearing their old age insurance numbers. Month-old baby actors in the movies are registered for old age insurance that is to come; old men retire on insurance already arrived—federal allowances of 12 cents, \$6.39, or \$10.13 each. Social security, the flower of the New Deal, is here.

The remarkable change in the American attitude is not surprising. Not only have we always had a weakness for panaceas, from Greenbacks and Bryan's "Sixteen to One" down to Dr. Townsend and his plan, not only have we been an easy mark for slogans from "Make the World Safe for Democracy" to "The New Deal," not only are we more cudgeled, cajoled,

and led by advertising than any other people on earth, but we have also been under the compulsion of the depression, the worst America has ever known, with all of its tragedy and ruin. Because of our higher standard of living we felt this poverty more keenly than any other people. Broken fortunes, shrinking incomes, idle factories, debt-laden merchants, and millions of men and women out of work; the nation was gripped with terror of the future. So, at last, social security legislation got a hearing. The Administration saw the need, listened to the clamor, and with most prodigious speed hustled the Social Security Act to its birth.

In an article published in this magazine in December, 1935, the social implications and limitations of the Social Security Act have already been told. That article showed that, instead of seeking greater security by increasing the purchasing power of the masses, as all sound social insurance programs have done, the insurance features of our Act tend to aggravate insecurity by placing practically the entire financial burden upon the poorest sectors of the population. Instead of diverting some portion of the income of the higher brackets, which is not used for direct consumption, into mass purchasing power, our insurance program merely sets up a system which obliges the poor to share their poverty in order to sustain the impoverished. In taxing only the wage-earners and their employers, the Act not only relieves the wealthy from their share of the social bur-

den of indigency which, through the poor laws, they have helped to carry for over three hundred years, but makes possible only scant protection to the needy. It ignores the 10,000,000 present unemployed and offers little help for the future unemployed. Furthermore, the heavy direct withdrawals from workers' wages can only result in a further reduction of mass purchasing power. Payroll taxes will be passed on to the consumers in the form of increased living costs and will intensify the displacement of men by machines through employers' attempts to reduce labor costs.

Despite these facts, popular faith in the Act remains unshaken. That we are well on the road to social security is generally believed. It is the thesis of the first annual report of the Social Security Board, a document that would have seemed fanciful a few years ago. During the first eleven months of its operation the Social Security Board aided approximately 1,500,000 individuals, of whom over 1,000,000 were aged persons, at a total cost of \$109,000,000 to the Federal Government alone. All but seven States received federal funds under the Act. Over 22,000,000 workers were registered for their old-age insurance accounts. By the end of 1936 unemployment insurance laws enacted in 35 States and the District of Columbia covered approximately 18,000,000 workers. Further progress has been made since the first of the year.

The Social Security Act is an omnibus measure covering ten different insurance and welfare plans, based on three different philosophies of governmental operation, all of which are now functioning to some degree. It is impossible to examine all its phases in one article. Indeed, we cannot yet determine the concrete results of the two most important insurance features of the Act. Unemployment insurance benefits will not be paid before 1938, except in Wisconsin; the old-age contributory benefits do not begin until 1942. Since public attention has been centered chiefly on the

old-age pension feature of the Act, which has led to the most important achievements and the greatest federal expenditures, the social security trends can best be gaged by this program.

II

When the Social Security Act was signed on August 14, 1935, thirty-five States had laws on their statute books designed to assist their needy aged sixty-five or seventy years of age and over with pensions generally limited to \$30 monthly. While a number of these laws never functioned, twenty-seven States paid average pensions of \$16.21 monthly to 403,762 persons at the end of 1935. The total expenditures that year amounted to a little over \$66,000,000.

Through the Social Security Act the Federal Government made available a federal subsidy, equal to one-half of the State allowance, up to \$15 per month for each individual. The need for federal help to States for this purpose had long been imperative. Because many States were unable to finance pensions, they had not enforced their laws or had operated under them only partially. The great variations in payments among the States and the counties within each State required an adjustment which only the Federal Government could accomplish. Federal aid was essential not only to provide more adequate care of the aged but to establish basic national standards. To achieve these aims the Social Security Act laid down important conditions for a State to satisfy before being entitled to federal aid: the plan must be statewide; the State must participate financially; there must be a State agency to administer and supervise the plan; the law must guarantee complainants a fair hearing and must establish such methods of administration as in the opinion of the Federal Board are necessary for the proper functioning of the plan.

The impetus given by the Federal Act is plain. At the end of 1936 the forty States, the District of Columbia, and Ha-

waii, with laws approved by the Social Security Board, placed 1,107,479 persons on their pension rolls at average payments of \$18.75 monthly. For the entire year these States paid out close to \$155,000,000. In addition, the State of Arizona, whose plan did not receive the Board's approval, paid 2,385 pensions amounting to approximately \$600,000 for the year. Thus in the very first year of federal operation, although the number of pension-paying States increased by only fourteen, the number of pensioners nearly trebled, while the total expenditures increased two and a half times. This record expansion—unparalleled in the history of old-age pensions except for the year 1931—is worth studying.

Federal aid was essential in order, among other reasons, to equalize the standards of old-age assistance throughout the country. No two States had identical systems; pensions varied in amounts. But this desired equalization of standards did not occur; what happened was the reverse. Where in 1935 pensions ranged from \$4.33 to \$23.15 a month, by December, 1936 the pension worth of an old man in Mississippi was \$3.92 a month, whereas in California it was \$31.36. Colorado paid an average pension of \$27.65; Arkansas, only \$9.01. While five States paid pensions of over \$25 per month, the average in thirteen States was below \$15 monthly, and in three States under \$10 a month. The range was as broad in the counties of one State as between the States. Thus in Nebraska last October, Thomas County paid an average pension of \$7.38, while Gosper County paid \$21.35, or three times as much.

Coupled with the wide range in payments is the striking variation in the number of pensioners in the different States. Recipients of pensions correspond neither to population, the length of time the State pension law has been in existence, nor the seeming need. In December, 1936, the largest pension roll was claimed by Texas, which ranks fifth in population and eleventh in wealth.

The Lone Star State, after only six months' operation, had 101,319 pensioners, or 29,000 more than in New York with double the population and a seven-year-old pension law. The Texas pensioners outnumbered by 38,000 those of California, which has about the same population, has a higher ratio of old people, and operates the oldest statewide pension system. Ohio, fourth in rank in population and wealth, took second place with its 99,465 pension recipients. Oklahoma, twenty-first in population rank and midway in wealth, was ninth in the number of pensioners, with 44,043. Colorado, with a population one-twelfth that of New York, had over one-third the number of Empire State pensioners.

Even more striking than the absolute differences is the disparity in the ratios of pensioners to the total aged population. In December, 1936, the ratio of pension recipients to those 65 years of age in the different States, as given by the U. S. Census of 1930, varied from 5 in every 100 aged in the District of Columbia to 43 in Colorado and Texas and 45.5 in Oklahoma. Whereas the old-age systems in New York and New Jersey granted aid to only 10 out of every 100 of their aged citizens, and even California and Massachusetts, with long established and extremely liberal pension laws, were assisting only 17 per cent of their aged, Oklahoma and Texas had two and a half times that number within a few months of the inauguration of their plans. The ratios were also as varied in the counties of one State as between the States.

That the wide differences in the number and proportion of pensioners in 1936 have resulted from the tendencies set in by the Social Security Act is evidenced by the fact that before federal aid became available there was a striking similarity in the above ratios in the well-administered States. Thus in December, 1935, the ratio of pensioners to every 100 persons 70 years and over was 15.5 for New York, 16.4 for Massachusetts, 11.3 for California, and 13.7 for New

Jersey. The close agreement of the figures in these widely scattered States, characterized by good administration, not only justified an approximation of the dependency in this older group, where need is keener, but agreed remarkably with the estimates of the dependent aged made as a result of intensive studies years before. In 1928 the number of pensioners for these States was estimated as follows: New York, 52,000; California, 20,000; Massachusetts, 19,000; and New Jersey, 17,000. At the end of 1935, after five years of depression, the actual number of pensioners reached 57,878 in New York, 19,619 in California, 25,715 in Massachusetts and 14,635 in New Jersey.

On the basis of the same estimates it was predicted that a reduction in the pensionable age to 65 would raise the above totals by about 80 per cent. This gave New York, 93,600; California, 35,700; Massachusetts, 34,700; New Jersey, 30,400; Texas, 44,000; Colorado, 8,700; and Oklahoma, 19,400. In March, 1937, when all these States were granting pensions at 65, New York's total was 87,235; California's, 70,731; Massachusetts', 55,348; and New Jersey's, 23,060. Significantly, the estimates continued to hold for New York and New Jersey. The larger figures in California and Massachusetts are accounted for by the great liberalization of these laws in the past two years. But look at the other States! Texas, Colorado, and Oklahoma had three times the estimated number on pensions. Ohio, which should have had 54,600 pensioners, had twice the predicted number. Illinois had double the proportion found necessary in New York. Indeed, all the States which began payments in 1936, under the stimulus of the Social Security Act, pensioned off proportionately many times more people by March, 1937, than the States which had been paying such grants for many years. In contrast to our three States with over 40 per cent of their population 65 and more already pensioned, Great Britain, with a seventy-year and more liberal law, pensioned only 56 per cent

after twelve years. Between December and March the Oklahoma ratio jumped from 45.5 to 57.4 per cent.

III

What is the explanation of these differences? The striking divergence in the number of pensioners in the different States is simply due to the fact that our old age security system is developing in the traditional "American way." It is merely becoming the latest link in the long chain of American pension systems under which pensions to widows of the War of 1812 were paid about one hundred and twenty years after the close of that war and Civil War pensioners increased from 127,000 in 1866 to almost a million 36 years later. It is following the route traveled by the veterans' bonus and is in line with our traditional job-holding philosophy—"To the victor belongs the spoils"—which has characterized practically every Administration since Jackson. In other words, it is reverting to our typical spendthrift and generous way of using pension systems for the political good they do.

That the old age security system is going in the same direction is already clear. Although the federal flood-gates opened only a year ago, over 900 pension bills seeking liberalization of existing laws were thrown into the Congressional and State legislative hoppers in the first four months of 1937. Significantly, the greatest number of bills are in the States which already have the most liberal laws. Massachusetts, with an advanced law, had 60 such bills, California the same number, and Texas 20. Legislators everywhere are outbidding one another in order to appease the appetite of organized pension blocs. Although the State of Wisconsin for years failed to match the promised modest county expenditures for pensions, the legislature recently gave serious consideration to a bill which would raise the maximum pension from \$30 monthly to \$60 for single persons and \$90 for married couples, de-

spite the fact that the resultant cost would bring the pension expenditures to within \$10,000,000 of the State's total budget. Many bills seek to make the pensions practically universal to all those 60 years of age and over. While the national pension average in December, 1936, was only \$18.75 per month, numerous bills seek pensions of \$50 monthly. In California the Townsend slogan of "\$200 a month" has been replaced by the slogan of "\$25 each Monday."

The workings of the "American way" in pensions is well illustrated by significant events in the individual States. The plethora of pensioners in Ohio, for example, is due largely to the fact that from the day of its enactment in 1933 the State pension system has been sunk deep into the political mire. The ink was hardly dry on this law when the State's executives began to mold it into an important cog in their political machines. The Governor in 1933 appointed a man as administrator who chanced to be the secretary of a politically influential fraternal order. Although the law was extremely slow in starting payments to the aged, the Governor hastened to proclaim an "Old Age Pension Sunday" to mark "the beginning of a new era in Ohio." With much ado the few aged who received checks on this special occasion were exhibited to the public while the checks were presented to them by the officers of the same fraternal order.

The Buckeye State blazed the new trail with its attempt to check not only the applicant's economic and family status, but his religious and "political affiliation" as well. The extent to which the Ohio pension system has been used as a political football was revealed in 1935 by an official State investigation conducted by Colonel C. O. Sherrill. Of a random sample of pensioners studied in eleven representative counties, it was discovered that no less than 16 per cent were ineligible. The State, it was estimated, was then paying pensions to approximately 13,000 ineligible persons at a total cost of \$2,385,200 per year. The Sherrill Com-

mittee concluded that "most of the ineligible cases arose not so much from a deliberate desire to 'chisel' but from loose, incompetent, political administration." It pointed out that "political references" were often the determining factors in the granting of allowances. An instance was cited of an applicant who, denied a pension by the county officials because he was earning \$40 per week, subsequently obtained it directly from the State Division. The first news the county had of the reversal came when the applicant asked for an increase in his pension. According to the official report the investigation of this man "had consisted of seeing Mr. Blank, a politician, and Mr. Blank, another politician."

Although Ohio, like all other States, holds responsible those relatives who are able to support the aged, the report cited one county where forty responsible relatives of seven pensioners had never been consulted in any way. Only about half of the cases studied by the Sherrill Committee had ever been visited in their own homes. Half of the pensioners checked in one county were receiving relief from other sources, unknown to the pension officials. The administrative personnel was recruited, the report charged, mainly on a political basis without regard to experience, training, or educational background.

The political manipulation of the pension plan was most flagrant in 1936. When federal aid became available the legislature increased the maximum allowance from \$25 to \$30 per month as of July, 1936. On August 4th, with the gubernatorial election three months away, Governor Martin L. Davey in a letter to the head of the Division of Aid to the Aged ordered an increase of \$10 in the monthly pensions. On September 12th, according to the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, each of the 94,000 State pensioners received a copy of this letter together with a personal letter from the Governor which, after describing his struggles to secure larger pensions, said: "I enclose a

copy of my official order to increase pensions \$10 a month. . . . These old age pensions have got to be enough to keep body and soul together and maintain a decent, independent old age." Soon after, the State administrator sent a "certificate" to all pensioners receiving \$20 monthly or less telling them of a \$10 a month increase with a legend conspicuously marked in red ink: "Increase by Order of Governor Davey."

The *Plain Dealer* quotes a follow-up letter, sent out October 15th, three weeks before election, reading as follows: "Some time ago I wrote you as Governor of Ohio. Now I am writing you as candidate for re-election. Would you be willing to ask ten or fifteen of your relatives and friends to vote for me on November 3d? This would be very kind of you, and I would appreciate it very deeply. It is my sincere purpose to protect your interest and to see that you continue to receive a proper amount each month. There are some facts with reference to my opponent that you ought to know. Apparently he is not interested in the old age pension program. So far as I know, he never did a thing to help bring the old age pension program into existence. He has shown a strange indifference to the welfare of the needy old people of Ohio." The letter concluded: "We are enlisting in a common cause. Let us fight together to protect your interests and I shall continue to be your friend. You can help very much if you will ask ten or fifteen of your relatives and neighbors to vote for me as a favor to you."

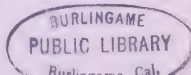
In a third letter to the State's aged beneficiaries the Governor further lambasted his Republican opponent, saying: "Do not let anyone tell you that we are not in a position to keep on paying this increase of \$10 per month. We made sure of this before I ordered the increase. Nothing that I have been able to do as Governor of Ohio has given me more pleasure. As long as I am Governor I will fight to protect your interests."

While the generous gesture on the part

of the Governor immediately raised the average pension from \$15 to \$25 a month and increased the monthly State expenditures from a little over \$1,000,000 to nearly \$2,400,000 per month, cynics have pointed out that the Governor's humanitarian cry for votes was generously heeded. Mr. Davey polled exactly 15.59 times the 97,000 pensioners then on the rolls. A month after election the State Division began to cut down the allowances to pensioners and announced that each pension would be reduced by \$2.00. According to the *Plain Dealer*, when a Cleveland woman reminded the Governor that his campaign letters stated that the increase would be permanent her cut was restored.

Now look at Colorado. The original State law had entrusted its administration to the county judges who, burdened with other tasks, could hardly be expected to examine the applicants carefully. It was much easier to divide the available funds among those who applied. Thus in 1934 Colorado pensioned off 18 out of every 100 persons 65 years of age and over, as compared with 5.4 in California, where the pensionable age was 70 and over. The excessive number of pensioners netted an average of only \$10.81 per month that year. By the end of 1935 Colorado almost doubled its ratio of pensioners to 33 per 100 aged. With the 1936 elections approaching and federal money available, the Colorado Governor ordered flat increases to the maximum of \$30 from August on. As a result, the average pension jumped from \$20.75 in July to \$27.14 in August, the second highest average in the nation. Concurrently, the expenditures rose from \$460,325 to \$628,312, an increase of 36 per cent in the one month.

That there is as little relation in Colorado as in Ohio between the number of pensioners and the actual need was revealed by a reinvestigation of the Denver pension list last May and June which resulted in the immediate lopping off of 650 pensioners. On June 10th, Earl M. Kouns, director of the State Department



of Public Welfare, stated that, although the State law had been liberalized, "our investigations . . . have revealed many persons on the rolls who are not entitled to the pension." The troubled conscience of some of Colorado's officials was indicated by newspaper accounts that the State Attorney General pleaded with the Social Security Board last December to "continue to contribute to the Social Security claims just as if it were being spent intelligently."

In line with the American pension tradition and the new belief that pensions and prosperity are synonymous, the citizens of Colorado overwhelmingly approved last November a constitutional amendment placing the pension minimum at \$45 a month, and the sky as the limit to the maximum, to persons who have attained the age of 60. The program was to be financed by a myriad of special taxes now used for various other purposes. Under the new plan the number of pensioners in Colorado was expected to rise to 139,000. The immediate effect, however, was to bring about a breakdown of the old age pension system as well as practically every other welfare activity of the State. Relief to the unemployed and other dependent groups, as well as to the aged, was halted during January while the State Supreme Court was deciding what to do with the amendment. A desperate attempt by some courageous legislators to circumvent the amendment by refusing to pass enabling legislation was frustrated by the Court's finding that the taxation features of the amendment are self-enforcing. The tangled State situation was brought to a poignant climax on March 1st when an applicant for relief shot down four Denver social workers, fatally wounding three of them and seriously injuring the fourth. In April some of the State officials received threatening letters directing attention to the Denver event and declaring, "Pass an old age pension bill in thirty days or look out."

The American pension tradition also accounts for the front rank so quickly

achieved by Texas. The Texas system did not get started until July, 1936. With the open door to the Federal Treasury on the one hand and the crack-pot Townsend pressure on the other, the law was made the most liberal in the country. On the very first day the law became operative, 40,000 aged were pensioned—only 12,000 less than New York State had pensioned at the end of five years. In August the number increased to 60,000. By September 28, with nearly 81,000 persons already on the pension rolls, over 110,000 applications were still pending. The number of pensioners was expected to rise to 147,000 by the beginning of 1937. Because the funds appropriated were soon depleted, the legislature, called into special session, deliberalized the law by restricting the qualifications of applicants. This held down the number of pensioners to 101,319 in December. Although Governor James V. Allred had pledged himself against any extension of the law to "those who are not in need until the present law has had a fair trial" and defeated his opponents in the elections, the issue was again thrown into the regular session of the legislature this year. In February the House State Affairs Committee declared a "sit-down" strike against the passage of all revenue bills until a "genuinely liberal" old age assistance law was "adopted by both Houses of the present Legislature and signed by the Governor" in order to "redeem its pledge to aged persons."

The large number of pensioners in Oklahoma is a mystery even to its own legislators. Five of these legislators, all Democrats, joined in a resolution early this year calling upon the State pension administration to give an accounting of its expenditures, its methods of operation, and other details "so that we may understand how the . . . Board operates." Pointing out that the preliminary report of the Board "shows that employees are placed on the payroll . . . without regard to the number of applicants in the various counties," the legislators, among other questions, ask why one county

with 880 applicants has 5 workers while another county with 1,270 applicants has been allotted only 4 investigators?

The American pension tradition was considerably advanced by the unfortunate circumstance that federal aid was initiated during an election year. In the face of the approaching elections Washington could hardly demand strict enforcement of the federal requirements. The Social Security Board was naturally loath to place too many obstacles in the path of those who wanted the number of pensioners to be increased before the nation went to the polls. For the vociferous Townsend pressure, unduly publicized by the newspapers on their working theory that if something is fantastic enough it is front-page news, keyed the legislative ear to the clamor for pensions. Legislation for old age pensions became an issue of political life and death in the States as well as in Congress. Politicians could compete with one another only through bigger and better pension promises. With the help of the Federal Treasury new vistas were also opened in the multitude of jobs created by the pension systems. Thus, although Kentucky's original old-age assistance act of 1926 had been a dead letter for ten years, a new Act was rushed through at a special session of the Legislature in 1936, offering the opportunity to employ over 200 field workers and supervisors. Illinois, which for fifteen years had withstood pressure for old-age pensions, enacted a law in 1935 when federal aid became imminent. Pension payments, delayed for many months, were rushed as soon as federal cash enabled the State administration to appoint some 400 State investigators during the campaign to "assist local officials," although by law they were supposed to be appointed by the county boards. Similar events occurred in many other States.

To these political incentives was added the natural desire on the part of the Social Security Board to make a good showing promptly and to establish vested interests in the Social Security Act in order

to counteract the attacks upon it. Mr. Harry Hopkins was also impatient to transfer his aged clients to the pension systems so that he could show declining relief rolls. When, on November 12th, he announced a reduction of over 400,000 in relief recipients from the previous year, the country was unaware that many of his clients were merely transferred to the State pension rolls and other services established by the Social Security Act. Over 123,000 persons, or more than one-fourth of the 400,000 cited by Mr. Hopkins, were taken on by the pension systems of 21 of the smaller States. All the pensioners in New Mexico and about 80 per cent of those of Florida, South Dakota, and Wyoming came from the relief rolls. Under all these circumstances the Social Security Board could hardly assume too censorious an attitude. Indeed, the pressures of 1936 were not for the realization of the fundamental aims of the Social Security Act but simply to boost pensions in the traditional American manner.

IV

For a variety of potent reasons the issues raised by the existing trends in the American old age security system must be of genuine concern to all of us. There is first of all the sinister fact that the money now taken by the undeserving aged is not only preventing adequate aid to those needy old people for whose benefit the laws were instituted, but is actually curtailing aid to other classes of dependents. With both federal and State funds limited, the high proportion of aged in many of the States is making the average pension so low as to negate the basic aims of these laws and of the Social Security Act. Oklahoma's high ratio of pensioners kept the average grant down to about \$8 a month until November of last year; no payments at all were made in September. At the same time the State checks for dependent children were reduced from \$4 monthly to \$2 in October. In October, 1936, 12 of the 23 counties in Maryland had completely ex-

hausted their annual State allowance. Pensioners in the Illinois counties beginning with W did not receive their grants in April because the State funds could not be stretched that far down the alphabet. South Dakota had no money to pay this year's May and June grants. Moreover, as pointed out by Governor Allred in his appeal to the legislative "sit-downers" in Texas, "The old folks over 65 years of age are not the only people who are in need in this State. There are several thousand blind people without a means of livelihood. There are between 30,000 and 50,000 dependent children in unemployable homes, suffering from malnutrition and undernourishment; there are 8,900 widows in Texas without employment, but with children to support; there are thousands of other citizens of Texas who are unemployables and, believe it or not, suffering from hunger."

The political manipulations are indeed endangering the very existence of old age security. As the facts are revealed, the universal approval which greeted the earlier and well-administered laws is being succeeded by nationwide protests against the entire pension movement. When it became known that in August, 1936, Kentucky spent \$31,136 in administrative salaries as against total expenditures of \$3,391 on 411 aged, there was a howl throughout the State sufficient to discredit the entire movement. An editorial in the *St. Louis Post Dispatch* last January cited the fact that 63 per cent of the aged in Missouri applied for pensions and asked why Missouri should have 58,747 pensioners against Pennsylvania's 52,000 when the population of the latter State is nearly three times greater. Charging that "old age assistance has become a racket, engineered by the politicians for partisan purposes," it denounced the conditions as "a shameless business, this, by which deserving old persons are failing to receive their full pensions because of the cut taken by the undeserving ones." The editorial, as it reverberates throughout the country, is eliciting widespread denunciation of the entire pen-

sion movement. Protests are also arising against a state of affairs which permits the State of New York, where the cost of living is highest and which pays 27 per cent of the federal revenues, to skimp on its own aged by paying them only \$21.41 per month on the average, while Colorado can afford to play politics with \$45 monthly minimum pensions.

While there is no longer any question of the need for self-respecting assistance to the dependent aged, it is also plain that we cannot hope to operate a system of old age security in the traditional American fashion. Not only are our dependent aged more numerous than any war pension group, but our other problems of dependency have increased at the same rate and require the same expanded and improved social action. As a result of our backwardness in social provisions against economic ills, we now face problems of unemployment, widowhood, illness, and invalidism such as no other nation ever confronted. Unless the old age security system is confined to its basic aims, the other relief plans are bound to suffer. And unless we can meet all these problems on an economical and socially constructive basis we shall invite social disaster.

The present pension trends are not only endangering the provisions for the aged and other dependents, but have also brought about dangerous tendencies toward undemocratic legislation. Until the enactment of the Social Security Act, States paid pensions only in accordance with a well-defined law, adopted by their legislatures, which described in detail all the necessary conditions and qualifications for applicants. That any other agency but the State legislature could establish such provisions was not even dreamed of. An examination of the States which paid old age assistance in 1936 with the approval of the Social Security Board reveals, however, that at least two States paid pensions that year without as much as troubling their legislators to enact specific old age pension laws, while many other States were given

federal grants even though their laws did not conform to the federal stipulations.

A month after federal funds became available, the Social Security Board approved a pension system for New Mexico. The only legal justification for such a plan in that State was a clause in the New Mexico Relief and Security Authority Act, adopted in 1935, which empowered the Authority "to supervise and administer public assistance, public welfare and social security throughout the State, including care and support of inhabitants of the state who are sick, aged, indigent, or otherwise unable to support themselves." Nor had an old age pension law been enacted in South Dakota. In March, 1935, the legislature of that State gave the new State Department of Public Welfare the powers "to receive, hold, and preserve any funds which may be made available to the State . . . for old age pensions, and when authorized by act of the legislature to proceed with the administration of a system of old age pensions." Although the legislature made no further provision, a pension system was approved by the Social Security Board last October. In January there were proportionately more than three times as many pensioners under this system after four months of operation as there were in New York after six years.

The questionable legality of the 1936 payments in South Dakota as well as New Mexico was attested by the haste of both State legislatures in 1937 to legalize their pension systems. In sponsoring the South Dakota bill the Joint State Affairs Committee frankly admitted that the 1936 scheme "rests upon an uncertain and unsatisfactory statutory and legal basis, and notwithstanding the lack of legal authority therefor, expenditures are being made to many needy aged."

Zeal and political considerations also caused many other State irregularities to be winked at. The Social Security Board granted subsidies to more than half a dozen States which were hardly entitled to federal aid without legislative changes. For example, Maine's lack of

State funds, which had made its 1933 law a dead letter, was overcome in 1936 by an order from the Governor authorizing the State Comptroller, under emergency powers, to draw on the State contingent fund for the immediate payment of old age, blind, and dependent children grants. By the same order all statutory provisions which did not conform to federal requirements were changed.

Utah's difficulties, arising from the fact that its law was not mandatory on the counties and in many other respects failed to comply with federal requirements, were overcome by the ingenious device of having the State authorities contract with the counties for payments to the aged during three-month periods. Somewhat similar arrangements were made in Florida, where the State could not finance its pension law until the Constitution was amended.

To overcome the obstacle of Idaho's non-conformity, the Governor designated the State Co-operative Relief Administration to administer old age pensions. This move was based on a 1935 law giving the agency blanket authority as in New Mexico and South Dakota. The difficulties in North Dakota were overcome in a similar manner.

Although Louisiana enacted an old age pension law at a special session in the summer of 1936, a constitutional amendment had to be submitted at the November elections authorizing the legislation. The Social Security Board advanced funds to the State relief bureau as of June 19th, although the Act was not signed by the Governor until June 26, because "over the period investigated the State relief agency was operating in a fashion that met high standards of non-political relief."

Irregularities in a number of other States were similarly overlooked. When some of these discrepancies were called to the attention of the Social Security Board, the official answer was that "At our suggestion, State officials in each case took certain steps, altering or amending these plans, to satisfy the requirements of the

Social Security Act." Since the State systems were certified by the respective Attorney Generals, the Board was only too eager to give them its approval. The notion that laws are enacted and amended by the elected legislators was blithely relegated to the horse and buggy era. In its annual report the Board sugarcoats these facts by stating that "the immediate necessity for aiding the needy outweighed considerations of administrative nicety." The need was certainly great and the time most propitious. But the Board's efforts to out-Townsend Dr. Townsend have set a pattern which it will be very difficult to change.

This is not all. The turning of an old age pension system into a political pie counter is only one of the dangers. States are coming more and more to adopt the most regressive taxes for this purpose. More and heavier sales taxes and head taxes are becoming the sources of revenue for pensions. In many States pensions depend entirely on the amount of liquor their inhabitants consume. Thus not only is the social value of old age pensions emasculated in the process of administration, but the laws themselves may become extremely unpopular. With the excessive costs freezing taxes on poverty and threatening States with bankruptcy, demands are increasing for a complete reversal in our present policy of protecting the aged, demands that the administration of these plans be turned back to relief authorities. And when affairs have reached a point where Mr. Orville Carpenter, the young State administrator of Texas, is driven to urge the State legislators to deprive pension recipients of their vote, then the basis of popular government itself is in danger. If we add to these demands the clamor for economy rising from those interests which have most diligently striven to protect themselves from taxation, we see that social security legislation is threatened on two

fronts. On the one side are the interests which are against the idea altogether, and on the other the political fraternity who see in pensions and social insurance the source of another slush fund.

V

Hope that all these dangers will disappear when the contributory annuities under the federal old age insurance system begin in 1942 may be dismissed at once. For the next generation at least, most aged workers will be fortunate to draw a pension of \$25 to \$30 a month under this plan. An insured worker must earn \$100 per month uninterruptedly for twenty years and retire from all work before he can get a pension of \$32.50 per month. Not a penny is provided for his wife if he lives. Few men or women working to-day will live to receive the maximum pension of \$85 monthly, attainable only by those who earn \$3,000 every single year for forty-three years. Since the old age insurance system will not provide even a minimum of old age security for a long period ahead, the State pension system will, therefore, have to provide for old age dependency for many years.

The situation cries for a bold national policy. The Social Security Board can and must halt the present dangerous trends, for we can no longer afford our pension luxuries of the past. Pensions and prosperity are not synonymous. Unless the American old age security system is made as free from politics as those of other countries, everything we have gained for the aged in a generation may be destroyed. The chief aim of federal aid is to provide more adequately for the *dependent* aged and to establish decent national standards. The Social Security Board has the power to achieve these aims. If it dodges its responsibility, then the jig is up.



ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES

BY GEORGE BOAS

IF ONE reads the books in æsthetics one learns immediately that Beauty is eternal. Why it should be eternal the authors do not say, nor do they tell one why eternal things are any better than temporal things. They just announce as a fact that the beauty of a work of art is "timeless," something like God and mathematical theorems. In fact, some of them, of the school of Hegel, maintain that the very function of a work of art is to create something eternal, though how one can create something which by its very nature has no beginning is a mystery.

If Beauty is eternal it might be expected to survive for more than ten or fifteen years. Even if it is eternal in the sense of "timeless" it ought to be recognized by successive generations. But it is impossible to pick any work of art which has been highly valued universally and continuously for long periods of time. The cases of Milton, Shakespeare, and Chaucer are notorious. They have had their ups and their downs. Even the English Bible, acclaimed by many critics as the height of literary achievement, was retranslated in part in the 18th century into a more elegant style, and everyone knows what Chicago did to it a few years ago when an American version was put out.

The best case of all is Virgil, whose reputation—thanks to the Latin teachers—has been very great for many years. Aside from the fact that when the *Æneid* was first published it was attacked for linguistic innovations, defective structure, imitateness, historical ignorance,

its author has indeed been called very flattering names by a long succession of admiring critics. But when one passes beyond the names to see what the critics admired him for, one sees that there have been, so to speak, a half dozen Virgils and not one. There was Virgil, the great versifier; Virgil, the prophet of the Virgin Birth; Virgil, the necromancer; Virgil, the ridiculous lover; Virgil, the treasury of parliamentary quotations; Virgil, the propagandist for imperial Rome. Some of these Virgils existed simultaneously, but some existed in succession. Thus Virgil, the prophet, was born of Christian parents; no pagan that we know of imagined that the child whose birth he was celebrating was the Son of God or that the Maiden whose return he was foretelling was other than the very ancient goddess, Astraea. But Christians after Constantine, much to St. Jerome's annoyance, could not read him as if he were just an ordinary pagan, and we are told that in a mass sung in the Church of St. Paul at Mantua at the end of the 15th century a stanza was included with a lament by the Apostle that the "greatest of poets" had not been alive when he was in Rome. A man with such a tradition in his mind inevitably read Virgil in a way which no Roman could have dreamed of, and hence the beauty which he found was peculiar to him and to his times. He undoubtedly called it "eternal" by the same type of parochialism that made him call his church "universal," little knowing that another generation would arise with different eternal values.

It would be absurd to say that the medieval Christian was wrong in finding Christian beauty in Virgil. He was no more wrong in that than he was wrong in building pointed arches rather than round arches. The historical statements which he was led to make about Virgil were undoubtedly incorrect. But having been educated in the Christian tradition and, what is more, believing in it, it was impossible to do anything other than read Virgil as his fellow Christians did. No one approaches a poem or a picture or any other work of art with an empty mind, nor should one be asked to. In fact the very plea to be detached and objective, to recapture the primal innocence of a child or a savage, is itself a product of minds that are neither childlike nor savage. One is what one is, and that is the product of countless influences derived from reading, conversation, instruction, reflection. What one is determines what one will find in a work of art, from the sophomore, ignorant of philology, who cannot understand the language of the past and thus misinterprets his Shakespeare, to the scholar who is so good a philologist that he sees in "King Lear," for instance, little more than a repository of antique verbal forms. Beauty, therefore, is precisely as eternal as human nature is, and precisely as temporal or changing.

II

At every period there is a stratification of taste. Some taste is old-fashioned, some up-to-date, some ahead of time. Thus at present in New York there are people who admire the old houses fast disappearing for the same reason that their owners admired them, others for antiquarian reasons; there are some who admire the Flatiron and Woolworth Buildings; some who think the Empire State is typical of our time; some who carp at them all as unsuitable to the vision of light and air which Le Corbusier holds up to them. There are people who read Auden, people who read Gertrude Stein, people who read E. A. Robinson, people who read

Kipling, people who read Edgar Guest, and no doubt people who think that the verses on Mother's Day cards are pretty stirring. In the field of painting one can run the gamut from the National Academy to An American Place: George DeForest Brush, Sergeant Kendall, Bellows, Hopper, Georgia O'Keefe, Salvator Dali were all contemporaries, chronologically speaking. What happens to your periods when historical facts of this sort are pointed out? Periods become purely temporal divisions; it is their nature to be all mixed up, with different kinds of taste in conflict. The notion that there was, for instance, a Romantic Period when everyone was romantic or a Victorian Period when everyone was victorian, is an historical invention; as soon as one begins to study the period, instead of the books about it, its simplicity and homogeneity vanish.

The most notorious illustration of how historians over-simplify is "The Greeks." Greek literature runs from 900 B.C. to, let us say, 200 A.D., and the men who wrote it lived all over the Mediterranean basin. Greek political life showed almost every variety of organization possible, and what was impossible appeared in utopias. Greek social life was everything from the highly organized barracks of the Spartans to the urban democracy of fifth-century Athens. Greek philosophy was skeptical, dogmatic, materialistic, idealistic, primitivistic, anti-primitivistic, empirical, rational. It is safe to say that at any one time no two Greek cities were really very much alike—Sparta, Corinth, Athens, and Thebes standing even to some of the Greeks as symbols of different ideals—and that any one city at different times was very different. One could continue this investigation *ad lib*, and more and more heterogeneity would appear. Yet people as different as Irving Babbitt and Spengler speak of "the Greeks," "the Greek view of life," and so on, as if they were really talking of some simple and unified subject. If one asks what precisely they mean by "the Greeks" one finds that they have selected some one city—

usually Athens—and some very short period—usually the Age of Pericles (which lasted thirty years)—and have concentrated on that. If you protest, they tell you that this period is “the highest form of Greek culture,” “the most typical expression of the Hellenic genius,” and you are supposed to crawl off with your tail between your legs.

On each level of taste there is a struggle to harmonize what people like and what they approve of. No one, if unquestioned, would ever disapprove of what he likes. His desires would be their own justification. The problem of approbation arises when one's unreasoned taste is challenged. But it is always being challenged, for one is always talking about what one likes and dislikes, hoping that others will agree with one, and consequently one is always giving good reasons for one's appetites; for others do not always agree with one. One goes to school and hears lectures on literature and other arts; one reads the dramatic critics in the papers; one reads book reviews (to say nothing of advertisements); one reads critical essays. All this in turn is the expression of someone's liking and approbation—or their opposites—and consequently everyone who is not on a desert island is forced to question his rudimentary taste.

A psychologist could presumably explain why we like and dislike certain things. But it is certain that the causes which he will point out are not the reasons which we give. All of us possess certain “principles,” as the more articulate of us call them, which we expect to see exemplified in works of art which we approve of. These principles are such things as “form,” in one of its eight or ten meanings, “realism,” “vitality,” “unity,” “coherence.” When we speak of the perfect form of a Bach fugue or a Mozart sonata, a Keats sonnet, a Congo mask we are giving reasons for approbation, not causes for liking. No one ever likes anything for reasons until he has learned to like his reasons. But even then the cause of liking what we approve of is different from the reasons for approving of it.

This can be as well illustrated from the field of ethics. It is no discovery of mine that some (I do not say all) of the most estimable people are disgusting. We listen to their praises for hours and say, “That's all very true, but still I don't like him.” Not only does this apply to people but to acts. We know, for instance, that gossip is not to be approved; one can give all sorts of good reasons for not gossiping. Yet a conversation about people which contains no gossip is downright boring. Why not admit it? Because we feel that we ought to fuse our liking and our approbation. Hence in gossiping we pretend we are not gossiping or we stifle our yawns and pretend we are not bored. On the level of approbation we have to decide whether it is more important to be amused or not to injure other people's reputations. On the level of liking no decision is necessary; it has been made by powers beyond our control. Thus books of etiquette deplore gossip; books of psychology describe it.

Our taste is, therefore, a curious mixture of reason and emotion. In any period or social group it is formed as follows: Sometimes it is formed by manifestoes against what is supposed to be the dominant taste, as in the propaganda for the School of Delacroix, surrealism, or “the American scene.” Since most people who counted in 1820 liked David and the Neoclassic art it was necessary to prove that the principles which led people to admire it were false. Thus where the classicist spoke of “eternal beauty” the romanticist spoke of “expressing one's time”; where the classicist spoke of “form” the romanticist spoke of “color.” They were not always consistent, but once they had a set of abstract principles they were satisfied. The same thing is true in our own day. André Breton's manifestoes in favor of surrealism are diatribes against logic, not against any particular æsthetic practice. He feels that if he can show the fundamental activities of the mind to be non-logical, he will have shown that artists ought to be non-logical. He takes it for granted that everyone will

see the point—and, indeed, a lot of people did. Few said, Why should artistry spring from the depths of consciousness if it doesn't want to, and why are depths any better than heights? The point was that his manifestoes capitalized certain ideas now—or recently—in vogue, just as Thomas Craven has, in his broadsides against the French, utilized a current of nationalism to further an æsthetic practice. In vain does one say to a Cravenite: Because a girl is unchaste and her mother can't make soup doesn't prove that her compatriots can't paint. Mr. Craven has succeeded in building up a feeling of disapprobation strong enough to make him dislike the works of those of whom he disapproves.

III

The æsthetic and pseudo-æsthetic theories which orient our approbation and disapprobation have thus diverse origins. They may come from any field.

They may arise out of certain philosophical fashions. The "time-cult," as Wyndham Lewis calls it, gave us futurism, with its program of presenting successive stages of motion at once, whence the "Nude Descending the Staircase" or the trotting dog which is represented with a multiplicity of legs and leashes. The fashion of primitivism, which had found a new field in æsthetics, gave us Henri Rousseau and other "childlike" artists, African sculpture, and that of the Easter Islanders. In my youth a wave of occultism produced Patience Worth, as the wave of Neo-Catholicism is producing little Dantes to-day. Sometimes psychological fashions will do. Psychoanalysis produced not only our taste for surrealism but a whole school of psychoanalytic critics. Those of us who felt its influence began seeking—and naturally finding—unconscious motivation, "Freudian" symbolism, the gruntings of the Id in every line of poetry. The stream of consciousness became more stylish than it had been in William James, and the noting of everything that passed through one's mind in its order of passing became

the goal of both authors and painters.

Others were impressed by behaviorism, and the doctrine that our minds are our muscles and glands seemed to be peculiarly fertile in æsthetic implications. The muscle-and-gland school dropped every attempt to deal with ideas—which were supposed to be inefficacious in behavior—and recorded nothing but the physiological motions of human beings. We are still more or less in this stage. Not only in artistic matters but in all fields we have succumbed to what might be called Biological Intimidation. In fact the first volume in the series of books published in commemoration of the Harvard Tercentenary was called *Factors Determining Human Behaviour* and made no mention of education as one of the factors. And this in spite of the volume's having been written exclusively by professors and ex-professors, including the ex-president of the university which sponsored its publication. When that happens one knows that taste has changed. What many of us wish to see in a work of art is not what is there but what caused it to be put there. Thus one of my brighter students politely but firmly objected to his English professor who in discussing "Hamlet" pointed out the peculiar beauty of the lines, the poetic excellence of some of the scenes, the truth of the psychology, but did not deal with those social forces which were somehow or other "reflected" in it. It was presumably eccentric that one should be interested in anything else.

The interest in the social scene, as in behaviorism, is part of the influence which scientific fashions have upon taste. We approve of those works of art which seem intelligible to us in the light of the science which is most discussed in our group or in the newspapers we read. The influence of archeology on sculpture has been incalculable. It has discovered for us not only new sculptural forms but new reasons for approving of them. The great sculptors of Greece are no longer the designers of the Venus de' Medici and the Farnese Bull, but the designers of

the archaic Greek maidens and Apollos. Elie Faure by rediscovering the sculpture of Egypt for the layman made what had been stiff hieratic adjuncts to architecture intensely beautiful and warm. The uncovering of the pre-Columbian buildings was another revelation, and just as women began to wear Egyptian ornament when Tutankhamen's tomb was opened and its contents published, so buildings began to blossom out with Mayan decoration. It is very likely that cubism was in part attributable to the style of geometrizing, as realism was certainly attributable to the interest in biology. The best proof of these assertions is to be seen in the manifestoes and appreciations written by the sponsors of the new styles.

There is no telling in advance where critics will find their principles of approbation. People have an incurable tendency to justify their desires by irrelevant facts, as if the desires were not in themselves their best excuse. They find it necessary to give reasons even when they are talking about irrational things. You would think to read and hear them that they have never had a genuine emotion in their lives. Would a man who had ever been in love say that the reason why he had fallen in love was that his beloved would make a healthy mother? (I am not speaking of the reason why he married.) Would a man who liked wine say that the reason why he liked it was that alcohol is a predigested food? (I am not talking about why he drinks it.) Alas, he probably would, for I once heard a very decorative young man standing before a glowing nude by Gauguin say, "You must approach it as an organization of areas." And his companion nodded his assent. So that anything is possible. But can one not assert with some confidence that he who approaches a glowing nude with his eyes on a *Plane Geometry* is not really seeing the glowing nude?

IV

The deeper question behind all this is why taste should change at all. If beauty

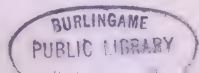
really were one and eternal and people had any sense of beauty, taste would never change.

But beauty will turn out to be the name given to whatever pleasure an individual actually takes in a work of art or its artistry. That pleasure may come from liking or from approbation; it may be conscious or unconscious; it may arise from the discovery of "form," of a social message, of an association with some childhood experience, of anything whatsoever. And since people are fairly different, there can be no legislation to a proper universal end.

As one studies the history of taste one sees that works of art have many values, not one. The same picture may be highly esteemed for opposing reasons and highly condemned for opposing reasons. One of the best instances is that of Courbet. Courbet was championed by Zola because of his individual and personal manner. He showed Zola a "corner of the universe seen through a temperament." He was championed by Proudhon, the revolutionist, because he summed up the "spirit of his time." He showed Proudhon all the meanness of the bourgeoisie with its pettiness, its love of luxury, its individualism. One of Courbet's paintings which Proudhon particularly admired showed two fat nudes by a river. To Proudhon this painting was satire, to Zola it was realism. To the academic critics it had all the ugliness which Proudhon saw in it, but they could not see it as satire. Therefore they could not admire it. If one studies the history of "Hamlet"-criticism, to take another example, one sees the same thing. Hamlet is all things to all men. Every critic naturally thinks that his Hamlet is Shakespeare's Hamlet. Hamlet did not become a puzzle until the time of Goethe—in fact he was barely discussed until around 1780. When Goethe says that the key to the play is contained in the lines,

The time is out of joint. O cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right!

he concludes that the tragedy is that of



a soul inadequate to the tasks which have been put upon it. But this peculiar idea could only have arisen if (a) Hamlet was inadequate to the task which had been put upon him, and (b) if incompetence is tragic. But Hamlet is perfectly adequate, once he is convinced of the King's guilt and gets a good chance to kill him, and incompetence was never considered particularly tragic, more than pathetic, before Goethe's time. What Goethe did, all the others have done. This is no place to trace the history of "Hamlet"-criticism, but we can see reflected in essays on Hamlet's character down to the present day all the fashionable psychologies. The only conclusion to be drawn is, that if the various critics are telling the truth, they are reading Shakespeare through their books in psychology.

Any work of art can be seen and admired from a variety of points of view. For each is (1) made by someone, (2) in a social milieu, which (3) is typical or atypical of the time; it is (4) in some tradition which may be (5) national or international and, therefore, has (6) associations with religious, philosophical, scien-

tific ideas. The man who made it (7) got money (or its equivalent) for it and (8) made it to please himself or the purchaser. It (9) frequently has (and always can be made to have through symbolic interpretation) some subject matter. Hence the values resident in any of these situations may appear at the right time to a person interested in discovering them, and they will be as truly there as any of the other values.

You can, therefore, account for taste by first reading a critical essay and untangling all the mass of ideas embodied in it. Some will be obvious, others more or less concealed. If one knows thoroughly the thought of any period and the history of ideas, one can then see how certain fashions emerge and others sink into the background. No cultural soul or *Zeitgeist* is required to explain why some things are liked and approved of at one time and by one person and disliked, or even forgotten, at another and by other persons. All that is required is industry and a willingness to admit that "ages" are not all of a piece.





THE GARISH DAY

A STORY

BY DOROTHY THOMAS

LOUISE was helped into a gingham dress so stiffly ironed that it crackled, coming down over her head, and the sleeves had to be worked open with her fingertips. When the belt was tied crisply behind her she stood obligingly quiet while her grandmother rearranged her curls and fastened her ready-tied, pale-blue bow to the top curl.

"There!" her grandmother said, "She's ready, but I don't know about you letting her go over there. We don't know those people."

Her mother turned from the stove to say, "Well, Fred was right here in the kitchen when they 'phoned to ask for her. If he'd thought it wasn't the thing to do he'd have said so. They're neighbors. If we didn't let her go after their asking it would likely make a feeling. You look nice now, Louise. Keep clean and remember to thank her when you go, when Papa comes for you."

"I suppose it can't hurt her any," the grandmother said. "I guess we coddle her too much. A child's got to get used to different kinds of people some time. She's nine. If she don't know how to behave away from home and be a little lady, goodness knows when she ever will know."

"You must ask them to come over, dear, but not for any set time," her mother warned; "looks like there's a raft of them. We'll have them—have to I guess—but we'll hold off until spring if we can and have them outside. We could have ice-cream, I suppose."

"And coconut macaroons?" Louise asked.

"I expect so. Get your wraps on now. Looks like Papa's ready. Better take your sweater too, and leave it on to play in if the house is chill. That place is little warmer'n a barn, as I remember it. Got your handkerchief?"

Louise nodded and patted her pocket that held her best Sunday handkerchief, her lace-edged one. To take the handkerchief without asking was wrong likely, but after all she was going visiting, even if it was only to the Hendersons' renter's place.

Her grandmother helped her into her coat and tied her scarf tightly about her neck, then kissed her and turned her round for her mother's kiss. "Be a good girl," her mother said, "and don't keep Papa waiting when it's time for him to come for you. Have your overshoes on and be ready."

Her father was waiting for her. The engine was throbbing. He said nothing but smiled at her over the noise, tucked the blankets about her, backed the car into the Y he had made next to the pump-house in other turnings, and headed for the road.

Louise put up her hand in her red fur-trimmed glove and waved to the two at the kitchen window. She was proud of her gloves. They had been her Christmas present from her father. Much as they loved her and wanted good things for her, both her mother and her grand-

mother had thought the red leather gloves too "fancy" for so young a girl. She rested one hand on her knee and smoothed the back of the glove with her finger-tips, and when her father, as they had made a sharp turn on to the highway, looked down at her, she smiled at him over the edge of her scarf, thanking him once more with her look for the gloves. He was intent upon driving on the snowy road and did not talk.

When they came to the driveway that led up to the Hendersons' renter's place he brought the car to a careful stop and said, "Here you are, Daughter. I'll come for you round five," and opened the car door for her. She leaned to him and kissed his cold chin, and he patted her back with his mittened hand. "Got on your galoshes? Well, keep to the rut, and don't get too snowy. Here I see they're coming to meet you. Good-by."

The wheels spun, and he was away, and she was left alone in the snowy road to meet strange children. Her heart beat fast. There were three of them, running down the slope, their hair and garments whipping in the wind. They had on no wraps. The big one, the one she had seen going past in the wagon with his father, was ahead. The Barkers had been in the Hendersons' renter's house less than a week, and since it was the week of New Year, there had been no school and Louise had not met them.

"Hi," the boy panted when he was near enough. "Thought you were coming for all day! We been watching for you a long time."

"My father was going to town," Louise said, "I came when he was ready to bring me." Had they thought she would come alone?

"Hello," the girls sang out together and, when they came quite near and saw the splendor of Louise's new white cap and scarf set and her red gloves, were silent in awe, glanced at each other, and stood shivering, with their shoulders humped up, staring.

"Come on," the boy said, "race you to the house," and turned and ran.

"Aren't you cold," Louise ventured, "without your wraps?"

"Shucks," the bigger girl laughed, "we don't wrap up, 'less we're going some place. Come on. Keep in Jimmy's tracks."

Jimmy had not followed the road but had plunged up the slope between the little fruit trees, making a path of his own. Louise and the girls followed, stretching their legs to keep in his tracks.

A short plump woman with a baby in her arms and a ring of little ones round her opened the door and welcomed them into a kitchen warm and steamy with a mingled smell of baking bread, long-boiled coffee, and drying baby clothes.

"Hello, come on in," she said, "the children been so lonesome, not knowing a soul in this neighborhood. We've seen you going past with your folks, and they teased this morning for me to 'phone and have you down. We just got the 'phone in this morning. Louise—that's your name, ain't it? How's your mother? How's your folks?"

"Well, thank you," Louise said.

The oldest girl had begun, gently, to untie and unwind Louise's scarf and the next biggest lifted her cap from her curls as though it were a May Queen crown, and then held it to her cheek a moment.

Other, smaller children came and stood close, looking at Louise with frankest adoration.

"Ain't she pretty, Mama?" one of the girls breathed, and the boy who had come down to the road to meet her shouted in embarrassment at such open praise, "Hey, look, your stockings are all snowy. You'll be soaked when that melts."

Louise had felt the dampness against her legs, but she had been too interested in the people and the house to pay attention to it. She looked down and saw that her new wool stockings were caked with snow.

"Here," the mother said, "you'll catch cold! Fetch a chair, Jim; put her up to the fire."

"You bet," the boy said, glad of a chance to do something and dumped a pile of

baby clothes and a legless doll from a kitchen chair and slid it toward her. One of the girls let down the oven door, "There, get your feet up and dry 'em," the woman said. Another of the girls squatted to take off her galoshes.

"But there's bread in the oven," Louise protested.

The mother shrugged her plump shoulders and laughed. "It's done I think," she said. "Yes, it's good and done. Good thing something reminded me of it." She stooped with a good-natured groan to lift out the big bread pan.

"Mom," the boys shouted, "give us a loaf!"

"Do you like hot fresh bread?" the woman asked. "Our kids love it. All right. Hold your horses now! Mary, get some jam. It's in that big box over there," she turned to smile on Louise. "We ain't all unpacked yet," she apologized. "Jim's got to put up some shelves before we can have places for more'n half our stuff. This place is short on shelf and closet space. My canned stuff's still in that big box."

"Here, you," one of the boys shouted, "look't, Mama! Baby's got her wraps!" They all went for the smallest girl who had put Louise's cap on her head and wound the scarf about her neck. The child ran laughing, and rolled under the bed in the kitchen corner.

They got down all of them, even the mother, on all fours, to persuade her to come out. One of the boys crawled under the bed after her and dragged her out by a leg. The scarf was somewhat the worse for the maneuvers.

"She's spoiled," the mother told Louise, after she had given the baby a spank that made her yelp one half-laughing cry. "She's not really the *baby* you know, but she was for so long we still call her Baby. She's just three. The baby's five months old."

"Want to see our baby?" one of the girls asked.

"Now you just let her dry that snow off first," the mother said. "Jimmy, toss her wraps up on top of the cupboard, why

don't you? They'll be safe enough there. Baby, you keep outa them galoshes!"

The one loaf that was to be theirs, hot, had been given to the boys and they were dividing it in great fragrant chunks. "Here," the oldest boy said and thrust a great hunk toward Louise.

"Well, don't give it to her like that," the oldest girl said. "Wait till I spread it for you and put it on a saucer. Here, I got opened raspberry jam and peach butter—which'll you have?"

"Peach butter," Louise said and found her mouth watering while she watched the snowy bread being spread, first with pale butter then with peach butter.

"See to the fire in the good room, why don't you, Jim?" the mother asked, "and you kids go in there and play and have a good time. Go on now, you boys, and bring in more cobs."

Two of them after a little wrangling went out without wraps to bring in a tub of cobs, and the girls stood round Louise, each with her piece of new bread and the jam of her choice (Baby had both kinds), and watched Louise eat.

"Good, isn't it?" one of the little ones asked.

"Very good," Louise said.

The boys came in with the cobs and carried the tub through to the living room, swaggering and looking back at Louise, wanting her to admire the size of the load they had fetched. One of the little girls kicked the cobs that rolled off on to the floor toward the side of the room out of the way.

A small girl, the darkest one, brought the baby, the tiny baby, and laid it across Louise's knees. Louise had never before held a very little baby. She touched the tiny pink fingers and felt, in wonder, the strength of them as they closed on her own. Little Barkers crowded about, talking to the baby gently, lovingly. They stood on the rungs of Louise's chair and breathed against her neck and were delighted when she said, "She's so little, so pretty!"

"It's a boy," they told her, "that's what

we have, seems like, a boy and a girl, and a boy then a girl, except for Susie here. She shoulda been a boy after Mary, by rights, but she wasn't."

"How many are there of you?" Louise asked.

"We're just eight, with the baby," Mary said. "There's Jim and then me, and then Susie, and then Jack, and then . . ."

"Come on," the boys called from the living room. "It's good'n warm in here now—come on in and play. Ain't your stockings dry yet?"

Louise got up from the chair and wiped the melted butter from her fingers with the lace-edged handkerchief.

"Oh, what a pretty handkerchief!" one of the girls cried—little Dolly, Louise thought, but wasn't quite sure. "Could I? Would you let me hold it a while?"

"Oh, you might lose it, Dolly," Mary said. "You better not."

"I won't," Dolly said. "I'll be so careful. I'll hold it in both hands, like this." She made a treasuring nest of her two hands and looked coaxingly at Louise.

"Well, if you're going to carry it, you oughta have it pinned on," Mary said. "Are you going to let her, Louise?"

"I guess so," Louise said, "for a little bit."

Susie ran to fetch a safety-pin. "I took it off the baby," she giggled, "he's gettin' his dinner and will lie still and won't need it. Mama didn't care. Here, let me pin it on you, Dolly."

"Not way up *there*! I can't see it!" Dolly protested.

"Sure, pin it down on her stomach where she can see it," Mary said.

"No, if you pin it too low Baby'll be grabbin' it." Baby, the three-year-old, was already near and preparing to grab. Whatever she did was considered charming and adorable by the older Barkers. Arms went out to stop her eager little hands now and older sisters cautioned "Mustn't touch, honey! Just *look* at it!"

Dolly decided it was better to have the handkerchief pinned just under her chin and that, with the aid of her mother's

cracked hand-mirror, she could enjoy it just as well.

"Aren't you gonna play?" the boys were yelling. "Come on, you kids. Come on, Louise, you can go first. Take off your shoes, kids."

Louise turned from the handkerchief affair to find the boys had rearranged the living-room furniture; had slid the tables and chairs about to get ready for some kind of game and had taken off their shoes and piled them all together in a corner.

"We made it up last night," Mary said.

"And we call it 'Round We Go!'" Susie shouted.

"See," Jack said, "we put all the chairs and tables and stuff so you can jump from one to the other and then round we go like this."

Jim and Jack began the demonstration. First Jim jumped and Jack clambered to the long, deeply scarred mission-oak library table, from there to the top of the piano, from the piano to the back and the seat of a very lumpy davenport, from the davenport to a chair, from the chair to a packing box, from the box to a chest of drawers, and on to the library table again.

"See," they shouted, "it's easy, come on!" and Round We Go began. Mary helped Baby, who had to have her part in the game too. For the long jumps loving arms were held out for her, and the ones ahead halted a little to watch.

Louise found herself sailing through the air from the top of the piano to the davenport, shouting with the fun of it like the Barkers.

Dolly broke the mirror when she fell between the packing box and the chest of drawers and the six of them yelled in gleeful, clapping chorus, that she'd got them seven years of bad luck, and picked up the pieces and put them in the stove. Baby watched her chance and snatched at the handkerchief and got it. Mary rescued it and the little piece that had stayed with the safety-pin, and brought it to Louise with apologies, but Louise was too intent on the continuation of the Round We Go game to care, as she should

have. The boys had decided that jumping from the piano to the davenport was much the best part of the game, so they had narrowed it to that. Louise was given every third turn because she was company, and she found herself enjoying it.

She had been dreading, when she took time to think of it at all, the moment when the mother who, she had been told, was feeding the baby, would come to the door and see what they were up to, punish them all, and probably order her home. When she came at last, the baby still in her arms, it was only to say, "You kids be careful now, and mind Baby so she don't get hurt."

"Let's go outside," one of the boys suggested, "it's gettin' too hot in here," and all the Barkers shouted agreement. The room was indeed too hot. The front door was flung open, the Barkers put on their shoes and charged out into the snow. A white-and-yellow dog came to join them, and a new game began. No one had taken time or thought to put on wraps. Wraps, with the Barkers, were for school days, for going out to meet the world. As they got too cold for comfort they ran indoors to warm a moment and to snatch refreshments that consisted of apples and soda crackers, and ran out again to share their "piece" bite by bite with Baby who had a great appetite.

The game they played outside was "Knights and Ladies." All three of the boys were knights and as many of the girls as felt a leaning toward knighthood. The lances were dried sunflower stalks and shields an old boiler lid, a small smashed tin tub, a washboard, and a piece of sheet-iron. The sheet-iron, while it afforded the most protection, was hard to hold, so two knights hid behind it, one to carry it, the other to fight. A lady was a lady when she wound round her shoulders a snow-wet lace window curtain. The curtain was passed from girl to girl. Louise was queen and wore, without her right to it being questioned, a long strip of flowered China silk that a friend of the family had given Mrs. Barker to cover a

quilt for the new baby. The boys thought she should have a crown, and Jimmy ran in and came out with a shiny syrup pail that fitted well enough over her curls. Her ribbon was found (it had been lost in Round We Go), and fastened to the pail, where it bobbed below her ear and could be seen from the corner of her eye. It came off in time and fell into Baby's hands.

To keep Louise warm and her feet from freezing they brought her a pitchfork handle and suggested that, with it for a charger, she should gallop round and round the "field of combat" to see how the tournament went. Once a lance hit her in the shoulder and the fighting ceased and they all gathered round to find out how badly she had been hurt. She somehow kept from crying aloud, but the tears came and were wiped away with Mary's apron. Looking on, the boys decided to give up fighting and to go into the house.

The living-room door and window had been left open and the room was too cold for them, so they all went into the kitchen. There Mrs. Barker welcomed them with cookies, fresh from the oven, and a great earthenware crock full of buttermilk. Cups and glasses were brought from the cupboard and Mary dipped buttermilk for them all and they vied with one another to get the biggest possible milk mustaches.

"Why don't you read something while you're getting dry?" Mrs. Barker suggested. Baby was the only one whose stockings had been changed, but they had all taken off their shoes again and piled them behind the stove to dry. "Are you a good reader, Louise? I bet you are."

"Sure she is," Jimmy said, "you'd know she was—the way she talks."

Louise's denials were cried down, and the books were brought. There was a warped and ragged *Just So Tales*, a book of the adventures of Pop Eye, a very large book of fairytales with old-fashioned illustrations, and a *Boys' King Arthur*.

The book was chosen by laying all four in a row, then rearranging them while

Baby's eyes were shut—Susie's hands over her eyes—and allowing her to choose. The *Just So Tales* were chosen, and with the Barkers lying round her on the kitchen floor, Louise herself sat on a folded comfort brought from the bed in the corner, and began to read: "In those high and far-off times, Oh best beloved" . . . stopping to take a bite of cookie or a drink of buttermilk when she pleased, while her listeners waited in all patience.

She was nearing the end of "How the Elephant Lost His Trunk" when Mr. Barker's car was driven into the yard and all the children forsook her without apology, to run out to meet their father. He had brought "suckers" for all of them and a bag of pink peppermints, and he offered the peppermints first to Louise. When they all had suckers and the father had gone to look at the baby and been told how good he had been, and that Louise "liked him a lot," they wanted to hear the rest of the story and gathered round her again. Their mother good-naturedly stepped over them, bringing the lamp for Louise to see by, fetching a great pan of potatoes to peel for supper, and the father lighted his pipe, took Baby on his knee and listened too, and at the end said, "That's sure a whale of a yarn," and they all laughed and rolled round in delight when little Dolly said gravely, "No, Papa, that's not the *whale* one."

"Get out, you boys, get out and bring in the cobs and fill the water pails," Mrs. Barker said, and the boys began to fuss about it, and their mother said maybe they'd better put on their coats, and a hunt was begun among the many coats hung on the hooks behind the kitchen door.

"Here's your father come for you, looks likel!" Susie sang out. "Oh, pshaw, Louiseie, it seems like you've hardly been here! Get down her wraps, Jim."

Jim began leaping to reach her wraps from the top of the cupboard, but Mary had to bring a chair to search for the second glove. The glove was not to be found, even after the cupboard had been moved out from the wall. Baby gave it

up at last from where it had been tucked down her front inside her undershirt. All the Barkers stood silent, watching wonderingly while Mary helped wind the white scarf about Louise's neck and Susie fetched and held the galoshes. Several times little Barkers had run to the door to shout to Louise's father, "She's coming. She's getting her wraps on!"

They went out, an escort of seven, to see Louise into the car, to watch the tucking of the blanket about her, to wave and shout, "Good-by, good-by, good-by!"

The first stars had come out, very clear and bright in the winter sky. The sky and the snow too were palest blue. Louise's father was quiet except to say, "Their fence here needs fixing, bad. Hope they get at it soon."

Louise found it necessary in the cold, to sniff, and felt in her coat and dress pockets for a handkerchief that was not there. Remembering the good handkerchief, she remembered too that she had not thanked Mrs. Barker—that she came away without saying the things a little girl should say at the end of a visit. She thought of their kitchen at home, with its clock-ticking quiet; with everything in its place, and she felt that she had been away a long time, in a strange country, with a strange and happy people.

She was tired, tired to sleepiness, and leaned against her father. He had begun to hum to himself, to hum "Lead Kindly Light," and listening, too tired, too content to hum with him, Louise thought the words of the song, "I loved the garish day in spite of . . ."

He patted the blanket over her knees and said, "Did you have a good day, Daughter?"

"Yes," Louise said sleepily, "just—just *garish*, Papa."

"That's good," he said, and all unsuspecting, "we must have them all over to play with you some Saturday."

The Barkers playing Round We Go in their living room! It was past imagination. It could not happen ever in the world. The Barkers, themselves, and their life were as unreal as one of the tales

she had read to them. How their eyes had shone listening. Now she saw the lights of her home and the orderly doorway and knew how the supper table would look set with its four blue plates.

"Here we are," her father said. She

knew her grandmother would say when she saw her with her dirty cap, rumpled dress, without her bow on her hair, "Bless me, is this my girl?" and how if she spoke the truth, she would say, "No, Grandma, no. I'm not. I've been a Barker—and I liked it."

HOME WITHOUT DUCKS

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

I ROSE ahead of two good morning stars
 And walked up through the fallen pasture bars
 I climbed through as a boy. Two miles of night
 I walked through, and I came out in a light
 Made half by dawn and half by frost. Each pine
 Stood feathered with the frost and full of shine,
 The flakes of light shook off the trees and flew
 Ahead of me as I went pushing through,
 I had soft white around me in a shower,
 And I was walking through an opened flower.

I came upon a pool where as a boy
 I sat upon my legs in midst of joy
 So long that all the lower part of me
 Was there no longer and my head swam free,
 Until the ducks came slanting, and I shot
 And sprang up from a boy, a man white-hot.
 But not a duck came slanting steep as rain
 To change me from a man to boy again,
 Nothing in that vast white beauty stirred
 Where trees were blossoms, not a single bird.

I started home without a thing to show
 Along a hill hung with a breath of snow,
 And suddenly the sun came, and my soles
 Became the centers of two aureoles,
 They went along with me, the trees took fire,
 The hill became a diamond entire,
 A thousand rainbows trembled through the trees,
 I walked deep in them above my knees,
 And I drew in, each time I took a breath,
 Light enough to last me beyond death.



THE ODDS AGAINST GERMANY

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

IT WILL soon be three years since the first attempt of Nazi Germany at expansion—the abortive *Putsch* on Austria in which Dollfuss died. All that time the threat—so succinctly phrased for us by the usually wily Dr. Schacht—“*Germany must expand or explode!*” has hung over Europe, has grown and grown, until to-day it represents the major political problem of the world. Will it lead to another terrible war soon? Many people, even to-day, believe this to be inevitable.

And yet, quite aside from the fact that panic over “inevitable war” is just the thing to hurry it on, much as the panic over the “Bolshevist menace” gave us Fascism, does a sober consideration of Germany’s chances justify it? War is possible, yes, with men like Hitler and Goering in charge of a great military machine; nor is it necessary to emphasize here just how formidable this machine is. What Hitler might decide to do no one can foretell. But it is safe to say this much for the German military hierarchy: that if they learned nothing more from the last War, they learned at least that they must not lose the next. That may well turn out to be the factor which will in the end divert Germany from the warlike adventure which—the evidence of all the senses insists—she has been planning, back to international co-operation. For the odds against a successful German stroke in either eastern or western Europe are lengthening month by month.

One difficulty in appraising the German danger is to know just what it is that Germany wants, and from whom she in-

tends to try to take it. Most of all, undoubtedly, she wants the return of the lost territories of the Corridor, Upper Silesia, Danzig, and Memel (in about that order of urgency). She wants to annex Austria and German Bohemia. She wants to weld the whole Central European and Balkan area into, first, an economic, and, eventually, a political empire. She wants some colonies out in the world to relieve her pent-in feeling.

She most certainly wants to establish herself as the supreme military power on the Continent, and that means “settling” with France. Hitler, in his *Mein Kampf*, lays down this “settlement” with France as necessary to give Germany freedom of action in Europe. The first fruit of this freedom would be the seizure of “land for colonization in the east,” specifically, “the Ukraine and the Baltic coast lands.”

Just because Hitler has printed these ideas in a book is no reason to think that he no longer believes in them. His effort to soak them into young Germany points to the contrary, although he has sometimes appeared to have reversed the order of his two main plans. His obsession against Bolshevism and refusal to sign any security pact in the East, his diplomatic maneuvers, the tone of Nazi propaganda—all proclaim a German “explosion” in the East.

It is necessary to remember that when Hitler set this favorite scheme of his on paper in 1926 he was far from alone in considering a Soviet collapse imminent. Why could not the Reichswehr, which had one foot already well planted in the

Russian door, simply step in and dominate the whole western half of the country? Had it not, after all, been master of this entire region only eight short years before?

The situation in Russia in 1933, when Hitler finally came to power and could set his scheme in motion, was curiously arranged to encourage him. A terrible famine was raging. Collectivization had antagonized the whole of the peasantry. The city workers were groaning under a regime of stern sacrifice. Transport was in a tangle. The world economic crisis jeopardized the drive for industrialization. The Red Army, though much better organized than in 1926, was composed three-quarters of militia, which echoed the people's discontent. To top it all, a war in the East with Japan threatened to break out any day. Hitler embarked at once on a bitter anti-Soviet policy, and as his first diplomatic deal arranged the "friendship" with Poland which was to clear the way for the great Ukrainian adventure.

All that may have been fine in 1933, but what a different scene Russia presents to-day! She has vastly increased her industrial and armaments capacity and labored mightily on her transport system. Her military establishment has been greatly increased, altered until it is now three-quarters regular troops and only one-quarter militia, and disposed to meet simultaneous attacks from east and west. Abandoning Communism right and left, Stalin has adjusted his agricultural problem, conceding to the peasants their own house, a couple of acres of garden, three cows, and as many pigs and chickens as they wish. Life has been greatly eased for the city workers. Wide differentiation in wages has made industry function more efficiently. Russian patriotism has been reintroduced, and a fine, new, liberal Constitution dangled before the "citizens'" eyes (if not exactly put within their grasp).

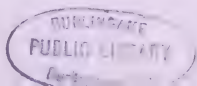
At the same time Russia has worked vigorously to break down her isolation. Putting the brake on the widely resented

activities of the Comintern, she entered the "bourgeois" League of Nations as soon as Germany left. She has joined in defensive pacts with democratic France and Czechoslovakia and, in fact, has changed her whole front with such incredible agility as now to present herself to the world as *Soviet Russia, the Defender of Democracy!*

That is Russia in 1937. And yet it actually seems as though Hitler's fanaticism prevents his better judgment from dictating a change of plan. The Berlin correspondent of a famous London newspaper told me last summer of the experience of a visiting British diplomat who in a private conversation with Hitler raised the question of Germany's relations with Russia. Hitler sprang to his feet and delivered a twenty-minute public speech against "Jewish Bolshevism"! So who knows? Perhaps to Hitler's mind the series of Trotskyist trials reveal a state of dissension and sabotage in Russia which must still lead to that "early collapse" upon which he has waited the last dozen years.

At any rate, as the Soviets consolidated their home front and tried to make themselves respectable abroad, Hitler's campaign against the "Bolshevist menace" became only the more furious. At the last Nuremberg Congress he re-committed Germany to the hilt to an anti-Soviet policy and made his famous speech about what *he* would do if he controlled the wealth of the Ukraine and the Urals. Shortly afterward he concluded a pact with Japan "against the activities of the Comintern," a pact which has been widely suspect as some sort of preliminary agreement for simultaneous action against Russia. All through the past winter he waged a strange ideological warfare, coupled with a kind of election campaign of Europe: the nations had now to come out and declare whether they were for or against Soviet Russia.

The aim of this "Holy War" of Hitler's seemed to be to make Russia so loathed and feared by the Western nations that they would acquiesce in a campaign by



the sturdy German Siegfried to "clean out the plague spot." It was also hoped by this thunder to frighten the French and the Czechs out of their "entangling" pacts with Russia, the abandonment of which was to save them from almost certain war. Hitler played to the utmost too on British and Belgian instincts for self-preservation, aiming to ensure that neither would aid France in a war into which she might be drawn through her Soviet connection. In the case of Belgium he apparently succeeded, for last October that country suddenly terminated her military obligations to France.

II

Hitler applied himself particularly to winning over the British. An alliance, or at least an understanding with them has always been a cardinal point in his policy. At first he had considerable success with visiting British Conservative statesmen; his messianic conviction of the German mission against Bolshevism won over such influential men as Lord Lothian, Lord Allen of Hurtwood, and Lord Londonderry. Through Lord Lothian he carried *The Times* a long way with him. On the crest of this wave he sent his personal agent von Ribbentrop to London to win the British people to the Anglo-German community of interests. And indeed, these efforts were so successful that at the time of the re-occupation of the Rhineland last year it could actually be said that British public opinion was preponderantly on Germany's side.

It is worth remembering that the only phase of German rearmament which was negotiated in advance was her naval building. Nor did she demand a navy large enough to threaten British interests, but only a ratio of thirty-five per cent—enough, however, to give her absolute domination of the Baltic. German adherence to the new Submarine Convention was another gesture intended as conciliatory to Britain.

For a long time the colonial question was kept entirely quiet, and even the

present sporadic campaign seems more a maneuver to establish in principle Germany's right to more room and raw materials (or is it *war* materials all the fuss is about?) than a demand for the return of specific African colonies. After making the British thoroughly uncomfortable, it is thought that the Germans intend to bargain with them: "We'll stay out of Africa and do our expanding in eastern Europe. It won't hurt your interests in the least, so wouldn't it be wise if you gave us a free hand?"

The announcement of the British rearmament program certainly had a dampening effect in Berlin. But Hitler countered by offering Belgium a guarantee of neutrality, shaping his offer in such a way as to bar the convenient passage through Belgium to the British Army or Air Force and to prevent thorough French-British-Belgian staff preparations. Next he brought out a new "Locarno" proposal which names Britain and Italy (*not* the League) as arbiters of France's right on any particular occasion to go to the help of her eastern pact-partners Poland, Czechoslovakia, Russia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia.

Thus Hitler would place Italy at France's elbow to ensure her inaction while he proceeded with his bit of colonization in the East. To immobilize France further, Hitler joined in an attempt to set up a Fascist state in Spain at her back, and encouraged the Rexists in Belgium. He has assured France over and over again that with the return of the Saar there is no further quarrel between them, but in case he has to deal with her in spite of everything, he has arranged by offering neutrality to her neighbors Switzerland, Belgium, and Holland, to confine her attack to the short frontier opposite Alsace-Lorraine. This he is preparing to defend.

The set-up as Hitler would presumably like to see it is something like this then: France all trussed up, deserted by Belgium, watched over by Italy, and not sure of British help in a war brought on by her Soviet connection. Czechoslovakia

frightened and her regime undermined by the agitation of the German minority in the country. Poland lulled into false security by the "friendship" pact and the lack of any mention in the German press for years of the recovery of the Corridor or Upper Silesia. Then at the first good opportunity, say on the outbreak of serious political trouble in France, he discloses a sensational conspiracy for a Bolshevik World Revolution, and moves suddenly with all his force to "prevent" it. It is taken for granted that in such circumstances the Japanese simply could not afford to miss their chance for a simultaneous stroke in the East.

One has only to spread the scheme out and examine it to find the holes which puncture and weaken it. Germany cannot actually *count* on Japan joining in (there is something rather unconvincing about that "anti-Comintern" pact, and the way it was signed by von Ribbentrop and not the Foreign Minister). Neither is she by any means securely tied by alliance to Italy, least of all for a venture against Russia. The farfetched idea that Poland had bargained to allow the passage of German troops to the Ukraine was shattered last year with the firm re-establishment of the Franco-Polish alliance.

The alternative route to the Ukraine is through Czechoslovakia. That country is also secured by alliance to France, as well as by defensive pact with Soviet Russia. It is unthinkable that Poland and Czechoslovakia would not resist invasion. Although not allies or on really good terms, both have strong national spirit and well-equipped armies which, while no match for the German, would probably account for themselves as well as did the Belgian Army in 1914. In addition, they present much greater distances and much rougher country to traverse than did Belgium, thus they would rob the attack on Russia of its surprise value.

Here we come to the vital point of the whole calculation: would France and Britain now join in the struggle? The French, on their part, must have faced

this question long ago; they know what they could expect afterward from a victorious Germany if they hesitated. Britain's policy toward the Continent, often branded as obscure, is plain at least in this: she wants no power to gain undisputed hegemony there and she insists on the neutrality of the Channel coast. She is more closely committed to France than at any time since the last war, and in the past year her feelings toward Germany have undergone a profound change. The intensified Nazi attacks on the churches and on all of the institutions of democracy and freedom so cherished in England, coupled with intervention in Spain, and the forcing on Britain of a vast armaments program, have completely alienated British public opinion. German counterattacks on France would in all likelihood find Britain standing by her side.

Here, in turn, we come to the crucial point on the German side: would Italy now join her to harass the French flank and French and British communications in the Mediterranean? The prizes of Tunis, Egypt, and Suez—supposing he could take them—would be powerful temptation for Mussolini. But would they draw this keen realist into a struggle of Germany, Italy, and perhaps Hungary against, in the long run, the whole of Europe? If Hitler would join him in a coalition against Britain now, and leave Russia and eastern Europe strictly out of it, that might be a different story.

III

We have not, up to now, so much as mentioned the part which the Red Army might be playing in this conflict. Even allowing for a good deal of exaggeration in the accounts of its equipment, spirit, and tactical prowess, and considering that it might have to defend two fronts at once, there can be little doubt but that it would fully occupy the largest German expeditionary force. No quick decision could be won against its great man-power, maneuvering in Russia's vast spaces. Yet

all plans for the next war call for a quick decision, and Germany's economic position makes this condition doubly important for her.

Germany's speedy mechanized equipment would have a long route to Russia, and nothing but unpaved roads when it got there. There would be poor targets for German bombs, if—the experience in Spain raises the question—the German Air Force could establish its superiority over the Russian. The whole venture might perhaps have been possible with Russia in the condition of ten years ago; attempted to-day, everything cries out that it would be suicide.

There is besides no evidence that the German General Staff have been preparing such a campaign. At the time Hitler was writing his book, and for years after, they were working in the closest co-operation with the Red Army, and laying the basis for its great Air Force. They would never have done that if they had any notion of fighting it. The German Army chiefs, from the elder Moltke down through Schlieffen, the younger Moltke, Falkenhayn, Seeckt, Groener, Hammerstein, and Schleicher have all opposed the idea of an adventure in the east. Only Ludendorff stood out for it, and even he, in a book published in 1931, hoped that in a future war Russia would side against a coalition of France, Poland, and the Little Entente, that is, be on Germany's side. Is it possible that Hitler's present overtures to the old Feldherr are an attempt to find a man—and a man of reputation—to lead his eastern crusade?

Professional military circles have continued in steady opposition to the idea since Hitler's coming to power. General Kabisch writes: "The idea of a rapid, victorious push against the entrenched Russian Army lacks technical foundation. To the thoughtful, calculating soldier the chances of so defeating the Russian Army in a quick campaign, that it would be put out of action for a long time, are illusory." General Metzsch, possibly the outstanding military writer in the Third Reich, and Colonel Hierl, the Nazis' own

leading strategist, are equally against the Russian crusade. Von Fritsch, the present Chief of Staff, is said to have toasted the Red Army at a banquet following the Reichswehr maneuvers last fall.

If any plainer speaking is necessary the *Militärwissenschaftliche Rundschau*, professional organ of the War Office (not a Goebbels' propaganda sheet), carrying purely factual information for Army officers, provides it in a recent number. It declares the Soviet Tank Army and Air Force to be the strongest in the world. The German General Staff has shown in the Spanish affair (where German intervention has been limited almost entirely to the Goering Air Force) that it is still able to exert decisive influence against adventures which it considers bad strategy for Germany. If it came to a showdown it would probably be able to veto the Ukrainian scheme.

This eastern venture appears, in fact, such a strategic *cul-de-sac* for Germany, and there are so many arguments against it, that the question raises itself insistently if it is not all a gigantic blind for a sudden overpowering attack on France. The early pact with Poland, as a cover for Germany's rear, and the offers of neutrality to France's small neighbor states would fit well into such a scheme. Germany's wonderful new strategic highways are concentrated in the west and center of the country, while only one single strand stretches out to the east, through Silesia. Eighty per cent of Germany's mechanized forces are said to be held in the west, where they could make a lightning stroke on France.

The political and economic confusion in France during the past three years has been such as to persuade soberer minds than Hitler's that that country was on its way to civil war. General unsavoriness and putrefaction were features of political life; riots, growing illegality of party methods, even assassination, seemed to be tumbling the nation along to an open conflict between Fascists and Communists. The rather slippery, and certainly narrow-visioned, conduct of leaders like

Laval alienated France's friends (and, when at her best, she has many). Poland had fallen away, only Czechoslovakia of the Little Entente could be counted on, and she was seriously embarrassed by the agitation of her German minority. Laval's sabotage of the League of Nations' effort in the Ethiopian affair, culminating in his famous partition scheme, so weakened the confidence and sympathy of the British people that they almost cheered the French discomfiture when Germany reoccupied the Rhineland.

How well things seemed to be shaping up for Germany during the days and weeks following that daring venture! Britain and France were completely at odds, Belgium was taking fright of her French alliance, sanctions had smashed the Stresa Front, France was in the throes of a Popular Front election and a financial crisis, and to Hitler that meant she was on the way to Communism.

Here was the chance then if Hitler intended to attack France. But he was not quite ready, and he was alone. Friendly relations had barely been reestablished with Italy, who was still fully occupied in Ethiopia. Then came the sudden, victorious finish to that affair. Italy returned to Europe, but on the other side of the Stresa Front now. Common antipathy to the whole League idea, combined with a Nazi soft-pedal in Austria, brought the two Fascist powers steadily closer together. By midsummer they had launched their venture in Spain, in rough co-operation. Shortly afterward came Germany's pact with Japan, and people began to speak of the "Fascist International." How the vigor and dynamism of Fascist power politics contrasted in those days with the pacifism and muddling of Britain, the confusion, perhaps decadence, of France, and the complete failure of the League!

IV

Somewhere between last fall and winter, as it now appears, Hitler's tide was at its full. But by this time he was fever-

ishly occupied in trying to pull a prestige and strategical victory out of Spain and in preparing a "second Spain" in Czechoslovakia. Intervention dragged wretchedly on through the winter and spring, the prestige victory evaded him, the affair cost more than had been calculated and brought him into difference of opinion with his General Staff.

Meanwhile the situation in the democracies had changed. Fear and hesitation gradually gave way to new confidence and energy. Britain had come to life. Goaded out of her long MacDonald-Simon lethargy at last by the spanking Mussolini had administered to her in the Mediterranean, she had launched such an armament program as would make any would-be aggressor stop and consider. The change in France has been quite as striking. A man of unquestioned ability and integrity has taken hold of things and stemmed the tide of fear and confusion much as Roosevelt did in America in 1933.

In the year which has passed the situation in France has been just as fundamentally improved as was the situation in America by 1934, a fact which is often obscured by the attendance of much the same turbulence and bewilderment on the Blum reforms of 1936 as on the Roosevelt recovery measures of 1933. Prices are jumping about and the Budget is still seriously unbalanced; admittedly the innovations have been too abrupt, and it will take the country a year or two to assimilate them. But the stale political, economic, and moral atmosphere has been cleared, business is improving, unemployment slowly subsiding, and an end has been put to talk of civil war.

Not only has France herself been strengthened in the past year, but the greatest optimist in Germany could no longer hope that they would fight her alone. The visits of War Minister Duff Cooper to Paris and the repeated declarations of Eden make it plain that Britain would be with her from the beginning. Belgium, since terminating her alliance, has drawn steadily closer to France in

spirit; her contacts with Britain are especially warm too. Premier van Zeeland's smacking election defeat of the Rexist leader Degrelle has shown that the Fascist movement is losing force there. Democratic affinities and memories of 1914 will go far in shaping Belgium's policy.

Germany cannot even be sure of being allowed to fight a western campaign alone. Whether Poland and Czechoslovakia, although enjoying the best relations with France in a decade, would honor their alliances without being attacked themselves must depend to a great extent on Russia's action. There are rumors that the Russian and German Army chiefs desire a rapprochement; but for the present practical calculations must be based on the fear of Germany and the belligerent hatred of Fascism which four years of Nazi abuse and threats have worked up in Russia. If Hitler intended his anti-Bolshevism only as a blind he may find out too late that it has created for him a terrific strategical liability in the east.

Supposing that Germany could count absolutely on Italy's help, her side would still appear to be at a distinct disadvantage against a probable opposition of France, Britain, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Russia, and Yugoslavia. But despite all the pressure of events of the past year, the two big Fascist powers are still not allies. Their rival interests in Austria are almost as incompatible as German-Polish interests in the Corridor, and if Mussolini has surrendered his guarantee of Austrian independence, it is certainly not willingly. The two powers have long contended for domination in Hungary and their rivalry in Yugoslavia is barely disguised.

Italy has as little desire as has Britain to see the German shadow cast over half the Continent. A Greater Germany would take from her the international freedom of action which she gained only with the destruction of the Austro-Hungarian giant. No! Mussolini will not fight to make Germany strong enough to annex Austria, demand the South Tirol and Trieste, and crowd Italy on the Adri-

atic and Eastern Mediterranean. He hopes to squeeze profit, undoubtedly, out of any German threat to France and Britain, but he will prefer to pursue his own independent policy down in *Mare Nostrum*.

The Germans on their part are scarcely more eager for the connection. The military and all who went through the War have never forgotten Italy's "desertion" in 1915 (though Italy was not bound to aid a German aggression on France), nor the poor showing made by her troops. That the recent victory of Italian arms over African natives has not wiped out this impression, I learned from conversation with German military people last summer. The record in Spain is not likely to help. Germany tied her fate once to the uncertain reed of an Austria-Hungary; I cannot believe that she will trust it to an Italy next time. Even should a formal alliance come out of the current visiting back and forth between the two countries grave suspicion of its solidity must persist.

The chance for a successful stroke in the west seems to have eluded Germany, just as has her chance in the east. That chance was to get France at her weakest and estranged from Britain. To challenge the united and heavily arming coalition of the two democracies now requires a hard-and-fast alliance with Italy and a secure rear. Germany can be sure of neither.

Not wishing to tie her fate to Italy's, and facing the *Stop!* signs of British rearmament in the west and Soviet preparedness in the east, Germany still has left her old alternative of a *Drang* down the Danube. This is the dream of a German *Mittleuropa*, and the way in which it has always been proposed to build it was one of first economic, then political, penetration. Surely never had Germany such an opportunity for achieving this as was presented to her by the Great Depression. If the Nazis had seriously concentrated on this purpose in 1933, and thrown even a part of their remaining financial resources into it, instead of

plowing every mark into armament, their *Mitteleuropa* might be close to realization to-day.

Instead, they put the political before the economic foot, thinking that they could easily annex Austria, dominate Hungary, and thus have Czechoslovakia at their mercy. But their maladroit *Putsch* on Austria (I happened to be in Vienna at the time), as well as their efforts to dominate Hungary, were thwarted by—whom? By Italy, who is now to be their “good ally.”

Valuable time was lost, and a real beginning at forceful economic penetration delayed until 1935, by which time the Depression was in general retreat. The success achieved since then, however, and with extremely meager financial resources, is a striking indication of what might have been possible over a longer period and with greater money power. Sanctions undoubtedly provided Germany with a very special opportunity; be that as it may, by the end of 1936 she was doing an even fifty per cent of the trade of the six countries from Hungary down, and practically held the economic life of Turkey, Bulgaria, and Greece in her hands.

But before the year was out this success was checked by her inability to pay. Under Depression and Sanctions conditions the Balkan countries were anxious for business on any terms; with good cash markets opening up elsewhere, the increased German business, with nothing but frozen credits in Berlin to show for it, rapidly lost its attraction. Rumania refused to sell Germany any more wheat on credit. Yugoslavia called sharply on her to reduce her overdraft. Greece balked at accepting German armaments in settlement and bought British. Turkey is taking active steps to regain her economic freedom. With Sanctions over and all but forgotten, Yugoslavia once more finds Italy her best customer.

At the same time a revolt has spread throughout Danubia at the grossness of the Nazi propaganda which has accompanied trade. In Yugoslavia the Ger-

man Trade Mission was revealed as a veritable Trojan Horse of Nazism, and supporter of the local Fascist party. In Hungary German influence has lost ground with the death of Premier Gömbös, and the Peasant Opposition Party leader has exposed a dozen Hungarian newspapers as being in Nazi pay. In Rumania Nazi support of the Iron Guard Fascist movement has been resented, and that movement given its first real check through the banishment of Prince Nicholas, its chief representative at Court.

It appears as if the German tide in southeastern Europe, after reaching its high sometime last fall, is now ebbing strongly. Better times economically, and the effect of the Anglo-French renaissance in counterbalancing German-Italian ambitions, have relieved the pressure on these small nations. Is it only fancy that sees in certain of their recent moves some beginning at Danubian co-operation? Can it be that the peak of postwar political and economic nationalism is really past in this region?

Perhaps we had better not make too much of it; but in the past few months Yugoslavia and Bulgaria have become so far reconciled as to talk of a Customs Union; Yugoslavia has also improved her relations with her former bitter enemies Hungary and Italy; Austria has put out feelers for a defense alliance with Czechoslovakia and Hungary; Rumania has settled the old Bessarabian controversy with Russia; and Czechoslovakia has accorded more generous treatment to her minorities.

The issue is not yet settled in Danubia, but it seems that Germany will not build her *Mitteleuropa* this time. She lacked the necessary time and tact, the diplomatic ability, and the broadness of purpose. There was no attraction in it for the small states, to compensate for giving up their hard-won independence; they were to become, not partners, but subjects. The plans for Czechoslovakia show the limitations of the Nazi approach: a “second Spain” was to be created there through fierce propaganda

from without and agitation from within, then Germany would suddenly intervene "to save Czechoslovakia and western Europe from Bolshevism."

If intervention has with such extreme difficulty been kept from boiling over in Spain, off in a far corner of Europe, not occupying a really vital place in the strategy of any of the intervening powers, what possible hope would there be of limiting it in the case of Czechoslovakia? Sober estimation of the situation convinces one that a Nazi stroke here would in the end bring essentially the same overpowering line-up against Germany as the bigger move to east or west.

V

But can one expect sober reasoning from Hitler and the Nazi radicals? I have purposely refrained from counting on the retarding effect which the certain frightfulness of the next war might have on these men; *Guernica* seems to show that some Germans have learned nothing since Louvain. The designed impressiveness of the British rearmament program, the over-subscription of the big French Defense Loan, the performance of the Russian air force in Spain, and the success of the untrained Loyalist militia against the vaunted shock troops of Fascist Italy, however, speak a language which they can understand.

It is plain too that Germany's home front is far from being as strong and united as she would have us believe. Economically she is in no position to sustain a war; she has no reserves of raw materials; if the next harvest is poor there will be hunger in Germany this winter. The so-called "Four Year Plan" for producing substitute raw materials is an expensive and wasteful project which it will strain Germany's resources to complete and ruin her to operate. Round the embittering Church conflict is growing up a formidable opposition to the regime's ruinous policies in the spiritual, cultural, and moral fields. Hitler may yet succeed in uniting German Catholic and Protes-


tant, but not in the way he intended.

If, in the meantime, the internal condition of Germany's prospective opponents, France, Russia, Czechoslovakia, and Britain, may not be serene and settled, at least the current is running the right way. Major readjustments have been made, economic conditions are improving, confidence and energy are growing, efforts are under way to increase world trade. Compare Britain, for instance, just entering the arms race, still fresh, and with all her reserves of strength yet to be called upon, with Germany, puffing badly after three years under her heavy armor and four under her repressive regime. As Thomas Mann has said, if Germany were to go to war now it would be in the spirit, not of 1914, but of 1917.


Of small military significance perhaps, but giving a good advance indication of how the world at large would judge a German aggression, is the anti-Nazi attitude of the Scandinavian states, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland, long known as "the League's conscience." All are more closely linked through ideals and trade with Britain than ever before and all are arming, certainly against no one but Germany.

All our calculations show the odds to be heavily weighted against a successful German expansion. But we cannot see into the minds of the present masters of Germany. If they remain long enough in power, perhaps obsession, self-delusion (it would be hard to exaggerate the historical importance of the German capacity for self-delusion), and lust for power will lead them to precipitate another terrible war in Europe. If they do it may well be that Germany will be annihilated.

But if the soberer counsel of Schacht and the Reichswehr chiefs should prevail, if the democratic front holds firm, and raw material prices continue to rise, then Germany may be constrained to postpone her plans for European conquest—just as Russia has had to defer hers for World Revolution—and seek her release in trade and international co-operation.



The Lion's Mouth



ONE LITTLE WORD AFTER ANOTHER

BY FRED T. MARSH

I WELL remember the boyhood day when it first dawned on me that the books I read were, every one of them, actually written by someone; that anyone, even I, could write a book by the simple process of setting down one word after another. In looking over the now faded manuscripts born of this discovery, I am struck more by the enormous labor that went into them than by any mere literary quality.

Jack Livingstone or In Two Wars for His Country, *Cowboys on the Plains*, and *Up the Amazon*—all produced by myself and my friends—ran to tens of thousands of words each. There were no plots. The things simply went on and on, one episode following another, until we had had enough.

The gem of the collection was a collaboration between Leander and myself. Leander was the older brother of my best friend; it was only our common literary interests that drew Leander and me together.

We determined to write the greatest novel in sheer bulk that had ever been written. This ambition owed its inspiration to the fact that Leander had come into possession of an enormous roll of wrapping paper, big round as a tree and standing three feet tall on end—nearly as tall as we were. We essayed to write up the whole gigantic scroll.

The title was *Across Africa or The Young Explorers*. Each author was to write up one foot of space in turn, and we spent the first afternoon marking off the first forty feet. There were to be two heroes, one for each collaborator, and it

was agreed that these two heroes were to be joint and equal commanders of the expedition. Both in writing on the scroll and reading from it our method was to lay its great bulk on the floor, drop down beside it, and gradually push it behind us as the story—quite literally—unfolded.

Leander named his hero Marston Malbury. I called mine Stan (Happy) Williams. As the tale developed Marston Malbury proved himself a born leader of men. He spoke in a deep bass, was possessed of a "magnificent physic," and was as brave as the numerous lions he slew so calmly and coolly—yet gentle withal, one of Nature's noblemen. Stan (Happy) Williams was younger than Marston Malbury and laid no claim to be as big or as noble. But he was wiry and sinewy, a quick thinker, and so courageous as to be foolhardy. He was also the life of the party.

Between Marston Malbury and Stan (Happy) Williams there existed one of those rare friendships that nothing could shake. They were forever saving each other's life. This manly friendship was, indeed, the theme of the novel.

Leander as senior started her off with a bang:

"Hurrah!" This was the cry as the noble ship *Hesperides* set sail for Africa. . . .

He went on to catalogue the people on board ship—including a pilot, a skipper, and a captain who together formed a triumvirate in command—and completed his allotted space, cramping the last few words, just as Old Joe, a popular "tar," also referred to as a "salt," was washed overboard by a mighty wave during a terrific storm. I seized the pen:

"Quick a rope!" cried Marston Malbury the only cool and collected man on deck. But even as he spoke young Happy Williams dived from the poop into the rolling seas. "The plucky young fool," said Marston Malbury.

Leander got even with me for that on the next foot:

As the noble ship *Hesperides* approached the notorious Gold Coast a hord of glittering savages all of a sudden were observed rowing toward the *Hesperides*. Marston Malbury coolly raised his glasses to his eyes and trained them on the savages. "A party of Jaboos, a War Party," he announced calmly. "It looks like fight Skipper," said Marston Malbury not batting an eyelash. Skipper Follansbee began to shake like jelly. "Happy," said Marston coolly, "I shall have to take command in this emurgency. Pipe all hands on deck. Train the four pounder on 'em." "Aye, aye, Sir," said Happy, the only man on deck who Marston Malbury could trust.

Now this violated our solemn agreement that the two heroes were to be joint equals. I protested. But one of the (many) difficulties we encountered in handling that weighty scroll was the fact that once set down, our words were irrevocable. Loose sheets of paper, we came to realize, had many points in their favor.

But the minor characters gave us no trouble in the beginning. Each of us was at liberty to create as many as he chose and to carry on with them or kill them off or simply ignore them. When one of us got stuck trying to fill out his stint (that scroll was three feet across) he generally invented a new character. There were scores of forgotten men scattered through the record. But with the advent of Cuke (short for cucumber) Stacomber the tale picked up.

Taken from the life, Cuke threatened for a time to throw both Marston Malbury and Stan (Happy) Williams in the shade. This Cuke was a weakling, but he provided humor and soon became a universal favorite. He wore (like his prototype) a chest protector over his weak lungs and lived in constant terror of getting it wet.

The hippopotamus waddled off to the river shaking off the bullets from the smooth boar rifles from his thick hide like flies. With a

fearful Splash! he dove in the river. "Look out Cuke!" cried Happy laughing heartily "you will get your chest protector wet."

But when Phineas Wight, the bully, tried to punch little Cuke, Marston Malbury stepped in between them and—

... with his open palm coolly slapped Phin's handdog puss and laid him prostrate on the ground. "I am sorry" said Marston Malbury calmly "to resort to such measures." "We don't blame you a bit" said all the others.

But both Cuke and Phineas came to be supplanted by another who combined in one person the roles of humorous character and villain. This was an English Dude named Charlie (Charlow) Cholmondelay. Even now I hate to admit it, but Leander discovered him, without, however, knowing what he was doing. I had killed off our beloved Cuke during an elephant hunt and Leander was annoyed. I hadn't wanted to kill off Cuke. But I had been hard put to it to finish my three square feet of space.

This Dude just simply stole the show and became by all odds our favorite character, not only in our own but in world fiction. The young explorers met a party of English explorers and discussed conditions—the game situation and the dangers from savages on the warpath—at some length. The Englishmen held one of their number in "contempt":

"May I join your pawty" said he who the other Englishmen called Charlow. "Well I don't mind" said Marston Malbury. But he didn't like the looks of him. "If you can shoot and suffer hard ships. What do you say Happy?" "I don't mind" said young Happy. "But it is a pretty hard life." "Oh pwease let me join your pawty. Give me a chawnce" said he who the other Englishmen called contemptably Charlow. "Eweyone here picks on me." All of a sudden Marston Malbury handled the Dude his gun. "See that gazelle off there" he said. "Less see you bring him down. We need a little fresh meat." Marston Malbury observed the Dude's hand shake violently and was not surprised when he missed a mile. "Aw I say let me come" said the Dude. "Oh heck let him come" said young Happy in his easy going way. "We need another man." Much against his better judgment Marston Malbury ascended.

Tired as I was of Marston Malbury's calm and cool better judgment, Charlow captivated me from the start. Carrying on from where Leander left off—

This Dude was a fellow of medium height and wore a curly long black mustache. He was very pale. His hands shook from dissipation and he smelt of perfume. When he took off his shoes his toenails were yellow from smoking so many cigarettes. In spite of his sissified manners he was a villain of deepest die.

Leander got in a great scene:

Charlow went to the wagon and got out his fur line sleeping bag. All of a sudden a lion who was not far off startled at the intrusion and roared so loud the ground shook. Charlow startled in alarm and dropped the bag. "It's only a lion, a young one at that" said young Happy laughing heartily. But Marston Malbury pointed to the ground where the bag had spilt all over the ground. The Dude blushed whiter than snow. Several packages of cigarettes and several bottles of beer whiskey and champagne and several packs of playing cards lay strewn over the ground with pictures of half naked actresses strewn about. "I told you" said Marston Malbury calmly "that no good could come from this man." "I know" said Happy reluctantly "but I wanted to give him another chance to make good." "I am sorry" said Marston Malbury "that I acceded against my better judgment."

I didn't like this at all. "Laughing heartily" was my own felicitous phrase for Happy. I was tired and sick of Marston Malbury's calm superiority. But I had Stan (Happy) Williams save Marston Malbury's life in the next foot and felt better. Leander returned to his Dude. A party of Hottentots on the warpath learn of the whereabouts of the young explorers. Their faithful friend, Big Chief Uganda of the powerful Gazaboos, warns them just in time. He also informs them that Charlow the Dude had betrayed them to the Hottentots.

"We have stood enough from this man" said Marston Malbury calmly. "Happy, put him in irons." But no irons were to be found in the camp.

The enormous roll was never used up. As a matter of fact we only got about fifty

feet into it—which means a by no means insignificant area of one hundred and fifty square feet. The novel ended badly, the only work of its genre so far as I know to come to a wholly tragic conclusion.

No such conclusion was originally intended. The time came—simply—when we grew weary of our labors—although neither of us would admit it to the other. Then we had certain internal difficulties. In the first place we became jealous over Charlow and accused each other of spoiling him. Leander claimed prior rights on the flimsy grounds that he had invented him. I said that as Charlow had grown into the fabric of the novel, he was as much mine as Leander's. Leander peremptorily forbade me to put the Dude in danger lest I kill him off as I had killed Cuke off. I certainly had no intention of killing off my favorite character in all fiction, but I resented the dictation.

In the second place each of us had come to loathe the other's hero. The fine manly friendship had become a hollow farce. Leander could scarcely tolerate Stan (Happy) Williams any longer. And I had taken such a profound hatred for the pompous and ever calm and cool Marston Malbury that I simply could not mention his name without ringing in some subtle sneer or having Happy laugh heartily at him. This last, I knew, made Leander maddest.

We held a strained conference and agreed to wind up the tale that very Saturday afternoon. Since the young explorers were only about one-fourth of the way across Africa, the only road out seemed to be to wind them up in a general massacre. We considered the possibility of making it all a dream, tacking on a chapter where Happy and Marston wake up just as they are being crushed in the hairy arms of two powerful gorillas. But my own feeling was that that would be an evasion of the issues.

The ending is carelessly written and in spots illegible. We permitted our characters, creations of our sweat and blood as well as ink, to be slaughtered without a trace of emotion. The young explorers

were beset by a war party of cannibals. They put up a game fight but the odds against them were too great. They were all killed (and presumably eaten), every one of them—Marston Malbury, Stan (Happy) Williams, Charlow, noble Big Chief Uganda, and no man knows how many others mentioned from time to time as having joined the expedition. Little Cuke, trod on by an elephant, had a happier fate.

In the third place, spring had come. Leander, as senior, wrote THE END with a flourish.

ART FOR OUR SAKE

BY CHARLES W. FERGUSON

Now that the surrealist and dada exhibit has made the rounds, it is time to speak plainly of the sad estate to which the national mind seems in imminent danger of falling. For the fact which bludgeons one who confronts surrealism and allied whimsies is not that men will paint such pictures and fashion such objects, but that the common fellow of our time, holding no passion for art and less for the abstract, should patronize the transcontinental jaunt of the exhibit and, if not exactly genuflect, at least confess upon emerging from the menage of phantasmagoric objects that he has been touched.

I went, somewhat painfully, to the show in Manhattan. There I beheld four floors overflowing with disembodied ash cans and populated with an assortment of impressed beholders who had come to scoff and remained sheepishly to grin. Eavesdropping, I caught gasps as well as snickers and I discovered that objects which seemed hardly more than giant typographical errors had hooked the fancy of not a few from all walks of life. One young woman told me that, whereas she could not admire the collection, she did feel a certain *exhilaration*.

In talking later with others who had attended the show, I got a hint of bated breath—a humility which does not seem to embarrass us on other topics. I heard

capable artists admit, not waggishly, but in sober earnest, that some of the stuff on exhibit was beyond their depth.

Thus the incomprehensible has acquired followers and the revolt against meaning is in full cry. While this fact is essentially funny, it is likewise important. No matter how much one smiles at the spectacle of men enthralled by ten-cent mysteries, one must not miss the point: The confusion, mental and emotional, of the average person has become so pronounced and terrifying that he seeks outside support and validation of it. Confronting an unassimilable body of facts, the modern mind retreats comfortably into gibberish, substitutes an entertaining brand of madness for effort, and is delighted to find that its mistakes can be dignified by the term art.

If this interpretation seems far-fetched, one need only have his memory refreshed on the salient gewgaws exhibited. Or, for that matter, he may dip again into the blotto works of those who started it all. One of Gertrude Stein's poems begins:

Sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet tea.
Susie Asado.

The young Roumanian Jew who was the founder of dadaism issued the following manifesto: "We want works straightforward, strong, accurate, and forever not understood. Logic is a complication." Started in France, dada societies sprang up in Germany and elsewhere. There were public meetings, spectacular and rousing speeches. A young artist spilled an irregular blot of ink on a sheet of white paper and called it *The Virgin Mary*. Here is one of the founder's poems:

A e ou o youyouyou i e ou o
youyouyou
drrrr drrrr drrrr grrr grrr grrrrrr
bit of green duration flutter
in my room
a e x o i i i e a ou ii ii belly
shows the center I want to take it
ambran bran bran and restore
center of the four
beng bong beng bang

Now come with me to the most recent display of the extremists. Here is a small birdcage filled with block sugar somewhat

the worse for wear. And what is this object? The caption, if that will help you any, is "Why Not Sneeze?" Turn from this to an overpowering piece of wood some six feet high and three feet across, carved roughly in the manner of a hal-low'en prank. Upon the surface of the wood you find, if you take the pains and stand before it long enough, the following objects, among others: a black bow tie, two baby shoes, an old discarded umbrella, a toothbrush, a bustle, a bottle top, a typewriter ribbon, the lid of a garbage pail, a pencil, cigar butts, and all the other ill-assorted items one might uncover if one cleaned the garage, his desk, and the attic on the same day. The objects are not arranged with any view to symmetry but are fastened in such places as might appear to be handy.

These works are not singular oddities in a chamber of horrors but tolerably representative of the whole eerie collection. To be sure, there are others which range closer to the norm, if any conception of the norm remains after a glance round the walls. There is a felicitous picture of a piece of cold ham on a cold plate flanked by a bottle of wine, and the ham has a glassy eye in the center of it. There is a picture of a buxom and obtuse woman seated stolidly on a horsehair sofa in the middle of a luxuriant jungle, the foliage of which barely conceals the smug and uninterested countenances of two toothless and amiable lions. There is a fur-bearing cup and saucer. And on another floor there are the almost conventional paintings of Dali, one of which shows a woman of lovely shape filled with drawers, some half-empty and all carrying the assorted objects of the boudoir.

The same kind of performance goes on apace to-day in the realm of dissonant music, unpunctuated and occult verse, stream-of-unconsciousness novels. A not inconsiderable crowd of those whose high business it is to interpret the impulses and emotions of our times have seen fit to do so in terms of studied nonsense. Indeed, deference for the meaningless has even found its way into modern educa-

tion, so that when a child draws a picture of a frog and it resembles a tumor, it is not good form to chide the child. It's a frog to him and it behooves you to see it as he does. There is no longer any simple conviction that a frog is a frog.

Can it be said that there is something too deep to plumb in all this? Not at all. Paul Jordan Smith, the critic, gave the lie to such a notion when, largely to deride the neo-artists, he executed several years ago a magnificent series of hoaxes under a gaga pseudonym. These he caused to be shown and lauded throughout the civilized world as authentic pictures in the modernist manner. Moguls and public fell as heartily for his dazzling travesties as they have since for the more genuine but not less outrageous works of the new masters. A fake is as good as the true in the latterday art with its hallmark of incoherence. The whole array of modern *objets d'art* have meaning chiefly because they are meaningless.

Not long ago I found myself going down a village street with two things in mind. One was a Mickey-Mouse-Merry-Go-Round and the other was hepicoleum compound. When the average mind comes to entertain in a single instant two such extraneous concepts it is not remarkable that it should find some meaning in a picture which showed a stovepipe playing the piano and brushing its teeth with a Christmas tree. If you dare, you can freeze your thoughts at any one instant during the day and find a menagerie of ideas and objects not a whit less preposterous than you will see at a prize-winning dada show.

This is true in part because of the increasing multitude of objects which in this day and time assail our conscious mind and—to a regrettable degree—enter it. Added to these are such bewildering items as trade indices, extra-territoriality, nationalism, reprisals, sanctions, balance of trade, bonded indebtedness, international law, and other properties of the modern setting that at best make only a slight sense to the average person.

We come to live more and more by

symbols and to deal with objects that are several paces removed from our understanding. Faced with a jungle of things, haunted by peering eyes of uncertainty, we assume that all these objects and symbols, in their disheveled state, have significance to us. But when we try to assert their insignificance we talk foolishness, and this is precisely what the new art and the newer literature tend to do.

The artist of course ought to occupy a singular position—one not far removed from the priest. It is his function, though he seldom admits it, to reveal what is significant and to play into obscurity what is not. That is why it seems to me that the more cockeyed forms of modern art do us common people such a profound disservice. We know well enough that the life we lead every day tends to become distracted. We have reason to expect from the artist some godlike resolution of order out of chaos. We may at moments be grateful if he reveals mercilessly the contents of our minds. He may even do good deeds with this method, giving body to the abstract. In the main though the artist needs—as we need—to select, not to choose willy-nilly from the garbled contents of our daily ash heap. These dadaists and the frightful imps who slavishly follow their lack of pattern teach us indiscriminate-ness, a feeling that one thing is as good as another and that the aggregate is appalling.

In a world less distraught there would be less cause to regret that the artist is inclined to forsake his last. The modern vogue of the monstrous though is more than a pastime. It has the intent and thrust of drama. Nay, more, it has the shadowy compulsion of a religion. It is a kind of worship in a creepy cathedral peopled by the authoritatively insane. The droning chant of half-formed, jumbled words breaking now and then into the cry of a distant loon; the sight of unsightly objects where the statues of saints ought to be; the explosive, industrial cacophony of music without melody; the audience, spectral and agape, yapping its

approval: these are not the pyrotechnics of exhibitionism but the dreadful Te Deum of men beset by furies.

If you can imagine coming out of the night for solace into such a service, you can understand what the common run of us experience when we confront this sort of modern art. We find no relief save the momentary one of knowing that others are muddled too. We get none of the transfiguration which ideas should bring.

And the great pity of this is that now more than ever the arts are the property of us all. For the first time they are in a position to serve as evangelists of perfection, touching millions that they have not touched before. Hence the high importance and obligation of those who give art expression.

To blame the artist solely of course is only to evade the issue for ourselves. The schizophrenic craftsman is no more responsible for imbalance than a riveter is for noise. The new art merely echoes the jangle of our age. It is but a sign of the centrifugal forces at work. The aberrant artists have not created a promiscuity of values. Their fault is only that they do nothing to clear up our ghastly bewilderment but rather, if taken seriously and accorded continued obeisance, tend to make it intolerable.

What we, the people, ask of the artist is no more than we must do ourselves. The world is so full of a number of things that we need now to be saved, or to save ourselves, from multiplicity. Schiller said you could tell an artist by what he leaves out. Let art forsake its function of selectiveness, and the task is thrown squarely back on us. We must have some toughness of mind if we are to avoid losing all semblance of character and stamina in an age of confusion. We must select and concentrate on that which is significant. This is the high command which art could give to us. Even if it does not supply this we can at least ask it not to attach pseudo-meaning through artistry and cunning to that which we know is grotesque.



The Easy Chair



THE CESTUS OF HYGEIA

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

THERE are so many explanations of the great increase in popularity of games, sports, and athletics, and so many theories about what it is doing to the national life, that no one has bothered to determine whether in fact there has been any increase. Yet, knowing no more about finance than any expert in the weekly press, the *Easy Chair* ventures to assert that, next to starting a religion, the surest way to make money in America has always been to manufacture sporting goods. The nation has always been devoted to every kind of muscular proficiency and diversion, though the interpreters of our culture, being themselves a sedentary class, have only recently learned of that devotion. As usual, they got wind of domestic affairs by way of foreign events. Fifteen years ago they were convinced that the Americans did not play games but hired people to play them while they watched. When the European dictators began to nationalize sport, however, it became possible to forecast the eventual triumph of fascism in this country from the number of passengers on ski trains. Clearly the regimentation implied by a hillside covered with people all doing slaloms together meant that we should be a set-up for the next Huey Long, and the mass hysteria associated with nature-walks and golf tournaments meant that we had changed overnight from a slothful to an athletic people—and must lead straight to war.

Granted that a lot of people play games nowadays, neither the national tastes nor

the national habits have changed, but only the kind of games played and the conditions under which they can be played. Such changes have nothing to do with fascism or regimentation but proceed, most of them, from a familiar abstraction, the urbanization of American life. A family whose home is one-eighth of a floor in a ten-storey apartment house just off the business district can neither amuse itself nor exercise its muscles as it could have done a mile out of the village in grandfather's time. Junior cannot go coasting in the west forty, Sister cannot have a swing in the back yard, and their father cannot drive his horseshoe pegs just beyond the side porch; neither west forty, back yard, nor side porch any longer exists. Our fathers could usually shoot ducks without having to go farther than the next marsh, and our grandfathers could hunt deer or even bear in the next township; we ourselves, as boys, could play baseball on the vacant lot at the corner. Now the bears are in game preserves, the ducks are three States away, and the big leagues have had to organize schools of instruction to develop not only first-basemen but even bleacherites.

If the facilities for sport are less common, so are the opportunities. Village life permitted the bookkeeper to knock up a few flies with the boys at noon or at odd moments during business hours; the hour or more a day that the subway now consumes could once be spent in extemporized sports in your own neighborhood. Again, innumerable sports that

once flourished because they had a faint survival-value have withered away in an urban culture. The innumerable shooting matches that entertained our ancestors disappeared not only for want of room but also because marksmanship ceased to be a craft; axemanship has gone the same way, and with it a good many other sports associated with the handicrafts. Farm and village life call for the natural development of muscular and motor skills that have to be cultivated artificially in the city. The man who masters a jack-knife dive is only doing under glass what his grandfather did in plain air when he felled a tree or built a stack that would turn the weather.

All this has necessitated an intricate organization of sport—and that is what creates the appearance of fundamental change. The city dweller has only a limited time to spend on sport: he cannot possibly extemporize it. There must be allotment and preparation; the facilities must be ready for him; the means of getting to them must be assured. Hence the gymnasium instead of the corner lot, the swimming pool instead of the creek, the toboggan instead of Nob Hill; hence the ski train, the bridle path, the tout-en-cas surface, the routed bird walk, the surveyed and charted mountain trail. Hence also another development, instruction in sports and games. With his leisure time rigorously limited, an adult does not care to waste it developing skill by trial and error; he tries to cut short his novitiate by getting guidance by experts. And children have to be taught, because in the city they have no way of picking up skills for themselves. Thirty years ago the grade schools did not even have coaches for team athletics, still less instructors in dancing, swimming, mumblepeg, wrestling, and hopscotch; children learned such things from one another, more or less well depending on their doggedness and their natural abilities. Nowadays both the schools and the playgrounds provide such instruction as a matter of course. The educators, inevitably, have grafted hope of saving so-

ciety on the apparently simple matter of teaching children to play ball: group effort is to swing America from private ownership and the profit system into a socialized economy. That seems a heavy burden to hang from a volley-ball net, and will probably get no farther than the cognate effort to remold society by teaching basket-weaving to the children of the machine age—but we may trust the children to get a lot of fun out of it and, what is the main thing, they are learning skills.

It is no longer undignified for a gray-beard to play tennis or run a mile in a sweat shirt, and that probably indicates that men now continue vigorous exercise to a later age than they used to, but it is unlikely that more of them take exercise. Women, however, are much more athletic than they were even a generation ago; more of them engage in sports and they are more adept than they ever have been before. In our own time we have seen an amusing cycle. Fifteen years ago the sex put away its corsets in order to be athletic; now it has had to put them on again in order to smooth out the muscles produced by athletics. (Some day a student is going to have an amusing time writing the history of the corset in America. It has been discarded on every possible ground since Dio Lewis's time: as a symbol of woman's subjection, as a menace to the unborn children of democracy, as an agency of the economic exploitation of women, as a luxury incompatible with either health or purity, as an impediment to the aspiring spirit, as a sex-gaud unworthy of free and enlightened American womanhood. And it always comes back; the corset is one of the most stable and constant elements in our civilization. To-day freedom and constraint have been beautifully compromised: it isn't a corset if it isn't called one.) The mothers of this year's debutantes seldom competed with men in athletics; but the debutantes play golf and tennis just about as well as their beaux, swim quite as well, and worry just as much about athletic condition, a phrase unfamiliar to their mothers and unknown to their mothers' older

sisters. They sail, ski, pole vault, put the shot, shoot clay pigeons, and, if the picture press can be trusted, even wrestle. A girls' camp has to have as much apparatus as a boys' camp and has to offer as many forms of muscle strain. The one undeniable achievement of the feminist movement has been the enfranchisement of the female charley horse.

Melancholy prophecies about athletics for women based on various moral, physiological, and obstetrical grounds have been vitiated. Some thinkers expected women to be brutalized or at the very least to lose their chastity wholesale; others expected the birth rate to fall off because exercise would impair femininity. Neither expectation has been fulfilled, nor have the pains and difficulties of childbirth increased, as other prophets foretold. Perhaps a slight æsthetic realism has been forced on the male; for until natural selection attaches the female leg to its torso at a different angle a woman in rapid motion will never be beautiful. On the other hand, enthusiastic predictions based on orthodox feminism have also failed: American womanhood has not remade politics or reformed society since it learned the Australian crawl. Probably the one permanent change is the one that can be observed in shoe stores. Fashion having gone round the circle, the girls again have petticoats under which their feet may steal in and out, but they no longer have little feet. The first two sizes of adult shoes for women are practically obsolete. . . . There is no evidence that the pores of the nose are larger, but there has been a heavy increase in the sale of bath salts.

The social changes produced by the organization of sport are of that kind: adaptations rather than shifts of direction. It is impossible to determine what effect the institutionalization of exercise has had on the national health. It has demonstrably improved and the expectation of life increased; so has the average height, and other indexes show the same trend. But every demonstrable fact of this sort may be accounted for by such things as

improved pediatrics, better dietary habits, public sanitation, the advance of medicine and therapy, more widespread knowledge of hygiene, and many indirect forces. It is a curious fact that, despite the organization of athletics, the diseases supposed to be associated with the non-athletic life are certainly on the increase. Dysgenic forces are also at work. A blameless effort to keep the waistline down may put an impossible burden on the heart, and the lengthening of a man's athletic life may react by killing him early, so that the golf course has become a harder problem for insurance actuaries than floods or the Dust Bowl.

It seems likely that the physiological forces soon reach an equilibrium and that the more effective ones must be sought in psychology. One has to stand off only a little way to see these as a form of social adaptation. The decreasing opportunities in modern life to experience the primitive account for much of the popularity of camping, canoeing, hunting, and the like. More firearms are sold and more powder exploded than ever before in our history—why, unless a deep need is thus satisfied artificially that was once satisfied in the natural routine of a man's life? The man who goes on a camping trip reverts to a simpler psychological level merely by cooking his food over a fire, sleeping on the ground, and letting his beard grow. The need for such a reversion is profound, and it is probably present also in the more generalized urge that takes the city-dweller out into the country to walk, to climb mountains, or just to drive on dirt roads. Add to this the need to develop and practice skills, which urban life does not satisfy, and you have accounted for a good part of the function of sport. Tinkering with the radio or adjusting the carburetor substitutes for the routine carpentry, taxidermy, cooperage, harness-making, veterinarianism, cabinet-making, blacksmithing, and general dexterity that our forefathers were forced to practice by the circumstances of their daily life. Skiing, swimming, roller-skating, shuffleboard,

surf-boating, and the myriad other kinds of skills exercised in modern sport minister to precisely the same need.

Or, more simply, the function of sports, games, and athletics is that of release from the complexities of modern life. In Freud's famous phrase, modern man is forced to live psychologically beyond his means, and sport is a kind of retrenchment in an effort to balance the budget. The demands made on consciousness by mere existence in the world to-day are so great that there must be constantly available ways of lowering consciousness and escaping to simpler levels, to muscular and instinctive levels where the exigent demand for thinking is not felt.

It has been amusing to see sport, which William James preached as one of the moral equivalents of war, interpreted as an ominous sign of approaching war. Because Hitler has undertaken to fit the non-athletic German people for war by making athletes of them, our cerebralists have explained the traditional American enthusiasm for sports as proof that we are ripe for Fascism. True, the non-athletic Russians have also been forced into a similar wholesale training, but the Russians are merely trying to achieve the good life and to improve the modern mind by supplying it with a disciplined body. (Or, if you prefer, the Russians find that they like athletics, whereas the Germans are commanded to like them.) As a matter of fact, neither militarism nor foreign influence nor yet any leaning toward Fascism is discernible. The Europeanization of American sport has stopped short with the importation of a couple of words from the Scandinavian and the establishment of some shacks for hikers which, in melancholy imitation of the *Wandervögel*, are called hostels. It is like that other menace, our magnificently uniformed fraternal orders. Fascism has hard going where the lowest rank is lieutenant-gen-

eral with four stars and the adjective Mystic, and you will not regiment youth by means of athletics in any country where the home-town fans lay for the invading hockey club with bricks.

It isn't Fascism, and it isn't even the paganism which part of the thoughtful press insists on considering it. You will travel a long way before you find anyone who goes in for skiing or bicycling because he believes in what is called the cult of the body, and when you find your first one he is likely to be a hypochondriac. He will be worrying about his weight or his blood pressure, not trying to be a faun. There is, in fact, no cult of the body, outside of literary essays. In the hostels, the bathhouses, and the locker rooms you will hear much talk about styles, conditioning, contests, and liniments, but you will hear no one talking like Petronius. The American pagan is just someone who is trying to crack par, someone who breeds gamecocks, or someone who thinks he can make Loon Lake with only three carries. We are breeding up no race of narcissists and exhibitionists; we are only having a good time.

The principal social moral to be drawn is that that is probably a good thing. It always has been and it always will be. There will be no falling off of the national intelligence through the foggiest produced by fatigue and sprained tendons: the most intellectual classes are by definition not fond of games, and the merely intelligent can probably think better after the oxygenation produced by exercise. For the rest, probably more of our people will be expert at games than ever have been before. If they are, they will be a little more graceful, a little more pleasing to the eye, a little more even-tempered. The rest is only an immemorial love of gadgets and the undying hope of serving four aces straight in tournament play. Better look elsewhere for omens.

For information concerning the contributors in this issue, see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the second page following.



Harpers *Magazine*

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

THE CITY OF PERPETUAL PROMISE

BY GEORGE R. LEIGHTON

"Hard times come here first and stay longest."

—Old Birmingham adage

IN A mountain wilderness, laid in a region devastated by war and inhabited by bankrupts, a group of speculators and industrialists in 1871 founded a city and peopled it with two races afraid of each other. This town, without parallel anywhere, was Birmingham, Alabama. Also without parallel were its natural resources; for here, lying side by side as they do nowhere else in the world, are the necessary constituents of steel—coal, iron, and limestone. Birmingham is a Southern city and now one of the most populous. The word Southern implies a past, a past going back to Calhoun and slavery wealth. Birmingham has no such past; when Sherman was marching from Atlanta to the sea Birmingham did not exist. Many of the frontier towns of the West were booming before Birmingham was born, and Denver, another mineral town, had visions of grandeur while Birmingham was still a cornfield and a swamp.

The story of this town, a stepchild of the Civil War, is strange; it is a city of perpetual promise. The promise lies in the almost inexhaustible mineral deposits. In 1872 Abram S. Hewitt, the iron master, declared: "The fact is plain. Alabama is to be the manufacturing center of the habitable globe." John W. Bet-a-Million Gates thought in 1906 that within twenty years Birmingham would have a population of a million and be the largest city in America not on navigable waters. It did not happen so. In 1919 Henry Clay Frick said that by 1940 Birmingham would be bigger than Pittsburgh. There is now no prospect of it. In January, 1937, an engineer told the assembled Rotary, Kiwanis, and Lions Clubs of the city that Alabama was a State to conjure with, that it was abundant in potential wealth. Potential wealth!

On a Sunday morning, despite intense dead heat, the red stone church is full. At the door a man in a pencil-striped brown suit with a carnation in his button-

hole gives all comers a moist hand to shake. Almost two thousand people have crammed themselves into the auditorium; worshipers are compelled to sit on the steps of the balcony aisles. There are boys of twenty in seersucker suits, some in white duck pants and shirt-sleeves, young girls in chip hats, middle-aged women in flowered and blue and white polka-dotted voile, gaunt men in wrinkled mohair, faces with high cheekbones and a falling lock of wispy gray hair, fat men in pale-green shirts and Palm Beach suits and fancy stitched shoes. A choir of twenty-five is intoning "Mother Mine." Below, in a pallid green pulpit chair, sits the Reverend Doctor Barndollar. At a signal the congregation eases to its feet and begins, "Oh, Love That Will Not Let Me Go." The blurred, uneven chanting rises up; the heat pours in, hotter for the yellow, brown, and pink windows with their lambs and crowns and holy books. Now the pastor rises and warms to his Mother's Day labor:

"Take this child away and nurse it for me and I will give thee thy wages. Oh, what a beautiful story, my friends. We could drop a whole continent into the ocean sooner than get along without this story. It's as fresh as the roses of the morning. The baby Moses! Did Pharaoh's daughter hesitate? Did she say, I must ask the Parent-Teachers what to do? Ah, no. . . ." All over Birmingham at this moment there are churches full, great Methodist and Baptist tabernacles, full to the doors. There is a church for every seven hundred inhabitants, the smaller Episcopalian ones with their iron and steel sprinkled congregations setting the tone for the community.

In the afternoon, over beyond Red Mountain which walls in the sprawling city, a local capitalist has opened his grounds to visitors. His mansion, built in imitation of a Roman temple, is cylindrical in shape, made of bits of ore cemented together. By the steps of the mansion stand two black servants in white jackets. One has a felt hat under his arm, the other carries a cap in his hand.

Each has pinned to his jacket a green-felt label embroidered in yellow with the Roman standard, the letters SPQR, and his name; Lucullus for one, Caius Cassius for the other. Under a tree is an elaborate sort of Roman throne, tinted green and bronze. Above, swinging from a branch, is a radio concealed in a bird house. Nearby are two dog houses, built like miniature Parthenons, with classic porticoes and tiny pillars. One is labelled Villa Scipio. There is a pool filled with celluloid swans and miniature galleons and schooners. Scattered about are more benches, urns, and painted-plaster sculptures. Among the shrubs and pink-rose hedges trail a procession of men and women, marveling at the splendors, but tired and oppressed by the overpowering heat. Toward sundown the crowd thins out; the Fords and Chevrolets go coasting down the hill.

At last, after dark, cars begin to park at the edge of the drive that runs along Red Mountain and overlooks the city. There has been a thunderstorm, but the sky is overcast and the heat still intense. The damp air and the smoke combine to lay a dark blanket over the city, broken here and there where a string of lights shines through with piercing brightness. Not so far off are two of the Sloss furnaces; at one of them the molten iron is running a bright golden rill in the darkness. At the other the mud gun has swung into place; the run is over, and the pig machine is slowly finishing its meal, spitting out the finished pigs into railroad cars, invisible in the night. Somewhere down there in the dark is the jail which walls up nine men whose names are known throughout the world, the most famous names in Birmingham, the Scottsboro boys. Somewhere down there is the new white courthouse that has over its door these words of Jefferson's: "Equal Justice To All Men of Whatever State or Persuasion."

In the bus station a Dale County farm boy is asleep on a bench, his head hanging over from weariness, feet with heavy shoes sprawling, the Bull Durham tag

dangling from the pocket of his worn chambray shirt, his seersucker pants torn and dirty. He doesn't hear the sing-song of the little boy outside, playing a banjo and singing "Pennies From Heaven" to the loafers. Off toward Pratt City, the African Apostles of God are in the middle of evening service. The light is dim inside the disheveled little church and the chanting rises up in a humming moan:

Oh, when the sun refuse to shine
 When the sun refuse to shine
 Lord, I want to be in that number
 When the saints go marchin' in.
 When the moon goes down in blood
 When the moon goes down in blood
 Lord, I want to be in that number
 When the saints go marchin' in.

Far off the overcast sky is lighted up with a fitful glow, now dim and sinking down, now ruddy and flaming up—the furnaces at Ensley and Fairfield, enclaves of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company, property of the great absentee landlord, the United States Steel Corporation. When the landlord speaks the people listen. What is man, that they at 71 Broadway are mindful of him?

II

There are in the United States some ninety-four cities with a population of 100,000 or over. Birmingham, at the time of the last census, had 259,000 inhabitants. But in the list of those ninety-four towns Birmingham, according to the most recent figures, stood at the very bottom in *per capita* public expenditures; it was eighth from the bottom in the amount spent on education, sixth from the bottom in appropriations for public health. It had one of the highest homicide rates in the country—not long ago it was known as the Murder Capital of the World. Its venereal disease rate was similarly high—one survey found more syphilis among the Negroes than the Whites, more gonorrhea among the Whites than among the Negroes. In 1935 the venereal disease rate, in proportion to population, was

higher than in any other city in the country but one. It numbered more illiterates among its inhabitants than any other city in the country with a population between two and three hundred thousand. Among those same cities Birmingham had in 1935 by a wide margin the lowest spendable income; its housing condition was about as bad. Facing the Southern Railway station in Birmingham is a huge sign—"The Magic City." Magic City of Perpetual Promise! What are the reasons, the causes of unfulfillment? They go far back, back beyond the days when Birmingham was a wilderness, to the days when the State of Alabama did not even exist.

Outside capital wanted for investment in Alabama! It is a familiar story now; it was familiar long before Alabama became a State. In 1790 some of the planters along the eastern seaboard were worried. Slaves picked out cotton seed by hand, the crop was of no account, and land was getting sour. The future value of Sambo and Ulysses was in doubt. But within three years Eli Whitney had devised the cotton gin and that changed everything. Before long there were visions of immense profits in cotton, the money value of slave flesh climbed, and, to the speculative gentry, the land west of the mountains looked like an Eden. In 1795 a little group of revolutionary fathers—Northern capitalists and Southern planters—bribed the Georgia legislature into selling them almost the whole of what is now Alabama and Mississippi for a cent and a half an acre. Before their bubble burst two million dollars of Boston money were supposed to have been sunk in the scheme. That was how Northern capital first came to Alabama.

After the war of 1812 and when Jackson had defeated the Indians, the real settlers came. Over the mountains went younger sons with gangs of slaves to take up the choice grants. Down from Tennessee came Jackson's veterans. New Englanders came and embraced slavery with Calvinist fervor. Poor farmers—including the father of Jefferson Davis—

trailed along. Most of these were speedily pushed out of the rich black-soiled belt toward the gullies and the pine barrens; many of them edged north into the foothills of Alabama where the red earth then meant nothing more than dyestuff for buckskin.

In 1819 Alabama became a State. There were just forty years to go before the Civil War. The land along the turbid streams was cleared, log cabins were built, and very gradually the cotton boom got under way. The elegants and the swells in the Cotton Kingdom lived in New Orleans and Charleston and Richmond. "Better to be dead in St. Philip's churchyard in Charleston," says the historian, "than to be alive in the provinces." But there was money to be made in Alabama, get-rich-quick money as good as anything in the California diggings, and the warehouses of Mobile were crammed "with the great staple that controls the commerce of Christendom." Precious few got the money. In 1850 a thousand families throughout the Cotton States divided an income of over fifty million dollars. A middle class was almost nonexistent, towns few and far. Below the planters and separated from them by a wide gulf was the great white mass which in the same year, 1850, had an average income of less than a hundred dollars a family. In Alabama most of these families lived in the northern part of the State. (In 1935, almost a century later, the per capita income in Alabama was \$138!)

The trouble with that fifty-million-dollar income was that it was so precarious. A few planters made big money, but it was actually a race with time. Endless commissions, drayage, freight, warehouse, insurance, and interest charges ate into the income; mortgages steadily mounted. The planters controlled the Federal government but they couldn't control the Northern and English banks, and that's where they had to go for money. They were passionately absorbed in politics and could listen for hours to Yancey's burning rhetoric. The demand for cotton continued to mount,

and through the forties and fifties the debts did also; but at home on the plantation all seemed well. The stars stayed in their courses, the earth's diurnal course was constant, the soft spring was eternally followed by the hot breathless summer and the slow coming chill of autumn. There wasn't much learning even among the rich. Planters refused to be taxed to teach the children of small farmers the useless arts of reading and writing—and an occasional newspaper, the almanac, and a set of Walter Scott bought from a book agent were enough. In the northern Alabama counties a judge on horseback brought what law was needed and at the crossroads circuit-rider preachers with apocalyptic zeal proved slavery out of Holy Writ—the slaves whom the little whites hated.

And all the while, as the years sped swiftly by, industry was growing in the North, the counting houses were eternally busy. By the bends of streams red-brick factories sprang up, the coal beds were opened, the chimneys smoked, the iron works expanded. Wealth grew, population grew, the immigrants were pouring in, and the railroads were reaching out toward the West to become the highways for the grain that before had gone down the great river to the Gulf.

The planters viewed these developments with alarm, drawing bitter contrasts between their slaves and Northern factory operatives. They built a wall round themselves, shut the loathsome Abolitionist literature out of the mails, and suppressed all utterance that questioned the basis of their wealth, the slave. But no wall, no sealed-up isolation could hide the fact that the land was once more growing poor and that the control of their credit was elsewhere. The prosperity of a little group, bought at the expense of enslaved blacks and poor whites, was tottering. A few Southerners argued for industry and the Alabama legislature was persuaded to set a professor of geology to making a survey of the State. But only a handful read his report which described the coal and iron deposits in the northern

counties. No; cotton was king and railroads and machinery were of the devil.

But above the Ohio the industrialists and the bankers were straining at their bonds; when at last the election of an Illinois lawyer to the Presidency signified that North and West had come to terms, the planters chose to fight. The northern half of Alabama, the little farmers, hated the planters and opposed secession. But they could be dealt with and were. The war began.

By a stroke of priceless irony the planters' Confederacy, based upon the theory of States' Rights, became so desperate for munitions that it granted a subsidy to an Alabama engineer named John Milner to build a railway from Montgomery northward to tap the mineral deposits. An iron works was set up at Selma, Alabama, to manufacture ordnance for the beleaguered planters. Too late. Milner's railway failed to reach the mineral, and in 1865 the Selma iron works fell before the bombardment of a battery equipped by the Chicago Board of Trade. The Confederacy went down and the planters—apparently—with it. This was the bequest that the slave system of Alabama left, out of which a new beginning must be made:

The majority of the white population were poor farmers who had never made a decent living, were largely illiterate, had loathed the war. "They want," said a reporter in '65, "to organize and receive recognition from the United States government in order to get revenge . . . they 'wish the power to hang, shoot, and destroy in retaliation for the wrongs they have endured'; they hate the 'big nigger holders' whom they accuse of bringing on the war and who, they are afraid, would get into power again." The slaves, the other large fraction of the population, were for the most part illiterate also. At a stroke they had ceased to be draught animals representing invested capital and had become "free" men.

What was going to happen? People had become habituated to a one-crop agriculture that made it difficult for them

to feed themselves. The planters, depending on outside capital, had ruled the roost before the Civil War; who would rule it now? If the South was to have any healthy growth at all it was essential that some fundamental reconciliation between white and black be undertaken. The task was formidable, few were interested, popular education scarcely existed, there was no money. Energetic young Southerners took one look at the prospect and began the exodus to New York and fortune which has never stopped. In the end it turned out that the planters, depending on outside capital, ruled the roost once more. The Union was preserved, the rich and triumphant sisters took back the erring ones—broke. On the ruins of the cotton kingdom there was pieced together, out of the old timbers, a new slave system. The botched Reconstruction government ushered in the new dispensation that so strangely resembled the old, and in the midst of the confusion Birmingham was born.

III

Up there in the Jones Valley among the hills of Jefferson County, hidden by the pines and the blackjacks, cropping out in the dark gullies, were the coal and iron. Here and there had been primitive charcoal furnaces in past years. Barely was the war over when Milner the engineer began drumming up interest in the railroad that Confederate subsidies failed to complete. He found allies and made a deal with a Boston promoter named Stanton, who was building another railway across Alabama to Chattanooga. The two roads were to make a junction in the mineral region and a joint town-site speculation was platted. Not far from the town site was the village of Elyton. As the roads pushed on toward their meeting, Stanton quietly changed his right of way so that it would pass near Elyton and took options on the land. Discovering this, Milner slowed down his construction until the day the options expired and then—with outside

help—took them up himself. Thereupon, on January 26, 1871, the Elyton Land Company (in the guise of its successor, the Birmingham Realty Company, it exists to-day) was organized and the speculation was named Birmingham. The Reconstruction government was in the saddle at Montgomery, and with the aid of Negro voters, brought in for the purpose, the junction was presently declared the seat of Jefferson County and the paper town was ready for business. It was, said one of the promoters, as he surveyed the cornfield and swamp, "a perfect Mahomet's paradise of lovely women."

Now in the mud roads that pass for streets the speculators hurry back and forth giving sales talks to one another. There's millions in it. Nobody knows much about what the mineral is or where, but it's there. They have got their railroad, such as it is, built to the town site and a little beyond; but they have no northern connection. They live in a couple of box cars beside the railroad track and make plans. Cincinnati money has already showed up and annexed a furnace. Do you know where there's some money? Stanton, the promoter, in company with Russell Sage, almost gets their road away from them, but in the nick of time the Louisville and Nashville, gorged with the profits from Federal war contracts, agrees to take over the unfinished construction.

Grant is in the White House, the gilded age is dawning, and as they watch it the Birmingham speculators' mouths water. The factory system, now fully fastened on New England, spreads rapidly; the mansard mansion on the hill with the plate-glass windows is the mark of success. Judge Thomas Mellon has just opened his bank in Pittsburgh and has put his son Andy in the real estate business. Carnegie is busy with the Keystone Bridge Company; in England Bessemer has perfected his steel process. Into Pittsburgh are herded the crowds of immigrants, labor for the iron mills. The age of iron and steel, of rampant industry and the

greedy gutting of a continent, has begun.

The capital investment that was building more and more plant, the threads that tied it all together joined in the counting houses of New York and Boston and Philadelphia. Northern capitalists were picking their way through the South, hunting up old cotton factor correspondents and making deals. Henry Bradley Plant, who had prudently become a Confederate citizen in order to hold on to his Southern investments, was busily buying up little Southern railroads at sheriff sales and piecing his system together. Other bargain hunters appeared at Birmingham.

The speculative fever mounted, but barely had building begun when Black Friday and the panic of '73 knocked the bottom out of the town. Cows fed upon the Louisville & Nashville's single track and the adage was first heard: "Hard times come first to Birmingham and stay the longest." Birmingham from the very start was a speculation above speculations, for as far as the manufacture of iron was concerned, it was on the fringes of an industry already well established in the North. It was inevitable that alternate booms and crashes would shake it, and those few who dreamed that a fair metropolis could be built reckoned without their hosts. It was, to be exact, a place where speculators by ruthless exploitation might wring out a fortune; it was individualism turned loose in a region filled with bankrupts. In Birmingham the exploits of Gould and Vanderbilt and Fisk were repeated in little—in little because there was less to get.

When business began to revive in the North the revival was slowly felt in Birmingham, and one after another Northern iron men arrived to join the group of Southern speculators. They were a curious assortment and within some ten years there had moved in an Alabama ex-storekeeper who had dabbled in railroads before the war, an engineer from Palmyra, New York, who had come down during

the Reconstruction to run a bank in Selma, a Tennessee iron-maker, a war veteran from Iowa who had been a carpet bag receiver of an Alabama national bank, and a Memphis lawyer who had inherited a million dollars and was interested in stables.

These men began setting up furnaces here and there, sinking coal holes and lumbering off the pine. The mineral lands constantly changed hands, with the speculators climbing in and out of bed with one another, incorporating to-day and reincorporating to-morrow. A picture gradually emerged. First there was the town of Birmingham with its land companies and auctions. Ringed about it were other speculations as the promoters opened mines and set up furnaces and laid out towns. Farther out, the coal beds were opened, making still another ring of settlements. In the center of these concentric circles, in the red-brick business blocks of Birmingham, the promoters had their offices, and on the slopes of Red Mountain they built their jig-saw and scroll-work mansions.

Of the promoters perhaps the best known was Henry DeBardeleben, a plunger who roved the region with the others, organizing towns and coal, iron, and land companies by the dozen. In order to start the town of Bessemer at a swoop, DeBardeleben bought up a section of the New Orleans Cotton Exposition and hurried the buildings to his town site. Thus the Jamaica building became part of a rolling mill and the Montezuma building did duty as a hotel. No less ambitious was Enoch Ensley who in '86 slapped together a town, capitalized it at ten million dollars, and named it for himself. "I intend," said he, surveying the pine scrub, "to fill this valley with manufacturing plants and here I will build the Bank of Ensley." But the bubble burst as so many of them did and the town site was finally bid in for \$16,000. Building did not begin until a decade later; now the town is a part of Birmingham, a dingy suburb with blocks of disheveled store buildings and acres of

wretched workers' dwellings in all stages of ruin.

So the town teetered back and forth. Pig iron could be made cheaply but it had to be shipped north to market. *Where in the South could iron be sold? Where were the wages that might go to buy goods?* Furnaces would go into blast, run awhile, accumulate a mound of pigs, and then shut down. There were periodic dashes to New York to raise a little cash and promote another deal. A visitor with some money would get off the train in Birmingham and in five minutes the town knew it. Someone had his handbag; someone else was offering a little drink. This would be followed by a sight-seeing trip around the district, and perhaps a mine would change hands. Little by little the companies began to merge; the necessity for capital was forcing them together.

Then in 1886 and 1887 occurred two events of decisive importance. The first was the appearance of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company, controlled in New York and a favorite with stock-gamblers. This company acquired a huge block of coal, ore, and limestone lands and became the first landlord in the district. Ensley, DeBardeleben, and others had interests in it. The second event was the establishment in 1887 of the Interstate Commerce Commission after the long agitation of the Western farmers for relief from railroad exploitation. The Commerce Commission set about the regulation of freight rates and the maintenance of competition. *It was not foreseen at the time that the control of the railways and the control of the iron and steel manufacture might eventually come together in the same hands, hands that already controlled railways and industrial investments of far greater importance north of the Ohio, where industry already had a running start of two generations. Nor was it realized, what was true at the time, that the promoters of Birmingham were becoming the willing and eager agents of this distant control, agents whose business it was*

to exploit their neighbors and drive both whites and blacks deeper into the mire.

In 1883 a Senate Committee on Capital and Labor arrived to hold hearings, and among the witnesses concerned with the servant problem was a voluble Birmingham lady. White help she found impossible. "I wouldn't give them room," she said. "We would all go distracted if we had them for servants. Their only idea of doing work for us is to do it as they do it for themselves, which is no way at all. . . . I wouldn't be without negro servants. We are used to abusing them too. It is like home to have the colored ones around us, even though they are trifling. But as to these poor whites . . . they are the most hopeless, helpless, trifling set of people in the entire South. There are a great many of them. I don't know but one thing could be done with the women of that race to make them work and that is to employ them in factories. . . . I am going to make myself as comfortable as I can with the darkies under existing circumstances."

The lady may have thought she was discussing the servant problem but what she was really doing was laying wide open the condition of the greater part of the population both of Birmingham and Alabama. In this boom town planted in a ruined slave economy all of the pestilent inheritances from the living dead, blended with the worst excesses familiar to Northern industry, could be seen at work. The vision of perpetual promise was generally confined to a strict self-interest. "Before God, I will be damned before I put my hand in my pocket for anything," said one of the speculators when asked for a contribution. And so it was that the promoters and their families, who pieced together a society of their own on the slope of Red Mountain, built their fortunes out of the company town, the company store, the deputy sheriff, the fee system, and the convict lease. The iron market consisted of the leavings of Pittsburgh; the courts of last resort were the banking houses of New York.

IV

Near the furnaces and the coal mines the company towns grew up, shacks thrown together helter-skelter, suffocating in dead summer, damp and cold in winter. Staggering rows of these hideous shanties climbed the dark ravines or gathered in the hollows round the shed that housed the commissary, the company store. Into these desolate sinks there trickled in steadily Truebloods, Glovers, Ivys, and Lydells, all the gaunt descendants of the men who fought the Redcoats at King's Mountain. With them came their wives and children. Into other such hamlets came black men, Coopers, Reeses, Raifords, and Purifoyes—where you goin', boy?—with their wives and children. From under a ragged quilt the wife got up at three to make a breakfast of cornbread and fatback, long before daylight the men were off, a wavering procession of drugged figures, stumbling along in the dark to the mine or mill. It was long after sundown when they got back. Money was unknown. In the morning a grimy child was sent by his mother to the commissary. At a little window a gimlet-eyed man would look in a book and then hand out a few cents in "clacker," imitation money drawn against the man's time, and the child would get the meal and molasses that would keep life going for another day. The defense of the commissary was that often stores were distant; it also enabled the coal and iron men to extract profits as high as twenty per cent out of the celebrated cheap labor. No man was ever out of debt; he never knew how much he earned. They were a superstitious people with a lurid circuit-rider faith of brimstone and fire; but the Truebloods had little use for the company preachers they had to pay for, nor did the Davises either. They feared strangers, drank moonshine when they could get it, were given to sudden rages and violence; many could neither read nor write. Some of the towns, patrolled by deputies, were almost impossible to get in or out of. In such cesspools genera-

tions were born and died. There was no end to it; cut off from all light or hope, the company town was the whole of life.

The final nail in the coffin was the convict lease. The lease, well known in Alabama before the Civil War, was promptly taken over by Colonel Milner and other coal and iron men and installed in the Birmingham district. For more than fifty years the lonely mine stockades in the woods were a region of the damned. The men died like flies of tuberculosis, the torture was used, there were killings and crippings, with bodies dumped into holes in the woods. The sight of the whipping boss at work was never to be forgotten. The child of a superintendent, awakened in the night by the screams of a Negro being flogged, was haunted by the cry: "Master, don't hit me no more." To swell the supply the sheriff's office used decoys to start crap games, gathered in the victims and auctioned them off to the mines, often without trial. "A little Negro boy was arrested and as he wasn't worth sending to the mines, the deputy sold him to a farmer for a dollar." It reached a point in 1912 when—with the city government almost broke—the shrievalty of Jefferson County had become the most lucrative office in the State with a fee income of between fifty and eighty thousand dollars a year. In town children became accustomed to the sight of men in fetters cleaning the streets and to the sound of clinking chains at the back door when the garbage was carried away. When a convict miner was worn out and useless as labor, his sentence would sometimes be canceled and he would make his way into town. There are families in Birmingham to-day descended from such wrecks, which boast "murderers in the third generation." Leased convicts were not only profitable but they couldn't strike; there were never any "picnics or funerals to distract them," and they were one more means of riveting labor to the district. Attempts at labor organization were savagely suppressed. To prevent it, one operator tried to hire no one who knew

how to read. He failed, he said, because "there aren't enough illiterate niggers to go around."

Meanwhile, through the 80's and the 90's, the land where this cheap labor came from, the Alabama farms, was in upheaval. The Republican carpet-baggers were gone, the Bourbon remnants of the planter families were in the saddle at Montgomery; but things were no better. The farmers were racked with poverty, their land showed it, and they were desperate. Wagons bearing whole families drove for miles in the burning heat to attend the Alliance mass meetings; thousands of gaunt men with wives in faded sunbonnets listened raptly when told that the Alabama farm home had become "the most God-forsaken place on earth," and that "four more years of Democratic rule in Alabama and we'll look like Republicans." As this fervor resolved into Populism the Bourbons became alarmed. Through manipulation and intimidation most of the Negroes since Reconstruction had voted as they had been told, if they voted at all. But if the farmers in their desperation should reach out for this vote—as they were doing in Texas—then the fat was in the fire. As the cry of White supremacy was raised, lynchings in Alabama mounted to their high mark—twenty-four in '91 and the same number in '92. Bourbon exhortation took effect; in Birmingham Colonel Milner contributed a pamphlet to the cause: "White Men of Alabama Stand Together." The bewildered, harassed farmers began to yield, the panic became a rout. In '95 at the Atlanta Cotton Exposition Booker Washington of Alabama announced the Negro's surrender, and in the next year, the Waterloo of agrarians everywhere, the Bourbons determined to rivet their control for good and all.

The final result was the Constitution of 1901 with an emasculated inheritance tax, a rotten-borough election system, and the restriction clauses which put the black vote out of commission. Joseph F. Johnston, a Birmingham banker and once president of the Sloss Iron and Steel Company,

was elected governor. During his term an attempt was made to sell to the Sloss Company the coal land which the Federal government had given to the University of Alabama. The attempt failed, but the move was significant. Between the Bourbons at Montgomery and the coal and iron men in Birmingham all was well; now surely, Northern capital would come without hesitation. The farmer relapsed into the apathy from which only the revived Ku Klux could rouse him, the Negro sank lower in his cropperdom, the company towns round Birmingham grew fouler and more poisonous, and in New York it was rumored that George Kessler, a wine salesman and Broadway spender, had acquired control of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company.

V

On the night of November 2, 1907—in the midst of the great “banker’s panic”—there was a meeting of bankers in the library of J. P. Morgan. The purpose of the meeting was to decide the fate of the Tennessee Company, known in Birmingham as the T. C. I., and before morning its acquisition by the United States Steel Corporation was assured. The competition offered by a syndicate that had erected a rail mill in Birmingham and taken a rail order for Harriman’s system was ended; the Steel Corporation was now the owner of a huge and generally undeveloped property of coal and iron, and a threat against its huge northern plant and ore investment had been removed. The news was not received in precisely that light in Birmingham. “The U. S. Steel Corporation practically controls the steel trade in the United States,” exulted General Rhodes’ *Birmingham News*. “With enlarged and improved plants it can make steel cheaper in this district than anywhere else. Superiority of product and cheapness of manufacture will conspire soon to make the Birmingham district the largest steel manufacturing center in the universe.” The vision of promise rose again like a mirage. They were

Democrats all right, but as the General put it: “We voted for Bryan but prayed for Taft.”

This year of 1907 showed clearly that the domination of the absentee landlord was increasing. Of the trunk lines entering Birmingham, the Southern had been put together by Morgan in the 90’s. The Louisville and Nashville was acquired in 1901 by the Atlantic Coast Line in a Morgan transaction. Now through Morgan the Steel Corporation had annexed the biggest property in Birmingham. In 1907 the Alabama Power Company was organized, which—after many vicissitudes—came to rest as a subsidiary of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, reputedly a Morgan company. Ultimate decisions in power, transport, and industry were made at last in a distant banking house.

At almost the same time Federal legislation altered the freight rates. There was less traffic south of the Ohio than above, so higher rates were allowed the Southern railways. Rates north of the wall were lower than they were south of it. But was it possible that both the Northern and Southern railways were controlled in the same banks? Was it possible that the great railroad investment north of the wall must be protected at all costs, that the migration of manufacture to the South must be watched lest Northern traffic be threatened? Was the Northern steel investment so great that it too must be protected along with other great industrial establishments dominated by the same banking houses? The disorganized textile industry might balance cheap labor and high freight rates and move to Alabama and elsewhere in the South, but what else? And, finally, what about the Interstate Commerce Commission? For better or worse, the bulk of the wealth, population, and industry, the very gut of the American economy, lay north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi. Must the Commission, acting in the public interest, take no action that would threaten this section? Was it, in sum, possible that the course of economic history had made

the stability of "the American system" depend on that region and that, simultaneously, it was to the advantage of finance capital in New York that it remain so? The complicated interplay of action in Birmingham with the incessant cry for Northern capital and the wish of New York banking houses to strengthen their own interests made it plain not only that Birmingham was an outpost of New York but that Birmingham business would make its profit by a simultaneous paying of tribute and a merciless exploitation of its workers. This they did.

By 1908 the miners' families in the coal camps had reached such a desperate pass that they would take any chance, and the United Mine Workers determined to make another attempt to organize the district. There were meetings by stealth in the woods at night, the obligation was administered by candlelight in lonely gullies. The dark hollows were patrolled by deputies. Finally twenty thousand black and white miners struck and the Tennessee Company, leading the employers, rose to smash them. With convicts working and with strikebreakers brought in, it was thought that the job could be done. More deputies were sworn in, the military were sent for. What fire-arms could not accomplish, cries of White supremacy and the nigger menace might.

Day by day the tension rose; a train of strikebreakers was ambushed by some of the miners, a union member was taken from a jail and strung up. "It was a daily occurrence to hear of somebody killed." At Republic, on the edge of the city, the evicted miners and their families were sheltered in tents and the crazed hysteria in the city focussed on it. At a mass meeting held in a Birmingham theater it was proposed that the leaders of the strike be lynched, and at last the governor, Braxton Bragg Comer, a Birmingham industrialist, took action. He drove out to where the miners were assembled and from the running-board of his car told them that their strike was over. The National Guard was ordered to tear down the tents and it was threat-

ened that thereafter all strikers could be arrested as vagrants. What would the miners do?

At this juncture Tom Lewis, the national president of the union, arrived. (It should be remembered that John Mitchell had but just retired from the office, the union was the most powerful labor organization in the country and its prestige was high.) Old Birmingham miners describe how Lewis was met at the train with the demand that he order his vice president, who was in command, to declare the strike over. He obeyed; the miners' delegates were summoned to town, and there their officers told them all was lost. It was a frightful spectacle. Miners wept convulsively, pleading with their leaders not to desert them, but it was no use. The strike was broken, the national officials left, and a disorderly rabble of cowed and beaten men and women made their way back to the coal camps. And while they were on their way the companies were engaged in devising a house lease that provided that the "Lessor may at any time forbid ingress and egress over the adjoining premises of Lessor to reach said premises to any and all persons other than Lessee and the members of his family living with him." Certainly that ought to tie the cheap labor to the district. When, at the national miners' convention the next year, the vice president was charged with deserting the Alabama miners, all he could say was: "We who live in well-organized districts and who are surrounded by better influences and have more industrial liberty cannot conceive of the conditions there."

With the labor menace disposed of, Birmingham and the patchwork of villages, company towns, and mine and furnace settlements moved toward consolidation and finally accomplished it in 1910. It was a strange picture. In one section were the Avondale cotton mills and their mill hands. Close at hand was a Sloss-Sheffield village, a hideous patch of unpainted shacks, tumbled fences, and slag dumps—Colonel Maben, the president, didn't believe in "coddling"—which

was swallowed up, just as it was, into the new city. In the center of everything were the office buildings where the steel, coal, and iron men had their headquarters; on Red Mountain were their residences; and scattered about were tracts bought by local speculators and crammed with "nigger houses," then and now described as among the most profitable investments in the city. With 50,000 people on the fringes of Birmingham without a sewage system, with living conditions beyond belief, the fight began to dodge the taxes inevitable in consolidation. "Leave us a nest egg for the steel plant," said a Sloss-Sheffield official, "which would redound to the greater glory of Birmingham." Oh, promise perpetual! Counsel for Republic Steel had similar views. Some escaped and some did not, but the Tennessee Company's Ensley works were left safely outside the city limits and they are outside to-day.

VI

It was inevitable that there would be individuals in the grimy steel and iron town who would not remain silent in an atmosphere where the word democracy was an obscene jest. Here was an irascible lawyer whose reason could not stomach what he saw; there a druggist haunted by the convict lease; there a schoolteacher whose mind could not accept the "scientific" demonstrations of black inferiority. There were a few resolute Negroes who struggled through the restriction clauses and managed to hold on to their vote. There were the occasional labor organizers who so often took their lives in their hands. There were "Lane, the lawyer, Park, the doctor, and Samuel Ullman," three men who were wont to show up in lonesome isolation at meetings attended only by women who wanted "to get something done." And there were the Christians.

The Methodist and Baptist denominations spread themselves out, vast amorphous growths of fundamentalist doctrine; to the church belonged the re-

vivalist task of expounding the joys of the hereafter to men and women who would have none on this earth. The other denominations trailed in their wake. Let there be no mention of what lay all about them. No. "Let them confine themselves to Jesus Christ and him crucified" was the constant admonition of one of the iron masters. And with rare exceptions the parsons did as they were bid. But the faith sheltered some recalcitrant specimens and among them was Julia Strudwick Tutwiler. This woman, the daughter of a man who believed in the education of women, had by 1876 studied North and abroad and was certified to teach in the schools of Prussia. She returned to Alabama and eventually came to live in Birmingham. What was done for the education of women was undertaken and largely brought about by her, while simultaneously she raged against the rummies, wielded the flail of the W.C.T.U., and "composed poems for her own pleasure." Her agitation for the suffrage was constant, she never ceased harping on the convict lease. Age drew on and found her a pompadoured spinster, careless and untidy in dress, oblivious of public opinion. In 1916, close to death and her strength dwindling, she looked back over her life and said, "There have been times when I had to say to myself 'God and one make a majority.'"

The influence of this woman and some others like her reached out of Birmingham and into the countryside and eventually touched Julia Harris, a farmer's wife who had never been more than a few miles from home. In 1923 a Birmingham woman wrote Mrs. Harris and asked her if she could do anything to help the campaign against the lease. Mrs. Harris assented. "I am in need of petitions and literature," she wrote. "Could use more than I have to-morrow at an all-day singing. If possible I would like to get it in the early morning mail to-morrow. I never attend to business on Sunday except the kind my Lord attended to. He relieved both physical and mental pain on the Sabbath. This is what we are doing.

And saving our own souls. For to him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin. Yours for better government." The campaign progressed and she wrote again: "I appreciate very much the names and record of the senate vote on the convict lease. My purpose in keeping them is that when a lease advocate sticks his head up for office I will know him and cut his head off as far as my influence goes." She recalled the convict rebellion at the Banner mine: "I see God's hand in each development in our prison conditions. Those leaders in the Banner mutiny were heroes. It was God who had them risk their lives in order to let the dull minded see what was being tolerated by the people. Yours for humane government, Julia Harris."

The lease persisted; a member of the legislature who supported it, wrote: "I se (*sic*) nothing to do but put them [the convicts] in the fattning pen and put on more taxes to feed and cloath &c them, therefore I am opposed to the plan." But years of agitation and forlorn hopes were making headway. A man demanded the exhumation of the body of his son to prove that he had been beaten to death. A warden at the Flat Top mine was charged with injecting poison into a dead convict's body after he had been immersed in a laundry vat. Finally the opposition gave way, the lease was abolished, and on July 1st, 1928, the last convicts left Flat Top. And not so long after, a Birmingham coal operator came to the woman who had engineered the last of the interminable agitations and said: "You were right. The bottom has fallen out of the coal market, and had I convicts still on lease, I would have to pay the State whether I mined coal or not. As it is, all I have to do is to shut the mines and discharge the men. You have saved my life."

VII

Through the boom years Birmingham felt the same urban growth as that known throughout the country. For a decade the red-brick business blocks had been

giving ground; the "heaviest corner on earth" was buttressed by four tall office buildings. The speculative excitement that seized other American communities was felt also, and people whose traditional form of speculation was land embarked on the Florida boom. With a degree of deliberation the manufacture of steel went on. The problem presented by the Birmingham ore with its high percentage of phosphorus had already been solved by the open-hearth processes and the Steel Corporation's various Birmingham plants underwent some rationalization. But singularly enough, despite the enormous mineral resources, the Corporation's expansion there was very slow. If labor was so cheap, if costs were so low, why was not more steel made? For many years the price of steel manufactured in Birmingham was the price fixed at Pittsburgh with an added five dollars, the famous Pittsburgh plus. Why was this? Was it because of Minnesota ore leases and the gigantic Northern plant investment, or because the South was so poor a market, or both? Was the Corporation milking its Birmingham colony to carry along other plants that did not do so well? It was far from clear.

Because skilled labor would not come to a region where the dwellings were so incredibly bad and where epidemics were constant, the Corporation embarked on a program of sanitation and housing and built a hospital. Some of the other industrialists did likewise. But this paternalism implied no relaxation of labor control, for in Birmingham and throughout the South a renewed campaign for capital was under way. If the Tennessee Company, holding to the wage differential for dear life, paid the highest wage in the district, what must wages elsewhere in the district have been! Like the song of perpetual promise, the chanting of the capital hunters went up. Some recalled how the legislation passed in the administration of Governor Comer, the cotton spinner, had been printed and distributed throughout the world. Would the money come now?

Early in the 20's the *Manufacturer's Record* stated the case: "The Solid South means security for every manufacturer trembling under the whiplash of the anarchistic labor leaders. . . . Some have feared that the movement of New England cotton mills to the South would be followed by the bringing of New England mill labor. These New England mill owners, however, are fleeing to the South to get away from the operatives which now work New England mills." The Alabama Power Company, seeking an outlet for its electricity, promoted a series of cotton mills, to be administered from Birmingham, and the bond circulars advertised, among other inducements, an "abundance of competent labor of Anglo-Saxon extraction with a low rate of turnover." The same theme was pursued by George Gordon Crawford, the president of the Tennessee Company. "The South," he declared, "is to-day the greatest, best, and cheapest labor market in the United States." "There have been invested in our State hundreds of million dollars," said the Power Company, "in such enterprises as the large buildings in our cities; the railroads and steamship lines; telephone and telegraph; the great iron, steel, and coal developments, many of the cotton mills and many others; our State and municipal securities are almost entirely held beyond the State. Would those who decry 'foreign capital' now desire to close the State to investments and developments by those who live beyond the State?"

Who indeed? The drain of interest and dividends, the low taxes, and a subsistence-wage level could not but promise a revived and prosperous South. Did local magnates suggest that labor organization might help redress this balance? They did not. Did they move on Washington in a phalanx to demand alteration in the freight differential? They did not. Cotton Tom Heflin was not only derided as the laughing stock of the Senate; he was feared lest his record as an agrarian radical would frighten investments away from the State.

One result of low wages was to throw the worker into the clutches of the loan shark. What the loan company did not get, the installment seller was able to snatch from the gullible. Birmingham has been and is a loan shark's paradise, and to follow a wage-earner around the circle is bewildering. Mr. Crawford, when president of the Tennessee Company, is said to have contended that the commissary—an institution "not altogether eleemosynary," according to Mr. Burr, the company's counsel—was essential with a labor turnover of 1200 per cent per annum and a company office swamped with garnishment papers. However that may be, it did not prevent wage executions in a single Birmingham rolling mill from being 651 per thousand four years ago, nor interest rates from running from 200 to 540 per cent on small loans. In that year it was estimated that loan sharks were taking a million dollars a year in interest out of Birmingham. And here again, like magic in the Magic City, the absentee landlord appears; about 70 per cent of the sharks represent outside companies!

October, 1929, brought the crash, but well before that the depression had struck Birmingham. "Hard times come here first and stay the longest." The shaky props of the South's economy could not hold up much; the decline was only the forerunner of what was presently to happen north of the Ohio. The fright deepened. The pig iron piled up and could not be sold; steel slowed down. One by one the local furnaces went out. Owen D. Young came and was reported to have told a party of business men at the Country Club either to dig down and feed the helpless population or else get ready for riots. Communist organizers entered the district, seeking a foothold in the principal Southern industrial city and among the sharecroppers farther south. Their efforts achieved no great success, but the word "communism" alone was enough to send an electric shock through the district. So precarious was the stability of the region, so deep and long stand-

ing its poverty, so firmly fixed the tradition of the deputy sheriff and the Ku Klux, that the reaction was violent and ruthless. Organizers brought to Birmingham the bodies of two Negroes—dead at the hands of a mob which had attacked a sharecroppers' meeting; the public was invited to come and see them. There were other demonstrations. This was sufficient to stir local influence and authority to action; an ordinance was passed and drastic measures taken. Then the Scottsboro case added fuel to the flames, and the Communist label was added to the glossary of terrors. But this agitation was only incidental to a churning that was going on throughout the South, a sort of half-blind heaving. Then, all over the country, banks began to close.

VIII

The incoming Roosevelt Administration found Birmingham "the worst hit town in the country." Before that worst was over more than a third of the city's population was said to be on relief and plenty more feared they would be. To thousands in Alabama the promise of the New Deal appeared heaven-sent. The T.V.A. was greeted with open arms, however great the wrath of the Alabama Power Company. In local administration, the promises turned out to be something else again. Yet with all the shortcomings, the President was looked upon as a god. Section 7a promised the right to organize, and the United Mine Workers snatched the opportunity. Coal production had been declining over a period of years; one mine had attempted to work ten hours a day at ten cents an hour. The miners were about on their last legs. "Union organizers, white and black, went through the Birmingham district, holding up fistfuls of paper and silver dollars, asking the miners when they had last seen cash money." The Mine Workers had always admitted Negro delegates to the national conventions, but in Alabama in the past they had bowed to the inevitable and organized separate lodges. Now it

was realized that if ever anything was to be accomplished an attempt must be made to bridge the color line. Hesitant, backing and filling, sidling to and fro, the two races approached each other.

Within two years some 23,000 coal miners had been organized and were under contract. However precariously, the miners' union was at last established in Alabama. In the ore mines and in the steel mills—the abode of the company union—progress was very slow. But the impossible had happened.

On a wet night they are coming to the lodge meeting. The union hall is the upper floor of an old abandoned store building on the edge of Birmingham. There's a sound of subdued singing upstairs; "devotions" are not yet over. Late arrivals, coming directly from the mine, edge their way in. The room is a big place, forty feet square or more, with jagged pieces of lath showing where the dingy, rain-soaked, whitewashed plaster has come loose. This was the meeting place of a fraternal order once, and a built-in bench, a battered sort of choir stall, runs round three sides of the room. In one corner is an egg stove with a sheet of galvanized iron behind it and a long stretch of stovepipe suspended from the ceiling by wires. A hot soft-coal fire is burning and the floor before the stove is strewn with matches. Electricity costs money and there isn't much light. At one side of a long table sit two black committee members counting check-off slips. Facing them is the lodge secretary, white with curly blond hair, in overalls with sleeves rolled up, bent over his ledger. These bookkeepers pay no attention to the devotions. All along two sides, on the choir-stall bench, sit the black brothers. On the third side sit the white brothers—a sizable minority—in the stall and a row of rickety chairs. The intoning of the hymn goes on with many black brothers swaying silently in their seats in time. Few of the white brothers sing. One of them, a big gray-haired man, sits in a battered stuffed chair near the stove, smoking a corn cob, his head bent over

and one hand covering his eyes. Another, a tall, cadaverous Southerner with adam's apple and sparse red hair, gets up, goes over to the stove, opens the door, spits, and stands looking reflectively into the fire for a few minutes; then with a quick gesture of decision, he snaps the door shut and returns to his place.

And now Gus, the president of the lodge, a short man with snapping blue eyes and a leathery face, calls the meeting to order. The secretary rattles off the minutes at a machine-gun rate. Is there a motion that these minutes be accepted? A black brother instantly makes the motion and the man beside him seconds it. They are accepted. The district representative speaks—smoothly, not hesitantly as they do, but what he says means less. Gus rises again. Some new members are to receive the obligation tonight, and the president leaves the platform and goes down to the floor to make his remarks. Quietly, without a sound, the huge, black vice president moves into the chair and takes the gavel. He looks down impassively at the dimly lit room. He sits like a still giant with only an occasional soft tap of his gavel to call the place to order. Standing alone, in the middle of the floor, Gus begins to speak. "Brothers . . .," he says. The twain have met.

Gradually the depression began to lift; the Steel Corporation was being overhauled, and rumors arrived in Birmingham that new building might be undertaken. While other forms of steel had suffered, the sheet mill had come through the worst and done well. In the summer of 1936, Birmingham newspapers quoted the remarks of Mr. John L. Perry, the new president of the Tennessee Company, before the Rotary Club: the Steel Corporation was about to spend millions in plant improvement, "but they will spend this money in districts where labor relations are harmonious." What was needed was "aggressive and emphatic action on the part of newspapers to create and arouse zeal and enthusiasm to support industry against those irresponsible forces that are

trying to impair and destroy industry, to create class feeling and to rouse a question in the minds of the public as to the ability and integrity of management." This was the Great Landlord, calling all to the colors, for the C.I.O. campaign was now under way in the district. Apparently labor relations were deemed to be harmonious, for in October the officials of the Corporation, like a royal family on progress, arrived in Birmingham to announce that twenty-nine million dollars would be spent in expansion in the district.

The outburst that followed was deafening. The excitement caused by the announcement that the Federal Government had spent or lent \$361,000,000 in Alabama in four years was feeble indeed compared to what followed the steel announcement. "Let's together make Birmingham the battleground on which to win the war for America's industrial supremacy of this world," was one comment. "It will eventually cause Birmingham to be the biggest industrial city and probably the biggest city south of the Ohio river," said an economist, stopping at the spring where John W. Gates and Abram Hewitt had drunk so long before.

The picture in Birmingham, in Alabama, and in the whole South was one of great confusion. In Alabama labor was moving into politics and appeared to have got some bargaining power. A chapter of the Newspaper Guild had been established in Birmingham. Some of the political fraternity had taken up the freight differential as an issue. A number of business men seemed to show signs that the old order was changing, even if it was not plain what the change was. A profound revolution was under way and the outcome was impossible to foresee. The call for outside capital was going up again, there was a reign of terror in Gadsden when the rubber workers tried to organize, the Bemis mill at Talladega had erected machine-gun placements, the Alabama Fuel and Iron Company was turned almost into a fortress, the cotton mill near Julia Harris's farm was fenced in, with a searchlight on the gate house,

and was being patrolled by plug-uglies with guns. Before the LaFollette Committee in Washington an investigator for the State of Alabama was testifying in the Gelders flogging case and, in answer to questions as to why the Birmingham grand jury had returned no indictments, replied, "You know, Senator, the T.C.I. owns about fifteen-sixteenths of the country around there . . . even by a court of misdemeanors and a \$10 fine—anything might bring about a civil suit which would antagonize the T.C.I."

In January, 1937, like a thunderclap, came the news that Mr. Taylor, the Steel chairman of the board, had offered terms to Lewis and the C.I.O. The Tennessee Company presently fell into line and then announced that support had been withdrawn from the company union. For a moment it seemed in Birmingham as though the walls of Jericho had fallen. The mills were booming, there had been two pay hikes, and at the very gates of the Ensley and Fairfield mills union handbills and newspapers could be handed out. Two months later the president of the Tennessee Company made an astounding statement: "The retarding influence in the economic development of the Southland, particularly Alabama, is the poor distribution of wealth which can certainly be remedied by the ever-increasing progressive intelligence of our leaders." Almost while the statement was being made, Mr. Tom Girdler, the chairman of Republic Steel, which had just absorbed Gulf States Steel, arrived in Birmingham to inspect his domain. As a director of the Goodyear Company, he had just finished looking over the tire plant at Gadsden. A dinner was tendered him and the other Republic officials at the Country Club with the president of Sloss-Sheffield as toastmaster. Mr. Girdler was reported to have spoken with great vigor about the prospects and about labor. "We don't like shot-gun weddings. We feel pretty seriously about this subject of being forced into something you don't want to do and particularly when about 95 per cent of the peo-

ple who are associated with you in the steel business don't want to do it either. We are not going to do it, not in a hurry, which means I think, that we won't do it at all." Then Mr. Girdler was said to have expressed admiration for all the T.C.I. had done for Birmingham and the South. Meantime an absentee-controlled operation was in progress: the Southern Railway had placed an order for cars with the Pullman Company at Bessemer to be made from steel furnished by the T.C.I. And Tallulah Bankhead was on her way to Birmingham, after her long absence from home to appear in "Reflected Glory."

And what about the future of this Magic City? "Southern hospitality," says a distinguished Southern economist, "has never extended to ideas." The maintenance of the civil liberties, freedom for the expression of thought, has never been an easy task in the United States; but in the South it has been most difficult of all. The thesis that the South will be the most favorable breeding ground for a native fascism has been advanced frequently, and there is no lack of evidence that may be drawn upon to support the thesis. There is just now a great deal of trumpeting about the "new" Southern market; it has been heard before. The promise of the great mineral deposits is genuine, but when that promise will be realized no man can predict.

In Birmingham itself the influence of the absentee landlord still is strong. The very existence of the city rests upon the iron and steel industry. In 1936 the United States Steel Corporation, in the guise of the Tennessee Company, owned 600 million tons of unmined iron ore and an estimated billion tons of coal, almost half the coal and iron resources of the district. The Republic Steel Corporation which has just absorbed Gulf States Steel is next. These are the only two companies which make steel. Most of the remaining iron deposits are divided between the Sloss-Sheffield Steel and Iron Company and the Woodward Iron Com-

pany. Of them all, the Tennessee Company is by far the biggest and is the largest employer of labor. Yet, despite its gigantic resources, it had in 1936 only 6.6 per cent of the Corporation's steel-making capacity! The precarious nature of the city's economic life has been described, and if the last depression shook Birmingham to its foundations one wonders what the next will do.

The future of American society is a very uncertain thing, and the South is ill prepared to face those uncertainties. The Southern people, black and white, are poor and every influence has been to keep them so. The concomitants of this poverty have been illiteracy and bigotry, inheritances from the slave system, consolidated by the Civil War. Against terrific handicaps some of this has been overcome, but much remains. The evil done by years of Jim Crow poison is incalculable; the social cost of "keeping the nigger in his place" is beyond computation. For sixty years the Bourbons and the absentee

landlords have ruled the South and they have all but wrung it dry. That numbers of Southern people, despite the odds against them, have yet refused to lose heart is evidence of a magnificent courage. A resolute labor movement is at last under way, some genuine co-operation between blacks and whites has begun. These are positive signs of social health and if they succeed they may turn the region toward a brighter future. And if that does come about, if Birmingham, the city of perpetual promise, at last comes into its own, then so much the more must we remember the brave men and women, living and dead, who sometimes alone, sometimes by twos and threes, refused to give way before ignorance, fear, and rapacity; who with all the shortcomings to which human flesh is heir, yet wrought with tireless hands through crowded days and sometimes gave their lives that "equal justice to all men of whatever state or persuasion" might actually come to pass in a region where democracy never had a chance.





THE PROMISE

A STORY

BY JOHN STEINBECK

IN A mid-afternoon of spring the little boy Jody walked martially along the brush-lined road toward his home ranch. Banging his knee against the golden lard bucket he used for school lunch, he contrived a good bass drum, while his tongue fluttered sharply against his teeth to fill in snare drums and occasional trumpets. Some time before, the other members of the squad that walked so smartly from the school had turned into the various little canyons and taken the wagon roads to their own home ranches. Now Jody marched seemingly alone, with high lifted knees and pounding feet; but behind him there was a phantom army with great flags and swords, silent but deadly.

The afternoon was green and gold with spring. Underneath the spread branches of the oaks the plants grew pale and tall, and on the hills the feed was smooth and thick. The sage bushes shone with new silver leaves and the oaks wore hoods of golden-green. Over the hills there hung such a green odor that the horses on the flats galloped madly, and then stopped, wondering; lambs and even old sheep jumped in the air unexpectedly and landed on stiff legs, and went on eating; young clumsy calves butted their heads together and drew back and butted again.

As the gray and silent army marched past, led by Jody, the animals stopped their feeding and their play and watched it go by.

Suddenly Jody stopped. The gray army halted, bewildered and nervous.

Jody went down on his knees. The army stood in long uneasy ranks for a moment, and then, with a soft sigh of sorrow, rose up in a faint gray mist and disappeared. Jody had seen the thorny crown of a horny-toad moving under the dust of the road. His grimy hand went out and grasped the spiked halo and held firmly while the little beast struggled. Then Jody turned the horny-toad over, exposing its pale-gold stomach. With a gentle forefinger he stroked the throat and chest until the horny-toad relaxed, until its eyes closed and it lay languorous and asleep.

Jody opened his lunch pail and deposited the first game inside. He moved on now, his knees bent slightly, his shoulders crouched; his bare feet were wise and silent. In his right hand there was a long gray rifle. The brush along the road stirred restively under a new and unexpected population of gray tigers and gray bears. The hunting was very good, for by the time Jody reached the fork of the road where the mail box stood on a post he had captured two more horny-toads, four little grass lizards, a blue snake, sixteen yellow-winged grasshoppers, and a brown damp newt from under a rock. This assortment scabbled unhappily against the tin of the lunch bucket.

At the road fork the rifle evaporated and the tigers and bears melted from the hillsides. Even the moist and uncomfortable creatures in the lunch pail

ceased to exist, for the little red metal flag was up on the mail box, signifying that some postal matter was inside. Jody set his pail on the ground and opened the letter box. There was a Montgomery Ward catalogue and a copy of the *Salinas Weekly Journal*. He slammed the box, picked up his lunch pail, and trotted over the ridge and down into the cup of the ranch. Past the barn he ran, and the bunkhouse and the cypress tree. He banged through the front screen door of the ranch house calling, "Ma'am, ma'am, there's a catalogue."

Mrs. Tiflin was in the kitchen spooning clabbered milk into a cotton bag. She put down her work and rinsed her hands under the tap. "Here in the kitchen, Jody. Here I am."

He ran in and clattered his lunch pail on the sink. "Here it is. Can I open the catalogue, ma'am?"

Mrs. Tiflin took up the spoon again and went back to her cottage cheese. "Don't lose it, Jody. Your father will want to see it." She scraped the last of the milk into the bag. "Oh, Jody, your father wants to see you before you go to your chores." She waved a cruising fly from the cheese bag.

Jody closed the new catalogue in alarm. "Ma'am?"

"Why don't you ever listen. I say your father wants to see you."

The boy laid the catalogue gently on the sink board. "Do you—is it something I did?"

Mrs. Tiflin laughed. "Always a bad conscience. What did you do?"

"Nothing, ma'am," he said lamely. But he couldn't remember, and besides it was impossible to know what action might later be construed as a crime.

His mother hung the full bag on a nail where it could drip into the sink. "He just said he wanted to see you when you got home. He's somewhere down by the barn."

Jody turned and went out the back door. Hearing his mother open the lunch pail and then gasp with rage, a memory stabbed him and he trotted

away toward the barn, conscientiously not hearing the angry voice that called him from the house.

Carl Tiflin and Billy Buck, the ranch hand, stood against the lower pasture fence. Each man rested one foot on the lowest bar and both elbows on the top bar. They were talking slowly and aimlessly. In the pasture half a dozen horses nibbled contentedly at the sweet grass. The mare, Nellie, stood backed up against the gate, rubbing her buttocks on the heavy post.

Jody sidled uneasily near. He dragged one foot to give an impression of great innocence and nonchalance. When he arrived beside the men he put one foot on the lowest fence rail, rested his elbows on the second bar, and looked into the pasture too. The two men glanced sideways at him.

"I wanted to see you," Carl said in the stern tone he reserved for children and animals.

"Yes, sir," said Jody guiltily.

"Billy, here, says you took good care of the pony before it died."

No punishment was in the air. Jody grew bolder. "Yes, sir, I did."

"Billy says you have a good patient hand with horses."

Jody felt a sudden warm friendliness for the ranch hand.

Billy put in, "He trained that pony as good as anybody I ever seen."

Then Carl Tiflin came gradually to the point. "If you could have another horse would you work for it?"

Jody shivered. "Yes, sir."

"Well, look here then. Billy says the best way for you to be a good hand with horses is to raise a colt."

"It's the *only* good way," Billy interrupted.

"Now, look here, Jody," continued Carl. "Jess Taylor, up to the ridge ranch, has a fair stallion, but it'll cost five dollars. I'll put up the money, but you'll have to work it out all summer. Will you do that?"

Jody felt that his insides were shriveling. "Yes, sir," he said softly.

"And no complaining? And no forgetting when you're told to do something?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, all right then. To-morrow morning you take Nellie up to the ridge ranch and get her bred. You'll have to take care of her too till she throws the colt."

"Yes, sir."

"You better get to the chickens and the wood now."

Jody slid away. In passing behind Billy Buck he very nearly put out his hand to touch the blue-jeaned legs. His shoulders swayed a little with maturity and importance.

He went to his work with unprecedented seriousness. This night he did not dump the can of grain to the chickens so that they had to leap over one another and struggle to get it. No, he spread the wheat so far and so carefully that the hens couldn't find some of it at all. And in the house, after listening to his mother's despair over boys who filled their lunch pails with slimy, suffocated reptiles and bugs, he promised never to do it again. Indeed, Jody felt that all such foolishness was lost in the past. He was far too grown up ever to put horny-toads in his lunch pail any more. He carried in so much wood and built such a high structure with it that his mother walked in fear of an avalanche of oak. When he was done, when he had gathered eggs that had remained hidden for weeks, Jody walked down again past the cypress tree, and past the bunk-house toward the pasture. A fat warty toad that looked out at him from under the watering trough had no emotional effect on him at all.

Carl Tiflin and Billy Buck were not in sight, but from a metallic ringing on the other side of the barn, Jody knew that Billy Buck was just starting to milk a cow.

The other horses were eating toward the upper end of the pasture, but Nellie continued to rub herself nervously against the post. Jody walked slowly near, saying, "So, girl, so-o, Nellie." The mare's ears went back naughtily and her

lips drew away from her yellow teeth. She turned her head round; her eyes were glazed and mad. Jody climbed to the top of the fence and hung his feet over and looked paternally down on the mare.

The evening hovered while he sat there. Bats and night hawks flicked about. Billy Buck, walking toward the house carrying a full milk bucket, saw Jody and stopped. "It's a long time to wait," he said gently. "You'll get awful tired waiting."

"No I won't, Billy. How long will it be?"

"Nearly a year."

"Well, I won't get tired."

The triangle at the house rang stridently. Jody climbed down from the fence and walked to supper beside Billy Buck. He even put out his hand and took hold of the milk-bucket bail to help carry it.

The next morning after breakfast Carl Tiflin folded a five-dollar bill in a piece of newspaper and pinned the package in the bib pocket of Jody's overalls. Billy Buck halted the Nellie mare and led her out of the pasture.

"Be careful now," he warned. "Hold her up short here so she can't bite you. She's crazy as a coot."

Jody took hold of the halter leather itself and started up the hill toward the ridge ranch with Nellie skittering and jerking behind him. In the pasturage along the road the wild oat heads were just clearing their scabbards. The warm morning sun shone on Jody's back so sweetly that he was forced to take a serious, stiff-legged hop now and then in spite of his maturity. On the fences the shiny blackbirds with red epaulets clicked their dry call. The meadowlarks sang like water, and the wild doves, concealed among the bursting leaves of the oaks, made a sound of restrained grieving. In the fields the rabbits sat sunning themselves with only their forked ears showing above the grass heads.

After an hour of steady uphill walking Jody turned into a narrow road that led

up a steeper hill to the ridge ranch. He could see the red roof of the barn sticking up above the oak trees, and he could hear a dog barking unemotionally near the house.

Suddenly Nellie jerked back and nearly freed herself. From the direction of the barn Jody heard a shrill whistling scream and a splintering of wood, and then a man's voice shouting. Nellie reared and whinnied. When Jody held to the halter rope she ran at him with bared teeth. He dropped his hold and scuttled out of the way into the brush. The high scream came from the oaks again, and Nellie answered it. With hoofs battering the ground, the stallion appeared and charged down the hill training a broken halter rope. His eyes glittered feverishly. His stiff erected nostrils were as red as flame. His black sleek hide shone in the sunlight. The stallion came on so fast that he couldn't stop when he reached the mare. Nellie's ears went back; she whirled and kicked at him as he went by. The stallion spun round and reared. He struck the mare with his front hoof, and while she staggered under the blow, his teeth raked her neck and drew a thread of blood.

Instantly Nellie's mood changed. She became coquettishly feminine. She nibbled his arched neck with her lips. She edged round and rubbed her shoulder against his shoulder.

Jody stood half-hidden in the brush and watched. He heard the step of a horse behind him, but before he could turn, a hand caught him by the overall straps and lifted him off the ground. Jess Taylor sat the boy behind him on the horse.

"You might have got killed," he said. "Sundog's a mean devil sometimes. He busted his rope and went right through a gate."

Jody sat quietly, but in a moment he cried, "He'll hurt her, he'll kill her. Get him away!"

Jess chuckled. "She'll be all right. Maybe you'd better climb off and go up to the house for a little. You could get maybe a piece of pie up there."

But Jody shook his head. "She's mine, and the colt's going to be mine. I'm going to raise it up."

Jess nodded. "Yes, that's a good thing. Carl has good sense sometimes."

In a little while the danger was over. Jess lifted Jody down and then caught the stallion by its broken halter rope. And he rode ahead, while Jody followed, leading Nellie.

It was only after he had unpinned and handed over the five dollars and after he had eaten two pieces of pie that Jody started for home again. And Nellie followed docilely after him. She was so quiet that Jody climbed on a stump and rode her most of the way home.

The five dollars his father had advanced reduced Jody to peonage for the whole late spring and summer. When the hay was cut he drove a rake. He led the horse that pulled on the Jackson-fork tackle, and when the baler came he drove the circling horse that put pressure on the bales. In addition, Carl Tiffin taught him to milk and put a cow under his care, so that a new chore was added night and morning.

The bay mare Nellie quickly grew complacent. As she walked about the yellowing hillsides or worked at easy tasks her lips were curled in a perpetual fatuous smile. She moved slowly, with the calm importance of an empress. When she was put to a team she pulled steadily and unemotionally. Jody went to see her every day. He studied her with critical eyes and saw no change whatever.

One afternoon Billy Buck leaned the many-tined manure fork against the barn wall. He loosened his belt and tucked in his shirt-tail and tightened the belt again. He picked one of the little straws from his hatband and put it in the corner of his mouth. Jody, who was helping Doubletree Mutt, the big serious dog, to dig out a gopher, straightened up as the ranch hand sauntered out of the barn.

"Let's go up and have a look at Nellie," Billy suggested.

Instantly Jody fell into step with him. Doubletree Mutt watched them over his

shoulder; then he dug furiously, growled, sounded little sharp yelps to indicate that the gopher was practically caught. When he looked over his shoulder again, and saw that neither Jody nor Billy was interested, he climbed reluctantly out of the hole and followed them up the hill.

The wild oats were ripening. Every head bent sharply under its load of grain, and the grass was dry enough so that it made a swishing sound as Jody and Billy stepped through it. Half-way up the hill they could see Nellie and the iron-gray gelding Pete nibbling the heads from the wild oats. When they approached, Nellie looked at them and backed her ears and bobbed her head up and down rebelliously. Billy walked over to her, put his hand under her mane, and patted her neck, until her ears came forward again and she nibbled delicately at his shirt.

Jody asked, "Do you think she's really going to have a colt?"

Billy rolled the lids back from the mare's eyes with his thumb and forefinger. He felt her lower lip and fingered the black, leathery teats. "I wouldn't be surprised," he said.

"Well, she isn't changed at all. It's three months gone."

Billy rubbed the mare's flat forehead with his knuckle while she grunted with pleasure. "I told you you'd get tired waiting. It'll be five months more before you can even see a sign, and it'll be at least eight months before she throws the colt, about next January."

Jody sighed deeply. "It's a long time, isn't it?"

"And then it'll be about two years more before you can ride."

Jody cried out in despair, "I'll be grown up."

"Yep, you'll be an old man," said Billy.

"What color do you think the colt'll be?"

"Why, you can't ever tell. The stud is black and the dam is bay. Colt might be black or bay or gray or dappled. You can't tell. Sometimes a black dam might have a white colt."

"Well, I hope it's black and a stallion."

"If it's a stallion we'll have to geld it. Your father wouldn't let you have a stallion."

"Maybe he would," Jody said. "I could train him not to be mean."

Billy pursed his lips, and the little straw that had been in the corner of his mouth rolled down to the center. "You can't ever trust a stallion," he said critically. "They're mostly always fighting and making trouble. Sometimes when they're feeling funny they won't work. They make the mares uneasy and kick hell out of the geldings. Your father wouldn't let you keep a stallion."

Nellie sauntered away, nibbling the drying grass. Jody skinned the grain from a grass stem and threw the handful into the air, so that each pointed, feathered seed sailed out like a dart. "Tell me how it'll be, Billy. Is it like when the cows have calves?"

"Just about. Mares are a little more sensitive. Sometimes you have to be there to help the mare. And sometimes, if it's wrong, you have to—" he paused.

"Have to what, Billy?"

"Have to tear the colt apart to get it out, or the mare'll die."

"But it won't be that way this time, will it, Billy?"

"Oh, no. Nellie's thrown good colts."

"Can I be there, Billy? Will you be certain to call me? It's my colt."

"Sure, I'll call you. Of course I will."

"Tell me how it'll be."

"Why, you've seen the cows calving. It's almost the same. The mare starts groaning and stretching, and then, if it's a good right birth, the head and forefeet come out and the front hoofs kick a hole just the way the calves do. And the colt starts to breathe. It's good to be there, 'cause if its feet aren't right, maybe he can't break the sack, and then he might smother."

Jody whipped his leg with a bunch of grass. "We'll have to be there then, won't we?"

"Oh, we'll be there all right."

They turned and walked slowly down the hill toward the barn. Jody was tor-

tured with a thing he had to say, although he didn't want to. "Billy," he began miserably, "Billy, you won't let anything happen to the colt, will you?"

And Billy knew he was thinking of the red pony Gabilan, and of how it died of strangles. Billy knew he had been infallible before that, and now he was capable of failure. This knowledge made Billy much less sure of himself than he had been. "I can't tell," he said roughly. "All sorts of things might happen, and they wouldn't be my fault. I can't do everything." He felt badly about his lost prestige, and so he said meanly, "I'll do everything I know, but I won't promise anything. Nellie's a good mare. She's thrown good colts before. She ought to this time." And he walked away from Jody and went into the saddle-room beside the barn, for his feelings were hurt.

Jody traveled often to the brush-line behind the house. A rusty iron pipe ran a thin stream of spring water into an old green tub. Where the water spilled over and sank into the ground there was a patch of perpetually green grass. Even when the hills were brown and baked in the summer that little patch was green. The water whined softly into the trough all the year round. This place had grown to be a centerpoint for Jody. When he had been punished the cool green grass and the singing water soothed him. When he had been mean the biting acid of meanness left him at the brush-line. When he sat in the grass and listened to the puling stream the barriers set up in his mind by the stern day went down to ruin.

On the other hand, the black cypress tree by the bunk-house was as repulsive as the water tub was dear; for to this tree all the pigs came, sooner or later, to be slaughtered. Pig killing was fascinating, with the screaming and the blood; but it made Jody's heart beat so fast that it hurt him. After the pigs were scalded in the big iron tripod kettle and their skins were scraped and white, Jody had to go to the water tub to sit in the grass

until his heart grew quiet. The water tub and the black cypress were opposites and enemies.

When Billy left him and walked angrily away, Jody turned up toward the house. He thought of Nellie as he walked and of the little colt. Then suddenly he saw that he was under the black cypress, under the very singletree where the pigs were hung. He brushed his dry-grass hair off his forehead and hurried on. It seemed to him an unlucky thing to be thinking of his colt in the very slaughter place, especially after what Billy had said. To counteract any evil result of that bad conjunction he walked quickly past the ranch house, through the chicken yard, through the vegetable patch, until he came at last to the brush-line.

He sat down in the green grass. The trilling water sounded in his ears. He looked over the farm buildings and across at the round hills, rich and yellow with grain. He could see Nellie feeding on the slope. As usual the water place eliminated time and distance. Jody saw a black long-legged colt, butting against Nellie's flanks, demanding milk. And then he saw himself breaking a large colt to halter. All in a few moments the colt grew to be a magnificent animal, deep of chest, with a neck as high and arched as a sea-horse's neck, with a tail that tongued and rippled like black flame. This horse was terrible to everyone but Jody. In the school yard the boys begged rides, and Jody smilingly agreed. But no sooner were they mounted than the black demon pitched them off. "Why, that was his name, Black Demon! For a moment the trilling water and the grass and the sunshine came back, and then . . .

Sometimes in the night the ranch people, safe in their beds, heard a roar of hoofs go by. They said, "It's Jody, on Demon. He's helping out the sheriff again." And then . . .

The golden dust filled the air in the arena at the Salinas Rodeo. The announcer called the roping contests. When Jody rode the black horse to the

starting chute the other contestants shrugged their shoulders and gave up first place; for it was well known that Jody and Demon could rope and throw and tie a steer a great deal quicker than any roping team of two men could. Jody was not a boy any more, and Demon was not a horse. The two together were one glorious individual. And then . . .

The President wrote a letter and asked them to help catch a bandit in Washington. Jody settled himself comfortably in the grass. The little stream of water whined into the mossy tub.

The year passed slowly on. Time after time Jody gave up his colt for lost. No change had taken place in Nellie. Carl Tiffin still drove her to a light cart, and she pulled on a hay rake and worked the Jackson-fork tackle when the hay was being put into the barn.

The summer passed and the warm bright autumn. And then the frantic morning winds began to twist along the ground and a chill came into the air and the poison oak turned red. One morning in September when he had finished his breakfast Jody's mother called him into the kitchen. She was pouring boiling water into a bucket full of dry middlings and stirring the materials to a steaming paste.

"Yes, ma'am?" Jody asked.

"Watch how I do it. You'll have to do it after this every morning."

"Well what is it?"

"Why, it's warm mash for Nellie. It'll keep her in good shape."

Jody rubbed his forehead with a knuckle. "Is she all right?" he asked timidly.

Mrs. Tiffin put down the kettle and stirred the mash with a wooden paddle. "Of course she's all right, only you've got to take better care of her from now on. Here, take this breakfast out to her!"

Jody seized the bucket and ran, down past the bunk-house, past the barn, with the heavy bucket banging against his knees. He found Nellie playing with the water in the trough, pushing waves

and tossing her head so that the water slopped out on the ground.

Jody climbed the fence and set the bucket of steaming mash beside her. Then he stepped back to look at her. And she was changed. Her stomach was swollen. When she moved, her feet touched the ground gently. She buried her nose in the bucket and gobbled the hot breakfast. And when she had finished and had pushed the bucket round the ground with her nose a little, she stepped quietly over to Jody and rubbed her cheek against him.

Billy Buck came out of the saddle-room and walked over. "Starts fast when it starts, doesn't it?"

"Did it come all at once?"

"Oh, no, you just stopped looking for a while." He pulled her head round toward Jody. "She's goin' to be nice too. See how nice her eyes are! Some mares get mean, but when they turn nice they just love everything." Nellie slipped her head under Billy's arm and rubbed her neck up and down between his arm and his side. "You better treat her awful nice now," Billy said.

"How long will it be?" Jody demanded breathlessly.

The man counted in whispers on his fingers. "About three months," he said aloud. "You can't tell exactly. Sometimes it's eleven months to the day, but it might be two weeks early or a month late without hurting anything."

Jody looked hard at the ground. "Billy," he began nervously, "Billy, you'll call me when it's getting born, won't you? You'll let me be there, won't you?"

Billy bit the tip of Nellie's ear with his front teeth. "Carl says he wants you to start right at the start. That's the only way to learn. Nobody can tell you anything. Like my old man did with me about the saddle blanket. He was a government packer when I was your size, and I helped him some. One day I left a wrinkle in my saddle blanket and made a saddle-sore. My old man didn't give me hell at all. But the next morning he saddled me up with a forty-pound stock

saddle. I had to lead my horse and carry that saddle over a whole damn mountain in the sun. It darn near killed me, but I never left no wrinkles in a blanket again. I couldn't. I never in my life since then put on a blanket but I felt that saddle on my back."

Jody reached up a hand and took hold of Nellie's mane. "You'll tell me what to do about everything, won't you? I guess you know everything about horses, don't you?"

Billy laughed. "Why I'm half horse myself, you see," he said. "My ma died when I was born, and being my old man was a government packer in the mountains, and no cows around most of the time, why he just gave me mostly mare's milk." He continued seriously, "And horses know that. Don't you know it, Nellie?"

The mare turned her head and looked full into his eyes for a moment, and this is a thing horses practically never do. Billy was proud and sure of himself now. He boasted a little. "I'll see you get a good colt. I'll start you right. And if you do like I say you'll have the best horse in the county."

That made Jody feel warm and proud too, so proud that when he went back to the house he bowed his legs and swayed his shoulders as horsemen do. And he whispered, "Whoa, you Black Demon, you! Steady down there and keep your feet on the ground."

The winter fell sharply. A few preliminary gusty showers, and then a strong steady rain. The hills lost their straw color and blackened under the water, and the winter streams scrambled noisily down the canyons. The mushrooms and puff-balls popped up and the new grass started before Christmas.

But this year Christmas was not the central day to Jody. Some undetermined time in January had become the axis day around which the months swung. When the rains fell he put Nellie in a box stall and fed her warm food every morning and carried her and brushed her.

The mare was swelling so greatly that Jody became alarmed. "She'll pop wide open," he said to Billy.

Billy laid his strong square hand against Nellie's swollen abdomen. "Feel here," he said quietly. "You can feel it move. I guess it would surprise you if there was twin colts."

"You don't think so?" Jody cried. "You don't think it will be twins, do you, Billy?"

"No, I don't, but it does happen sometimes."

During the first two weeks of January it rained steadily. Jody spent most of his time when he wasn't in school in the box stall with Nellie. Twenty times a day he put his hand on her stomach to feel the colt move. Nellie became more and more gentle and friendly to him. She rubbed her nose on him. She whinnied softly when he walked into the barn.

Carl Tiflin came to the barn with Jody one day. He looked admiringly at the groomed bay coat, and he felt the firm flesh over ribs and shoulders. "You've done a good job," he said to Jody. And this was the greatest praise he knew how to give. Jody was tight with pride for hours afterward.

The fifteenth of January came, and the colt was not born. And the twentieth came; a lump of fear began to form in Jody's stomach. "Is it all right?" he demanded of Billy.

"Oh, sure."

And again, "Are you sure it's going to be all right?"

Billy stroked the mare's neck. She swayed her head uneasily. "I told you it wasn't always the same time, Jody. You just have to wait."

When the end of the month arrived with no birth, Jody grew frantic. Nellie was so big that her breath came heavily, and her ears were close together and straight up, as though her head ached. Jody's sleep grew restless, and his dreams confused.

On the night of the second of February he awakened crying. His mother called

in to him, "Jody, you're dreaming. Wake up and start over again."

But Jody was filled with terror and desolation. He lay quietly a few moments, waiting for his mother to go back to sleep, and then he slipped his clothes on, and crept out in his bare feet.

The night was black and thick. A little misting rain fell. The cypress tree and the bunk-house loomed and then dropped back into the mist. The barn door screeched as he opened it, a thing it never did in the daytime. Jody went to the rack and found a lantern and a tin box of matches. He lighted the wick and walked down the long straw-covered aisle to Nellie's stall. She was standing up. Her whole body weaved from side to side. Jody called to her, "So, Nellie, so-o, Nellie," but she did not stop her swaying nor look round. When he stepped into the stall and touched her on the shoulder she shivered under his hand. Then Billy Buck's voice came from the hay loft right above the stall.

"Jody, what are you doing?"

Jody started back and turned miserable eyes up toward the nest where Billy was lying in the hay. "Is she all right, do you think?"

"Why sure, I think so."

"You won't let anything happen, Billy, you're sure you won't?"

Billy growled down at him, "I told you I'd call you, and I will. Now you get back to bed and stop worrying that mare. She's got enough to do without you worrying her."

Jody cringed, for he had never heard Billy speak in such a tone. "I only thought I'd come and see," he said. "I woke up."

Billy softened a little then. "Well, you get to bed. I don't want you bothering her. I told you I'd get you a good colt. Get along now."

Jody walked slowly out of the barn. He blew out the lantern and set it in the rack. The blackness of the night, and the chilled mist struck him and enfolded him. He wished he believed everything Billy said as he had before the pony died.

It was a moment before his eyes, blinded by the feeble lantern-flame, could make any form of the darkness. The damp ground chilled his bare feet. At the cypress tree the roosting turkeys chattered a little in alarm, and the two good dogs responded to their duty and came charging out, barking to frighten away the coyotes they thought were prowling under the tree.

As he crept through the kitchen Jody stumbled over a chair. Carl called from his bedroom, "Who's there? What's the matter there?"

And Mrs. Tiffin said sleepily, "What's the matter, Carl?"

The next second Carl came out of the bedroom carrying a candle, and found Jody before he could get into bed. "What are you doing out?"

Jody turned shyly away. "I was down to see the mare."

For a moment anger at being awakened fought with approval in Jody's father. "Listen," he said, finally, "there's not a man in this country that knows more about colts than Billy. You leave it to him."

Words burst out of Jody's mouth. "But the pony died—"

"Don't you go blaming that on him," Carl said sternly. "If Billy can't save a horse it can't be saved."

Mrs. Tiffin called, "Make him clean his feet and go to bed, Carl. He'll be sleepy all day to-morrow."

It seemed to Jody that he had just closed his eyes to try to go to sleep when he was shaken violently by the shoulder. Billy Buck stood beside him, holding a lantern in his hand. "Get up," he said. "Hurry up." He turned and walked quickly out of the room.

Mrs. Tiffin called, "What's the matter? Is that you, Billy?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is Nellie ready?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"All right, I'll get up and heat some water in case you need it."

Jody jumped into his clothes so quickly that he was out the back door before

Billy's swinging lantern was half-way to the barn. There was a rim of dawn on the mountain-tops, but no light had penetrated into the cup of the ranch yet. Jody ran frantically after the lantern and caught up to Billy just as he reached the barn. Billy hung the lantern to a nail on the stall-side and took off his blue denim coat. Jody saw that he wore only a sleeveless shirt under it.

Nellie was standing rigid and stiff. While they watched she crouched. Her whole body was wrung with a spasm. The spasm passed. But in a few moments it started over again, and passed.

Billy muttered nervously, "There's something wrong." His bare hand disappeared. "Oh, Jesus," he said. "It's wrong."

The spasm came again, and this time Billy strained, and the muscles stood out on his arm and shoulder. He heaved strongly, his forehead beaded with perspiration. Nellie cried with pain. Billy was muttering, "It's wrong. I can't turn it. It's way wrong. It's turned all around wrong."

He glared wildly toward Jody. And then his fingers made a careful diagnosis. His cheeks were growing tight and gray. He looked for a long questioning minute at Jody standing back of the stall. Then Billy stepped to the rack under the manure window and picked up a horseshoe hammer with his wet right hand.

"Go outside, Jody," he said.

The boy stared dully at him.

"Go outside, I tell you. It'll be too late."

Jody didn't move.

Then Billy walked quickly to Nellie's

head. He cried, "Turn your face away, damn you, turn your face."

This time Jody obeyed. His head turned sideways. He heard Billy whispering hoarsely in the stall. And then he heard a hollow crunch of bone. Nellie chuckled shrilly. Jody looked back in time to see the hammer rise and fall again on the flat forehead. Then Nellie fell heavily to her side and quivered for a moment.

Billy jumped to her, his big pocket knife in his hand. . . .

For a moment after he had finished, he held the little black colt in his arms and looked at it. And then he walked slowly over and laid it in the straw at Jody's feet.

Billy's body shivered and his teeth chattered. His voice was gone; he spoke in a throaty whisper. "There's your colt. I promised. And there it is. I had to do it—had to." He stopped and looked over his shoulder into the box stall. "Go get hot water and a sponge," he whispered. "Wash him and dry him the way his mother would. You'll have to feed him by hand. But there's your colt, the way I promised."

Jody stared stupidly at the wet panting foal. It stretched out its chin and tried to raise its head. Its blank eyes were navy-blue.

"God damn you," Billy shouted, "will you go now for the water? *Will you go?*"

Then Jody turned and trotted out of the barn into the dawn. He ached from his throat to his stomach. His legs were stiff and heavy. He tried to be glad because of the colt, but the haunted, tired eyes of Billy Buck hung in the air ahead of him.



WASHINGTON WIFE

BY NATHALIE COLBY

I WISH I had known I was to be a writer, so I could have Boswellized myself, gone around Washington with a notebook, not kept blurred impressions.

One evening, after Wilson's second election, Bainbridge showed me our first card to the White House. "The President and Mrs. Wilson request the pleasure of the company of Mr. and Mrs. Bainbridge Colby" was engraved under a gold-embossed eagle. I must get a dress right away, Bainbridge said. So I bought a black bodice with a gold skirt, not so good because of the hurry; but my shoes were all right, gold with big crystal buckles, and my social career came out strong in my waved hair and fingernails that looked as if they had been dipped into butter.

One has to arrive at a White House dinner five minutes before the time. At five minutes to eight I was walking into the side entrance, past the portraits of Presidents' wives hung along the wall. The stylish definiteness of Bainbridge's London clothes made him a finished bit in the circle that stood waiting for the President and Mrs. Wilson in the front room. Mr. Baruch, the clever financier, was there. Solvency came out in his smile. Norman Hapgood, a George Arliss type, was there with his wife. I bowed to Margaret Wilson. President and Mrs. Wilson came in arm in arm and walked around with retarded steps, dealing measured handshakes to everyone, not a single overtime pressure. It made me think of "Ring Around the Roses" grown up.

Edith Bolling Wilson, in a dress half

black velvet, half red, was one of the prettiest women there. Her black hair curled back from a petal skin. When she smiled she showed the kind of genuine pearls that Hollywood's stars order copied at dentists'. President Wilson was an artist. There was identification in his smile; it was with you, not at you. A second critical self in him went on refining and refining him, day and night, so every speech grew sharper, pierced deeper. . . . I sat at the President's right at the center of a huge horseshoe table. He kept throwing lifeline questions to me, so I talked to him about Dante, about Goethe, about a toothache I'd had, about my children. He told me about his. He had a peculiar sympathy with Mrs. McAdoo, he said: she had such a sense of humor. He likes me, I thought, and hoped Bainbridge opposite would see what a good time we were having—but that was before the President turned to the left and became just as interested. I *had* to be noble and conclude that to see such impartial courtesy in action was better than his liking me.

I could see Bainbridge was having a good time with Mrs. Wilson. She was nearly late because she'd been reading H. G. Wells' *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* up to the last moment, she told him. I noticed she ate very little: it was one of her thin periods. I was glad not to be a President's wife, reduced to a battlefield as I'd have to be, between gluttony and vanity, fighting my figure past three meals a day—meals like this, where fish was a mousse, where birds went without skele-

tons, where ice cream nested in spun sugar, and champagne washed everything down. But the food took a back seat when Bainbridge got up, holding his glass to make a speech as sparkling as the champagne. It put a golden haze over everyone: barriers melted. A catalyzing speech, I called it, after I found the word in a laboratory, where a catalyzer is something that melts every difference.

The President got up, a light came behind his face—a light fused from deep reserves: pagan philosophers . . . the Old Testament. . . . Light words came from him, petal touches from deep roots. He put solemnity into one's laughter, and most of all he made a lovely tribute to Bainbridge. I can't remember how we said good-night, I was so excited about the way he spoke about Bainbridge. I only remember Mrs. Baruch, poised by her limousine, flapping out her white fur like a condor.

II

In the papers I read that Mr. Lansing had resigned. But that was nothing to me until amazingly, unexpectedly, it came in our front door. Mr. Wilson suddenly reached over the heads of all his Secretary of State candidates and chose Bainbridge Colby. I had never even met more than one Secretary of State, Mr. Bryan, with a face whose ample carving really demanded a desert rock to keep its perspective.

I can see Bainbridge now standing by his library table saying very solemnly, "I think I'm going to be the Secretary of State, Nat." Every woman whose husband has got his chance knows the feeling of being a woman singled out, able to sing silently her own particular Magnificat. Mine sang itself.

"Call the children," he said.

"Your father is going to be Secretary of State," I called up over the banisters. The three came down, Nibby tumbling after. (Nibby was our Scotch terrier. She had deep suffering eyes. Her pointed woodsy ears linked us to all the wild fresh things behind leaves. Only last year she

died. *Requiescat*, little Nibby!) They didn't look like official children at all. It made me shudder to think of an official spotlight flashed on their clothes. "Picturesque" was the most that could be said of them.

"When are you going to Washington?" I asked.

"You're going with me," he said. So wives were needed in Washington. God bless the Founding Fathers!

I slid right off the family shelf, dusted myself, dusted all the children. Even Nibby needed a collar. . . .

I looked at a black satin with a row of pearls and rhinestones round the neck and black tulle wings falling down to the hem. Strange and new thoughts came to me turning round in front of the mirror.

"She'll take the dress," my daughter Nathalie said from her chair. "Bring a calling dress right away."

"As a favor, I'll give you this for two hundred," the dressmaker told me, dangling a blue cloth coat entirely embroidered with jet beads over a satin slip, one of those dresses in which Paris is intrinsic, which by no effort of the imagination could be cobbled up by a seamstress. I wouldn't have bought it at first, only as the French say, "Appetite comes from eating," and I had my teeth below the skin of Eve's apple. "She'll take it," Nathalie said, assuming my temptation.

Luxury seeps into the marrow. Without a backward thought I bought a black chiffon lace with a foamy pink front over which jet beads cascaded. That came from Vionnet. "Leave her name inside, please," I said. I wanted it to raise the tone of my closet. A gray-and-black dress like lovely kitchen tiles in satin was thrown in. Kate selected a cape with a pink rose woven in the back to cover up my usual black satin in case I had to go to Washington the next day.

For once my maternal frenzy coincided with duty. "Kate owes it to her father," I said to myself, "to buy a blue satin evening dress with trains fore and aft," which was the contemporary fashion for

girls. After that it was easy. She just had to "owe it to Bainbridge" for all she was worth. Nathalie bought pastel shades. Frances, the youngest, was gypped. She still tells me so, and explains that of all the calamities in a family, being the youngest is the worst. "Time is a great Prime Minister," I say, requoting Burke second-hand from her father. "Pooh-pooh to old Burke!" was all she said. But if she didn't get all the clothes that were coming to her, she managed to squeak into most of the dances in a pink frilled dress, the burning bush of her hair held by a bow of cherry.

We went to the milliner's and chose a George Washington hat with a plume hanging over the front. Kate got a hat trimmed with a bluebird whose tail floated out on the breeze. Shoes had to be bought to match everything. At home Nathalie started work on a pink-silk wrapper trimmed with blue chiffon and swansdown, so, in case our house burned down, I should look like the third lady of the land coming down on a ladder.

Photographically we weren't the same family at all. What my grandmother called the "haut ton" in 1800 was all over us when Bainbridge telephoned me to come on right away.

Nathalie packed my bag as though the President were going to open it. Lace foamed out when you opened the top. I kissed the family good-by. "Yes, I'll telephone you," I told Frances, who couldn't believe the spell wouldn't break and the whole vista disappear any moment.

Riding into Washington in the morning is riding into a smile. The early sun whitens the Capitol dome; the monument pushes up the finger of history. The lawns were green that morning; trees burgeoned; houses wore window boxes like corsage bouquets. The elixir of the situation got into me. I felt a little heady. I had to say, "Bainbridge, Kate, Nathalie, Frances" like a rosary, to remember my glory was second-hand.

"You look different," Bainbridge said to me. I wanted to cry. It wrenches a woman's soul when her husband gives

her a mystified look-over. They always think the change lies in your soul. Mine, of course, was the cape with the pink nosegay on the back, the George Washington hat, the smell of Houbigant which turned me into a Persian garden—the children had charged it at the drugstore.

We had our first official breakfast upstairs, just rolls and coffee carried in by slot machines disguised as waiters. Bainbridge dropped in appropriate tips. I learned that I was to go to the White House and then he said, "After that we'll select a house for the family."

It was true then. Something in me took root.

"Yes, it's true," I telephoned Kate—"Yes, darling," to Nathalie, "Yes," to Frances, "we're going to get a house with a place for Nibby."

Lovely words to take me up to the curve of the White House road that lassoed the green lawn. It seemed a waste to walk up the steps firmly, there were so many uniformed men to catch you if you fell. Inside, an arm slid one over the floor into a little room in front where the Cabinet members' wives were assembled. I was the only outsider. Adele Burleson, wife of the Postmaster General, and Helen Houston, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, are still my friends. Albert Burleson's wife was a tiny woman; one brush stroke—an inefaceable one—could paint her. She was your friend, or she wasn't, and that held. No veneer on her although she'd been twenty years in Washington. She was the same at home as in the White House, and is being the same now back in Texas, I know. Mrs. Houston had the figure of a tall girl, and straight blue look-out eyes which saw life in the round and judged it panoramically. She smiled at me at once, and everything was "hunky-dory." I kept the adjective covered, but it was there, for I ceased worrying about whether my cape with the rosebuds was slightly overdone, and received Mrs. Daniels' friendly smile—one of those Southern porch smiles that mean near neighbors, life intimacies, hot biscuits for tea. . . .

I was in that little panic which precedes any prima-donna entrance, and is a part of their build-up. A man opened the door; I stopped breathing. Mrs. Wilson stepped in with that every-hair-in-place look that means a permanent ladies' maid in the background. I breathed. She wore a dark dress with something white at the neck. It grew on her and took away that manikin look most First Ladies wear on parade. It suited her not to be so thin. She was a cozy beauty. You could see her soft hands cadencing among teacups, buttering hot scones, handing them across to her husband. When she said "How-de-do," the warm tone in her voice put one at home.

From the small talk, all the wives appeared to be helping their husbands, introducing a feminine froufrou in their activities. South America was to be my business, I gathered. I was to apply the froufrou of Bainbridge's statesmanship, make a great rustle while he tied political knots. "It *would* be South America," I reflected, wishing I had to entice Great Britain instead; but just the same it was wonderful to think Bainbridge couldn't tackle South America alone. . . .

At the hotel, flower boxes had arrived, long ones, short ones. The wife motif was cropping up again on ambassadors' cards. "From Peru!" "From Chile!" From places I'd never even suspected. Here were ambassadors thick as huckleberries, sending so many flowers they had to be banked in the basin and taken out every time Bainbridge wanted to wash his hands.

III

We discarded one grand house after another. We decided to take the old Hitt home on Fifteenth Street. Bainbridge could walk across the park to business every morning.

The house had a garden. In New York I'd often said, "If I could only live in Central Park!" and now we were to have a park of our own, fifty feet by fifty, that took up the whole corner of the street behind an iron fence. Green bushes

banked against the railing to keep us private; there was a summerhouse in the corner; a velvet lawn held a sundial in the center. One walked right off the back porch on to it. The dining-room bay window bulged over it. We could have tea outside in the city—with Nibby playing around!

I loved that house. To the left of the hall was the coziest tea room, all done in rose brocade that glowed on cold days when snow fell outside, while we took tea by a huge fire—party teas every day, with muffins and sandwiches and little cakes, in case some plenipotentiary dropped in by mistake. The long reception room opposite was hung with tapestries; gilt chairs stood against the wall; a huge conglomerate statue of Cupid and Psyche, if I remember correctly, decorated the end. The dining room was pure Adam, with a table that could stretch to the size of a ballroom floor for banquets. Upstairs the bedrooms had chintz in every possible place chintz could be; perpetual hot water gushed from the faucets: if all else failed, we were sure to be clean. The library on the second floor contained two telephones: an everyday telephone and one that led straight to the White House. One only had to lift it up and say "How-de-do" to a disembodied President, I was sure. Bainbridge explained that it wasn't quite so simple.

Down in the wing slept the army of our landlady's servants. The cook was the best in Washington, she told Bainbridge. She had just brought out a daughter into society, she added. A regular black Kewpie of a kitchen-maid, a butler, a waitress-chambermaid, a chore-man. Would Mrs. Colby have a personal maid? No, I didn't want a maid. I knew I'd never have one comfortable carpet-slippery moment with a maid, nor could I ever use safety pins, which I like better than stitches.

"Let them come out," Bainbridge said. They came. The cook, a huge woman, headed the squad. Right off I knew I'd have to be very subservient to avoid losing my place. She was the kind who says

"How many in family?" before you have a chance to begin asking her about the different ways she cooks eggs.

"Mrs. Colby is very frail," Bainbridge said to her, "and won't concern herself with the housekeeping." But for the cook, I should have called out "Hurrah!" It was going to be so wonderful to be able to say, "Let there be lunch for six," or "dinner for thirty"—like an eighth day added on to the week of Creation.

The French butler had a basilisk eye. A chambermaid was his shadow. When I said to them, "Thank you for coming out to see us" they all glared. But I am accustomed to be glared at by servants in employment bureaus, until they turn into friends. Be human, show a slight equality with servants, and they are frightened to death; for democracy creeps in. Their position which flourishes in unearned increment is threatened. The more intolerant, arrogant, parasitic a woman is the more secure the servant grows.

That's why the relation is always so false and nervous at first. One has to pretend to be simply disgusted. The French butler's barriers were unbreakable. When he left me I think it was because I said I liked the way he polished the silver and wanted him to have more days out. I was told he left me for a lady who worked him twenty-four hours, which perfectly satisfied him. . . .

We rode away from our house in our official car, with the American eagle marked on the door. Charlie, the black chauffeur with Aryan features, had learned a lovely subservience during twenty years in the service. He flourished us into our seats, slammed the door with a bow. Off we went like a New York fire captain's car, honking our precedence right through the traffic. Baby carriages went into reverse. Policemen cleared a space for us. I must always remember to sit on the right-hand side, Charlie said, unless I were driving around with royalty. That right-hand side was very important in Washington, he said. It was terrible to think how casual I'd been about right and left all my life.

He drove us to a reception at the Pan-American Union that night, where several hundred people wanted to shake the hand of the new Secretary of State. It dealt with South American affairs in stone. Mr. Rowe, who was awfully nice to me that first year and still is, piloted me to the top of the line beside Bainbridge in the way that made me feel I was going the right way inspirationally.

I love shaking hands but I do hate assembling hands to be shaken. In New York one has to pursue one's quarry for days, write notes, tear them up, write them again. Washington was a place where every hand stretched out if one wore the proper label. . . .

"We'd better move into the new house at once," Bainbridge said, "for it would be money in pocket to have the children off the telephone." So I wired them to come on with everything right away.

As the chambermaid unpacked the linen trunk, "There aren't enough sheets, madam," she said coldly. The French butler showed no enthusiasm about my family silver. "We can get along with this every day," he said. "Rauscher's round the corner will rent you all you need for a dinner." Lists were handed to me with the air of "You've never known life, madam." What I was without was more than I had ever had. Lists of dish towels, bath towels, pillow cases, table linen, and so forth and so forth, were spiked on my pincushion daily. I bought them all. To soften the butler, I even bought a set of doilies a friend of his had crocheted, but he took the check as if he had done me a favor.

The servants made me feel so homeless that when the children arrived I was locked in my room. It was like heaven to hear Kate say casually, "The butler's not so hot." Well, he wasn't of course, not with Kate there to look him over. The chambermaid wasn't so hot either when Nathalie told her she'd teach her not to make up such sloppy beds.

"What's a Cespedes?" Frances asked, pulling the Minister from Cuba's name out of the card bowl in the front hall.

"What to do about all those cards, Bainbridge?"

"Ask Mr. Cook," Bainbridge said.

Secretary of States' wives were recurrent episodes for Mr. Cook, and they were addenda to his State Department duties besides. I must have been easily his worst case.

Everything in my handwriting which left something for the reader's imagination to work on had to be taken out of it. He made me write my acceptance to the Peruvian Ambassador's dinner three times over. When it came to accepting Mrs. Wilson's invitation to tea my penmanship looked quite classic. "Accepting" isn't quite the right word, because of course when you are asked to the White House it's a command. You must drop everything else and run. I was commanded to go with the children.

It was warm that afternoon. I could wear my tile satin, top it with a picture hat. The children looked up and coming. Mother and brood got into the limousine. Charlie curved it up to the White House, set in an emerald sea of lawn.

Inside the Red Room windows were bordered with flowers. They doubled themselves in front of the long mirror and banked up the mantelpiece. George and Lady Washington hung framed in a permanent *vis-à-vis* on each side of the door. Beyond the porch a sheep grazed.

Mrs. Wilson looked less like a schoolmistress than anyone, in white, with ruffles, which fell on the floor and back from her wrists. Nevertheless, paying one's respects to the First Lady is a little like grown-up school. I had learned the rules from Mr. Cook, one or two from Charlie. A President's wife always speaks first. One must never interrupt.

When Mrs. Wilson asked, "How's the Secretary?" I was awfully glad to have rehearsed my answer, "Very well, I thank you." Otherwise I might have said, "Indeed, he was very cross about the lack of starch in his shirts this morning, and will probably go on about it the first thing to-night."

"How is the President, Mrs. Wilson?" That was a different question from all other official ones, because his illness was a somber lining to all the political bravado of the Administration. "He's doing well, thank you," was such a thin amenity stretching over the tragic reality that her husband was tottering down from splendid heights. . . . I felt guilty to have one climbing up. . . .

Mrs. Wilson was awfully sweet and warm about her amenities; she had a peculiar gift of making them seem to come from inside out. Perhaps she looked backward. . . . M. Jules Jusserand, the French Ambassador, in Washington for twenty years, told me afterward that the first time he met her as the President's wife she was very pretty, and "a little shy." That was the first time I ever heard the word "shy" making history. I thought it charming.

We finished our tea and went out on the porch to see the sheep graze. Later I found that was quite a lot to happen in an official visit.

I was shy going in, but not coming out. The White House was the first step into our new world. The future was whirling with us. All I had to do was to step on the gas to make it whirl faster. Everything was going to be wonderful. "After the first dinner at Peru, I'll give one back," I told Kate.

The waste of time in 1920's social exchange was unbelievable. Serious as a nursery game, packets of cardboard had to be dumped from house to house.

"It's Croats and Slovenes to-day," Charlie would say in the morning. Each Croat and Slovene lady had two cards and each gentleman one. My own days were just as bad. The card bowl in the hall had to be emptied every afternoon like a basin. Soon after luncheon lines formed down the block. All the visitors from the West and South came to carry home from their trip the home life of our dear Secretary of State. Custom opened one's doors to them. The file of people was tailless for hours. Even toothlessness didn't keep them at home.

One very important lady smiled at me with prominent gums and assured me she was going to have a full set in the next day. Most sophisticates thought the whole thing a great bore, but it always amused me, like opening hands of cards, to see the rows of nondescript oncoming faces. Yards and yards of them, then the pretty face of the Secretary of Rhode Island's wife under a red hat . . . Eva LeGallienne one day fresh from her matinee to look us over . . . Sidney Blackmer who made love with a Southern lasso in his voice across footlights . . . people who had known Bainbridge as a baby, people who had known me. One old woman who might have come out of the attic at home in Stockbridge, dressed in an 1812 picture hat and full skirts. She wore an ermine tippet and carried a bag, which she filled with cakes from the table. More were carried away from the table outside, Nathalie reported, than inside. I knew how they felt. (I always used to bring home mementoes for the children from dinner parties—once Mary Pickford's signature which I pinned to a nursery pillow.) I served tea anyway as a distraction for souvenir collectors who sometimes brought scissors and snipped mementoes from the hostess's back draperies.

If you took away the banners and trumpets of the pageant, the people underneath were amazingly simple—as simple as I was. Mrs. Edward McLean, America's fairytale girl—a sudden heiress, the stuff that movies are made of. Clothes, best of schools, pony carriages, titles, the Hope diamond—she wears them all in the pageant of her book; wears there too the house across the square from which we lived.

Charlie had pointed out the "Father Struck It Rich" house of Mrs. Thomas Walsh, Mrs. McLean's mother—a square building as big as a hotel trimmed with a porte-cochère. I'm sure Buckingham Palace couldn't beat it for comfort. Inside the reception room reached up to a

stained-glass window. Bedroom suites opened on balconies. (We saw the house when we went to a dinner for Cardinal Gibbons.) Through the door the dining room came out like a stage set. Gold glittered symmetrically down a table half a block long. Charlie said it was the famous gold used on state occasions.

Mrs. McLean had nice simple manners introducing us to the Cardinal. He stood there in his black robe, frail and powerful in the last year of his life, his cross hanging from a chain. His transplanted face was Irish still, mystic, humorous, and practical. God's statesman—the kind of a man who could trace a nation's vision. I wanted very much to kneel to him and ask his blessing instead of going in to dinner beside him. Once seated at his right, I knew there was nothing in my whole vocabulary that could add to his, but some humble adjustment might have been made except for Marie Antoinette.

It was all her fault. She had used these plates on her own table. Her portrait was painted inside. Her face came out of the bouillon.

"She was an unfortunate queen," he began. Maybe I was overtrained and showed a little too much interest, for he went right on with her history. She had two children before the meat course and rode in a tumbrel with the salad. When she mounted the scaffold I hadn't the heart to tell him I knew what was coming. "Oh, how terrible!" I cried as her head fell into the basket. It sounded awfully false as I said it. I do believe I'm the only woman alive who ever had a dull evening beside Cardinal Gibbons—only that's just the way it happened. It was my fault, I knew.

Illustrious women don't let topics be put over on them. They read the encyclopedia before dinners and get the lead in the conversation. I knew one New York lady who always began on the Hittites—no one could take them away from her. . . .

(Mrs. Colby's Washington recollections will be continued next month.)



PLANNING THE ETHIOPIAN CONQUEST

BY EMILIO DE BONO

Marshal of Italy

Marshal De Bono was in command of the Italian forces in East Africa during the period of preparation for the Ethiopian campaign and the early weeks of the campaign itself. He has written a book—not yet published in America—about his work. In the main it is a severely technical account of the immensely complicated and difficult enterprise of getting the Colony of Eritrea, on the Red Sea, ready to serve as a military base and of mobilizing the Italian troops; as such it is chiefly of specialized rather than general interest. But the frankness with which Marshal De Bono reveals the early Italian intention to go into Ethiopia is so remarkable that we take the first opportunity of publishing for the American public those passages which deal with the inception and development of the plan.

We print in full Mussolini's introduction to the book. We print (as sections I and II of the article) most of the first chapter, omitting only certain paragraphs not essential to the account of the plan. The rest of the article consists of passages selected from later chapters of the book. (The end of each such passage is indicated by leaders, thus: . . .)

Such a process of selection, omitting as it does all reference to the work of technical preparation which was Marshal De Bono's chief concern, gives no idea of his immense labors in the mobilization. Nor does it permit mention of some of the "incidents" of which the Italians made much diplomatically during 1935, of the Ethiopian mobilization in the summer of 1935, etc. Nevertheless, we feel that the passages which we have selected offer an essentially accurate picture of the development of the decision to go into Ethiopia, as revealed by Marshal De Bono.—*The Editors.*

INTRODUCTION TO MARSHAL DE BONO'S BOOK

MY COMRADE Emilio De Bono, Marshal of Italy, offers us in this book a sort of report on the work which he accomplished during the period of preparation before the war, and in the first phases of the war itself, together with the conquest of Adowa, Adigrat, and Makallé; names that from 1896 onward were cherished in the unforgetful hearts of the Italians. This book was necessary; both for professional readers, who should derive enjoyment and draw an example from the great experiences of others, and for the people, whose judgments are instinctive, and often—for mysterious reasons—infallible.

This book is interesting because it tells what happened yesterday, so that the protagonists and spectators can give reli-

able testimony. Above all, it is an impressive book and destined, as such, to astonish the reader, whether he is an Italian or a foreigner. It requires a considerable force of imagination to realize the nature of the work that devolved upon Emilio De Bono and his collaborators. One statement alone suffices to give a synthesis of this work: *everything had to be done, or done over again.* Eritrea had been existing for some decades in a state which can hardly be called living. The Fascist Government, engaged until 1926 in the reoccupation of Libya, had been unable to devote to the first-born colony more than the ordinary cares of administration. But in consequence of the failure to apply the Italo-Abyssinia agreement of 1928—a failure which was entirely the fault of Ethiopia—the attention of Rome was once more drawn to Asmara.

When Emilio De Bono disembarked at Massawa the preparations which had been made before his arrival were absolutely inadequate for their purpose, which was to settle once and for all the great account which had been left open since 1896. The equipment of Eritrea, in respect of harbors, roads, economic organization, and military strength, had to be multiplied a hundredfold, and not by an indefinite date, but within a very brief space of time, specified and established almost as a dogma: October, 1935.

Not many thought it possible to accomplish such a gigantic work of preparation in ten months. There were moments when the inextricable difficulties of the task took possession of men's minds: but De Bono's determination, his fifty years of experience, his sang-froid, his vigorous, youthful optimism were elements that made for success. The obstacles—even those that seemed insurmountable in the eyes of the timid and skeptical—were overcome, and overcome within the time-limit, which Emilio De Bono respected as though it had been divinely ordained.

In the first days of October the great machine was ready for release, and it began by crossing the Mareb. On the 6th October the tricolor was waving over Adowa; a month later over Makallé.

If these were not great battles, it was because the enemy preferred to retire upon positions farther to the rear and removed from our immediate pressure. Without what we may call the De Bono period, the victorious prosecution of the campaign would have been neither possible nor conceivable. On reaching the last page of this lucidly and brilliantly written volume, the reader can but confirm the heartfelt conviction of the Italian people: Emilio De Bono is an artificer of the African victory, and as such he is deserving of the gratitude of the Motherland.

MUSSOLINI

*Roma 28 Settembre
Anno XIII S.F.*

I

Two Italian colonies were contiguous to the Ethiopian Empire: Eritrea and Somalia (Italian Somaliland). Our successive Governments did not greatly trouble their heads about them, and we may frankly confess that the great majority of Italians regarded them with indifference. The Italian nation had no colonial ambitions or enthusiasms. If, on the one hand, the occupation of Libya did something toward waking up the Italian people, considered from another aspect, it was greatly to the disadvantage of the two East African colonies; for the State, concentrating on the new conquest, paid less attention to them than ever. Hence the preposterous budgets, restricted in every direction, and economies which were effected to the detriment of the military organization of the two Eastern Colonies.

A few battalions of native troops, insufficient artillery, and hardly a beginning of a systematic plan of defense. Aviation: none.

Our relations with the neighboring Empire seemed to argue that we had already forgotten the defeat of Adowa and had no idea of avenging it. This being so, it was impossible to conceive that we should undertake a military offensive; and as a matter of fact, no one entertained any notion of such a thing. For while our military efficiency was less than modest, the same must be said of the inadequate network of highways and railroads, and the equipment of the ports, or, to be exact, of the only port, Massawa. On the whole of the Somali coast there was not—and is not—a single harbor, and for nearly six months of the year the monsoons make the discharging of cargoes a very difficult matter.

In July, 1925—III, in an official letter to the Prince of Scalea—then Minister for the Colonies—the Duce called his attention to the *defensive* conditions of the Colony of Eritrea, and required him to make good such deficiencies as might exist. Mention was made of the political and diplomatic vicissitudes which led to

the signing of our treaty of amity with Ethiopia, and the apparently good and neighborly relations which had seemed to follow this treaty.

Substantially little was done to increase our military efficiency, whether in Eritrea or Somalia; but an examination of the conditions, especially in Eritrea, resulted in a definite plan of forming and mobilizing large native forces, whose duty it would be to guard us—even without support—against a possible invasion of the colony. In the years 1927–1930 the Government was chiefly concerned with the colonies of North Africa. In Tripolitania it was necessary to increase our security and tighten our hold of the hinterland, and in Cirenaica we had to make an end of the rebellion. . . .

In 1932 the Duce requested me to go to Eritrea, to see how matters stood there, and to report to him. I left for the Colony in March of that year, and I remained long enough to obtain a definite idea of its needs, which were many indeed. The military governors and commanders were doing their utmost to improve matters, and wonderful progress was being made, considering the extremely restricted financial possibilities.

On my return I gave the Duce a succinct account of the state of affairs: an unvarnished account, but optimistic in spirit. Everything depended on what Fascism was intending to do in East Africa, and on what were its ultimate aims.

I had told the Duce my own opinion as regards the colonial future of our country. He had fully approved of my ideas, and gave me permission to declare them, in a very vague form, to the Chamber of the Deputies and the Senate; and further, to divulge them in a few short articles on colonial matters which appeared in certain periodicals. Reduced to its simplest expression, the idea was this: In Libya, after the frontier problems had been adjusted with the two neighboring European Powers, there was nothing more to be done, either in the political or in the military sense; all that had to be consid-

ered was the economic development of the Colony. Hence the possibilities of our colonial future must be sought in East Africa, situated on one of the most important highways of international trade, with a hinterland which could be profitably exploited.

But our two Colonies were being stifled: Somalia without harbors, and with a most unfortunate coastline; Eritrea with one good harbor and a good roadstead at Massawa, and other points where ships could take shelter and discharge their cargoes without the need of extensive harbor works. However, one might say that Massawa, which was the nearest port for the produce of Ethiopia and the Sudan, had almost ceased to be a port with the building of the Khartoum and Port Sudan railways, to which almost the whole trade of the interior now found its way.

Apart from this, one had to consider the fact that the absolute lack of good lines of communication from west to east—that is, from Abyssinia to our coasts—nullified the possibilities of trade. Hence if the Mother Country was to derive the desired advantage from her two Colonies it would be necessary to abolish the vital inconveniences which I have indicated. To this end a careful and decisive political action was required, subsidized by plenty of money to supply all the material necessities.

I had the good fortune to discuss this matter with the Duce on various occasions, and from time to time he gave me precise instructions as to the line which I must follow as Minister for the Colonies.

It should be noted at the outset that we had not yet experienced any beneficial results from the famous treaty of friendship of 1928. On our own side we had scrupulously observed its provisions, and Abyssinia, in different ways and under various circumstances, had taken advantage of it. Nevertheless, we continued to note, and to suffer from, a spirit of hostility on the part of Ethiopia, a hostility which continued to increase, greatly to our disadvantage.

Guided by the directions given me by the Duce, I drew up a definite program, with a view to determining how the more urgent necessities of Eritrea, in the first place, and then of Somalia, could be supplied without aggravating the inclusive budget of the Colonies. These needs, however, were considered in relation to the possibilities of war, for this had to be regarded not only as always possible, but as always increasingly probable.

With some sacrifice on the part of Tripolitania and Cirenaica, whose need of strong military garrisons was gradually diminishing, it was possible to make a sensible increase of the Governmental contributions to Eritrea, and even to do something for Somalia. Thanks to this, in Eritrea, where the effectives of the few bodies of troops existing there had been progressively reduced as a result of enforced economies, the military formations were gradually brought up to their full strength. To a lesser extent the same thing was done in Somalia, a Colony which was regarded as less seriously threatened, despite the onslaught made upon our frontier in 1932, by Gabrè Mariam, with some ten thousand men; who were easily held in check by our levies and a few battalions.

That part of the problem which it was most urgently necessary to solve, together with the increase of our military efficiency, related to the network of communications. Military operations of any kind are impossible unless there are roads adapted to some sort of traffic and the movement of troops. . . .

In 1932 nothing definite had as yet been settled as regards the character and method of a possible campaign against the probable enemy, nor in respect of the force which might have to be employed. . . .

When the Duce had begun to consider the possibility of military operations in Eastern Abyssinia, I proposed, and he agreed, that the millions which would have been spent on prolonging the Massawa-Asmara-Keren-Adigrat-Biscia railway (which was not in accordance with

military requirements) should be expended, instead, on the improvement, and partly on the construction, of a strategic line running east and west, which would permit of rapid movements behind the southern front of the still inadequately fortified system of the Colony of Eritrea, a front which was certainly to be regarded as the most seriously threatened, and the most extensive; and also partly, on widening the Massawa-Asmara road.

II

But before determining the cardinal lines of the program to be followed in respect of the preparations as a whole, it was necessary to decide, as a fundamental criterion, whether it was our intention to initiate operations by assuming a posture of defense or whether we should take the offensive without more ado.

If we intended to assume the offensive the initiative would be wholly on our side, and at first sight it seemed that all that was needed was to fix the date for beginning operations. However, even in the case of an offensive war one must always allow for what the enemy can and will endeavor to do. Now the Abyssinians, under a feudal government, had the advantage of a comparatively rapid mobilization, when one considers that a good part of our forces and *all* materials and munitions of war had to be sent from the Mother Country and would be retarded by having to pass through the Suez Canal.

No unusual movement of arms and troops could avoid passing through the Canal, where, one may say, it would be exposed to the espionage of all the nations of Europe. This being so, the incontestable advantages of our superiority in every military sense would be largely paralyzed, since we should not be able to reckon on the factor of *surprise*, of capital importance in all military operations, and above all in an offensive war.

A very brief calculation, made under my direction in the Colonial Ministry, gave us the approximate strength of the

forces required for an offensive war; which was roughly equal to the strength that afterward proved to be necessary.

The Duce, whose attention I drew to the results of this calculation, was not unduly impressed by the importance of the affair; but he did not consider that we should decide then and there to take the offensive. It will be understood that he had, above all, to take the international situation into account, and the fact that *all* our armed forces, though great progress was being made, had not yet attained the degree of efficiency which the Duce, as Minister for the Army and Navy and the Air Force, had set up as a standard.

It was not enough; the Staff Corps (G. H. Q.), which had its own plan in the case of a possible campaign in East Abyssinia, was greatly preoccupied with what might happen in Europe if we had to withdraw a great body of troops from Italy. It had even expressed the opinion that in certain cases we should have to count only on the local resources for the defense of the Colonies, whether in men or material or provisions. It is true that we were no longer the Italians of 1896; but Abyssinia too had made military progress, and merely by force of numbers could have wiped us out under such conditions. The Staff Corps, always considering the worst possibility, would have liked us to work out a plan of defense for such a case, restricting our operations to the triangle Asmara-Adi-Ugri-Decamere, from which position we should have to protect the line of communication Massawa-Asmara, the only one that existed. I have never worked out this plan, nor have I had it worked out, for I saw no use in thinking of the worst that might happen when there were so many good and positive things to be done.

It should be noted that preliminary arrangements had already been made by the Staff Corps for the possible despatch of troops to East Africa, but such plans of course, though all possible pains may be taken to give them an essentially practical form, *never* correspond with the necessities that present themselves in a concrete

instance. Of this we had many different proofs.

And here I must be allowed to sound a personal note, which is not without its importance. It had been my proudest dream to end my public career as a soldier on active service. Of course it was not yet possible to say in 1933—the year in which we began to consider what practical measures must be taken in the event of war with Ethiopia—whether there would or would not be war in that country; but I made up my mind to lose no time, and one day I said to the Duce: "Listen: if there is war down there—and if you think me worthy of it, and capable—you ought to grant me the honor of conducting the campaign."

The Duce looked at me hard, and at once he replied: "Surely."

"You don't think me too old?" I added.

"No," he replied, "because we mustn't lose time."

From this moment the Duce was definitely of the opinion that the matter would have to be settled no later than 1936, and he told me as much. I confined myself to replying: "Very good!"—without expressing the faintest doubt as to the possibility that this could be achieved.

The honor and responsibility which I had willingly taken upon myself, thanks to the Duce's confidence, made me work like a hundred men.

It was the autumn of 1933. The Duce had spoken to no one of the coming operations in East Africa; *only he and I knew what* was going to happen, and no indiscretion occurred by which the news could reach the public.

I put the following considerations to the Duce: "The political conditions in Abyssinia are deplorable; it should not be a very difficult task to effect the disintegration of the Empire if we work at it well on political lines, and it could be regarded as certain after a military victory on our part. The unruliness of the Rases, some of whom are open malcontents, may lead to a movement which will induce one or another of the stronger of

them—even without the Emperor's wish—to rebel against the Emperor, and give us an opportunity to intervene. But, on the other hand, the possibility must not be excluded that those chieftains who are situated on our frontier may attempt to attack us, counting on our present weakness. This being so, it is incumbent on us to prepare ourselves, so that we could withstand the shock of the whole Abyssinian force in our present positions, and then pass to the counter-attack, and go right in with the intention of making a complete job of it, once and for all."

The Duce thought as I did and ordered me to go full speed ahead. I must be ready as soon as possible.

"Money will be needed, Chief; lots of money."

"There will be no lack of money."

At the beginning of 1934 the Commandant of the Royal Corps of Eritrea and our military attaché at Addis Ababa came to Italy. I had various conversations with them, and together we fixed upon certain details to be observed in the execution of the plan established.

I presented the two officers to the Duce, since it was desirable that he should obtain a clearer idea of the actual situation in conversation with the men on the spot. The Duce wished to have their opinion as to the advisability of the plan which had been decided upon—the plan of the defensive-counter-offensive—and between them they agreed that, given the Ethiopian mentality and traditions, and their customary style of fighting, it was the method which promised the greatest possibilities of success.

Now if we were to proceed to the execution of the plan in question, the Minister for War, the Chief of the General Staff, and the Staff Corps command had to be informed of the Duce's intentions. This made no difference as regards the predetermined objective; it was only a question of working in harmony, each in his own department, for the common end. . . .

To avoid excessive correspondence the Duce decreed that all decisions taken in respect of the undertaking should be

recorded in writing. This was done. The minutes were signed, first by the Duce, the Chief of the General Staff, the Undersecretary for War, and myself. One by one, as they took part in the discussions, the heads of the Navy, the Air Force, and the Army added their signatures.

As regards all that was done in the Ministry for the Colonies in the years 1933-34 in preparation for the campaign—and also as regards the greater part of it—all practical details were worked out *exclusively* by myself, with the help of course of the excellent head of my military bureau.

III

Conditions in Eritrea were certainly not such as to facilitate the movement thither of great bodies of troops and all that is involved by an extraordinary massing of armed forces. Even less did they permit of the logistic and strategical movement of armed forces. Or to put the matter more simply: In Eritrea there was *nothing* beyond the indispensable necessities of life for the small Italian population, the small military force, and the natives, whose requirements were extremely modest. To be exact, there was a certain stock of cattle and also of sheep, the principal wealth of the country. It was, therefore, necessary to determine beforehand what would be required under the special conditions which the army would find there if it had to send away for what it needed; especially—for economical and financial reasons—to Italy.

First of all, however, it was necessary to recondition the port of Massawa, so that men and materials could be disembarked *in good time* to allow operations to begin on the date fixed by the Duce, *which I always regarded as irrevocable*. . . .

I did not wish to cause anyone unnecessary alarm, so I said, at the outset, that the road would have to be ready for 1936. I was anxious, above all, to avoid discussion and gossip, which might have resulted in alarming not only the enemy, but also the people at home.

With the Duce it was understood that no one was to speak of the undertaking. In his mind it was already assuming capital proportions. He knew that at the proper moment he would have all Italy with him. But I need not conceal the fact that there were many doubters, and there were those who favored peace and quiet, and there were timid people who felt that there was something in the air that pointed to a vigorous campaign, and uttered the pernicious words: "It's unwise to rush into an adventure whose end no one can foresee"; or "First, we ought to see if the game's worth the candle!"

Dangerous people, now and always, these people who count the risks "for the good of the country" (*sic*), and know nothing of the joy of hazard. Better a thousand times those who rush headlong forward, even with their eyes shut. I, if I may be permitted the boast, belong, despite my years, to the second category. And woe to me, in the present case, if I had not belonged to it! The Duce would have sent me off with a kick, and he would have been right. . . .

IV

While all that I have hitherto described* was being accomplished, no hostile action of any particular importance had yet been recorded on the part of the Ethiopians; except, indeed, that warlike speeches were made in commemoration of Adowa, while at the close of every official banquet hymns of battle were sung, containing prophecies of the day when the horses of the Lion of Judah would be watered in the sea, and other rodomontades. The only concrete facts were the attacks upon our mails committed by marauders, and the incivility shown to Italian residents or travelers in Abyssinia by native officials and agents. But these incidents had always been fol-

lowed by a peremptory demand for satisfaction, which had always been obtained.

In November, 1934, came the attack upon our consulate in Gondar. The facts are well known. The firm attitude of the local Italian authorities, and the prompt intervention of Rome, with an emphatic demand for reparation addressed to the Government at Addis Ababa, gave full moral satisfaction to Italy, and compensation to Italian subjects who had suffered injury. Then came the so-called incident of Wal-Wal.

I need not revert to the facts, which, after all that has happened, have not even a retrospective interest. The Italians and the foreign Press have referred to them only too often; our journals with the most perfect respect for the truth, but foreign newspapers—especially the British—in a spirit of absolute bad faith. This attitude of the foreign Press served to warn us of the behavior we might expect from the foreign Powers, although no one imagined that they would go to the length of hurling threats at us or imposing sanctions.

It was already decided that I should go to East Africa, although no definite date had been fixed for my departure; but I had hardly returned from accompanying His Majesty the King to Somalia when the Duce said to me: "I believe it will be advisable for you to anticipate your departure."

Well, it was then December. And on the 7th January, 1935, I quietly set sail for Eritrea, still in the quality of Minister for the Colonies.

The Duce had decided that on my arrival I should assume the office of High Commissioner for East Africa. . . .

The Duce's instructions were as follows: "You leave with the olive-bough in your pocket; we shall see how the Wal-Wal affair turns out. If it suits us to accept the conditions offered us in consequence of the award, you will inform the Emperor of your assumption of the post of High Commissioner, telling him that you have been sent out to clear up any misunderstandings and to collaborate

* This refers to a long account of the steps taken to provide transport, water-supply, aviation camps, soldiers, munitions, hospitals, etc., and of the organization of a "political" campaign to disrupt the Ethiopian natives, and an "intelligence" campaign to collect news about their plans.—*The Editors*.

in establishing friendly relations in the moral and material interests of the two States. In the meantime continue to make active preparations such as you would make in view of the more difficult and adverse outcome of the affair. If no solution of the incident is offered, or if it is not such as to satisfy us, we shall follow subsequent events *exclusively in accordance with our own standpoint.*"

About this time the conversations with Laval took place in Rome, which gave us reason to hope that if we did have to take action in East Africa, France would put no obstacle in our way. . . .

V

On the 20th December 1934—XIII, the Head of the Government *personally* compiled the "Directions and Plan of Action for the solution of the Italo-Abyssinian question."

This document, which was very secret, and issued only in five copies, is a model as regards its clear views, precise intentions, and logical instructions. It touches on all the more important points, and leaves no doubts unresolved in the reader's mind: still less in the minds of those who had to put it into execution. In it the provocative attitude of our probable enemy is clearly emphasized, and the military preparations which he was taking with the effective aid of European states are described with equal lucidity.

In these Directions the Duce notes: First of all, that "time is working against us," hence we must *make haste*. He reckons that "besides 60,000 native troops there ought to be at least as many Italian." He considers that at least 250 airplanes are needed in Eritrea and 50 in Somalia. He says: "The 60,000 Italian soldiers—better still 100,000—must be ready in Eritrea by October 1935."

As the last chapter shows, this program was being methodically but rapidly carried out.

On the 22nd January—that is, only six days after my arrival in the Colony—I sent the Head of the Government a suc-

cinct account of the state of affairs in general and of the preparations in particular. On the 27th January and the 13th February respectively I sent the Duce two further confidential letters, telling him all that was happening and giving him some of my impressions.

As regards the policy of the Negus, I wrote as follows: "At present the Negus Neghesti is ordering too many prayers and fasts to give us reason to think that he wishes to attack us; however, it would be criminal not to be on our guard; the more so as one cannot exclude the possibility of some act of rashness on the part of excited subordinate chieftains."

Still more insistently I emphasized two facts: that in Eritrea *there was nothing; everything had to be done, and we must do it.*

The Duce replied to me on the 26th February, and in respect of the matter that concerned me most closely he said: "In the period of preparation you must act independently, for the same 'canons of ordinary administration' cannot operate in times which are not ordinary, but exceptional."

This was what I wanted.

As for the political situation, he told me that "*the bulk of the indications and the messages intercepted allow us to suppose that the Negus does not wish to take the initiative of the encounter.*"

This of course was not quite the same as saying that the Negus was not giving provocation. Advised by European technicians who would never have thought us capable of the powerful and astonishing effort which we put forth, he really wanted to adopt a plan of campaign like that which we had originally proposed to follow. He would then have derived an advantage from the state of the country which we should have to traverse in order to act on the offensive.

The Duce's letter continued: "*In case the Negus should have no intention of attacking us we ourselves must take the initiative. This is not possible unless by the end of September you have at your disposal, besides the blacks, at least 100,-*

000 white soldiers, who will have to be rapidly increased to 200,000."

On the 8th March I received another *autograph* letter from the Leader. In this his intentions were even more definitely stated:

"It is my profound conviction that, we being obliged to take the initiative of the operations at the end of October or September, you ought to have a combined force of 300,000 men (including about 100,000 black troops in the two colonies) plus 300-500 aeroplanes and 300 rapid cars—for without these forces to feed the offensive penetration the operations will not have the vigorous rhythm which we desire. You ask for 3 Divisions by the end of October; I mean to send you 10, I say ten: five Divisions of the regular Army; five of volunteer formation of Blackshirts, who will be carefully selected and trained. These Divisions of Blackshirts will be the guarantee that the undertaking will obtain the popular approval. . . .

"Even in view of possible international controversies (League of Nations, etc.) it is as well to hasten our tempo. For the lack of a few thousand men we lost the day at Adowa! We shall never make that mistake. I am willing to commit a sin of excess but never a sin of deficiency."

I replied by telegraph, raising no objections, and I had my reward in this telegram: "I am glad to note that as always you will second my ideas with your intelligence, your experience, and above all, your faith."

It is obvious from the extracts from letters and telegrams which I have transcribed that our program was undergoing a radical alteration. From the plan of a maneuvered defensive followed by a counter-offensive we were obliged to change over to the plan of an offensive action.

This being so, it was evident that the three Italian Divisions, which were at first regarded as sufficient, were so no longer. Then ten Divisions which the Leader had decided upon were the proper number.

Everything that had hitherto been done was just as completely adapted to ensure the realization of the new plans. . . .

VI

The Head of the Government, both officially, and more directly in his confidential letters, written in the style that is all his own, a style that dispels all doubt, constantly kept me informed of the international situation, in view of its possible reactions on the progress of our preparations. On the 18th May he gave me details of the satisfactory result of the negotiations with foreign Powers in respect of the supply of arms to Abyssinia.

In this connection I should say that from Aden and Djibouti I was accurately informed of the continuous despatch of arms direct to Addis Ababa; and candidly, I must also say that this disagreeable news had merely the result of making me exclaim: *transeat a me calix iste!* For I had absolutely no means of preventing any of these consignments from reaching its destination. Even the vigilant patrolling undertaken by the Royal Navy, regardless of sacrifice, was of no avail. We were not in a state of war; but even if we had been at war with Ethiopia we should not have had the right to search vessels, for Abyssinia had no port of her own, either on the Red Sea or the Mediterranean. Hence we were obliged to suffer this with no possibility of reaction or even resistance.

In the same letter of the 18th May the Duce spoke of diplomatic action:

"There has even been talk," he said, "of taking 'steps.' . . . I have made it understood that we shall not turn back at any price. . . . In the meantime, with the nomination of the two arbitrators on the Italian side, we shall get the better of the next Council of the League of Nations, but in September we shall have to begin all over again. It may be that we shall then find it necessary to withdraw from Geneva.

"It is precisely in view of this eventual-ity that it is absolutely indispensable not

to alter the date—October—which we have fixed for the beginning of the eventual operations.

"Preliminary to this date you must have on the spot the whole ten Italian Divisions."

The Duce added: "... You must make sure beforehand of victuals and munitions for at least three years, and also, however absurd it seems, because there are formal conventions in existence relating to the passage of the Suez Canal in peace and war, one must expect difficulties in respect of its passage. In the House of Commons there has even been talk of closing the Canal.

"One must always make ready for the most pessimistic and difficult eventuality."

Three years' supplies! Very good; produce and munitions of all sorts must flow into the Colony in a continuous stream. And so indeed they did; so that notwithstanding the enormous drain of victuals for daily consumption by the troops, the laborers, and the population, we managed to fill the magazines as required.

With regard to the political situation in Abyssinia, my special and trustworthy informants gave me news of serious uneasiness; the usual dissensions between the chiefs and an almost general disin-

clination to go to war. Apparently the Sultan of Aussa had decided to desert the Negus.

At the end of May the Duce asked for my opinion regarding the expediency of denouncing our treaty of friendship with Ethiopia, which had been concluded ten years earlier. I was opposed to this; but I decided to consult Graziani, who shared my opinion. With the intensive labor of preparation before us we did not want any possible disturbance to distract us. Any change meant delay, and all delay was detrimental. I therefore candidly gave my opinion, supported by that of Graziani, and the Duce fully approved of our judgment. . . .

On the 26th July I received another autograph letter from the Duce. In this he spoke of Eden's journey and his proposals, and he concluded by saying: "You can imagine my reply." And he continued: "The English attitude has helped instead of injuring."

In this same letter he informed me that he would be coming to Eritrea about the time when I should have to open the attack (if attack there was to be), "*which ought to be crushing from the very first blows. . . . You have, then, only 120 days in which to get ready.*"





THE COMPLETE SCANDALMONGER

BY GEORGE BOAS

TO SUCCEED in life depends not only on recognizing the Good, but upon the utilizing of Evil. For the Good is an end, not a means, while Evil is something no one would dream of striving for. Thus we think nothing of working hard or enduring pain or spending money for the sake of security or pleasure, and we even kill people if we think that their absence is a greater good than their presence. Yet, as Plato suggested some years ago, no one desires Evil for its own sake, and even to-day—though most of our inhibitions have been released—we apologize when we know that our meat is someone else's poison.

One should, therefore, no more feel distressed at the necessity of using Evil than at the necessity of enduring pain in a dentist's chair or boredom in a classroom. For Evil is the frustration of desire, and it is only through sympathy that we feel the frustration of other people's desires. But sympathy is necessary only in so far as it is in itself desirable, and that occurs but rarely. Naturally some people have tried to erect sympathy into a kind of universal law, urging everyone to live everyone else's life. Nothing is more absurd. There is no reason to believe that John's desires and interests are inherently better than James's, and if everyone were to live other people's lives in general, popularity alone would determine whose desires were to be satisfied and whose frustrated. It is of course true that by preaching sympathy—or unselfishness—we can subtly suggest that what we, the preachers, desire ought to be desired by all mankind,

and thus induce our fellows to gratify our every wish. To that extent the policy seems reasonable. But to that extent it also justifies the remark which opens this article, that the use of Evil is necessary for the attainment of the Good.

Scandal mongery is one of the most efficient ways of doing evil that we possess, for it requires the minimum of labor and equipment, is pleasant to engage in, and does the greatest harm. It is one of the few forms of maleficence which spreads under its own impetus, growing like an organism. Its one drawback is that it demands a certain amount of training, not so much as bribery, but still more than most of us have been given. It is part of the logic of persuasion. Its object, therefore, is not correspondence with fact but a state of mind, and one must be able to distinguish sharply between the kind of evidence which is used in ordinary scientific or historical statements, such as the law of gravitation or the date of the discovery of America, and the probative force of scandal. What is wanted is to produce in the minds of one's hearers a feeling that one's statements are true, and that feeling is dependent more upon the laws of psychology than upon those of logic. Nothing seems less convincing than factual statements which are strange; and sometimes it has taken generations for the truest of them to be accepted by the mass of the people. Thus all science to-day assumes the roundness of the earth to be a fact, but every child has to learn to overcome his natural resistance to so bizarre an idea, and there is still, I believe, a re-

ligious sect in Illinois which refuses to accept it. Consequently the good scandal-monger will not worry so much about what is true as about what people like to believe, and one may say at the outset that, other thing being equal,

Rule I. *The familiar has greater probative force than the unfamiliar.*

This rule, like all others, must be applied with intelligence. In the first place, it should be noted that society is stratified, and that what is habitual in one stratum is very unusual in another. Thus in one stratum the idea of wife-beating is so familiar as to be accepted at once—it is, as a matter of fact, not even scandalous there—whereas in another only the very credulous would believe it. It is, as we shall see below, easy to induce people to accept the unfamiliar if certain simple rules are observed; but in general it would be better, for instance, to accuse a college professor of mental cruelty than to accuse him of physical brutality, to accuse a banker of stinginess than of prodigality; for the accusations in these cases are appropriate to the character as depicted in literary and journalistic tradition, and one's hearers are already predisposed to accept them.

In the second place, as has been just suggested, the scandalous is in part the unfamiliar, so that we have to be sensitive to just what degree of familiarity is required. In certain milieus there is no difficulty in getting people to believe that their friends are about to be divorced. Both the phenomenon and its causes are so frequent that everyone accepts them as probable sequelæ of marriage. But at the same time no harm is done by spreading rumors of divorce, for divorce is normal and consequently is not reprobated. It might still have a certain effect in Catholic circles to spread rumors of coming divorce, but other than there such rumors would be met by yawns of boredom. There is no sense in spreading scandal if one has no evil intention—the pure disinterested scandal-monger being as rare as the pure disinterested reformer—hence the good scandal-monger will be careful to avoid charges which carry no implication of evil.

As a matter of fact, evil in itself is more easily believed in than good, being more frequent.

Any writer will tell you that the unpleasant characters he has imagined always seem more real to his readers than the pleasant ones. It has been my fate to write certain essays in fiction and I have invariably found that no matter how far-fetched my bad characters, people invariably find originals for them among their friends. In fact, when "Faculty Wives" was printed in this magazine, originals for the purely imaginary ladies were found in two universities other than the one which has the misfortune to shelter its author, and in one, I am credibly informed, a professor of English with a penchant for satire was ostracized for many months, since he alone could have known the women whom he was charged with maltreating. Only a week ago I was told how I had described a house in which I had never entered and a reception which I had not attended, in order to earn money. But when I have on occasion depicted an agreeable character my telephone is silent and my mail empty; no one says, "That was such a vivid description of Mrs. A; one could hear the very tones of her voice." No, indeed; pleasant characters are not realistic, and it is in vain that authors try to make them so; they do not carry conviction.

What is more, people who discover, as they think, originals for unpleasant characters, always feel it their duty to inform the originals of what they have found. The amount of energy expended in telling people how little others think of them would—and frequently does—heat a whole city. It is a deeply rooted instinct in the human race that drives them to cruelty. One sees it at work in conversation, in book reviews, in open forums, as well as in literary satire. I suppose men in a state of nature work it out on their natural enemies—the soil, the climate, wild beasts; in civilization it satisfies itself against their friends. But since no one lives in a state of nature, it would appear impossible to explain it from this point

of view. We can, however, note the existence of the greater force of evil and indeed phrase

Rule II. *The greater the evil, the more easy to believe it.*

Within the limits prescribed by Rule I one finds that the worse a deed the easier it is to establish persuasion of its occurrence. People find that their fellows exist as obstacles to the satisfaction of desires. No matter how simple and reasonable one's plans, other people are found who oppose them. This begins in childhood when one's desires for food and play are controlled by the say-so of one's parents, continues in school where the interests of teachers and fellow-students are added to that of one's parents, is intensified in marriage where wife and children block one's desires with theirs, and in business where competitors, superiors, subordinates, purchasers pit their wiles against yours, and terminates by the undertakers carting off your corpse to do with as the customs of the country decide. Because of all this we easily believe the worst of our fellows, and whereas we smile incredulously when we hear that so and so is a hero, we accept with equanimity the statement that he is a coward. Debunking and denunciation are both more persuasive than eulogy or even fair-mindedness. Only simpleminded people believe in heroes; the sophisticated man believes in hypocrites.

In university circles, with which I am most familiar, the worst thing of which one can accuse a man is not being a scholar. No one knows exactly what a scholar is, but, whatever it is, to be it is esteemed very highly. One may be an excellent teacher, a clear writer, a profound thinker, a good moral influence, a man of wide reading, and yet not a scholar. And if one is not a scholar, one is damned. It never occurs to anyone to ask point-blank just why a professor should at all costs be a scholar, or even to ask what a scholar is. On the contrary, everyone is supposed to know what it is and why everyone should want to be it. Lack of scholarship is, therefore, just the charge

which will do the most damage in university circles and which will be the most easily believed.

Now the advantage of this charge lies not only in its degree of evil but in its very imprecision. If it were defined in concrete terms it would lose its mystery and its charm. That is of course true of any term. Take any pleasure, say that of eating, and instead of describing it as pleasure, describe it as mastication and salivation and digestion and excretion and carry on the picture until it contains no terms ending in "tion" but only the wetting and pushing and revolving of half-chewed hunks of meat sprinkled with various sour juices, the odor of which would choke you, and soon you will reach the point where death by starvation will seem a blessed relief. Both pleasure and pain fade under the light of analysis, and hence if you wish to keep conversation on a high emotional plane, be vague.

Rule III. *The vaguer the charge, the greater the probative force.*

The good scandalmonger, knowing this instinctively, always leaves his accusations indefinite. Here if anywhere creation is suggestion. When the girls get together and begin, she who is It says, "The things that go on in that apartment won't bear telling." This leaves everyone free to imagine just what "the things" are. By Rule II everyone will imagine the worst, as she defines the worst. If "the things" were made precise at the start, then the scandalmonger would run the risk—in these days when social classes mingle so heedlessly—of mentioning something which some of the ladies present would pooh-pooh as unimportant. But leaving "the things" undefined, she can judge by their reaction what sort of evils she had best drag up from her stock. Inevitably one of her listeners will say, "I know . . . I saw his wife and I could tell she'd been crying," or "It's impossible to put anything on the dumb-waiter in the morning, it's so full of old bottles," or, "I'm the last person on earth to butt in, but I couldn't help overhearing what she said over the 'phone that day

when the Ladies' Aid met there and I must say that if any grocer had talked to me like he talked to her I'd of died."

Such reactions are good clues to work on and the efficient scandalmonger will make the most of them. By suggestion she can fix in her hearers' minds that the person in question abuses his wife, drinks heavily, and doesn't pay his bills. If anyone should by some unfortunate (and improbable) accident say, "That woman's always whining; she ought to be thankful to be married at all," the scandalmonger can readily shift her ground and murmur, "It isn't as if she'd been dragged to the altar." Then conversation will veer away from the husband to the wife, which is good tactics, for with one exception women prefer to believe evil of women than of men. The one exception is men who have been rude to them by refusing their advances.

The application of Rule III is best illustrated in political Whispering Campaigns. The things said about the President of the United States during the last campaign by some of our finest citizens ran the gamut from the old stand-by of sexual perversion to herculean and unrestrained masculinity. It was really inspiring to sit and listen to women of irreproachable private life show that when patriotism demanded they were afraid of neither dirt nor mendacity. No academic scruples about factual evidence daunted this Battalion of Death. It would have been impossible for anyone other than the President's Guardian Demon to witness some of the deeds attributed to him by suggestion, but no one listening to these tales could have thought of such an objection. To a Social Toxicologist like myself it was proof that evil is self-propagating, feeding upon itself, and breeding with itself, like some mysterious growth. The Will to Believe was living the life of Reilly. It had no struggles to win; all was made easy for it.

If one studies such campaigns, in which maleficence is at its noblest, one sees a fourth principle at play, not so certain

as the first three, but nevertheless of the greatest importance.

Rule IV. *It is easier to attack a person's private life than his public.*

This follows from the fact that less is known about a person's private life than about his public, and hence one runs less risk of contradiction in speaking of it. People are not fussy about choosing the evil which they are willing to believe, for they are willing to believe all evil indifferently; but after all, if a person knows that a public official appeared on a reviewing stand at 4 P.M. on April 1, 1937, it is difficult to persuade him that at that moment the public official was really snuggled in a love-nest somewhere else. There are people so predisposed to accept the worst that unless they actually were present in the reviewing stand and took fingerprints of the public official, they would be willing to admit that everyone else was fooled by a substitute—"All that crowd is in cahoots, you know, with one another"; but I am afraid that the general run of us are too willing to accept the evidence of our senses and newspaper reporters. This in spite of the fact that the senses have been deceiving us since the days of Thales the Milesian, and even cameras lie. So that it would be wise for the scandalmonger, unless talking to a very special audience, to confine himself to a man's private life. One can venture to say that So-and-So was dead drunk when he made his speech—that might be helpful as a start, for drunkenness is not apparent to all—but why waste time on trivialities?

It is much wiser to confine oneself to such things as conjugal relations, financial affairs, and domestic life in general. People enjoy hearing that a man who seems deeply in love with his wife is really restrained from uxoricide only by fear of the electric chair. They like to hear that people of modest life are really possessed of a large fortune which they are too stingy to spend, or that people who live comfortably are on the verge of bankruptcy. They take a deep pleasure in learning that, though a man's children

seem to enjoy being with him and he with them, they are mortally afraid of him. There is no possibility of being checked up when you make such assertions and hence the first two rules are allowed to operate unhampered.

There are two final rules which are apt to be overlooked since their discovery is of recent date.

Rule V. *The discreditable motive of an act is the real motive.*

This is so well exemplified in current psychology, fiction, and biography that it needs no amplification. It is really a corollary of Rule II. It is naïve to think that a man, for instance, gives money to charity because of altruism; he does it for publicity, because of social pressure, because it looks well, because he has a guilty conscience. If a man is brave it is because he is too afraid of public opinion to show how cowardly he is. If he is honest it is because honesty is the best policy. If he is truthful it is because he is afraid of being caught in a lie. The good scandalmonger believes that what one sees openly is but a covering for something concealed of which the individual is ashamed. This is related to

Rule VI. *The discreditable motive, if not apparent, or if denied, is unconscious.*

Thus should it happen that the scandalmonger can find no discreditable motive for laudable acts, or has no time to do so, he must immediately say, "Of course I don't mean that he's consciously a coward, I mean that his cowardice is unconscious." No one will ask how so well-concealed a thing could be discovered; for since it is evil, everyone will want to

believe in it anyway. The Unconscious Mind has proved a blessing to all of us who need the resources of maleficence, for by its very nature it is not open to scrutiny nor is anything said about it verifiable.

These six rules are but a beginning which at my age and with my occupations will have neither middle nor end. (A good scandalmonger could point out that none of my work is ever finished and never has been, though Heaven knows it is not from lack of time.) But we are living in an age when the forces of evil must be harnessed and put to work, and hence I offer this little guide to maleficence as a contribution to social reconstruction. Whether we go to the Right or to the Left we shall need to blacken the reputation of those who may be in power, and I assure the Hitlers and the Stalins now in the ascendancy that they can do no better than to observe these rules. Some years ago I pointed out in these pages the social efficacy of Hate and Fear as contrasted with that of Love and Hope. This article shows how those emotions may be stimulated. It is a contribution to what might be termed in fashionable words the sociology of belief. Many great issues are now being discussed—the Supreme Court revision, the C.I.O., the revival of the NRA and the AAA. If we don't look out, these things may be settled on their merits alone. It is up to the professors to see that the emotional effervescence appropriate to the settlement of social problems be kept bubbling and hissing.



LADY IN TROUBLE

A STORY

BY MARGERY SHARP

THEY sat on a bench in the Row, big-gish men all three of them, a good deal sunburned behind the ears, and agreed that the appearance of women had changed for the better.

"My last leave," said the Major thoughtfully, "they were all running about in skirts up to their knees and hats like small beehives. Very disconcertin'."

His neighbor, Brodie, nodded.

"My aunts—down in Devonshire—do still," he said. "Sort of Black Watch effect. When they take me to church I want to dress 'em by the right."

He relapsed into silence, and for some minutes the three sat smoking and reflective. The urban charm of the landscape, the variety of passing figures, the number of well-dressed women—all combined to soothe and satisfy. This, they felt, was what a leave should be—a fine morning in Hyde Park and no hurry for lunch. . . .

"First prize and Challenge Cup," said the third man suddenly.

His name was Cotterill, his taste noted; and with prompt unobtrusive attention the others followed his glance. The lady was tall, very slender, all in black. She wore a rather large hat, light-gray gloves, and a silver-fox fur drooping from one shoulder. At her side, coupled on a scarlet leash, stepped two small Bedlington. As he looked at her height, Cotterill thought what a remarkable woman she must be to have resisted the fashion-plate charm of a Borzoi.

"By Jove!" said Brodie.

There was an appreciative silence; the lady drew near, glanced at the three men, and so passed on. The look, however, was a curious one: completely casual, completely well-bred, yet with an underlying flicker of real interest. The flicker unfortunately died at once; but it had been there, and unmistakable. Cotterill glanced at his companions, still gazing fatuously after, and wished them further. Then he too fell gazing, and so observed a second phenomenon more curious than the first.

"Good Lord," he said, "she's wearing odd stockings!"

It was true. One ankle (had Cotterill but known it) was clothed in *tête-de-nègre*, the other in *automme*; but though these subtleties were beyond him, he could easily distinguish a difference of at least three shades.

"Very careless," agreed the Major.

"Careless!" repeated Cotterill scornfully. "A girl—a woman like that doesn't wear odd stockings just carelessly. I'm not speaking of the turnout, I'm speaking of *her*. If she had to wear one-and-elevenpenny cotton she wouldn't do it. They'd be washed, and darned and the same color."

"Well, whether she would or not, she obviously *has*," said the Major mildly.

"Then there's damn well something wrong," retorted Cotterill; and looking after her with renewed interest, observed two things more. In the first place, she

was walking quite idly, without any fixed direction; in the second, she was looking for someone. And that someone was a man: women could pass unheeded, but every man in sight, however seedy or even trampish in appearance, was favored with a swift, searching glance. Cotterill was puzzled; if it were merely a conventional rendezvous, why the interest in tramps? The same thing applied if she were simply picking someone up—which was in any case absurd, since she had "lady" written all over her. She looked as though she ought to have a car waiting at the Park gates, with a chauffeur in livery and possibly a coronet on the panel. And yet, and yet—she had on odd stockings.

"There's something wrong," said Cotterill again. "I believe she's in trouble." Brodie grinned.

"Out for a little knight-errantry? I noticed she was your type."

"If you ask me," warned the Major, "she'll hand you straight over to the police."

But Cotterill was already on his feet. Though his weakness for the tall, dark, and slender was too notorious to be denied, it counted at that moment for curiously little in his impulse. It was not because the lady was beautiful, but because the lady was in trouble, that he left his companions and walked purposefully across the grass.

Approaching by a wide detour, Cotterill raised his hat and asked the way to the Serpentine.

The lady looked at him curiously, then quickened her pace. For a moment Cotterill hesitated; the snub was direct, but he had also seen her face, and from that one glance knew himself to be right. She was a lady in trouble—bad trouble: her lovely cheeks were white as paper. In two strides he caught up to her.

"Please listen," he said quickly. "I—I'm not trying to pick you up. Only you seemed so—well, bothered, and I wondered if there was anything I could do."

This time she did not even pause, but with averted face continued to walk quickly along. Cotterill walked with her,

discomfited but tenacious; and after a few moments he tried again.

"If you just say, 'Go,' I'll go away at once. Only do please think first if there's any way you can make use of me."

At that, unexpectedly, she stopped and turned round.

"I don't understand. *Why* are you behaving like this?"

"That's just what I'm trying to tell you," said Cotterill thankfully. "I saw you walking along, and I—and you looked in trouble." In spite of himself his eyes dropped to her ankles, but she did not seem to notice. He finished his prologue. "I am not," added Cotterill explicitly, "a Bad Man."

The lady almost smiled.

"I don't believe you are," she said.

"Then will you let me help?"

"Help!" repeated the lady thoughtfully. She looked at him again, more closely than before, while Cotterill, by squaring his shoulders and stiffening his jaw, did all he knew to appear competent and trustworthy. He apparently succeeded; for when the scrutiny was over she said quietly:

"You're a soldier, aren't you?"

Cotterill followed her thought.

"Which means that as soon as my leave's up I'll be off to an outpost of Empire and you'll never see me again."

They had fallen into step: the brim of her hat now hid her profile; but the hand holding the leash, twisting and twisting, brought the Bedlingtons close to heel.

"It—it's about my husband," said the lady suddenly.

On Cotterill the words had a curious effect. For a moment, and for no reason whatever (he told himself), the adventure lost all interest. He felt slightly bored. On the least pretext he would have raised his hat and bidden her good-day. But no pretext occurred, and indeed to end a conversation so begun few pretexts would have sufficed. "I've bought it," thought Cotterill. Aloud—since she showed no signs of continuing—he said politely:

"What about your husband particularly?"

"He's lost," said the lady. "He was shell-shocked in the War, and—I don't know how to explain it—he sometimes forgets everything and just wanders off. I'm trying the Park because we've walked here."

"Damned hard lines," said Cotterill, with more sympathy than he felt. He had been shell-shocked himself, but *he* didn't roam off giving trouble to his relations. However, if the fellow were lost, and for some reason she wanted him back, he would do what he could about it. Hospitals, thought Cotterill, the police, the B.B.C. . . .

"You've been to the police of course?" he said.

The lady shook her head.

"You haven't?" cried Cotterill, quite scandalized. "Why on earth not?"

"Because my husband," explained the lady, smiling a little, "*is a Bad Man.*"

Involuntarily Cotterill paused. Among the many worlds of London there was one, he knew, to whose inhabitants a policeman was less a friend in need than a perpetual enemy; but it was by no means his world, and now, with his foot at the boundary, so to speak, instinct bade him draw back.

"I've frightened you," said the lady.

Cotterill at once plunged over.

"I'm at your service," he said. "Besides—"

"Besides," said the lady, "I exaggerated. He hasn't *done* anything; it's simply—" she said this as though it made everything easy and aboveboard—"simply that he oughtn't to *be* in the country at all. I must explain: my husband is a Russian Count."

"Who lost everything in the Revolution," added Cotterill glibly.

"Yes," said the lady. "I'm not telling you this because I expect you to believe it, but because it's true."

Cotterill flushed.

"I beg your pardon. If you had put it that *you* were a Countess I should have believed you at once."

"That," said the lady simply, "*is probably* because I'm also a manikin. When

I met my husband, in Paris, *he* was a taxi-driver. But he isn't strong—now—and it was killing him. That was one reason why I wanted him over here. Another is that they're trying to get him back into Russia, to answer a charge of counter-Revolutionary activities. The real reason of course—" her charming voice softened—"is that I simply wanted him."

Cotterill digested this information in silence. He believed her to be speaking the truth; but at the same time her story suggested a great many questions to which he did not immediately see the answers. Before he could put them, however, the lady suddenly clutched his arm and stood very still. She had not seen anyone; she was simply trying not to faint.

"Here," said Cotterill, "did you have any breakfast?"

"No," she admitted. "I hadn't time. I had to go out and look, and then there was the shop. And last night—he wasn't there when I got back—last night I was so worried."

"Don't say another word till you've had lunch," ordered Cotterill firmly. This at least was an emergency he could deal with. They were fortunately near the bridge, so he hailed a taxi, put her in, bundled the dogs after, and gave the address of a restaurant in Piccadilly. But the lady heard and disobeyed her instructions.

"No!" she cried. "The Petit Coin de Provence—off Glasshouse Street. He might come there."

It sounded an awful sort of address to Cotterill, and his face must have shown it; for she added, more calmly—as though with more reliance on his sympathy:

"And because of the dogs, you see. The proprietor's little girls take them for a walk after lunch."

"That settles it," said Cotterill, and did not see her smile.

At the Petit Coin de Provence a table awaited them: the lady was evidently a known and appreciated client. Two small girls received the Bedlingtons with joy, a waiter hurried for their orders, and

the food was a good deal better than Cotterill had expected. All through the meal he kept up a steady monologue on the subject of horse-breeding, and never in his life had he had a more attentive and delightful listener. "I bet she looks well on a horse," he thought; and suddenly, in that little foreign eating-house he had a perfectly clear vision of himself and the lady cantering over the downs.

"Now you must let me talk," she said at last. But the words had no sting; her smile thanked him for so interesting and entertaining her. "Listen," she said. "I have to be at the shop at half-past two. There's a manikin parade at three, a very important one, and I daren't miss it. I want you to stay here till I come back. I'm afraid it won't be till six. If my husband comes I want you to bring him—to make him come—to my flat. It's 20 Chapel Mansions, Bloomsbury. I've left the key under the door-mat for him, and you must keep him there till I come back."

"But—how shall I know him?" asked Cotterill.

"He's very tall and thin and—like this."

She opened her bag and took out a small photograph. The face, to Cotterill's eye, was not prepossessing, though he supposed some persons might have called it distinguished; and as he looked the first of the unasked questions rose abruptly to his lips.

"How did he get over here at all?"

"Through friends."

"But how—"

"Through friends," repeated the lady finally.

Cotterill accepted it.

"Has he been here long?"

"Only three days. I've hardly seen him!"

"They won't let him take work here, you know?"

"I know."

"But you yourself—" began Cotterill, struck by a sudden thought.

The lady looked straight before her.

"If I spoke of him as my husband," she said, in her clear low voice, "that was

to make you understand. But of course if I lost my nationality I'd lose my work."

Cotterill sat silent. "Lady in trouble!" he was thinking. And what trouble! Saddled with a crock of a foreigner, not even married to him, breaking the law of the country for him—and now, when the blighter had providentially disappeared, without a thought in the world except how to get him back! It was insane! It was fine in its way, but—insane! In another moment he would have told her so—though she had doubtless read his thought already; but the moment was not allowed him. As he opened his mouth to speak a woman came into the restaurant, bought some matches at the desk, and in turning to go caught sight of their table. At once her eyebrows went up in malicious amusement.

"So there you are!" she called. "I wondered why your friend was lunching alone."

"Where?" asked the lady quickly. "We were expecting him here."

"At Larue's, in Greek Street. And you're going to be late, my dear."

"Larue's," repeated the lady under her breath. "It's somewhere I don't know. And I can't—there isn't time—" She broke off, and with a sigh of relief (as though she had just remembered his presence) turned back to Cotterill. "You'll go," she said simply.

"Of course," said Cotterill. "But will you tell me your name?"

"Verinder. Elspeth Verinder." A sudden lovely flush warmed her cheeks. "He mayn't—at first—remember about me. If he doesn't, say to him—the Close-rie des Lilas, and the night we stood on the Pont du Carrousel, and the day at Fontainebleau when there was a cloud shaped like a bunch of flowers. But make him come! Whatever happens, promise you'll make him come!"

"I promise," said Cotterill; and as soon as she was out of sight, turned his steps towards Soho.

He walked quickly along, frowning and unhappy. Having given his word, he would keep it; but he had never dis-

liked an errand more. For the one fact which stood out, the one clear idea he carried away, was that the lady would be best served if, instead of keeping his promise, he turned her blackguard of a —husband—straight over to the police. She was young, she was beautiful, she had all her life before her: and she proposed to give it all up for the sake of some foreign impostor! She, who ought to receive devotion, not give it; who ought to be served, cared for, shielded from every ugliness! You didn't meet women like that often, women with that perfect grace and steeled spirit; and when you did you wanted to lay down your life for them. . . .

"I'm mad!" thought Cotterill. "What do I really know about her? I only met her two hours ago." But when he remembered the women he had known for two months, or for two years, it seemed to him that time had very little to do with it.

The world he had so casually strayed into was even stranger than he expected.

Larue's Restaurant in Greek Street was small, shabby, and at that hour of the afternoon deserted save for an elderly Frenchwoman knitting at the cash-desk. Before going out again, however, Cotterill noticed that a door at the back, decorated with advertisements for Byrrh, stood slightly ajar.

"There is another room?" he asked.

Madame jerked her head in the door's direction and continued to knit. Cotterill advanced, went through, and found himself in a room even smaller than the first. It contained four tables and one solitary occupant, a man who on Cotterill's entrance slowly pushed back his chair and stood up as if to go. He was very tall, unbelievably gaunt, and wore a raincoat that did not fit. His hair and clipped mustache were turning gray, his skin had the faint yellowish tan of a sick man who lives much out of doors. Only his eyes commanded respect: they looked at Cotterill as though from a great distance, but steadily, courteously, and with

a great tranquillity. "He's given up worrying," thought Cotterill bitterly. "He leaves it all to *her*." And since the likeness to the photograph was unmistakable, since this was undoubtedly the man, Cotterill cleared his throat and said curtly:

"I have a message from Miss Verinder."

Courteously, steadily, the man looked him in the face.

"I do not know a Miss Verinder."

Cotterill paused. He felt an overwhelming desire to let it go at that, to throw up his errand and leave this wreck of a man to go to his fate alone. But he had given his word, and he kept it.

"I have nothing to do with the . . . authorities," he said. "As a matter of fact, I only met Miss Verinder this morning. She thinks you may have forgotten, but you left her flat last night, and she expects you back. She is extremely worried. If you will come with me—"

The door opened wider, and a little waiter, his apron over his arm, looked anxiously in.

"*M'sieu désire?*"

"Nothing!" said Cotterill impatiently. But the man did not go; he stood looking at the Russian and fluttering a slip of paper.

"I will see Madame," said the Russian, in his deep slow voice. "Here!"

What looked to Cotterill like a few coppers passed from hand to hand. The waiter bowed, scurried out; and seeing that his quarry was about to follow, Cotterill reached out and laid a hand on the man's shoulder. For a moment he had the sensation of grasping something as hard, as unfleshed, as a bar of iron; the next instant his hand was flung so violently off that it swung back against his own side. But the deep unhurried voice was as deep and unhurried as before.

"I regret that you have been troubled by a mistake. I do not know the lady."

"I am to remind you," said Cotterill, "of a place in Paris called the *Closerie des Lilas*."

There was no answer.

"I am to remind you," went on Cot-

terill doggedly, "of a night when you stood on the Pont du Carrousel, and of a day at Fontainebleau when there was a cloud."

Suddenly the Russian swung round.

"Stop!" he cried. "There is no need! Do you think I have forgotten?"

"Miss Verinder thought so," said Cotterill. "She thought you had lost your memory. If it has come back there's nothing more for me to do. But I don't mind telling you that if I followed my own inclinations I should do a great deal."

"For example?"

"Conduct you straight to the nearest police-station."

The Russian smiled.

"If you wish, you may accompany me," he said, "for that is exactly where I am going."

Across the narrow table the two men looked at each other; and Cotterill, for all his height, was the one who looked up.

"But I thought—"

"That they will deport me? Of course. That is why I had intended to take another route, but last night my friends told me it is closed. So I have no alternative. It is awkward, because they will ask questions; however, my memory will always fail me at need."

Cotterill sat down. He felt completely bewildered; but at least, in this different world, there was no need for him to disguise it.

"Then you hadn't lost your memory at all?"

"No. It has happened, but not this time. I went like that because I knew Miss Verinder would wish to prevent me. I thought I could go last night, but as I tell you, the route has been closed. Since then I have been thinking." Suddenly the grave tired face relaxed. "When you came into this room, I knew what you were thinking. You were thinking, 'The blackguard!'"

"No," lied Cotterill.

"But you were, and very naturally. It is natural to any Englishman to think

any Russian a blackguard. It is not your fault; it is because we are so different, and to the English anyone who is different is at once an object of suspicion. But in my case—" he struck himself lightly on the chest—"you had other reasons as well. The strongest reasons. You saw me ill, useless, a burden and a danger to a woman who does not bear my name, and with whom you yourself are in love."

"No!" cried Cotterill, thoroughly startled.

"But why do you deny it?" asked the Russian with real curiosity. He sat down again. "Is it because you have met her only to-day, and you do not think it respectable to fall in love on so short an acquaintance? Is it because you fear it would offend me? I do not say it would have offended me if you had not; but I should have thought you more stupid than I do. It is so natural!"

"You seem to think," said Cotterill, "that if anything's natural that excuses it."

"Of course it does. Or at any rate, explains. And once a thing is explained it is in general excusable. You do not think like that?"

"No, I don't," said Cotterill grimly.

"That is because you are English. With Russians it is different. And there is another weakness about us—" he smiled again—"even at the most bitter of personal moments, we can never resist a philosophic discussion. As I was saying: you came in, and you thought, 'This blackguard'; but though I have shown that you were to be excused, you were not right. I should be a blackguard if I stayed; but I am not going to stay."

"Then why did you come at all?"

"But—to see her! Do you not know, if you have to be separated from someone you love how it makes it easier if you know where she is living, among what people, how she spends her days? Now I can say—it is eight o'clock, she will be taking the little dogs for their first walk. Or, it is half-past one, she is lunching at the French restaurant, where the waiter looks after her and keeps her

table. I can picture her in her room with the window-boxes, or going through the big doors where she works in Bruton Street, the commissionaire holding them for her as though she were a—Countess. I know that she is well treated, that she is not worried by little cares. If I had not seen for myself, I could not have been sure; and so I had to come. Even an Englishman can understand that.”

“Yes,” said Cotterill, “and I beg your pardon.”

The Russian bowed.

“Thank you. Now I can ask you to be of service to me.” He put his hand to his breast-pocket and drew out a thin leather case, very shabby, but with gold corners. It fell open in his hand: on one side was a faded lithograph of a woman in a low dress and jewels, on the other, the likeness of the lady. This, very slowly, he slipped out of the leather frame. “Please take it,” he said. “I do not wish to have anything that connects her with me—that may bring her more trouble. Later, when it is safe, I will write to you, and you shall send it back. But please be very careful.”

Cotterill took the photograph and put it in his wallet. He moved all his own papers to one side, so that she should have a place to herself. Then he took out a card and wrote on the back the name and address of his bank.

“That will always find me,” he said, “and I will take great care.”

“Thank you. Now the police will not be made curious.”

“Where,” asked Cotterill, with growing discomfort, “will they send you?”

“I do not know. Possibly to Russia. I would like it to be Paris, because in Paris I can live.”

He stood up, tall, gaunt, distinguished. Even in a raincoat that did not fit he had the air of one who courteously terminates an audience. He looked what he was—a great gentleman; and he was going to be deported.

“Wait,” said Cotterill suddenly. “It’s the week-end; it’s Friday. You can get to Paris without a passport.”

“I know.”

“Then why in heaven’s name—?”

“Because I have no money,” said the Russian simply.

“My God!” thought Cotterill. “What a fool I am!” His hand went to his note-case: there was a five-pound note in it, and two ten-shillings.”

“If you wouldn’t mind accepting a loan,” he began awkwardly.

The other laughed.

“Why cannot you say what you mean?”

Why *cannot* you? You mean it as a gift; I take it; we are both honored. Do you think I would refuse when it will save her so much unhappiness?” He pushed the notes into his pocket and glanced at the clock. “Now I shall go back to her flat and leave a letter there. If I do not send it by you it is because she must have it immediately, and immediately—just now—she will be very angry with you. I do not advise you to go there quite at once.”

“I had no intention of going,” said Cotterill, with a return to stiffness.

“Of course not. But you will have an intention in a day or two. You will think—‘How is she? Can I do anything?’—just as *I* think. It is so natural! Do you know, I have a great temptation to leave Miss Verinder in your charge?”

Cotterill stood up.

“But I will not,” continued the Russian tranquilly, “because it would put you—how to say?—because you would feel put upon your honor. And then when you ask her to marry you you will feel uneasy.”

Cotterill listened speechless. Every word was true, but only a Russian, he felt, could have spoken them. At this stage in the conversation, however, he knew better than to answer; he had no wish for another bout of philosophy. His one desire was to get out of the restaurant before he could be shocked again.

And this desire was to a certain extent granted, for though he received one shock more upon the threshold, it was, so to speak, a negative one.

“Do not be alarmed,” said the Russian gently; “I am not about to embrace you”;

and with a nod as curt as Cotterill's own, he turned on his heel and strode away.

In the three days which elapsed before Cotterill sought Miss Verinder's flat he avoided all contact with his friends Brodie and the Major. They would be more curious than he wished: they would expect a good story, of a kind suitable to its beginning. "And very natural!" thought Cotterill, with new tolerance; when a tale started with a pair of odd stockings, you didn't expect it to turn into the most important story in a man's life. So he kept away from his club, and from his usual eating-places. He had some queer idea that by so doing he kept out of his own world and stayed in the lady's. He would return eventually of course; and perhaps he would bring her with him.

At half-past six on the Tuesday evening Cotterill made his way to Chapel

Mansions. It was a large block of flats, once the last word in modernity, now listless and gloomy, evidently awaiting the house-breaker. But Miss Verinder's door, when he reached it on the fifth floor, was painted a fresh green, and the little oxydized knocker was shaped like a dolphin. Cotterill lifted and knocked, then rang the bell; he had so much to think about that he hardly knew, after five minutes, whether it was time to ring again. Just as he lifted his hand, however, a girl came out of the door opposite and paused at the head of the stairs.

"That flat's empty," she said.

Cotterill swung round.

"Doesn't Miss Verinder live here?"

"She did, but she's gone. She went two days ago. She's got a new job, in Paris."

It was a queer world, thought Cotterill; but there were some fine things in it.





A BIOLOGIST LOOKS AT ENGLAND

BY J. B. S. HALDANE

TO JUDGE from the comments of foreigners from many different countries, it is clear that England stands in need of explanation. The behavior of the English appears now noble, now base, now stupid, now cunning, but almost always unintelligible. And the English, as compared with many other nations, are peculiarly bad at explaining themselves.

I certainly do not propose to explain England, but I may be able to throw light on a few of its peculiarities. Let me state some of my qualifications. I have lived there for over forty years, but have only recently come to regard myself as an Englishman. My parents came from Scotland, and I was brought up to regard myself as a Scot. I thus tried to size up the English in a way that few Englishmen would have done. And, having spent some years in Scotland, I had a standard of comparison.

But of late I have come to regard myself as an Englishman because I have come to love England, mainly as the result of owning a motor car. When I say I love England I do not mean that I love the soul of England, whatever that may be, or the English race, which is, I believe, a statistical abstraction, like the average man or the probability that I shall live till the age of seventy. I am speaking about the country which has played a large part in making the people, and in turn has been molded by them. I do not mean that I merely love the beautiful spots such as the upper Thames valley or the Lake District. I get a con-

siderable satisfaction from some of the ugly ones, such as Burton, where we make our best beer, or Stoke, the great smoky pottery town of which Arnold Bennett wrote.

By the word love I mean what I say, an emotion similar to what I feel for my wife, a joyful familiarity. Perhaps one must be somewhat of a materialist to love a series of physical objects, and perhaps I am somewhat of a materialist.

Finally as to the motor car. There is no other way of seeing England unless one is a man of great leisure and strength. A large part of the country has been enclosed by fences, so that one must keep to the high roads in traveling. And we motorists have made them quite intolerable for walkers and cyclists. If you go by train you will have considerable difficulty in getting to some of our most remarkable places, such as Lacock or Cerne Abbas, to mention two at random. Lacock is an almost unaltered medieval village. It contains a very fine abbey converted into a country house, which is notable because it was the first building in the world to be photographed, and some of the most important steps in the development of photography were made in it. Cerne Abbas boasts of a gigantic figure cut into a chalk hillside before the coming of Christianity, and displaying sexual attributes which the modern inhabitants of the village find embarrassing.

You can motor from any part of England to any other in a day without difficulty. What books you take with you

depend on your taste. I never travel without the geological map of England, and I generally take a map of Roman Britain. I like to know that that hill in front of me was once a coral reef in the Oolitic sea, or that this unexpectedly straight piece of road was built for the Roman infantry to march from London to Caerleon (*Castra legionum*) where they kept watch on the turbulent hill folk of Wales.

If you are a bad botanist like myself you will take Benthams and Hooker's *British Flora*. If you are a good botanist you will take Druce's *Comital Flora of the British Isles*, in which the geographical distribution of every wild plant is given. If you are a zoölogist or a farmer you will take the Ministry of Agriculture's book *British Breeds of Livestock*, and you will stop your car to identify a drove of New Forest ponies in Hampshire or a flock of Dartmoor sheep in Devonshire. If you are confining your travels to a few counties you will do well to buy one of the county guide books published by the Shell petrol company. But good guides to architecture and the like are numerous enough.

Whatever your other interests may be, I am convinced that no one can begin to understand England without some knowledge of the soil and the weather. Southern England with Wales is the geologist's primer. Nowhere else in the world will you find such a complete sequence of strata, from the Pliocene of Norfolk to the Cambrian of Harlech, all in their correct order. Indeed, modern geology came into being with the canals of southern England. The great Smith, an engineer in charge of several canals, was able to give the first general account of geological succession in which the principal strata were placed in their correct chronological order.

A geologist might find such a journey dull. The student of England will note how the rocks have influenced the men, plants, and animals who live on them. We start at Harwich on a fringe of tertiary sand and clay. The beaches lie

open to invasion by ships of shallow draft, and the people are predominantly the descendants of fair-haired, blue-eyed Angles and Danes. The houses are mostly of brick, for there is no good building stone within a hundred miles.

As we go westward we rise on to low hills of chalk. They are now often barren for want of water, and the very names of the villages testify to this. We may pass through Westbury Waterless. Farther south we should have found Winterbourne Stoke, Winterbourne Gunner, and many another village of the same name. A Winterbourne is a stream (burn, Brunnen) which flows only in the winter and dries up in the summer. We shall have more to say about this matter when we come to describe the weather; for two thousand years ago these brooks ran all through the year. Now the chalk downs are largely deserted, and sheep graze among the holy places of our ancestors, the stone circles where they worshipped, and the barrows where they buried their dead. This is specially so in the south where the chalk hills are steep. Farther north they have been worn down by the ice which covered all England save a strip along the south coast. The flints from the chalk have not only served as tools for paleolithic and neolithic man, but as building material for a number of rather charming little churches.

We come down off the chalk on to a belt of clay which has furnished bricks for some of the ugliest villages in England, those of Bedfordshire, and rise again to a belt of low rolling hills of oolite and limestone. This is the land of one of our most characteristic sports, fox hunting. The low lands are too wet for it, scent does not lie on the chalk, and though there are hunts among the mountains, where hunters occasionally fall over cliffs, the sport does not exist there in its typical form.

I do not propose to defend fox hunting. But it is certainly much more defensible than any other blood sports, if only because remarkably few animals are

killed. Its delightfully picturesque costume and ritual form a patch of color in our otherwise rather drab life. And it has inspired, if not some of our greatest literature, certainly some of our most characteristic. Surtees was a contemporary of Dickens, and is not unworthy of being mentioned in the same breath. My wife takes the view that one of his heroes, Mr. Jorrocks, is the Don Quixote of English literature. This fat little grocer becomes master of a very inferior pack of hounds. He possesses neither the physical strength nor the social rank required for such a post. He is continually involved in ludicrous situations, and is even, like Don Quixote, found to be a lunatic. But he is a fundamentally decent man, with a very considerable technical knowledge of hunting, and though we may laugh at him, we love him. In the end, in a characteristically English way, he muddles through, largely thanks to his Sancho Panza, a villainous huntsman called Pigg.

The fox-hunting belt is also the home of England's best domestic architecture. The soft limestones are so kind to the builder that even in the worst period of our architecture, somewhere round 1860, they furnished the material for houses which if not beautiful were at least dignified. Within this area you will find villages in which almost every house is beautiful; outside it there are many noble buildings; but the average house is ignoble to the south and east, gaunt to the north and west, where the stone is too hard to allow full scope for the craftsman.

Interspersed in the fox-hunting country are the coal-mining areas. Above ground you will see great smoky industrial towns and dirty mining villages. But below them is a subterranean country where every man is something of a hero. Coal mining is a dangerous occupation, and the miner has a code of honor as high as that of the sailor. In a maritime nation the sailors keep up the tradition of courage in time of peace. Seamanship is one of the substitutes for

war in which man is pitted against nature rather than against his fellows. Coal mining is another such substitute. To the west of the coal mines, and separating the coal-mining areas in the north, are older and harder rocks, the mountains of Wales and northern England, and the steep hills of Devon and Cornwall.

I believe that a great many of the peculiarities of England depend on the extreme diversity of its soil. For each soil has its own type of agriculture. Wheat growing is a very different thing on the fens of Cambridgeshire and the chalk uplands of Wiltshire. But perhaps the most striking testimony to the diversity of our soil is the diversity of our domestic animals.

Of sheep alone we have over thirty distinct breeds, each with its own peculiar standards of perfection and each one showing signs of adaptation to a particular soil and climate. The single county of Suffolk produced its own breeds of horse, cow, sheep, and pig. The Suffolk Punch cart-horse and the Suffolk sheep are still in existence; the Suffolk dun cattle have been merged in the Red Poll, and the Suffolk pig in the Large Black.

The men and women of England have proved successful colonists. So have its animals. The English Thoroughbred has been the origin of most of the world's racehorses, and the Shire and Hackney have been of even greater practical importance. Australia and New Zealand have been largely colonized by Leicester and Dorset sheep, the United States by Jersey cattle. Our animals have even succeeded, where men have failed, in colonizing Europe. A good deal of Danish bacon comes from Large White pigs of English origin. At the present moment we are exporting large quantities of livestock to the Soviet Union.

It is commonly believed that the various kinds of wild animals were created by God. If so the men who produced new breeds of animals, men such as Bakewell, who originated the Leicester sheep, and King Charles II, who introduced into

England the first Arab horses from which the Thoroughbred was developed, are to be regarded as among the most godlike of men.

But though I think that both by nature and tradition the capacity for animal breeding is very common in our country, I suspect that the diversity of our soil and climate has been largely responsible for our success. For example, our finest poultry breeds such as the Buff Orpington, the Light Sussex, and the Dorking mostly come from the chalk country south of London, where a very high production of eggs was possible before anyone had thought of adding lime to the ration of poultry to enable them to produce more egg shells.

I shall try to show later that this same diversity has had much to do with our human characteristics. But before I do so I must consider our weather. England lies in the track of cyclonic disturbances formed where the polar and equatorial fronts meet, so that our weather is extremely changeable. Yet it does not run to extremes. Great droughts and floods are very rare, and our storms seldom do great damage. We have also been spared earthquakes and volcanoes.

I believe that these facts have had a considerable effect on our ways of thinking. Men tend to attribute the weather to God, or gods. If great floods, droughts, and destructive storms are common the gods are conceived of as cruel or at least stern. If, on the other hand, the climate is generally very reliable there is a tendency to take the order of nature for granted. But in so far as the English have formed their ideas of God from the weather, they have regarded him as a being who can be relied upon not to proceed to extremes, but yet very uncertain in the details of his behavior.

A regular course of weather, varied by occasional disasters, must tend to fatalism. An Englishman cannot rely on God to fill his pond this year if he has filled it last year. Yet there will certainly be some rain. Water will be available if he makes sufficient effort. His house will

not be destroyed by a tornado; but he must see that his chimney is shored up, or a winter gale may bring it down. The variability of the weather, like that of the soil, has gone a long way to making the Englishman an empiricist. He has a distrust of too broad generalizations. Yet he does not sit down and passively abandon himself to the will of God or the whims of chance.

Our weather is not only changeable from day to day but from century to century. From about 1800 B.C. to 450 A.D. it was much wetter than at present, and the chalk hills and plateaus were far more fertile than now. For example, wells of the Roman period have been found containing buckets which show that they were actually used. And yet the present water level is sometimes one hundred feet below the bottoms of these wells. The fortified villages, the tombs, and the stone circles such as Stonehenge make it clear that the chalk country was then much more populous than it is to-day. On the other hand, the valleys were full of forests and swamps, and hardly inhabited. The Angles, Saxons, and Jutes invaded England just after the great change in the weather. They found the lowlands largely unoccupied and the upland dwellers in the middle of an economic crisis. Hence they were able to impose their language and institutions on the country, as the Germanic invaders of other parts of the Roman Empire could not. The subsequent Viking invaders managed to conquer a good deal of England and to impose their place names. But their descendants adopted the language of the conquered Angles and Saxons. So the weather has been responsible, not only for some features of the English character, but also for some of the decisive moments in our history.

II

These considerations bring us at once to the question of the English race. Fifty years ago it was quite easy to answer questions on this subject. To-day,

thanks to the work of Fleure, Morant, and a few others, we have learned so many facts that any such simple tale as would please race-theorists is now out of the question.

The British Isles have been repeatedly colonized from Europe, and have contributed very little to the population of the continent. The one exception to this rule is of interest. English and Flemish seamen helped in the capture of Lisbon from the Moors and many of them settled down there. It is probable that both their heredity and tradition played a considerable part in the early maritime exploits of the Portuguese.

The neolithic population of England was long-headed. We do not know about their coloring, but many people believe that they were dark—Mediterranean rather than Nordic. At the end of the neolithic period came the invasion of the so-called Beaker Folk, a round-headed race making a characteristic type of Beaker pottery. They gradually seem to have merged with the former inhabitants. At any rate during the iron age the average skull shape became much more intermediate.

The Nordic invaders during the fair-weather period from 450 to 1000 A.D. were of course long-headed, fair-haired, and blue-eyed. The Norman conquerors were few in number; though to judge from skull measurements, some of the coast towns of Kent and Sussex seem to have been populated from France.

For the last thousand years our population has been mixing, and since the close of the Middle Ages this mixture has gone on to a much greater extent than in other countries because we abolished our peasantry. The agricultural laborer has not been tied to one piece of land, either by feudal serfdom or by ownership. The land has mostly been in the possession of large landowners who let it out to tenant farmers. The smaller landowners generally employed a number of laborers.

This may have been, and I think was, a source of social injustice. But the fact

that agriculture was organized in large units made it progressive, and England led the world in the improvement of agricultural plants and animals and in the introduction of root crops. Only with the introduction of agricultural co-operation on the one hand, and collective and State farms on the other, has it been possible to combine efficiency with social justice in agriculture. With the mechanization of agriculture our farms have become too small as units, and if our farming is to become fully efficient once more we shall have to take to co-operation or socialism.

The biological effect of all this has been an intimate mixture of our population. It is true that on the east coast we have a high proportion of fair and long-headed people, and that dark-haired and round-headed types increase as we approach the Welsh border. Nevertheless, within any small area, say Oxfordshire, we find that there is no correlation between hair color and head shape. That is to say a group of fair-haired men have no longer heads than a group of dark-haired men.

We can imitate this state of affairs exactly in animal experiments, and its meaning then becomes clear. Supposing we have two races of rabbits, a gray short-haired like the wild rabbit, and a yellow long-haired, and allow them to breed together at random, we shall find that after two or more generations there will be four kinds of rabbit, both long and short hair existing in the gray and yellow colors. But the proportion of long-haired rabbits will be no greater among the yellows than the grays. In technical language we say that the length and color of the hair are controlled by different genes. If we had several different mixed populations of rabbits, to some of which the yellow and long-haired race had contributed a larger proportion of ancestors than the rest, then in those populations there would naturally be more yellows and more long-haired. And taking all these different populations together, there would be a

correlation between yellow color and long hair.

I mention these quite elementary facts because they have rather important consequences. It is generally thought that our Nordic ancestors had hereditary qualities making for independence of spirit on the one hand, and a certain lack of imagination and tendency to alcoholism on the other. Now the genes responsible for such temperamental differences are doubtless inherited independently of those for head shape or for eye color—probably independently of both. So even if we may expect more of these Nordic characteristics in the inhabitants of Grimsby than in those of Chester, we have no reason to expect them more strongly developed in a blue-eyed inhabitant of Grimsby than in a dark-eyed neighbor, provided the ancestors of both have lived there for some generations.

I have lately been reading several German books on the race question. One of them explains the well-known perfidy and untrustworthiness of the English by the fact that among a predominantly Nordic population Welsh characteristics constantly crop up. The facts are somewhat different. The present population of England is much more homogeneous than that of Germany and much more nearly Nordic. Nowhere in England is there a population as short-headed as that of Bavaria. The present English population have skulls remarkably like those of the iron-age inhabitants. We are a mixture, but the mixture is fairly intimate. However, because the differences between races depend on a finite number of genes, we do not get complete blending. On the contrary, physical characteristics of different races segregate out in the same family. One brother may be blue-eyed, another brown-eyed. And the same is true of psychological characters.

What, then, is the situation in England? We have a considerable diversity of innate temperaments, not only between different parts of the country, but between neighbors in the same village.

Throughout the country we have a bewildering diversity of soils, some suited for agriculture, others for cattle, others again for sheep or for woodland, and a long coastline, so that fishing and sea-borne commerce affected a large area of the country. Moreover, the small ships of the Middle Ages penetrated into the heart of England. Ships from the Hansa towns reached Cambridge.

Other countries, for example ancient Greece, had a similar diversity of occupations. But in England there are no physical obstacles to unity such as mountain ranges or large rivers. The Norman Conquest obliterated such old divisions as that between the East Angles and West Saxons. And feudalism was never so far developed as to break up the country into petty principalities as France, and still more Germany, was divided.

So much diversity within unity can, I think, account for certain fundamental traits in our national character. We respect our neighbors and, on the whole, leave them alone. We are not polite to them. On the contrary, the English are one of the rudest of nations, at least superficially. But we respect their personalities sufficiently to allow a good deal of divergence in behavior. For extreme examples of this divergence I recommend the reading of Miss Sitwell's *The English Eccentrics*, in which she chronicles the doings of men and women who would have been shut up as lunatics in many other countries, but achieved toleration in England.

Nowhere does this diversity show itself more than in our religious history. Wycliffe, the inspirer of Huss, was an English priest who contrived not to be burned until after he had died a natural death and had been buried for some time. During the Reformation the Catholics burned a certain number of Protestants, but this persecution was somewhat half-hearted. The Protestant governments never executed a single man or woman for Catholicism, though they certainly killed a number of Catho-

lies on rather flimsy charges of high treason.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there was a bewildering outburst of Protestant sects, many of which survive to this day. The most remarkable is probably the Quakers, or Society of Friends, which has contrived to survive for nearly three centuries as an organization without a priesthood and to combine a profound mysticism and a real charity with considerable success in commerce. It has also reached extreme intellectual eminence. During the nineteenth century a Quaker was forty times as likely as a non-Quaker to be elected to the Royal Society.

III

I was once told by a continental acquaintance that England had produced no great men, except perhaps Cromwell. My friend was referring to the sphere of politics, for Shakespeare and Newton could hardly be denied a certain eminence in other spheres. It is certainly true that no public man has ever claimed to embody the national spirit as Napoleon did that of France, and as certain rulers claim to represent great peoples to-day. I do not think that we have even had a Bismarck.

But this is because the English are incapable of the unanimity which other nations display from time to time. We respect our own personalities enough to be very chary of surrendering them to a Leader.

Yet I think we have had as great statesmen as our neighbors on the continent. Let me take as an example one of our least conspicuous rulers, Sir Robert Walpole, who governed England for a generation during the early eighteenth century. In former days execution, exile, or imprisonment had been the lot of politicians who systematically opposed the government. Walpole was so strong a man that he contrived to avoid these measures, which are employed by the strong men of Europe to-day. He

created that most remarkable of English political inventions, the constitutional opposition. It was a tyrant's slave who said, or rather sang:

"O Engländer, Engländer, seid Ihr nicht Thoren,"

and similar sentiments are expressed to-day with regard to our toleration of opposition, and even of revolutionary movements. Walpole also kept his country from war and immeasurably improved its health by introducing root crops. This enabled the English to get fresh meat during the winter, and thus banished scurvy, a deficiency disease associated with salt meat.

I regard the two-party system, much more than parliamentary representation or constitutional monarchy, as England's supreme and original contribution to political practice. It is not indispensable to parliamentary government, which has worked in France for sixty-five years with a quite different system. It may be that neither of these systems will continue to work during the coming period of economic change. But at least our system has lasted for two centuries, not wholly without success. It is illogical, but that is no drawback in a nation of empiricists.

The English have never respected logical coherence. They have never produced a great philosopher. The three greatest British philosophers were two Irishmen, Duns Scotus and Berkeley, and a Scotsman, Hume. The theology of the Church of England is an intellectually laughable compromise between the more coherent systems of Calvinism and Catholicism. But if, with Plato, Hegel, and Marx, we believe that contradiction is inherent in all human thought, we may expect to find it in a religion which, if it is now dying, at least supported a robust morality for nearly four centuries.

I believe that our geology, our weather, and our racial mixture have all served to warn us against too broad generalizations. Our great scientists have been content to bring intellectual order into some section of the world rather than to

build up a system of philosophy. But they did their individual pieces of work with extreme thoroughness. Darwin was content with putting forward a few quite simple ideas about evolution. He supported them by a mass of individual examples so overwhelming that they produced very general assent. More ambitious theorists such as Haeckel built on less solid foundations and were more often wrong.

The French, on the other hand, are at their best when logical. If a Frenchman says "*Soyons logiques*" you may listen to him. If he says "*Soyons réalistes*" he will probably try to swindle you. The Englishman who claims to be logical is probably engaged in the familiar English trick of proving that his own conduct embodies the highest moral principles and yet, by a curious coincidence, will accrue to his own benefit. But when an Englishman says "Let's get down to brass tacks" he is likely to produce a compromise which, if not logical, is at least equitable.

Let me illustrate my meaning from our politics. The German theorists who framed the Weimar Constitution thought that a body such as the Reichstag should be representative. If one-twentieth of the population held a certain political theory one-twentieth of the deputies should hold it too. This may work in France, where the sentiment of national unity is far stronger than in England. It did not work in Germany, and would not in England.

Parliamentary government arose in England as an expedient to avoid civil war and not as the result of any political theory. I am not so silly as to suppose that parliaments are infallible or that majorities have a divine right to rule. I suggest that if a system of government has lasted for two centuries without revolution this means that it has acted as a substitute for revolution, and thus made it unnecessary. It follows that a general election should lead to the same result as a revolution. And this is at least roughly true under the British system.

There are several million liberals in England to-day who claim that they are unrepresented in Parliament. True; but it is quite certain that a revolution, whether the socialists or the anti-socialists triumphed, would not put the liberals into power. Under proportional representation the liberals would have held the balance, and there would have been no chance of putting into practice either, on the one hand, socialism or, on the other, the protectionist policy of our present government. In Germany proportional representation led to a series of weak governments, and it is not surprising that the two anti-constitutional parties, the communist and the national-socialist, grew until one of them overthrew the constitution.

The Opposition, that most typical feature of English politics, takes some remarkable forms. There is a class of Englishmen who have been described as "the friends of every country but their own." They are continually proclaiming the wickedness of the English government, not only in internal affairs, but in the Empire and in foreign policy. If they were not completely successful, they at least contrived to moderate the transports of English imperialism during the nineteenth century sufficiently to prevent a world coalition against their country. Even in time of war a considerable minority in England has either sided with the enemy, as during the Napoleonic and Boer wars, or at least aided the enemy indirectly, as did the conscientious objectors and their friends during the last great war. And perhaps an obscure realization that these men and women were highly characteristic of England saved them from very serious punishment.

Actually the existence of an official Opposition is an enormous source of strength in wartime. A British government might risk a minor war, such as the Boer War, which ran counter to the wishes of the opposition. But it would never embark on a major war, a war in which defeat might be fatal, without

being assured of opposition support. Hence the anti-war and revolutionary movement is inevitably deprived of much of its strength, whereas in a totalitarian state it will crystallize round the illegal opposition.

The two-party system has a further great psychological advantage. The members of the cabinet have been in opposition together. They have got the habit of collaborating in the sham warfare of party politics. Except in the years immediately following a successful revolution, there is no such bond between the ministers in a government either of a totalitarian state or such a country as the Third French Republic or the pre-war German Empire. My uncle, Lord Haldane, had great opportunities of studying the German Government. There he found the heads of several great departments of State, each magnificently organized, the Army, the Navy, the Foreign Office, the Treasury, with no such psychological bond between them, struggling to gain the ear of the Kaiser, intriguing against one another. Whereas the British Cabinet Ministers, though far less expert in the detailed knowledge required for government, were at least able to work together.

Our lack of logic has its bad side. We cling to many grossly obsolete institutions, such as the House of Lords. Our criminal law is shockingly behind that of many other countries, particularly Denmark. Some of our obsolete institutions may yet land us in disaster. Nevertheless, our realism may help us. We are waiting to see how socialism works in Russia.

If in the next generation the Soviet Union reaches anything like our own level of prosperity, the people of England, who have not been at all impressed by socialist theory, will be enormously impressed by socialist facts. In such a case it may yet be found that Marx was correct in his view that England was the only great European state in which socialism could possibly be established without revolution.

IV

I am only too well aware that in this brief sketch I have not even mentioned some of our most salient national characteristics, for example, our love of sport. I have said next to nothing about our literature or art nor mentioned the fact that after two centuries of complete mediocrity English music is showing signs of renaissance. And perhaps I have not been sufficiently penitent for the philistinism which accompanied the sudden rise to prosperity and power of the middle class during the nineteenth century. This was not, however, specific to England.

I cannot close without speaking about the nations or races intimately associated with England, the Scots, Irish, Welsh, and Jews. Scotland is much less diverse geologically than England. Racially there is a sharp division between the Celtic Highlanders and the Lowlanders who are decidedly Nordic, and physically closer than the English to the Scandinavian type. The Scots are more logical than the English, and more left in their politics. But they lack to some extent the English realism and tolerance.

The union of Scotland with England was voluntary and was, I believe, an example of the greatest thing that a man or a nation can do, namely to die as an individual in the service of an idea. In the case of Scotland the idea was Protestantism. Scotland, unlike England, was largely molded by a very great man, the Calvinist reformer John Knox, who died in the sixteenth century, but whose spirit dominated Scotland for another three hundred years. If there is ever a new John Knox he may perhaps be a communist. For the Scots do not love compromise.

England is full of Scots in high positions, but they seem to lack the flexibility of mind which is needed for dealing with human beings in unforeseen emergencies. It was not to a Scot, but to a Welshman, that England turned in the crisis of the Great War.

I must confess to a prejudice in favor of the Welsh. Most Englishmen do not like them. I find them delightful. They are emotional and quick-witted. Their gravest defect is perhaps that they require an audience. The Scot, with his belief in principles, can act alone; the Welshman, with his deep sense for the emotions of his fellows, may seem lacking in principles. You will find these traits delineated in Mr. Keynes's brilliant portrait of Lloyd George at Versailles in *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*.

The Welsh were conquered by the English during the Middle Ages and treated very cruelly. But by a fortunate accident the descendants of an English princess who had married a Welsh nobleman came to the throne as the Tudor dynasty, and ruled both countries with the greatest success. They imported a number of Welshmen into England, who played a part in the English renaissance. Moreover, the Reformation was effective in Wales, and indeed, Welsh Protestantism is more extreme than English. Hence although the Welsh are occasionally discontented with their position, they have never developed a strong anti-English feeling like the Irish.

Ireland, of course, represents one of England's greatest failures. The Irish were incompletely conquered during the Middle Ages and never accepted Protestantism. Northeastern Ireland indeed became Protestant, largely through Scottish and English colonization. In the rest of Ireland Catholicism was persecuted during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The English are not very good persecutors, and they did not succeed in making Ireland Protestant, but they did succeed in making themselves hated. And since the land was largely given to Protestant landlords, there was a sound economic motive for the hatred.

Most of Ireland is now included in the self-governing Irish Free State, and will, I hope, develop its own culture. However, there are a very large number of

Irish Catholics in England and Scotland, and owing to their special religion and divided allegiance, they tend to remain a separate community and not to be assimilated as Scots and Welsh are assimilated after a few generations, and as the French Huguenots who fled to England in the seventeenth century have been assimilated. Fortunately, the Irish are popular as individuals in England, as they are of a cheery disposition and do not generally make fortunes at the expense of the English. But in Scotland there is a very strong feeling against the Irish immigrants, and a fascist movement in Scotland would almost certainly make use of it.

Finally I come to the Jews. There is a fairly compact Jewish community in the Whitechapel district of London, and in several other towns. The Jews have played a great part in finance, commerce, and politics. In the latter they have perhaps been most prominent as conservatives, the most striking figure being Disraeli, who was Prime Minister as Lord Beaconsfield. However, Jews are found in all our political parties except the fascists, who have not yet secured a seat in Parliament. They have not so far played any very great part in our intellectual life, though we have some Jewish scientists, philosophers, and novelists. Most Englishmen accept the Jew as a stimulating and rather picturesque element in our national diversity. However, in the last few years the fascists have launched an anti-semitic movement.

We have a few other foreign elements, for example Greeks, some of whom make rather good Englishmen, Italians, Cypriots, Indians, and Negroes. India has had a considerable influence on our culture. In particular, the habit of taking a daily bath owes much to Indian example. But there has been much less intermarriage than in the case of the Dutch and the Javanese.

The English are not an intensely patriotic people. They are certainly less so than the French or than the Germans at the present moment. This is

largely because, living on an island, they have less reason than some others to be afraid of foreigners. Further, their allegiance is to some extent divided between England as such and the British Commonwealth of Nations as a whole. The interests of the two diverge to some extent. Thus the importation of New Zealand butter as well as Danish lowers the profits of the English farmer.

But if the Englishman is not patriotic, he is public-spirited. A surprisingly large amount of public work which in other countries is not done at all or done by the state is done in England by voluntary effort. Most of the great hospitals, for example, are supported by voluntary subscription. So are many schools. The universities, though they get some state support, are largely maintained by private benefactors. Moreover, England is permeated with societies for more

or less laudable aims. We have only two important parties, but thousands of societies with public objects. Some of these are wholly admirable, for example the Royal National Lifeboat Society which provides our excellent lifeboat service. Others, such as the Lord's Day Observance Society, which does its best to prevent the playing of games on Sunday, do not meet with such universal approval. The Englishman does not interfere with his neighbor as a private individual; but as a member of the Society for Suppressing This or That he is perhaps rather prone to do so.

These voluntary associations certainly play a great part in English life. They furnish an excellent training for politics and public administration, and they must render a thorough study of the social structure of England exceedingly arduous.





I BELIEVE

A STORY

BY BENEDICT THIELEN

THE sky was high and empty and clear, and the thin air of the early winter was cool, but out in the Spanish sunshine it was warm, and the red tiles of the flat roof where we were sitting were warm when you touched them.

We waited for something to happen, looking out from the roof toward the distant city. But nothing happened. The village seemed dead. There were none of the simple familiar sounds of daily life that you knew in villages like that. There were no footsteps on the pavements and no sound of animals, a dog barking or a donkey braying or the crowing of a cock. You did not hear the chattering voices or the laughter of the women washing clothes in the square below or the slap of the wet clothes on the stones. No one turned the creaking iron handle of the pump to draw water. When we looked up at the sky there was not even a cloud drifting across it and above the distant city there was no smoke from chimneys. The whole land was silent, but not with the resting noonday silence to which you were accustomed. The land seemed dead or waiting for death.

I got up and looked over the railing down into the deserted street.

"See him?" Page called over to me.

I shook my head.

"I wish he'd hurry up and find some," he said. "I'm getting thirsty."

Murray yawned and stretched in his chair and said, "He's probably picking up local color."

"I'm more interested in local liquor," Page said. "This is getting to be a bore." "Why don't you join up?" I said.

He looked pained and said, "Kindly omit whimsy."

Schultz stopped polishing the lens of his camera and looked up at us.

"That's what you ought to do, Schultz," Murray said, "get into the thick of things, instead of sitting up here with a telescope-lens a yard long fastened to your camera."

We all laughed.

"Hot chance," Schultz said.

"A fine bunch of pictures your paper's going to get," Murray said.

"How about yourself, wise guy?" Schultz said.

"Oh, we're different," Page said. "We have to get the long-range point of view. *Sub specie aeternitatis*."

"That's Greek, Schultz," Murray said.

"Sure, I know."

We heard footsteps running up the stairs and we all turned to look at the door which opened on to the roof from the house. Johnny stood there for a moment, out of breath from running, his face flushed, looking young and healthy.

"Well?" we said.

He looked round from one to another of us.

"Well, where is it?" Page asked him.

"What?"

"What! The liquor, of course. What do you think?"

"Oh, that . . . Why, I couldn't find any."

"Thus cracks a noble heart!" Murray said, and slumped back in his chair.

"Listen," Johnny said, "I've just been out there." He waved his hand in the direction of the city. "I tried to go on farther, but they wouldn't let me. But I thought maybe . . ."

"Frankly, Johnny," Page interrupted him, "I'm disappointed in you. Haven't you ever read *The Message to Garcia*?"

"What?"

"*The Message to Gar-r-thee-a*," Page said, "if you're going to be a purist. Haven't you ever read that?"

"Oh, yes. But listen, I thought maybe if we tried to go on there all together, why . . ."

"And that's all the good it did you," Page said. "Don't you remember the moral of that stirring tale? And if so why, when we entrust you with the delicate mission of getting a bottle of brandy for us, do you come back empty-handed?"

"Bad business, my boy," Murray said. "Bad business. How do you ever expect to amount to anything in the world if you fall down on such a little thing as this?"

"I couldn't find any," Johnny said.

"Oh, shameful, shameful!" Murray turned to me. "Didn't I say the minute I set eyes on him that this lad would come to no good end?"

"That's right," I said.

"It takes sterner stuff than that to make a great newspaper man," Page said.

"Didn't they teach you better than that at the School of Journalism?" Murray asked. "Didn't they teach you that the first thing a demon reporter must know is that . . ."

"Oh, listen, you guys," Johnny looked round at us and laughed. "Listen, for goodness sake . . ."

"Don't let them ride you, kid," Schultz said, looking down into his camera, focussing it.

"Another county heard from," Murray said.

"You two boys ought to get together. You"—Page pointed at Johnny—"you can't get near enough and old Remote Control, here"—he pointed at Schultz's

camera—"he gets so far away he has to use infra-red plates in his camera. Is that the word, Professor?"

"How about yourself?" Schultz said.

"*Sub specie aeternitatis*."

"*Hic, haec, hoc*," Schultz said.

"Listen, for God's sake," Johnny said, "do you fellows know there's a war going on?"

"No, is there?" Page looked up at the sky. "Where is it?"

Johnny waved toward the city.

"Over there. Everywhere."

Page began to sing, "Over there . . . everywhere."

"There's always a war going on," Murray said. "Everywhere. Did you ever stop to think of that, Johnny?"

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. There's always a war going on. Most people don't know it, but it's true. Who ever paid any attention to the Chaco war? Who knows it when they're defending democratic institutions in Salvador or Honduras? And when all else fails there's always China."

"Never a dull moment," Page said, shaking his head.

Johnny looked slowly at each of us in turn.

"That's true though, Johnny," I said.

"I know, but . . ."

He looked puzzled and young. He looked terribly young.

For a few moments none of us said anything, watching him.

"But this one's different," he said finally.

I got up and went over to look down into the street. It was still empty and absolutely silent. I looked at the house across the street. Part of one wall was still standing. Against it was a small table with a white china pitcher on it, unbroken, and a crucifix behind it, still on the wall. Next to it was a bed partly covered with a red-flowered counterpane. The counterpane was charred and torn, and as I looked at it one shred of it moved a little. I hadn't noticed before that there was a slight breeze.

I wondered who had lived in the house.

I had stayed in rooms like that in this country when I came here for my vacation. They were clean and cheap and the people were decent and simple, and when you got to know them and they got over their first suspicion of you, you and the man would treat each other to drinks, to brandy or wine, in the evening after dinner at the café. It was the same in some other country, the only things varying being the drinks. In Germany it would be beer, and in Italy it would be grappa, and in Corsica it would be cedratine or pastice, and in England it would be whiskey, and at home in the country it would be corn or applejack or rye. But the people were all the same. They all thought the same and laughed over the same things, and their wives, if you were a man alone like me, would look at you in the same two or three different ways—coily or modestly or boldly. If they were old women they would fix up the same sort of hot compresses for your cold or bring out the same kind of home-made remedy for a stomach-ache for you to gulp down, herb-bitters or ginger or infusions of camomile or verveine.

I turned round again and joined the others.

"But it really is different," Johnny was saying. "You know that as well as I do. You just think you have to wisecrack about everything, but you know as well as I do that . . ."

"Yes, of course, Johnny," Page said. "Quite."

"No, really, no fooling. Why, the issues involved here are something far more important than anything that's ever happened before. Or for a few hundred years, at least. Why, it's a question of whether . . ."

"Certainly, Johnny," Murray said. "You're quite right. We quite agree with you."

"But how can you just sit here then and—and wait, with things going on like this?"

Page and Murray and I looked at each other for a few seconds. Schultz started fiddling with his camera.

"Well, we're not running this war, Johnny," I said. "We've just got to wait. And this is a good spot to wait in. We can see what's going on from here and . . ."

"Oh, hell, I know." He looked impatient and walked over to the railing and then back to us. "I know, but I should think you'd want to be there—right in it, I mean."

"Why?" Page asked him, looking up.

"Why?" He looked surprised. "Why, why so you can *do* something. So you don't just sit and look on while—while things like this are happening. My God, I'm getting sick of just looking on and waiting and never . . . Hell, I wasn't even old enough to get in the last war."

"That certainly was tough luck," Murray said. "My, my!"

"Oh, I know, you're cynical about it and I suppose you're right, but . . ."

"It's barely possible," Murray said.

"What is?"

"That we're right in being faintly cynical about it."

"Oh, I know it was all—all futile, but still . . ."

"But still?" Page said, softly.

"Well, it was an experience, wasn't it? It wasn't just waiting for things to happen. It was doing things."

"It was that."

"Well, that's what I mean. I want to get the real flavor of it. I want . . ."

"The flavor of dead meat?" Murray said. "You can get that in Chicago."

I looked at Johnny and then I looked up again at the sky. It was still blue and empty of clouds and in the silence that there was just now I might have been looking up at the blue sky near here a few years ago when I came here on my vacation. Or I might have been looking up at the blue sky above wheat fields that I used to see when I was young. Or I might have been looking up at the blue sky above what was left of a village whose name I have forgotten, near Soissons. That was also when I was young, although not as young. We had sat on the banks of the canal in the hazy sun-

shine of early spring and eaten *saucisson d'Arles* and drunk white wine—which, when I think of it now, seems a revolting combination, but which tasted very good then because we were young.

"But unfortunately," Page was saying to Johnny, "although they broke through the enemy line all right, someone had neglected to see that the reinforcements were there. In fact, the reinforcements were eighteen miles away still. It was a slight error in timing."

"Casualties?" Murray said, raising his eyebrows and looking bored.

Page gave a short laugh and waved his hand.

"Oh, some sixty or perhaps sixty-five thousand men."

"Negligible," Murray said.

Johnny shook his head, looking troubled.

"Of course that's terrible, but . . ."

"The Dardanelles was another neat piece of work," Page said. "And in Russia there weren't quite enough shoes to go round."

"All in all," Murray said airily, "it was a rather fascinating war. But then it's natural that it should be since it was the War-to-End-War."

"And to save Democracy," Page said. "Don't forget that."

"Sorry," Murray said. "It slipped my mind for a moment. But then this war is supposed to have something to do with Democracy too, isn't it?"

"Well, now in this case it's really . . .," Johnny began.

Page interrupted him, "What was the word again? Oh, yes: different."

Murray pointed up to the sky with one finger, looking solemn, and said, "The voice of the people is the voice of God."

We all laughed except Johnny. There was a moment's silence. A sound fell into the silence. It was the first sound that had come from the street or the land or the sky. We all looked up, listening to the faint distant throbbing of the planes, trying to see them in the intense clean blue of the sky.

Murray crouched down in his chair,

cowering, lifting one arm over his head.

"Please, God, I didn't mean it," he said.

Johnny didn't pay any attention to him, looking up into the sky, straining his eyes to see the planes.

The sound came nearer.

I looked from the sky to Johnny. The sun was shining in his face. If I had had a son he might have been about Johnny's age. I remembered when I was his age, looking up into the blue sky to see the first planes come over. They seemed hardly to move, hanging suspended up there in the round and empty sky. Only the changing tone of the sound showed that they were coming nearer. I envied the aviators then, running out, buckling their leather coats and their helmets, perhaps having a quick shot of liquor, jumping into their planes and roaring off, straight into the sky, leaving the earth behind them. They were all kids too. Most of them were even younger than Johnny. The younger they were the better the generals liked it, especially in the aviation.

Now the planes were almost over our heads. The air was no longer empty, but alive and trembling with the beating of their engines.

Johnny looked down at us for a second or two, then up again into the sky.

I saw his lips move, saying something, but I couldn't hear what it was above the sound of the planes.

I looked at the others and then we all looked at Johnny.

Gradually the noise moved away from us, becoming fainter as the planes neared the city.

Page yawned, lighted a cigarette and said, "Now the people will flock for shelter to the subways, under the impression that they're bombproof."

"Aren't they?" Johnny asked him, still following the flight of the planes.

Page pursed his lips, shaking his head, and drawled, "No-o."

"There are some nice pictures there too," Murray said. "And the museum makes a fine target. It's set in the middle of a park."

"But as our young friend here so aptly observed," Page said, "'This war is different.' So that makes everything all right."

"Well, it is different," Johnny said. "There are principles here."

"True, Johnny, true," Page said. "You have the long-range point of view. You . . ."

"Oh, hell, don't be so hardboiled," Johnny said. "Can't you take anything seriously?"

Page raised his eyebrows and looked at us and then back at Johnny.

"Don't . . . well, ideals mean something?" Johnny said. "Aren't there some things that are worth fighting for?"

"I don't know," Page said. "I'm not an idealist. So I'm really not in a position to know."

"You have to believe in *something*," Johnny said. "Don't you?"

Page nodded his head.

"Well, what do you believe in?" Johnny asked him.

"I believe . . ." Page began.

Johnny suddenly held up his hand.

"Listen!"

We all stood there for a few moments without moving. We heard the distant sound coming closer, not in the sky now, but on the earth. The sound of marching feet came closer, rhythmic, dull on the earth, then, gradually, nearer, harder, sharp and ringing on the cobbled street.

Johnny ran to the edge of the roof to look down. We followed him.

Schultz unscrewed the telescope-lens from his camera and began to take pictures of the men as they went past.

I watched them moving against the wall of the house across the street, their heads moving just below the crucifix that was still hanging on the wall, above the bed with the red-flowered counterpane. Now and again one of the men glanced up. Their faces were all more or less alike. They all looked tired. Except that they seemed more tired now, they looked like men that I had leaned up against bars with, drinking wine or beer or grappa or cedratine or applejack. They looked like men in whose houses I had slept. One of them reminded me of a man named Gus who was a carpenter in our town at home.

Johnny suddenly turned round, facing us. He looked from one to another of us, then he ran across the roof to the door that led down into the street.

"Hey, Johnny!" I called after him, but he paid no attention to me, not even turning round.

For a few seconds we heard his footsteps running down the stone stairs, then they were covered over and lost in the other footsteps that were marching down the narrow street.

We turned back and watched the men below until the last one of them was gone and the street was deserted once more. Then we sat down again, looking out toward the distant city and waiting for things to start happening.



I LIKE TO TEACH

BY BROOKS SHEPARD

WHEN I left manufacturing a number of years ago my professional and business friends were startled but loyal. Then, as the depression began to shell their foundations out from under them, they saw the academic campus as a sheltered valley in a bleak and tempestuous world. It was not so sheltered as they thought, but it looked it. And now, as their affairs are beginning to include income-tax blanks again, one or two have wondered when I would climb back on the band wagon.

I've no intention of climbing back. I like to teach.

Last Saturday a preparatory school senior came to me with his brow furrowed like the groin of an elephant. He asked: "Is there any test that will tell me whether I'm lazy or just plain dumb?"

I didn't know which he was save by hearsay, for I hadn't taught him. But we had become good friends in the dormitory and in my home, and so he had flung this question at me with all the amazing confidence of the friendly young. I asked him: "What brings this up?"

"Well, I want to go to Massachusetts Tech, and I can't tell whether I have brains enough to take it."

"Neither can I—yet. Talk about yourself." One had to know more than I knew; for a teacher's advice is occasionally taken, and may lead to fearful consequences. "Standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet" is a charming picture of the adolescent, and thrills me—as poetry; but it is rotten psychology, for the adolescent feet are

anything but reluctant; on signal, *any* signal, they race down the first path that opens to them, for race they must. Action is the essence of young living. I recall that I used to be punished by being made to sit still in a chair, and it nearly killed me.

So he talked about himself; told of his three wasted years in a poor high school, where he had oozed out from under the pressure of study because nobody in his school really had to work in order to pass. He dwelt at some length upon his ambition to study architecture at "Tech." What he wanted to know—very seriously—was whether he had *brains* enough to cope with the intellectual exactions of the school of his choice.

We conducted a joint investigation and found that he apparently had "brains" enough—if he could force himself to use them to capacity. But this answer to his problem is beside the point here, and is perhaps incorrect; for the technic of aptitude testing is still in its infancy, and the self-thwartings of adolescence—popularly grouped under the generic term "laziness"—have only begun to be explored. The point is that this teaching job places one, willy-nilly, in the position of guide, goad, and God, and that a teacher's life in the right sort of school is a continuum of absorbing human problems.

In this respect a teacher who has banged about a bit has of course a certain advantage over the man who has never been out of school, for he is likely to be less conventional toward the student who wants his advice; but any teacher has a rather mean

advantage over a mere parent because his classroom dominance gives him a certain spurious prestige. Classroom hours have to be business hours, and the teacher is, of necessity, the boss for forty-five minutes at a stretch. He demands and gets attention and chucks disturbers out with a flick of his thumb toward the door.

Supreme he sits; before the awful frown
That binds his brows the boldest eye goes down.

Indeed, as one of my hard-boiled friends remarked: "A lot of people are teaching simply because their job enables them to be God Almighty for five hours a day." A teacher's every classroom act exudes knowledge and authority, and his students feel instinctively that he really must know a terrific lot about things. All sorts of things. On my second day of teaching I was placed in charge of a "study hall"—a gregarious device which simplifies administration and ruins study—and was utterly appalled when a youngster brought me a thumping problem in French construction. By some miracle of memory I was able to solve it for him; then I said: "What in Heaven's name gave you the notion that I knew anything about French?"

"Why, a teacher's supposed to know about everything."

"Great Hat!" said I.

Yet this, as I discovered with more experience, is the attitude of the more innocent pupil toward his teacher—some pupils are a bit more shrewd—and it gives the teacher, as I have said, an absurd advantage over the parent—especially over the mother, who is likely to become a mere buzzing in the ear of her adolescent son because of her continual fretting over the niceties of civilized life, which he considers unworthy of the attention of an alert and modern mind. A charming and really civilized mother told me of one of her moments of stress. "Why is it," she asked her boy, "that you stand around when your father speaks to you, but pay no more attention to *me* than as if I were the hatrack?" He thought this over for a moment. "Well—I suppose it's

because I hear you talking all the time."

The teacher doesn't talk all the time; if he is any good he makes his students do the talking. But he is obviously The Man Who Knows Things; and if, outside the classroom he happens to be friendly, he is constantly hunted out for advice on careers, table manners, college choice, how to tell one's mother to go to hell in a nice way, how to learn to spell, whether to abide by the conventional code of sex morals, how to tie a dress tie, how to build a radio short-wave converter, and how to commit suicide without its hurting very much (I always recommend the shotgun-in-the-mouth method: "It makes a rotten mess, but *you* won't have to clean it up")—in short, the matters in which the adolescent of 1937 wants to be guided in order that he may be the Edison, the Don Juan, or the fondly remembered suicide, of 1950.

II

To be in the thick of this sort of problem is an experience in real living. The malleable castings I used to help make were really malleable, but they were pretty much alike—as much alike as we could possibly make them from the same pattern—and once they were pressed or walloped into shape they stayed put. And that was all. My shift from malleable castings to malleable humanity was in essence a shift from standardization to exploration. When I wavered between preparatory school and college teaching, Dr. Henry Canby wrote me that "the last two years of prep school are the *terra incognita* of education." That decided the matter. I knew of course that adolescent boys were not quite human; in fact, I had been one myself. I had read an article in HARPER's, by a bachelor, which proved that they were members of another species. I was told by an old, gentle, and lovable teacher of boys that "if you don't love 'em you'll hate 'em." But I was ready to take a chance; for I enjoy exploration.

And while I have found it true that the average adolescent boy is ignorant, indo-

lent, amorphous, half-baked, oversexed (one of his own species defined adolescence as "the interval between puberty and adultery"), over-emotional, and self-conscious as a parson on a binge—nevertheless, in the middle of this horrific thicket of bog and bramble in which he has hidden himself sits an honest, friendly, and simple creature, a little timid but with a friendly grin if you can come upon him without too great a crashing of branches. And he likes to come out of this Caliban's garden; under escort at first, but finally alone. The explorer can blaze the trail both ways—in and out. No two trails are alike; and that, for the explorer, is the fascination of it.

And these horrendous qualities I have mentioned—ignorance, self-consciousness, emotional instability, and the rest—can be the source of a great deal of pleasure. Not in one's own children of course; in my own two boys, both of them in preparatory school, I find these qualities insufferable, for they contrast so amazingly with the maturity, the intelligence, the calm poise, and the unflagging devotion to work which I am sure characterized my own adolescence. My parents didn't view it in just that light; but in those days parents didn't understand their children. Yet if science were to find a way to stamp out all the *gaucheries* of youth we should be robbed of an endless source of delight.

Take ignorance, for instance. I recall a vocabulary test in which I included that gruff word "martinet," shadowed down to us as an unhappy reminder of Louis XIV's harsh infantry officer. One boy guessed that a martinet was "a fledgling martin"; another fancied that it was "a small cocktail." Both boys were obviously smart—but obviously ignorant. Similarly, "parsimony" became "a pension paid to a retired parson"; "chastisement" was revealed as "sexual purity" and "husbandry" as "male dominance." Were an adult to commit these immense errors we should keep our smiles to ourselves; our feeling of superior knowledge is, after all, a pretty cheap satisfaction, and we know that a grown man cannot

be made to feel inferior without inflicting undeserved pain upon him. But the youngster has no delusions of grandeur. "You poor Neanderthal," says his teacher, affectionately, "look at your definition of 'chastisement'!" The meaning of the word is revealed, and the student's face twists into an incredulous grin. "Boy, was that a honey!" he exclaims.

But there is another sort of ignorance in which the teacher's pleasure is founded rather upon his sense of pathos than upon the fun he shares with his victims. In every preparatory school there appears once in a while—but not for very long—an attractive youngster whose entrance tests are doubtful, but whose awfulnesses may be due to poor previous schooling. He is genial and lovable and docile; he studies so late at night and so early in the morning that the school physician intervenes in the interest of his health; but it soon becomes evident that his mind is not of the sort called "scholastic," and he is presently routed to a trade school or to work, and the halls of learning know him no more. Four years ago I attempted to teach one of these backbones of the nation the rudiments of his mother tongue. He really wanted to learn; but it required a surgical operation, as Sydney Smith would have said, to get an idea well into George's understanding.

His *magnum opus* was an elaborately planned essay on "The Beaver." Everything was wrong about it, from his choice of subject to the blot of ink which he spilled on the outside after he had folded it and signed his name in the wrong place. Why George chose the Beaver as his subject I do not know; for he had never journeyed more than a few miles from his home, a large manufacturing center in which Beavers are rare. Perhaps his mind was running—if you could describe his mental operations by so active a verb—upon my rather poor but enthusiastic lecture on "Books as an Extension of Life," and felt dutifully that mere personal observation was hardly respectable enough for essay purposes.

I know for a fact that he had quite

missed the point of Stevenson's remark, so heartily endorsed by his classmates, that "books are a mighty bloodless substitute for life"; for when I asked him to comment on its truth he said eagerly, "Of course books don't have any blood!—except detective stories, of course." No, I had convinced him by some dreadful fluke that the only reputable knowledge was book knowledge; and George prepared to make a Literary Killing. It turned out to be a murder.

At any rate, when George put on his pajamas, hooked his bare feet round the forelegs of his desk chair, and prepared for his onslaught on the Beaver, he was packed so full of Unity, Coherence, and Emphasis that his skin fairly crackled. Having identified the Beaver as a rodent, he laboriously penned these remarkable lines: "The Beaver is very much like the animals that belong to the same family that he does, because they have the same characteristics that he does." Don't smile: George had worked out the Correct Relationship of Co-ordinate Clauses, indicated by "because" and correctly punctuated.

"They are very chubby little things," he went on, "weighing about forty pounds and sometimes as far up as fifty-five pounds, but the Tail makes the Beaver weigh a little more, because it is very thick and is from twelve to fifteen inches long."

The shrewd reader will ask: "Why not weigh Beaver and Tail together as a single organic unit?" Why? Because George had learned that statistics are likely to be dry, and must be tucked inconspicuously into one's text. But George was fascinated by the Beaver's separate tail, which he described as its "propeler and ruder"—(too bad, George; but after all, great men have spelt like sweeps: look at Martin Frobisher!)—and after a dutiful survey of the fur industry he returned to the Beaver's propeler and ruder in one of the finest antitheses I have ever encountered in my fairly extensive reading: "While the fur is a very important thing to the people, the tail is

a very important thing to the Beaver."

Yes; but what of the pathos of it? That child brought me his offering of husks with the quiet pride of a spaniel retrieving a partridge, and I learned later that he had wheedled his dormitory master into letting him sit up very late for two nights in order to write a "perfect" composition. He had employed in its preparation all the technical devices he knew. He knew them, for he had memorized their rules. Like so much modern music, his composition looked a lot better than it sounded, but all the structural tricks were there. Indeed, they ought to have been—he told me that his three pages of rounded childish script had cost him nine solid hours of labor. And his intelligence, if you please, was very close to the Great American Average—not enough to cope with the intellectual problems of a college preparatory school, utterly inadequate for the thinking required by a good college, but quite enough to vote, to secure a driver's license, to boost the census, to be intensely loyal or intensely hostile, and to organize for the good of his nation, his class, or his occupational group. Laugh that off if you can. And *during his adolescence* he was honest and affectionate and trusting, and could have been indoctrinated, by anybody he trusted, with any sort of "ism."

He tried very hard to think, but never quite succeeded. One day I read aloud "An Apology for Idlers," and George agreed with Stevenson that books obviously lacked blood—save detective stories. At the close of the class period one of his classmates eased up to my desk and asked me whether I believed that everybody should sit down every once in a while, like Stevenson, and just *think*.

"I'm not sure that I do," I said. "What brings this up?"

"Why, Lanky Lancaster and I had a long argument about it—not awfully long, that is; we were waiting for the 'Quiet Hour' bell to ring. And we were wondering whether people ought to sit down every so often and think. Well, we

decided that some people should and some shouldn't. Take George, for instance. You heard what he said about books being a bloodless substitute for life? Well, Lanky and I were talking about George. That guy thinks almost every night, and he gets so tangled up that when he wakes up in the morning even *he* knows he was wrong. Now Lanky and I don't believe that fellows like that ought to stop and think—they ought to just keep on going. So I told Lanky I'd speak to you about it."

III

The youngsters who are obviously "college material" provide another source of pleasure to the teacher. Consider Ralph: fifteen years old, very intelligent, and as unsophisticated as a newly laid egg. During a fortnight of dormitory rearrangements he lived in our home, studying a bit, practicing quietly but horribly on the ocarina, and gradually strewing his gaudy underwear about the Pink Bedroom until it looked—as Mr. Dooley said of the American language—as if it had been run over by a musical comedy. A school dinner-dance—his first—loomed ominously on Ralph's horizon; and so late one night, as I sat huddled over a stack of student themes, he appeared before me in an immense borrowed dress shirt, a borrowed wing collar, a pair of lewd crimson shorts, and one revolting purple sock, to ask if he might consult with my wife about certain matters of social usage. Yes, he knew that she had gone to bed, but he could see a light under her door, and it was very important. Some instinct had told him—correctly—that she could steer him more accurately than I through the quicksands of a Social Situation.

She laid down her book and donned a bed jacket, and I ushered him into the Presence, his collar in his hand and his enormous shirt flapping about his knees. "Either this shirt is too big," he said unhappily, "or this collar is too small." He drooped with weariness, for he had evidently struggled manfully—and not in

vain, for the borrowed finery had certainly lost much of its stiff arrogance. He had analyzed the situation correctly: the neckbands differed in their intentions by at least two inches. But by a miracle of overlapping and emergency button-holing the two garments were reconciled at the neck; the sleeves, she told him, could be shortened to-morrow.

"But there's still one more thing," said Ralph, doubtfully; "don't you think I'd better wear my ordinary clothes at the dinner and put these things on just before the dance? Of course, I'd get washed before dinner."

She appeared to consider this. "Well—most of the other boys will be wearing their dinner coats, and the girls will be dressed for the dance when they arrive; so it would be a sort of compliment to them if you were to dress up too."

"Yes," he said gloomily; "I thought of that. But I might *spill* something on this shirt!"

Now this isn't just young innocence, it is foresight a-borning. Human traits, both mental and æsthetic, are born with their eyes shut, like kittens; and when their eyes open they are for a time vaguely soft and amiable and half-seeing. Five years ago an amorphous boy with spectacles and a large nose (he is now the editor of a college literary magazine, with a personality as definite as Mr. Belloc's) defined the "atmosphere" of a book as "that which gives off feelings to the reader." I still prefer his definition to the one his text book so thoughtfully provided. It cuts through the barriers of speech.

The bright but unformed boy soon develops a sort of shrewdness—not a mature intelligence as yet, but what Dean Heermance, beloved of Princeton freshmen, describes as "a sort of low cunning." During my novitiate as a teacher I assigned to my sophomore students the job of analyzing a book which they were to read outside of the classroom, a book which I must approve, designed to wean them from *The Tantrums of Tarzan* and *Buck Rogers in Baluchistan*. Many years before, some earnest she-teacher had

designed and sold a printed form to guide students in the preparation of their "book reports"—a neat pamphlet with printed headings under which the pupil was to list and analyze the characters—"Which character did you admire most? Why?"—to outline the plot, and to set down all those details of literary vivisection which still send a shiver down the spines of us who have passed through the educational mill and yet retained our love of books. The pamphlet recalled to me a college entrance examination in which the question was asked "How did you study Milton?"—to which one candidate replied, "We looked up every word, and then the teacher explained away all the illusions."

Of these pamphlets our school-book store had a large supply; so I issued them to my sophomores, who examined them without unseemly exuberance. One boy said grimly, "What is this supposed to prove?" Glancing over it for the first time, I was not so sure myself. "I *think*," said I, "that it's supposed to prove to your teacher that you have actually read the book; but perhaps it's intended to test your Intellectual Power. Try it anyhow; we'll all learn something." Unfortunately I had overlooked a certain printed heading; a "vital" heading which embodied a precious thought; the pamphlet's topmost peak, bathed in a pure and virginal light. WHAT MORAL LESSON, it chanted, DID YOU DERIVE FROM READING THIS BOOK?

Now that particular group of boys, with an exception here and there, was of the type known in school circles as "of superior ability." Its few conscientious dumb-bunnies struggled dutifully to extract ethical values from the books they had chosen, and some of them achieved the impossible. Captain McWhirr's insensibility to shock, in Conrad's *Typhoon*, was triumphantly seized upon as a virtue to be cultivated; and George F. Babbitt became, incomprehensibly, the hero of a struggle between the Old Order and the New. To be sure, the boy who chose *Babbitt* was of the type known in educational circles as "hand-minded"—

that is to say, he had the tastes and the mentality of a Latvian plumber. But his more intellectual companions were less sure of their foundations.

One of them wrote tartly, "A moral principle I learned from this book was to love work. I can't do that, but it's a good moral principle, anyhow." Another, emerging from the bathos of Warwick Deeping's *Sorrell and Son*, was even more astringent: "I learned one valuable principle from this wretched book, and that is to lead one's children by good example. Although I have neither the inclination to lead children, nor any children to lead, I can see where the principle might help some parents." A third boy chose to read Francis Hackett's *Henry VIII*, which he borrowed from my library. An excellent teacher had fascinated him with English history, which he had added, with no sense of incongruity, to his two other hobbies—model airplanes and a young lady named (he thought) Mary Loo. When he reached the page entitled WHAT MORAL LESSON . . . ? he apparently summoned to his mind his teacher, the wayward King Henry, and his own common sense; and in the geometric center of the blank page he wrote, neatly and with adequate punctuation, "Oh, my God!"

He really ran no risk; for when a teacher's classes are decently small he deals with individual human beings, and they know it. He accompanies his students on hikes through snowdrifts and May blossoms, and he shares his waffles with them at nine o'clock of a Sunday morning. He and they live in an atmosphere of mutual respect and affection; he and they learn much from each other. He hears startling confessions that never reach the administrative office—and never need to; for in these moments of trust he can say the things that need to be said and be sure of an attentive audience. God help the teacher who cannot be as honest as his students in these moments of intimacy, and as silent as the sphinx afterward. He ought to be selling groundgridders. "The best that we can do for one another," says Froude in a

fragmentary study of education, "is to exchange our thoughts freely: and that, after all, is little."

So little is it that the low pay of teachers is perhaps a just reward for the small service they can render; yet so much, for the teacher who likes to teach, that the monthly salary check is merely the frosting on the cake. One of my teaching friends concluded a panegyric on the teaching profession with these words: "—and they give you a check every month, which makes it all seem so much nicer, somehow!" It would be silly to pretend that the man educated to good books, good music, and the thrill of travel is indifferent to the monthly check which alone can provide these things; the teacher of sophisticated tastes must do without the expensive things he longs to possess, and his wanderings stop well short of Xanadu and Samarkand. But his roof keeps off the rain; his family is fed and clothed; and with his students he dreams again the dreams of his boyhood, and the deepening wrinkles about his eyes and mouth are nothing but lies.

IV

I can see that at this point it must be made clear that I am not talking of what is called "progressive" education, with its emphasis upon "freedom" and "the release of individual powers." I know of course that there is a frightful lot of deadwood in the time-honored curriculum prescribed for us by the older colleges, and I am aware of the intellectual absurdity of artificial subject barriers and academic "credits" for courses toyed with, abandoned, and forgotten. In fact, I am doing something about it. But my own experience under the impacts of modern productive life convinces me that intellectual discipline is a necessary part of training for our sort of civilization—the kind of discipline which drives one to attack the uninteresting or unpleasant job with the full momentum of a mind inexorably driven—discipline applied first from without, then transferred to the stu-

dent himself as soon as he can take it over, and always merciless in its intellectual exactions. There are times when the weary teacher balks at forcing his students; there are other times, more frequent, when the long-suffering student's friendship wavers under the goad. But it never quite breaks. He will squirm, he will squeal, he will persist in offering you his second-best—but he will continue to share your morning waffles and to ask your advice in matters of love, suicide, and the handling of intransigent parents.

And at length perhaps he may quite suddenly grow up. Few boys grow up before they reach college, and some never grow up; but to a little handful of boys a startling change occurs during their last year or two of school. Here is a fragment from a twenty-page typewritten composition, written last year in a course with which I am experimenting:

"The distribution of energy within the universe is of course influenced by its shape—if a universe infinite in size can be said to have 'shape'."

The writer was seventeen years old. The afterthought and the words are his own, and this fragment typifies his attitude toward the facts listed in his six neat pages of lecture notes. Here at last the young mind has shaken off its swaddlings and is running freely and purposefully—not like a hound, which, as someone has recently pointed out, will spend an entire afternoon chasing a deer or a bag of anise seed with equal satisfaction; but like an animal perceptibly more discriminate and probably more important and certainly more interesting. *And it was by no coddling indulgence that this mind developed its tough fiber.*

"Progressive" education isn't new. Nearly twenty-three centuries ago, Plato wrote: "Do not train boys to learning by force and harshness, but direct them to it by what amuses their minds, so that you may the better discover with accuracy the peculiar bent of the genius of each." It seems to me that the key-word of Plato's sensible dictum is the verb translated as *amuses*. To amuse once meant to make

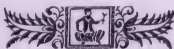
muse, or ponder; and it is quite possible to "amuse" the restless young mind with Latin, or mathematics, or English syntax without warping its individuality or cramping its style. I have seen it done repeatedly. For, with only a few genuine exceptions, the really good mind seems to be a generalized mind, able to cope with any sort of intellectual problem, and not unhappy in the process of coping.

To be sure, the young mind is reluctant to begin this process, and since the teacher is enormously interested in the subject he teaches he is a bit annoyed by the cheerful and unconcealed disdain with which each new batch of students regards this subject; but because he is enormously interested in students, he is amused by their gingerly efforts to handle the subject without becoming irrevocably smutched by it. For so long as education is compulsory—and I believe it should be, despite the difficulty of making it effective—so long as it is a matter of social or legal compulsion rather than of privilege, the less mature student will continue to learn as little as he can, and will glory in his resistance. I recall an incident from my childhood reading in which the little hero dazzled his classmates by a display of learning which led his gruff schoolmaster to step forward and shake him silently by the hand. Had such a scene occurred in my classroom I fear that the young hero's classmates would have ducked him in the hockey pond that afternoon for his soul's good—a social gesture as automatic as the psychologist's knee-jerk.

The teacher's business of course is to bring together his two loves—his students and his subject—as naturally and as amiably as possible; to introduce Minerva to the boys, as it were, and hope they will get along. The host's task is not easy, for Minerva wears spectacles and often speaks in riddles. "Not only is there an art in knowing a thing," wrote Cicero, "but also a certain art in teaching it."

The teacher's art is not really certain; perhaps by *quaedam ars* Cicero meant merely "a sort of knack." But in the exercise of this art or knack it is certain that the teacher finds one of his greatest pleasures and his chief justification. This does not mean that he never hankers, like young Arrowsmith, for the library or the laboratory, for the hermit's sound-proof cell, for meditation or concentration undisturbed by boys and bells. These respites of timeless solitude he must have or go mad; and such interludes the long school vacations provide—unless the goal of preferment drives him to pile up educational "credits" in some teachers' college. Yet when summer has restored his soul, he finds himself wanting his students again—if he really likes to teach.

I want to end by speaking of the pleasure a teacher finds in what he himself learns. It is in the intellectual pleasure of learning, I think, that his cup of joy spills over into his saucer. For here, among the inarticulate young, are the simple beginnings of all our mature traits, good and bad alike, isolated for study and virtually uninhibited. Just as in the study of economics one postulates the ideally simple situation of two or three able-bodied producers on a desert island, so in the study of human nature one would like to isolate traits in their simplest expression, unrestrained by adjustment to a complex society. It is precisely this laboratory situation which the adolescent boy provides. From him I have learned much about myself; and what I have learned has undermined a good deal of the quiet respect with which in the past I have been wont to view myself and my doings. "I'll be glad when I grow up," a youngster said to me the other day, "because then I can quit jittering about what other people think about me, and just do what I know is right." Still, there is a definite intellectual satisfaction in learning the truth, even about oneself, and this is not the least perquisite of the teacher's job.



ASSUMPTION

BY EDWARD WEISMILLER

I*T was as if I died: and everywhere
From earth, from thin, bright air,
Came stealthy creatures, silent and intent
On one last sacrament*

*For my submissive flesh; the mole arose
With quivering, earth-damp nose
And sought my eyes, and took them, that he too
Might learn what things I knew*

*Of colored earth and sky; and the fox came
Poised like a static flame
And leaned above me, and divined the flood
Of my responsive blood.*

*From its green thicket gloom a single thrush
Came to assume the hush
Of my still sentient ears, that it might share
The song I had of air,*

*And the slim deer broke softly from the wood
And came to me, and stood
Foreign and lovely. Then without a sound
My heart fell forth to ground:*

*And the fox, the mole, forsook all other part
And quarreled for this heart
That I had loved—that I had hoped to save
For a particular grave*

*Where I should sometime fall, and fallen, lie
Without sun, without sky:
With only this heart to speak like a cogent drum
When the sleek, soft mouths were dumb.*



STRAIGHTS AND FLUSHES

BY CARL CROW

THERE was one period of several months when anyone who visited my office in Shanghai would have found, in one of the inner rooms, a round cloth-covered table with chairs, cigarettes, and ash-trays, a pack of playing-cards, and some piles of neatly stacked poker chips. It looked very much like a layout for a friendly poker game, and that is exactly what it was. If the visitor had remained for any length of time he would, in all probability, have seen one of my Chinese staff come in and consult with me, and we should have gone to the table, called in two or three clerks to help us, shuffled the cards, counted out the chips, and played a few hands of poker with a good deal of Anglo-Chinese conversation. Then he would have seen us, apparently, go back to work again. The spectacle would have impressed any visitor as a very singular way for a reputable business office to be conducted.

As a matter of fact, we were hard at work on a very important commission when we were playing the few hands of poker, for we were preparing the Chinese rules for that great American game. We had just been employed to do this by an American manufacturer; for, by a curious coincidence, poker playing became popular in China about the same time that Americans and, to a lesser extent, Englishmen, went through a mild mah-jongg craze. I am not sure which was published first, poker rules in China or mah-jongg rules in English, but both appeared at about the same time.

We had just completed the work of

translating the United States Pharmacopoeia into Chinese, a task which had occupied several men for more than a year; beside that monumental undertaking the translation of the rules of poker appeared to be very simple. I told the manufacturer we should complete the work in a week and quoted a correspondingly low price for it. He was going to be in Shanghai for a fortnight and the plan was to have the translation completed and in the hands of the printer before he left. At the end of the week, I realized that we were confronted by a very difficult task—much more difficult than I had anticipated. There were no Chinese equivalents for what might be called the technical terms used in poker and we had to adapt old characters to new uses and then explain what they meant.

By the time the manufacturer left Shanghai we had made so little progress that we couldn't even guarantee when we should finish the work. He couldn't understand why there should be so much bother and delay about a matter which was as simple as a,b,c to him, as poker is to most Americans, including myself. I am sure he would have turned the work over to someone else if he had had time to make the arrangements; but he couldn't delay his sailing and so left us to muddle along with it.

Eventually our amateur poker players finished the translation and we followed the usual custom of giving the Chinese text to an outside translator to be put back into English for purposes of checking.

When re-translated into what is the mother tongue of poker no one could make head or tail of the rules. They would have applied to mah-jongg or parcheesi as readily as to poker. It was then that I set up the poker table as a laboratory and schoolroom, and became a teacher of the art of poker playing. We played as a part of our regular daily work, taking up one rule at a time and making sure that it was not only understood by the Chinese staff, but put into understandable Chinese before we went on to the next one. Naturally there was no money at stake, but I tried my best to win so as to give my pupils confidence that they were being taught by a master and so stir them up to put their hearts into the work. We went through straight poker and showdown first, and gradually progressed through jackpot, stud, seven-toed Pete, whisky poker, and all the other ramifications of the game. Our efforts to put the rules of the game into Chinese aroused the sympathetic interest of some of my fellow-Americans and they gave a lot of help. One of them insisted that the introduction of poker into China and its general adoption as an indoor sport would be a great civilizing influence, would serve to break down the provincialism of the people, and provide them with a common interest.

My volunteer helpers got so enthusiastic about the work that, toward the end, I was able to turn it all over to them and so maintain my usual decorum in my own private office. Six weeks after we had started the work they announced that the compilation was complete. A re-translation proved understandable and, with a few slight exceptions, entirely accurate. Then, as a final test, we selected five non-poker-playing Chinese for a laboratory experiment. We sat them at our poker table, gave them chips, cards, and copies of the rules, and watched anxiously while they struggled with the rules and put them into action. In order to make the test as effective and realistic as possible, I supplied them with chips which had a small cash value. We found a few ob-

scure points which required straightening out, but at length we were able to call the job complete and send the copy to the printers.

Few books ever published in China have had such a wide distribution as these rules of poker. The translation of President Wilson's speeches during the War had proved very popular, but never had anything like the popularity of these poker rules. The first edition consisted of one hundred thousand copies, and I don't know how many times it has been reprinted; for we sent the plates to the manufacturer at home and he printed subsequent editions there to be packed in cases of cards shipped to China. I understand, however, that the printings to date run to well over a million. My name and address appeared on the first edition and, although that was published almost twenty years ago, we still receive occasional letters enclosing postage stamps in payment for copies of the book. They have come from all parts of the Far East, from Peru, Jamaica, and Mauritius. The most recent request we received came a few months ago from a town on the edge of Tibet, giving the address of a Lama monastery.

The compilation of this book took so much time that we didn't make any money on it, so I must take a little credit to myself. I learned to play poker in Fort Worth and have always played the orthodox game. Like others of my generation, it has grieved me to see the debasement of the game which has been brought about through the influence of women players, such perversions as "spit in the ocean," "railroad," "one-eyed jack," and other games which allow the use of wild cards. My colleagues felt as I did, that a poker hand which might contain five aces was an abomination, and so we not only framed the rules so as to prevent anything of this sort, but incorporated a solemn warning against it. Our rules still constitute the standard authority in China, and, as a result, it is no exaggeration to say that the Chinese are the only people who play orthodox poker

as it was played in Texas thirty years ago.

It was this attempt to put more life and action into a game which needed no improvement that killed mah-jongg, which was, for a year or two, so popular in America and England. Like poker, mah-jongg is a game into which an infinite variety of changes may be introduced. But, as in poker, when new values are given to the tiles, the game becomes more one of chance and less one of skill, and human nature is such that people soon tire of a game in which when they win they must give the credit to luck and cannot enjoy the secret satisfaction of a belief that they have won by clever playing. Mah-jongg is a comparatively new game in China, having been invented by a Ningpo fisherman only three hundred years ago, but it has always been popular because, although luck plays a very large part in the game, the competent player is the one who will eventually win.

II

The translation of the rules of poker was the most difficult job of that sort we ever undertook, but when we began advertising automobiles we found plenty of trouble expressing terms in the Chinese language. Naturally, there were no Chinese names for the parts of cars and, in order to define them, it was necessary to devise some arbitrary combination of existing Chinese words or to put old words to new uses. This has had to be done with every new article introduced to China, and sometimes it has been very easy. For instance, a mortar is called a "frog gun" and an electric light is called "bottled moonlight," two perfectly descriptive phrases. As between "bottled moonlight" and "incandescent bulb" I would choose the "bottled moonlight" as one which at least has greater advertising possibilities and would lend itself to romance and to poetic phrases.

Automobiles had been in use in China for some time before anyone gave a thought to what Chinese names should be

given to the various parts; in fact, the whole problem was dumped on us when we took on the first automobile account of any size and started to get up Chinese press advertising and translate some catalogues. In our search for a glossary of Chinese automotive terminology, which we soon found did not exist, we ran across a very interesting *argot* which had been developed by the Shanghai chauffeurs. Many of them had started in life as carriage drivers; for it was perfectly natural that when the master replaced his carriage by an automobile, he should give the driver of his carriage an opportunity to learn to drive the new vehicle. As the art of driving cars was entirely unknown in China, a horse-carriage driver was as well prepared as anyone to learn it. In fact, he had one distinct advantage over others, because he did know the names of streets and the situation of the master's club, and was familiar with the two or three traffic rules which were adequate for sedan chairs, carriages, and rickshas. The new chauffeurs brought their stable language with them, with the result that various parts of the automobile were referred to in rich horsy terms, some of which were quite suitable for the stable, but would not look well in public print.

Then we found that the automobile mechanics had an entirely different set of terms, which were also curious, but at any rate were printable and gave us something we could start with. Their terminology smacked of the sea, because a lot of them had been recruited from the ranks of marine engineers on account of their ability to effect repairs. We felt quite encouraged over this, until a new complexity presented itself. The mechanics in different garages had each adopted their own Chinese terms, so before we could make any progress we had to make a collection of all the different terms in use in Shanghai, then select those which appeared to be the most suitable or have the widest currency.

Those first catalogues we got out were fairly intelligible in Shanghai, but when copies were sent to Hong-Kong, Tientsin,

and Hankow, the people there hadn't any idea what the text was about, and wouldn't have known that it was an automobile catalogue if it had not been for the illustrations. To give some idea of the confusion, we referred to gasoline as "steam oil," but in Tientsin it was known as "electric oil." We called a tire a "rubber tube," but in Peking it was called a "rubber band." There was some similarity in these terms, but when we came to such complicated matters as carburetors and gear shifts and differential there was absolutely no similarity in the terms used in different places. In each place the chauffeurs and mechanics had picked out names which were entirely different from those in use in Shanghai, and worse than that, the Chinese names of the cars we were advertising were different in every city where they were sold. Obviously, if we were going to do any business advertising cars to Chinese, which we eventually did, we should have to manage in some way to make the advertising message intelligible.

With that idea in view, we set to work on the compilation of a complete glossary, collecting from each center all the terms which were used locally. From these we threw out those which were ribald or obviously absurd, and then printed a glossary which contained a wide selection of terms. Copies of this were sent to everyone who was in any way interested in cars, and everyone who manifested the least interest in our project, and their opinion solicited as to the terms which were the most suitable. When we had collected all the opinions we could get, there being no one else to assume the responsibility, we made a final selection of the terms to be used and published a glossary which we referred to as "standard," and cajoled an indifferent association of car dealers into giving it their official endorsement. No one ever questioned this glossary, which was soon adopted by common consent, and so it has become the standard. The terms we selected are now found in all Chinese technical dictionaries.

The chauffeurs were not the only Chinese who developed an *argot* of their own; in fact, almost every occupation has an *argot* which cannot be understood by the uninitiated. Each craft thus becomes a kind of a masonic mystery with symbols and signs which enable fellow-craftsmen to communicate with one another without divulging to outsiders any hint of the subject under discussion. The story may be exaggerated, but it is said that the hundreds of stable boys and *mafoos* who are employed around the Shanghai Race Club speak a language which no one else can understand and use this as a means of levying tribute on the newcomer. When the foreign horse owner employs a new stable boy the latter is unable to perform his duties satisfactorily until he masters the *argot* of the other stable boys, and they charge him for the privilege, taking a percentage of his wages for the first few months. It is, in effect, an initiation fee which he must pay before he is admitted to the full privilege of the guild. Shopkeepers and their assistants have their own system of signs and slang which they find very useful. By a gesture or by the use of words which are meaningless to others the shopkeeper can tell his assistant to accept the price offered by the customer or to hold out for a higher figure.

III

Every foreigner who lives in China for any length of time must get a Chinese name for himself if he wants to have an identity among the Chinese, as he must have if he intends to do any business with them or meet them socially. It is probably unnecessary to explain that the Chinese is not an alphabetic language in which words are formed by a combination of letters, but that each word is a separate character in itself. The foreigner's business card is just as unintelligible to the average Chinese as the hieroglyphic on a Chinese business card would be to him. As there is no Chinese alphabet and as it is impossible to do more than approximate the sound of a foreign name by the

use of Chinese characters, the foreigner's name is usually an arbitrary selection. His name may be a simple one such as Smith or Jones, but his Chinese name will be something quite different. Furthermore, a hundred Smiths may, and probably will, have a hundred different names, for it is impossible to express the sound of that name with Chinese characters. The name selected depends on the caprice of the Chinese who selects it, and my experience is that when it comes to giving names to foreigners they are extremely capricious, not to say waggish. If you are fortunate enough to be named Lee or Washington the sound of your name can be expressed perfectly; but in the case of most names the sound gives little hint of the original.

For example, my official Chinese name is "Ko Lo" which is as close as they can get to Carl Crow. My name could be translated, but it was not expedient to do so because a crow is a bird of evil habits and ill repute. My simple four-letter Chinese name, which means "untiring energy," was given to me by a Chinese clerk in the American Consulate in Shanghai twenty-five years ago. I suspected him at the time of saddling me with a humorous name and often thought I saw suppressed smiles when I was introduced to Chinese, but it wasn't until I had worn the name for ten years or more that I found out how good the joke was. In my vanity I had assumed that the untiring energy referred to was that dynamic, driving energy that characterizes captains of industry and makes millionaires out of poor boys. My conscience hurt me a little when I reflected that I had never tried to live up to such a grand name, and then I found that, in my own mind, I had been living under an alias. My name does not refer to that kind of energy at all, but to the muscular energy necessary to push a wheelbarrow or pull a ricksha.

However, I am not so badly misnamed as some of my friends, who are simply top-heavy with such names as "Perpetual Virtue," "Ancient Sage," "Quiet and Discreet," "Always Temperate," and "Ad-

mired by Sages." These are really semblances of the titles formerly bestowed on deceased rulers. I prefer my name with its humble implications, for I would rather be a live ricksha coolie than a dead duke.

Not only the names of foreigners but the names of all foreign cities have to undergo these transformations and be christened anew in Chinese. In most cases the Chinese name is only an approximation of the sound of the "foreign" name, but in other cases it is descriptive. London is known simply as "British Capital." San Francisco is "Old Gold Hill," Honolulu is "Sandalwood Island." San Francisco was the focal point for early Chinese immigration, and the name was given it by the Chinese gold hunters. At about the same period the Hawaiian Islands provided China's supply of sandalwood. In Chinese songs San Francisco is known by the poetical name of "Market of the Three Barbarian Tribes," referring to the Americans, British, and Spanish who made up the greater part of the population of California in the Gold Rush days. Filipinos, on whom Chinese traders have waxed fat for several centuries, are known simply as "Luzon-Kwei" or Devils from the Island of Luzon. Every time we take on the advertising of a new brand our first task is to select a suitable Chinese name, and it is not an easy one. But no client ever understands either its importance or its difficulties. In fact, we usually have a troublesome time explaining to him that his brand, which is well known in many countries, has to be rechristened in China. The Chinese brand name must be simple, easily read, and yet so distinctive that it cannot be easily imitated or confused with other names. When we get a name which meets these requirements we have to make a test for ribaldry. China is a paradise of punsters, and the most sedate phrase may, by a simple change in tone, be turned into a ribald quip which will make the vulgar roar. This is something we have to guard against as we should the plague. We

have almost slipped once or twice, but so far have escaped.

Foreigners, except for the very few who are able to speak the language, find Chinese personal names very confusing and difficult to remember, and few bother to learn them. I don't suppose there is one foreigner out of fifty who has the faintest idea of the names of his personal servants, who are called boy, cook, coolie, amah, or gardener, as the case may be. In offices the foreign manager will know the names of the principal Chinese employees, but all the others are known merely as boy, shroff, or coolie. As there are more than one in each occupation they are given separate identities by means of numbers. The dean of the staff of office boys is known as No. 1 Boy and the next as No. 2 Boy, and so on down the line. This method of ranking people by number is so convenient that it has been generally adopted. Instead of referring to a man as general manager or president of a company, we call him the company's "number one." If in a conversation anywhere on the China Coast someone referred to the King of England's "No. 1 Boy," the allusion might be in doubtful taste, but everyone would understand that the Prime Minister was the person referred to.

IV

No matter what your official Chinese name may be, you will be known by one or more nicknames which will be given you by your servants and employees. Very few foreigners know what their servants call them, which is probably just as well. Chinese do not give nicknames to foreigners because they are foreigners, for it is a universal custom and almost every Chinese has a nickname. If a man with the family name of Wong should have survived the smallpox it is a foregone conclusion that he will be known as "Pock-Marked Wong," a name which he does not resent, because the good luck which is supposed to follow a recovery from smallpox more than compensates for any facial disfigurement which results. Any

physical disability or disfigurement will form the basis for a nickname and, in the absence of these, any peculiar mental characteristic. Chinese servants find it difficult to remember and to pronounce the names of foreigners and so resort to the simple expedient of referring to them by their street addresses. Thus my boy, when sending a message to one of my friends through another houseboy, does not refer to me by either my foreign or Chinese name, but as "No. 883 Connaught Road Master." This was all very simple before there were any apartment houses in Shanghai, but the latter have brought complications, for two or more of your friends may have the same address. Thus, when my wife is told that while she was out "Broadway Mansions missie" has telephoned her, she has to inquire which of the "missies" is referred to, and the boy explains that it is the "old missie." In point of years the "old missie" is by far the younger, but she has been a resident of Broadway Mansions longer than the other, and therefore takes the more honorable rank. The other nicknames which are given us are not so colorless. I happen to know only one of my Chinese nicknames. When I come out of the American Club in Shanghai, the doorman calls out: "Co Co."

The chauffeurs who are waiting for other lingering club members to go home repeat the call until my chauffeur hears it. It is not very dignified for an old and more or less respected resident to be hailed by the frivolous comic opera name of "Co Co," and I might object to it; but if I did, the only result would be that I should spend a lot of time waiting for my car. When it arrives, the doorman opens the door respectfully, I step into the car with dignity, and the chauffeur drives away. The doorman has only done his best to pronounce my name and has improved it by making it simpler and easier to recognize above the street noises.

Even in what you might call my "garage name" I do not fare so badly either, when it comes to a matter of dignity. One of the editors of the leading English lan-

guage paper is known to all the printers in the place as "Fat Rascal." He is undoubtedly fat, but his rascality appears to consist only in his insistence on clean proofs. One of our most illustrious citizens, who on a recent visit to London sat on the bench with the speaker of the House of Commons, is known by every ricksha coolie and taxicab driver in Shanghai as "Young Jelly Belly." Why this venerable old gentleman's name is prefixed by "Young" is because a predecessor was given the original name of "Jelly Belly," and, when the second pear-shaped man came along, the only logical thing to do was to give him junior rank.

Another old gentleman is known among the ricksha fraternity as "Twenty Cents," because no matter how long or

how short his ricksha ride may be, that is the amount he pays. The ricksha men who have a stand at his club all understand and enjoy this, for it introduces into his patronage a delightful element of chance. He may use the ricksha for only a few blocks and the puller is happy over the rich reward for his labor. On the other hand, the coolie may pull up tired and perspiring at the end of a trip from the Bund to the Race Club, and still get the conventional twenty cents. He is not happy about it, nor is he unhappy. It is just a turn of fate which has been against him and to-morrow he may have a luckier break, such as getting an American tourist who will pay him in U. S. currency, which, such as it is, is still more valuable than Chinese money.

NUR WER DIE SEHNSUCHT

BY GILBERT MAXWELL

ONCE in a tremulous summer lightly shattered
 As petals from the brief-lived climbing rose,
 He was a child who held that nothing mattered
 Saving the bloom of love in the time it grows.
 He was a child who gathered beside the creek
 The small-faced flowers rooted in spongy ground;
 Tight in a sweaty fist—the slow red bright in his cheek—
 He held the gift that he offered, not saying where it was found.

Now on a shadeless corner, where it is hot and loud
 With noise of cars and the newsboys' lusty cries,
 He leans in a doorway, shrewdly appraising the crowd,
 Through indolent lids that shield the search of his eyes.
 On August nights, with bad gin firing his veins,
 He walks alone in the sultry streets of the city.
 He has had his fill of the houses in shabby lanes,
 And the women who took him neither with love nor pity.
 In the late night he lies awake in his bed . . .
 The slow tears come—he wipes them away with his sleeves.
 He says the things nobody to him has said.
 He says to himself the things nobody believes.



THE TWO-FRANC PIECE

A STORY

BY ANDRÉ BIRABEAU

A YOUNG man bowed low to Gisèle. She turned toward her husband an eager little face:

"One more tango! Do you mind?"

He answered with anything but sharpness:

"Of course not, my dear."

He watched her trip lightly away, that Gisèle whose cup it took so little to fill. At that moment a page brought him the packet of cigarettes he had just ordered. He examined the change the boy handed him, for a tip. He picked out a two-franc piece. But before handing it back he looked at it a moment, a rather long moment, looked at his wife who was dancing now, looked again at the coin. Then he gave a wry little laugh, shrugged his shoulders, and said to me:

"A sudden reminder! That two-franc bit made me think of my grandfather."

"My father's father, that is. They said he had been in his day what used to be called a man about town. I had the greatest trouble to believe it because when I came into the world he was already in his armchair, with a big checked plaid over two gouty legs. Since he could not walk and his flat had become a world much too vast for him, he never came to dinner at our house or dropped in for a minute to hug us, as did my other grandfather. We went to his house to see him, on set days—the first Sunday of the month, Christmas Day, New Year's, Easter, his name-day, and July 24th,

which was his birthday. So the old man whom we knew only in his own home did not seem to us altogether a member of the family. At once a little less and a little more. We had for him less affection and more respect than for our other grandfather.

"For that matter, he was fond of us. I'm certain now that he went to much more trouble for us, my two brothers and me, than I made out then. By nature he was not very expansive, and suffering had stiffened him still more. A disciple of Voltaire, to boot. Of the two deep and bitter creases that marked the corners of his mouth, I fancy skepticism had graven one and pain the other. We had delicious meals at his house on the first Sunday of the month. When I say 'we' I mean all of us save him, for his gout cut him off from everything good. But like a Spartan he watched the savory dishes pass him by. He would say to us in that sarcastic voice that frightened us a little but in which there must have been a secret kindness:

"'Well, youngsters, are you hungry enough for anything?'"

"Finally, when the time came for us to leave, there were presents: for each one of us a toy and a bag of chocolates—in a bag they called a *danseuse*, I suppose because its gay open end tied up with ribbon made it look like a ballet-skirt.

"One year on the 24th of July he gave us the bag and the toy but kept us on a bit:

"Wait a minute, youngsters. That isn't all. Since they tell me you are good boys, you shall have something else. A nice two-franc piece for each of you."

"Two francs at that period of history—this is a pre-war yarn, alas, my friend—was quite a sum. Forty sous! For one sou treasures were to be had: a roll, a box of sweets, a picture paper. And my two brothers and I were young gentlemen in knickerbockers who were by no means accustomed to carry such fortunes in our pockets. We went away in bliss."

"But once at home, when we had already rifled our *danseuses* and littered a table with our toys, my brother Gaston suddenly let out a screech:

"'Ho! Look here! The two-franc bit! Grandpa's coin! It's bad!'"

"He was the eldest, Gaston. He was a year older than Marcel, two years older than I. He must then have been between seven and eight. In short he was one who knew things. He knew, for example, that in this world there are good coins and counterfeits; and he even knew how to tell one from the other. His science overwhelmed us:

"That money is made of lead. It's a different weight. And it feels slippery in your hand. The heads don't stick into your fingers. You'll see. Show me yours."

"To our horror they turned out to be lead too!"

"Our parents were not long in hearing about it. But what I'm going to tell you now I got from my father. He often told us the story afterward."

"Well, when they heard the news, Dad and Mother, they looked at each other with a certain surprise. An awkward surprise. What astounded them was that of the coins given us all three were counterfeits. One counterfeit, heaven knows, may slip in among other coins. But three? Three out of three!"

"I can see only one explanation," said Dad in embarrassment. "They were counterfeits put aside to keep them out of harm's way. He came across them again, and without paying attention—"

"Most unlikely! Your father has sharp eyes."

"All the same, you don't think he did it on purpose?"

"How do I know? Old men have such queer notions!"

"Not out of stinginess, at any rate. He gives them toys that cost more than two francs!"

"Yes, but for fun, perhaps—fun with a bit of a sting in it. He isn't so awfully soft-hearted, your father. . . ."

"Whereupon I suppose—without Dad's saying so—they had it out. However, the first Sunday of the next month came round; and before sitting down to table Mother—though not in our presence—went for my grandfather."

"Look here, Father," she said. "My husband doesn't want to mention it. I think he's too timid. But I don't believe in keeping back what's on your mind. The last time we were here, on your birthday, you gave the boys presents, among which were three two-franc pieces; but all three of them were counterfeits. What! You don't jump? So you knew it? Then why did you do it?"

"Grandfather smiled his Voltairean smile:

"In order to get a clear idea, my daughter. These children, my grandchildren, are very young. I am old. Therefore I shall not be able to watch them grow into men. And I should like to know what sort of men they will become. It would be like prolonging my life! So I had the idea of this experiment. Money, you see, nothing is more revealing than money. I believe that in knowing how each one of these little boys acted with his counterfeit coin I shall know what they may do later on. . . . As for Marcel, I know already. He was the one who put you on to it, wasn't he? To me he wrote right away: "Grandpa, you will have to give me another two-franc piece, because the one you gave me the other day is lead." So I see his future: a fellow who won't let his toes be stepped on! Now there are the other two. We shall examine them separately."

"They called in Gaston. And Gaston admitted, apparently not without a touch of brag, that in complicity with the cook he had passed off his coin to a tradesman.

" 'There we are!' smiled Grandfather. 'He will be a man of affairs.'

"It remained to interview me. And I, blushing, turning pale, lowering my eyes, had to confess what I had done with my coin. I hadn't done anything with it. I had counted on marvels from it, but now I knew that it was good for nothing. Every now and then I opened the drawer, I looked at it, and I felt badly. That was all.

"Grandfather put his hand on my drooping head, bent it back, and said (I still hear his voice, full of unexpected kindness and pity):

" 'Oh! This one—poor little chap!'

"He died a few years later. But from the day I'm telling you about—I'm certain of it now—his tone toward us changed. We were no longer that indeterminate trio, his small grandchildren. He saw in us the men we were going to be and he treated us accordingly. He was more to the point with Marcel, more ironic with Gaston, gentler with me. And as a matter of fact we became what he had guessed. Marcel is a captain of industry. He lets nobody tread on his toes. Gaston is in Parliament. He still passes counterfeits. And I . . . When they give me a coin that I thought good but that turns out to be bad, I don't try to get rid of it, I don't make a fuss, I—"

The sudden lift of his chin marked the return of his wife, that shallow and selfish Gisèle whom I knew to be a light woman, coming back from her dance.

ONE GENERATION TO ANOTHER

BY GRANVILLE PAUL SMITH

SHALL we pass on to you a perfect world,
 You who come after? Would you have the stain
 Sponged out and all the bloody standards furled,
 With conflict closed forever? What is gain
 If loss be cancelled and its hazard sheathed?
 No testament of peace is ours, but this:
 The exquisite uncertainty bequeathed
 To quickened flesh, alive to smite or kiss.
 Yes, we have failed, as you yourselves will fail,
 As hosts have failed, before we yet awoke
 From nerveless sleep to strive without avail
 And weep to see Utopia's ruins smoke.
 Reproach us not, who leave you moth and rust,
 And shining visions in a cloud of dust.



FIXED PRICES AND THE CONSUMER

BY SAUL NELSON

FROM the signing of the first "Code of Fair Competition" until the Supreme Court ended its eventful existence, N.R.A. was consistently assailed as a price-fixing and price-raising agency. Representatives of consuming interests unceasingly protested every effort of trade associations and code authorities to restrict free competition. The cry that the codes permitted exploitation of the consumer was raised almost daily in the public press and on the floors of Congress.

The passing of N.R.A. brought an end to these protests—but not to the efforts of business men to fix prices to their liking. The past two years have witnessed a series of co-ordinated attacks on the pockets of the consumers of the nation through the enactment of legislation far more drastic than N.R.A. ever thought to countenance. These attacks have achieved a high degree of success, not only in the State and national legislatures, but in the courts. Yet the consumer, who objected so vigorously to the far milder controls of N.R.A., has remained singularly complacent, seemingly quite unaware of the resultant threat to his purse. A wave of resale price-maintenance laws has swept the country with no important voice raised on behalf of the public and in virtually complete disregard of its interest; almost the only objection has come from a few business groups immediately affected.

Perhaps this complacency reflects merely the narcotic effect of a sudden expansion of income following a long pe-

riod of straitened circumstances. Perhaps the public is too bewildered by a series of legislative excursions into unfamiliar fields to realize the implications of any one member of the series and to measure its probable effect on the family purse. Undoubtedly too, the propaganda for these measures has been conducted with great skill and the consumer lulled into believing that they were attacks directed not at him, but at his old enemy, predatory monopoly.

Within the past few months revolutionary changes have occurred in the legal status of retail pricing practices. The Supreme Court, in two important decisions, upheld the validity of resale price-maintenance laws enacted by the California and Illinois legislatures. As a result, legal doubts which had impaired the effectiveness of similar laws in a score of States were removed. The New York State Court of Appeals, which had previously held a like statute unconstitutional, reversed its position. Active pressure is being exercised to bring other States into line. Congress is considering a law permitting resale price maintenance in interstate commerce and would probably have already approved it had not the President intervened. Nevertheless, the public is still largely unaware of the content of these laws, of the forces leading to their enactment, or of its stake in the issue.

Briefly explained, resale price maintenance is a system of marketing under which the manufacturer of trade-marked merchandise is permitted to dictate the

price at which his product may be resold by the retailer. This is accomplished, under the California Fair Trade Law, by legalizing price-maintenance contracts between manufacturers and retailers. These contracts specify the price at which trade-marked articles may be resold to the consumer and require the retailer to abide by such prices. Moreover, the law prohibits any retailer within the State, *whether or not he is party to such a contract*, from selling the item in question at less than the price prescribed. For example, to take advantage of the law, the manufacturer of a branded tooth paste may contract with a few retailers to maintain a minimum price of fifty cents a tube; all retailers within the State are thereupon automatically bound to observe that price. A similar principle has been incorporated in most other State price-maintenance laws, including the New York Feld-Crawford Act.

Obviously, these laws entrust the manufacturer with an enormous amount of economic power and a wide license to raise prices. The much criticized N.R.A. consistently declined to approve codes which would permit price maintenance. Virtually the only departure from this rule was the Booksellers' Code, in which the protection of the small bookshop was deemed to present an urgent social and cultural problem; even here price maintenance was granted under carefully restricted conditions and for limited periods. A special provision was inserted for the express purpose of protecting the consumer against price manipulation by the manufacturer.

In contrast to the caution displayed by N.R.A., the State price-maintenance laws impose no check on the free discretion of the manufacturer. In only one State—Wisconsin—has any effort been made to shield the consumer against unwarranted price increases. In all the other States both the language of the laws and the debates preceding their enactment reveal the pious assumption that competition among rival manufacturers will constitute an automatic check on contract

prices. Thus the California statute is restricted to articles in "fair and open competition with commodities of the same general class produced by others."

II

Since the protection of the consumer depends entirely on the soundness of this assumption, it is necessary to examine it carefully. Will competition between trade-marked articles, under a system of price maintenance, act as a check on price increases?

In large measure the answer depends on the extent to which competition can, in fact, exist among rival branded merchandise. Few economists would place great faith in such protection. After all, the very purpose of a manufacturer in placing a brand on his product and in advertising it is to identify it to the consumer as somehow different from the product of other manufacturers. He thereby removes it, to a greater or lesser extent, from competition with like articles.

In purchasing a branded commodity the consumer pays something for the article itself and something additional for the label. It is common knowledge that trade-marked sugar or milk or gasoline commands a premium over the identical unbranded product. The New York State Milk Control Act required the well-known producers to charge more than their smaller rivals in order to permit the latter to compete. The Supreme Court upheld this specific recognition of the inequality between trade-marked and unbranded articles. The size of the premium varies with the character of the commodity, the repute of the producer, and the skill of the advertising campaign. For some standardized and easily identifiable items it is necessarily narrow; for others it may be very wide.

One striking case may be cited. The Federal Trade Commission recently revealed that the Goodyear Tire Company was distributing through Sears Roebuck, under a private brand, tires of quality ab-

solutely identical with those sold under its own trade name. Moreover, the Commission hearings disclosed that most consumers were aware of this condition. Nevertheless, the Goodyear "All Weather" tire was able to command a substantially higher price than the equivalent Sears "All State" brand. Can it be maintained that any real competition existed between these two items?

The more difficult it is for the consumer to form an intelligent appraisal of the relative merits of rival commodities on the market, the less effective is the check which competition can exert on price increases. The drug trade has been in the forefront of the demand for price maintenance. It is largely through its endeavor that these laws have been passed. It is in connection with drugs and cosmetics that price-maintenance contracts are most frequent. Yet it is precisely in the drug trade that the competitive check is least likely to prove effective.

The average consumer is incapable of comparing the relative merits of rival tooth pastes, cough medicines, or cosmetics. He must be guided in his choice either by advertising claims or by the advice of his druggist. The cost of producing these commodities is characteristically only a small fraction of their sales price. The price spread among absolutely or virtually identical trademarked articles may be very large; that between branded and unbranded items even larger. How, for example, can the average buyer learn that phenobarbital and luminal are identical although the former sells for one-third the price of the latter?

Furthermore, where a degree of consumer demand for a specific brand has been attained, it will take more than a price increase to cause a switch to a rival brand. The buyer may resent having to pay more for his favorite tooth paste or face powder; but he is more likely to continue purchasing it than to try something else.

The key to the problem is the retail druggist. Obviously, the effectiveness of

advertising claims is dependent, in large part, on his co-operation. His praise may enhance the value of advertised articles very materially; his "just as good" may as seriously detract. The uninformed buyer will give due weight to his opinions in the utterly mysterious field of drugs and cosmetics. His favorable recommendation of continued purchase may readily outweigh the resentment of consumers against a price increase.

It is at just this point that price maintenance enters the picture. To the retailer the vital feature of price maintenance is the guarantee of a minimum markup. It is clearly to his self-interest to push the sale of those articles on which the guaranteed margin is largest. Assuming equal wholesale prices on equivalent commodities, those whose price to the consumer is highest will yield him most profit. If, then, the effect of competition would be to hold down price increases, that effect will be appreciably counteracted by the retailer's interest in higher margins. Of the two, it is conceivable that the latter may be more important.

Under such circumstances competition among manufacturers would take a curious turn, clearly detrimental to the interests of the consumer. Instead of seeking to woo the public favor directly through the offer of lower prices or improved quality, producers will seek to expand sales indirectly by enlisting the co-operation of the retailer through the guarantee of more and more attractive margins. Competition, instead of tending to hold prices down, will actually operate to increase them.

There is ample evidence that this is no mere possibility. The retail druggists of California have for some time exerted every form of pressure to induce manufacturers to issue price-maintenance contracts and to establish markups they considered adequate. The State association has consistently urged retailers to favor price-maintaining manufacturers and to refuse to deal with others. One case is of especial interest as illustrating the effectiveness of the process. A well-

known dentrifice and antiseptic manufacturer, late in 1934, was at last persuaded to fix retail prices for his products. During July, 1935, fearing that such price fixing violated the federal anti-trust laws, the manufacturer rashly canceled his price-maintenance contracts. The local associations immediately urged a boycott of this producer's merchandise. The trade complied so successfully that the company again began issuing contracts despite its previously expressed belief that such action was illegal. Furthermore, according to an N.R.A. report, it contributed a check of twenty-five thousand dollars to the National Association of Retail Druggists to be used in its fight for price-maintenance legislation, presumably as a peace offering.

The associations did not of course confine their efforts to "persuading" manufacturers to sign contracts, but also strove to insure that the terms of these contracts should be satisfactory. Thus the California association contemptuously referred to an item whose contract price of 39 cents was a mere 17 per cent over its wholesale price of $33\frac{1}{3}$ cents as a "gold brick." With respect to this article it urged, "Let's throw it in the ash can, even though it might be accompanied by a fair trade contract."

What terms then do the retail associations consider satisfactory? The executive secretary of the National Association of Retail Druggists, speaking before the 1935 annual convention, demanded that manufacturers allow the dealer a $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent margin of profit. In other words, if the wholesale price of an article is 50 cents, the association considers a retail contract price of less than 75 cents negligently. A $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent markup, be it noted, means that the retailer's gross profit is 50 per cent of his invoice cost.

It is pertinent to examine this demand in the light of the experience of the trade during 1929. During that boom year the average total expenses for all drug stores, including an allowance for the proprietors' services, was only 27 per cent of sales. Since this is an average figure, it is obvi-

ous that many drug stores operated at substantially lower margins. Moreover, trade-marked articles naturally have a more rapid turnover and require less sales effort and sales expense than unbranded items. Their markup was undoubtedly lower than the average for all commodities handled. It is clearly apparent, therefore, that the secretary of the association was demanding a far higher margin, *on every item handled and for every store*, than had prevailed during 1929. Moreover, it must be remembered that large buyers such as chain stores regularly buy their supplies much more cheaply than smaller independents; yet their retail price can be no lower. Hence, if a manufacturer fixes the retail price of an item at a level which will yield the independent a $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent margin, the profit to the chain will be substantially greater.

If the association is reasonably successful in enforcing this policy, the aggregate loss to the consumer may be tremendous. It may be contended that the makers of these laws did not imagine that retailers would band together to dictate a minimum margin as a condition of their handling merchandise. Such, however, is their inevitable result.

III

The certainty that price maintenance will raise prices very materially is far from being the only objection to it. Resale price maintenance is a rigid form of price control that can make no adjustment to meet the varying needs of different groups of consumers or of different types of stores. Its philosophy contemplates a uniform price for all, not just a minimum above which individual retailers may adjust their prices to meet the varying needs of their clientele. In so far as any specific trade-marked product is concerned, there can be no price competition among retailers. The price in the neighborhood store can be no lower than that in the Fifth Avenue shop.

What appeal then can a store in an inferior location make to attract custom-

ers? Suppose, that as so frequently happens, a merchant seeks to reduce his cost of business by paying lower rent, by using cheaper fixtures, or by operating on a strictly cash-and-carry basis. Despite the fact that such a retailer may sustain far lower overhead costs than one who conducts his business in the orthodox manner, he is prevented from translating these savings into lower prices to the consumer. Yet there are millions of purchasers who are perfectly willing to walk a few steps out of their way, to overlook an unattractive store interior, to pay cash, and to carry away their purchases in order to save a few cents. Moreover, for a very large proportion of these consumers, the ability to save in this manner may be of great moment. Often it may constitute the difference between a balanced and an unbalanced family budget, or between purchasing or going without desired articles.

A system of price maintenance will greatly reduce the incentive for the individual retailer to seek new means of cutting costs, since no part of the resultant saving may be used to attract new trade through lower prices. The public will be deprived of any chance of profiting by new and desirable technics of doing business developed by enterprising merchants. Thus some retailers have reduced overhead by concentrating on a few fast-moving items. A number of automotive supply dealers, for example, handle only standard parts for the Ford, Plymouth, and Chevrolet. Because of the great demand for these items and their rapid turnover, these dealers' costs of doing business are substantially less than those of the full-line merchant and their prices proportionately lower. This appears to be an entirely logical and desirable step; there is no valid reason for requiring the Ford owner to pay part of the overhead required in handling parts for the Cadillac. Similar developments have occurred in other trades; thus many drug stores and cosmetic shops concentrate their attention on a few popular items. But if prices may be fixed by the

manufacturer, and if his policy may be largely influenced by the full-line dealer, this technic becomes futile and the consumer again suffers.

Price maintenance may readily shift competition from clean-cut channels to devious methods of gaining the favor of the consumer. Most of the laws now in effect govern only price but ignore other conditions of sale. Consequently, retailers will be free to offer the purchaser premiums, prizes, and gifts in lieu of the prohibited open price cuts.

Some of the more recent laws, and the version currently being advocated by the National Retail Druggists Association, seek to prevent such practices by prescribing conformity with "conditions of sale" as well as with price. It is doubtful, however, whether evasion can be thus prevented. N.R.A. experience showed clearly that business men are exceedingly ingenious in avoiding the dead level to which price-fixing restrictions tend to force them. A thousand and one methods of granting indirect price concessions were devised under N.R.A. Thus one automobile dealer was accused of cutting prices below the fixed code minimum because he purchased six suits from a tailor to whom he had sold a car. (The dealer argued in defense that he always bought suits in half-dozen lots.)

The history of the retail drug code affords similar curious episodes. Thus, according to an N.R.A. report, "one retailer, to the annoyance of his competitors, offered absolutely free to the first 500 women entering his store on a certain date, a box of cleaning tissues." In another case a druggist complained to N.R.A. that a competitor had adopted the foul tactics of employing a psychic medium and offering free readings to customers who purchased 50 cents worth of merchandise. According to the same N.R.A. report:

Thrifty (the complainant) demanded permission to meet the intolerable competition. It turned out that Thrifty was right; one of the Owl Drug stores had hired a spiritualist and put her in a booth in the store where she

told the fortunes of all who purchased 50 cents or a dollar's worth of merchandise. . . . When the local code authority complained of the practice, the Owl store made each customer pay one cent extra for his psychic reading.

Under resale price maintenance similar escape devices will undoubtedly be developed. Unfortunately, all such schemes have the effect of substituting for a definite price cut, which the customer wants and can measure, some substitute of uncertain value which he can usually well forego.

IV

Despite all these objections, advocates of resale price maintenance contend that it is absolutely essential in order to protect the small independent retailer against the predatory tactics of chains and department stores. Much of the propaganda has been very cleverly directed toward convincing the public that these laws are designed to prevent monopoly; to protect the little fellow against price cutting by the business giant. The consumer's sympathy has been enlisted for a new struggle against corporate bigness and for the preservation of small enterprise.

However, the facts fail to conform with this simple picture. In the drug trade, which has been most instrumental in securing the adoption of these laws, in particular, the larger chains joined the majority of independents in the drive for price maintenance. It is true that earlier in their history these chains had conducted price-cutting campaigns. By 1933, however, their position in the trade had become so well established that they could abandon the aggressive price policy which they had used to expand their business initially.

A totally new group of price-cutters gained prominence during the depression. Most of these were independent stores, though they included a number of small chains. These retailers sought to operate at a low overhead by choosing cheap locations, such as middle-of-the-block sites instead of the traditional cor-

ners. They used inexpensive fixtures; in California their preference for pine shelving gained them the title "pine board stores." They often concentrated on popular items with rapid turnover. They featured an aggressive price-cutting policy, made possible by these economies.

As a result, not only the traditional independents but also the established chains objected. N.R.A. code negotiations found these chains aligned with the proponents of price fixing. This was entirely logical. Having succeeded in acquiring sufficient prestige to render price cutting unnecessary, they resented the use by others of the price policy which had so materially assisted them in their early growth. The pine board stores, on the other hand, had to continue a low price policy to survive. In the drug trade, at least, the issue is not one of the independent versus the chain. Instead, the major chains have joined the orthodox independents in a fight upon other independents and smaller chains. Predatory monopoly or corporate bigness are distinctly not involved in the controversy.

Moreover, the large chains, and the large department stores as well, may gain very materially from price maintenance. Because of their size, they are all able to market merchandise under their private brands. If the price on nationally advertised merchandise is fixed, they can still advertise a low-price policy by offering these private brands at attractive prices. They may—and have—pointed to the difference between the price at which they are offering these private brands and the fixed price of national brands as an effective advertising argument. Such a course can readily be followed by the "big fellow," against whom price maintenance is supposedly directed. The small retailer whom it is claimed it is to protect has no such escape.

It may be contended that this argument has overstressed conditions in the drug trade and ignored those in other lines of business. However, such emphasis is entirely fair in view of the fact that this trade is by far the most vigorous, and al-

most the sole, advocate of resale price maintenance. Were it not for the efforts of the drug associations few, if any, price-maintenance laws would have been adopted. Moreover, drugs and cosmetics have comprised the overwhelming bulk of articles for which price-maintenance contracts have been issued. In New York State, for example, as of April 4, 1937, 36 drug and cosmetic manufacturers had issued resale price contracts, covering 1,000 items. In addition, prices were fixed for 150 liquor items by 26 manufacturers. For *all other products*, only 8 producers had signed contracts, applying to only 27 commodities. Thus, about 80 per cent of the items covered were drugs and cosmetics and 97½ per cent were either drugs, cosmetics, or liquors.


The advocates of resale price maintenance insist that it is necessary to curb the use of the "loss leader." There is no space here to discuss at any length the economics of the "loss leader." It may be pointed out, however, that the name is usually a misnomer; that most loss leaders are not sold at a loss; that they are almost always priced above their invoice cost so that a gross profit is reaped on their sales; and that they often yield a quite satisfactory net profit. Their basic characteristic is the acceptance of a less than normal "markup," a practice hardly objectionable as such.

In some cases, of course, loss-leader tactics become accentuated. There is no intention here to deny that cases of abuse of the leader exist or that such tactics are undesirable and oppressive to the small merchant. Such practices are, however, far less widespread than most

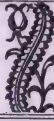
proponents of resale price maintenance claim.

However, granting that price cutting is sometimes carried to undesirable lengths, does this warrant the rigid system of price fixing which price maintenance contemplates? There is a curious school of thought among some business men that favors the virtually complete elimination of price competition. Price cutting in any form is considered destructive and branded as an unfair means of competition. Under the N.R.A. this opinion was frequently voiced. Complete price uniformity was advocated. From the ashes of vulgar price competition, a newer and somehow finer competitive technic would arise, based entirely on quality and service. Merchants depending on price appeal, unequipped to vie in quality or service, would be forced to retire from the field and to leave it to their "ethical" competitors. The possibility of the existence of a large class of consumers who are willing to sacrifice perfection of quality or elaborateness of service for a mere low price was either ignored or dismissed as irrelevant.

Resale price-maintenance accords essentially with this philosophy. Pointing to the evil of the loss leader and exaggerating its frequency and importance, it proposes to prohibit entirely price competition among retailers. The remedy seems somewhat more drastic than the disease warrants. For sporadic cases of underpricing it proposes to substitute a universal policy of over-pricing. The interests of the great body of consumers are completely ignored in the struggle of opposing groups of retailers for advantage.



The Lion's Mouth



I AM A PRODUCT OF CHILD LABOR

BY WALLACE IRWIN

AMONG my sadder recollections I cherish the memory of myself, a boy of six, musing along a snowy mining camp road, pausing now and then to count and recount the animal crackers I had just stolen from a box outside Mr. Taggart's corner grocery. There were only three animals left; I had just finished the fourth one, a lion. My mouth was opening for a sweet little camel when my mother sprang out from somewhere and asked a number of unanswerable questions, as only a woman can, and with a ruthless conclusion: I had been dipping into Mr. Taggart's stock, and if I knew what was good for me I'd march straight back with a nickel and a proper apology.

My mother furnished the nickel, and on the way to Mr. Taggart's she outlined her homemade economic law. Animal crackers are not born to be the whim of every passing boy. They are serious animals, the stern product of brains and patience and business integrity. There are no free animal crackers in the world—and if there were, what good would they do to anybody? You work for what you get, and that's what keeps our planet from spinning off its axis and colliding with every wanton comet in the sky.

So we paid Mr. Taggart and said we were sorry. Mr. Taggart, not to be outdone in commercial honesty, gave me a bonus of six extra crackers. It was quite an occasion.

In Leadville, Colorado, when I was a boy, child labor laws were as yet undreamed of, and the National Youth Movement lay sleeping in the womb of time. There was no compulsory education, hence no lively interest in the al-

phabets which now adorn our fecund bureaucracy. The fittest survived, and our death rate, all things considered, was remarkably low. When we found a silver mine we flourished; when we lost one it was the business of the whole darned family to go to work.

Any adult who has ever tried to make a small boy weed a lawn realizes why child labor, from the standpoint of the taskmaster, is an economic fizzle. Put young Elmer among the dandelions and contain yourself, if you can, through the duration of a one-boy sitdown strike. Slavery was abolished, I sometimes think, out of kindness to the nerve-racked overseer. . . .

Be that as it may, my brother and I became child laborers at an early age. For emotion's sake I should like to picture us as a pair of wan-eyed little wage-serfs who never learned how to play as other children do. As a matter of fact, we took our martyrdom all too casually. There were no lawns in Leadville, hence no weeds to dwarf our imaginations at the beginning. Neither were there cotton mills or coal mines. There was just the big, frozen out-of-doors, offering a variety of roads to fortune.

It was an adventure. Adventure to go hollering through the street, past the sleepy dance-halls and the especially wicked Texas Star Saloon, with the glad shout, "Hya, Held-Democrat!" and splendid improvisations about the horrible murder on Friar Hill. Sometimes at night I awake in a pleasant sweat; I've been dreaming of the morning when I passed the wicked Texas Star. The janitor had been sweeping out, and in the gutter, at the top of a beery sawdust pile, I caught the gleam of a bright new dime. I searched. More dimes, several nickels,

and one luscious quarter, dropped by the carefree Keno players. A double handful . . . queer how these visions of quick fortune haunt our dreams into middle age!

Getting up at 4 A.M. was not so good, especially in sub-zero weather when you had to fold a hundred or so *Herald-Democrats* and pack them on a mountain pony before you followed the frosty news-route around mountain trails. I hope the National Child Welfare people won't hear about that crime against youth. Perhaps I sentimentalize the past too much; but it seems to me, from where I sit, that I had rather a bully time, once I was out of bed and on my shaggy little horse. It gave me a sense of power, knowing that I could earn a little money and be privileged to make a nuisance of myself by hitting cabin doors with hard-rolled hunks of morning news.

My father's silver mine turned out to be solid granite, so he mortgaged something and bought a dairy herd. That was capitalism minus capital. The early rising Irwins were at it again at 4 A.M., doing about what all farmers do when they can't afford a hired man. Milking was over, breakfast was over by sunrise, and the happy boy who didn't have to deliver milk took out Nigger, the black broncho—saddled or unsaddled—to drive the cows out to the open mesa where the bunch-grass stood four hands high. I dread to think what Madam Secretary Perkins would say if she heard of the shockingly long working day imposed upon a small boy back in the late '80's.

But that was high romance. You never quite knew how poor bossie would behave when she came in contact with the wild and wicked range-cattle frequenting those parts. We were right in the way of long-horned, thundering herds which leathery cowboys brought in from the Southwest in a leisurely, grazing march toward vaguely distant slaughter-houses. At the sight of so much untamed beef my dairy cows would forget their mild occupation, elevate their tails, and gambol like spring lambs, in a dozen di-

rections, every one for herself. The cowboys were always considerate of my ladies in distress; they never failed to cut them out and drive them back to me. I was grateful to the cowboy who gave me a revolver. The cylinder was missing and the barrel was slightly out of plumb, but it had an elegant ivory handle, carved to look somewhat like a fat lady's leg.

I was a wage-slave. Somehow, during those long summer days I managed to read every book in the house, and all that I could borrow—books like *The Count of Monte Cristo*, *Hamlet*, *The Arabian Nights' Entertainment*, *Paradise Lost*. If we had been blessed with a National Recreational Library I might have found something more worth while. But we had to take the fat with the lean up in Leadville.

When we moved to Denver I got my first taste of ideal youth, as reflected in free education. I was thirteen, and a benevolent school-board clapped me into the third grade. I still shudder to think of myself, a stalwart young man with a bass voice, singing "Twenty Little Chick-a-dees" among my squeaky classmates, some of whom came only to my knees. My mother laid siege to the superintendent of schools and finally informed him that I could quote more Shakespeare than he could—a very feminine way of going at it; but if she hadn't spoken up, maybe I'd still be in the third grade, singing the same song. I was in high school at the beginning of the next term.

The educational part was simple enough. Simple enough too the odd jobs that came along—legging it over newspaper routes, stoking furnaces, acting as clerk-janitor in a most delightfully curious hotel. Then there were the "pickle farms." Technically the pickle is a freshman cucumber, and in those Arcadian days a boy could earn a dime every time he picked a peck of pickles. All you had to do was push a Standard Oil can along a ten-acre row, fill it gradually, and forget your backache in a hazy dream of future prosperity.

I was too busy to do much extra-cur-

ricular work. I only found time to play a little football, take singing lessons from Paul Whiteman's father, perfect my penny-ante, organize a male quartette, yell myself hoarse in oratorical contests, fall in love, and discover several new ways of torturing Papa Herman, our sorely tried superintendent.

I grew plump on it; not at all the ideal example of child labor's miseries. At graduation exercises I wore a charming cutaway coat, loaned for the occasion by my fashionable Uncle Joe. When I was about half through reading the class poem, one of my uncle's stylish front buttons gave way, much to the appreciation of my audience.

All this brings me up to my eighteenth year, past the age of state-controlled leisure; according to our current gauge of manhood, I was ripe for another resting spell in some handy government bureau. But I was spoiled for that. I had gone to work too soon. I had missed the culture of Federal kindergartens and knew not the sunshine of a careless childhood. I was nothing more than the Boy with the Hoe, dull brother to the fatted calf. I had never been a ward of the state, and I had learned everything backward, upside down.

But, darn it all, you can't shake off a bad habit acquired in childhood. Work's a pernicious drug; you can't shake off the craving once it's saddled on you. I was pretty callow too and didn't know where to apply for a pension. My wasted years, you see, had robbed me of a healthy industrial point of view. I had a morbid notion that the only way to get money is to earn it.

I went to Cripple Creek with the idea of making a small stake to start me in college. I found something to do in an assay office, weighing other people's gold, pounding cupels, and pushing coke into a furnace. Slave-wage, fifty dollars a month. This took half my day, and the other half I squandered with pick and shovel, among Belgian laborers on a road-job. I'm not sure that this was any harder work than boondoggling; but

boondoggling wasn't invented then, so I never got a chance to try it.

In shame I admit that I bought my own ticket from Cripple Creek to Palo Alto and invested the balance of my earnings in what a Stanford freshman needed in those days: a hand-me-down suit, a small library of textbooks, a briar pipe and a pair of Gibson-girl sofa pillows. Then I became a child laborer again.

Mowing faculty lawns, thirty cents an hour; shooting biscuits in the community dining room, three squares a day; tutoring the rich but dumb for what you could get out of them after their poker debts were paid; hauling trunks for co-eds at two bits a trunk. If there were any scholarships at Stanford at the turn of the nineteenth century I wasn't bright enough to find them. Some of the self-supporting—keener minds than I—gathered chicken-feed as correspondents for the San Francisco dailies. My grandest achievement in the realm of intellect was a bit of Elizabethan doggerel which got me the poetry prize, twenty-five dollars.

Regard the self-supporting student of my day, paying for education with the sweat of his brow and the skin of his knuckles. Socially our little group of strugglers wouldn't do at all. Between us and the better fraternities stood the wall of mutual contempt. We were a rude, unpampered lot, hairy behind the ears. In scholarship and athletics we ranked average well, or better. Sometimes we borrowed dress suits and featured ourselves at the big dances, but usually we stayed on the side-lines and guyed the show. Some of us wrote the college plays, many of us edited the undergraduate publications. We were virile, busy nonconformists, and before we were done with it most of the student activities fell under our control.

In vacations I made one with a group of student-hoboes—"bindlestiffs" I think a professional would have called us, for we carried blankets and enough light groceries to see us through. For cigarettes we rolled our own; for festivals we

drank the light beer of the country—when we could pay for it. Up and down the Santa Clara Valley lay the rich fruit farms, golden apricots and purple prunes, ripening for the harvest. We worked as a crew, carrying buckets of fruit from the orchards to the drying sheds, splitting the apricots for their bath of sun, dipping prunes into kettles of hot lye-water. When we were tired we refreshed ourselves with a Stanford yell and sped up again. This was teamwork. This was competition. This was fun.

We worked the Japs off the place; we worked ourselves out of a job. When the pay-off man came round he was rather glad to see us go, I think, for we never went to bed very early, and the nights were riotous with our campfire reunions. But as we sauntered away for two weeks of hay-baling before the fall registration, no rancher ever complained that we hadn't earned our money.

So much for the old-style self-supporting student, working for his degree in Hard Knox College. Times have changed, as we all seem to realize, and an enlightened Federal Government has awakened, a little late, to the fact that youth must be served—on a silver platter. They may be right, at that. I'm no snob. I'm broad enough to concede that many a young man who has been hatched in a government-heated incubator, who has been politically sheltered from a life of industry and officially instructed how to do nothing whatsoever for himself, may still muddle through to the top of the heap. He may gain confidence in middle age and succeed, not so much because of his upbringing, as through a certain natural cussedness. He may even go far and become America's next dictator.

Should I consider going to college to-day, I'm not at all sure that I should go at it in the hit-or-miss-sink-or-swim fashion of 1896. Perhaps I would wait a while until our National Department of Education finds a cabinet seat and self-support is abolished by law. I clearly realize that a serious-minded student can find more profitable things to do with

his time than shearing lawns or tossing buckwheat cakes. For instance, he can go to the movies. The selfmade man is too prone to pass out good advice with his flagon of vintage Scotch: "I had to stand the gaff, and see what a man it made of me." That homily is older than the Rollo Books, and partly founded on fact. Witness John Keats, witness Henry Ford. They sucked adversity from the nursing bottle—and it developed into dragon's blood.

Without examining my statistics, I am inclined to believe that the odds are in favor of the baby hustler and the child laborer provided that they are not the factory product. Occasionally they develop into successful gunmen and racketeers. Or sink into obscurity; because neither experience nor education can make a rich brain out of a poor one. Occasionally too, the home-made individualist gets a bit too rugged and lands in jail. I have not encountered the latter type among my work-trained classmates. But I can name at least two who floated through our college years on the bright waters of leisure and wrecked themselves disastrously upon their first voyage into the puffy winds of a real world. Possibly they went wrong because they had never had a chance—a chance to work for what they got, and learn to like it.

Roughly counting over Stanford undergraduates within a radius of the nineteenth century's last ten years, I wonder how the self-supporting students, or the semi-self-supporting, or those who learned humble work in their fathers' backyards came out in the wash. Well, one of them became President of the United States, another Secretary of the Interior; there are two college presidents, a world-famed bank president, maybe twenty successful journalists, at least six writers of national caliber, a United States senator, a Hollywood producer, a number of California's leading politicians, a solid phalanx of extra-able professional men in law, medicine, and education.

That shouldn't mean anything to-day,

for human nature, they tell me, has changed. I turned on the radio the other night and listened in on a young people's open debate, subject: Youth Control. Upspoke a co-ed voice, the shriek of a young guillotine, "What Youth demands is *security!*" I heard you the first time, darling, and was inclined to think that what Youth demands in your case is sex appeal.

IN PRAISE OF POISON

BY MAJOR W. F. KERNAN

DURING the past decade there has been such a violent crusade against the use of chemicals in war, and such horrible word-pictures have been painted of the wholesale annihilation of millions of men, women, and children in supposedly possible poison-gas raids on our cities that the public has come to believe that ordeal by battle means a backwash of deadly vapors in living room and nursery. It is high time that a few cold facts about the military possibilities of poison gas be set forth that the public be disabused of its superstitious terrors.

To begin with, it would be to the highest degree irrational to use lethal gas against a city, and any general who undertook such an operation would be guilty of violating the principle of economy of effort. In the first place, the outlay in chemical munitions and planes to transport them would be enormous. In the second place, the effect achieved, even granting the most fortunate conjunction of circumstances, would be negligible. To demonstrate the truth of these statements, it is only necessary to point out certain characteristics of the war chemicals that have thus far escaped the attention of the alarmists.

The deadly war gases, like the deadly sins, are seven: mustard, Lewisite, phosgene, diphosgene, chlorine, chlorpicrin, ethyl dichlorarsine. They sound formidable and they are formidable. But even in the hands of a modern Holofernes none of them could be used with any success against a city whose inhabitants had

enough horse sense to "come in out of the rain." The reason is that the efficiency of a gas as a weapon does not depend solely on its theoretical, or laboratory, toxicity. It has to do with three other factors: its volatility, the strength of its open-air concentrations, and the length of time its victims are exposed to it.

From a theoretical standpoint, the most malignant gas is hydrocyanic acid. It is a direct nerve poison which destroys the power of the body to use oxygen, and the Earl of Halsbury recently caused a terrific uproar in the tabloid press by his statement that one small bomb filled with it would wipe out a city like New York. But hydrocyanic acid has never been considered seriously by the war chemists. Its volatility is so high that if used in the open air it dissipates before its effects can be felt. Therefore all military text-books list it, along with carbon monoxide and the cacodyls, as "impracticable."

From a practical military standpoint, the most malignant gas is mustard (dichlorethyl sulphide). This chemical is a lachrymator or tear gas, a vesicant or skin-burner, and a pulmonary irritant of such power that five milligrams quickly inhaled will cause death. But mustard is the least volatile of all the gases. Its boiling point is so extremely high (443° F.) that at ordinary temperatures it is not a gas at all but a liquid whose vapor pressure is .06 mm., or 300 times lower than that of water. In fact, at 68° F. only 1/2 ounce of it can be vaporized in 1000 cubic meters of air. Therefore mustard cannot be held in the air in high lethal concentrations. This means that its poisonous exhalations will not penetrate a gas mask or a closed room and that its danger areas do not extend beyond the immediate neighborhood of the shell- or bomb-burst.

During the World War 12,000 tons of mustard were hurled across No Man's Land, mostly in the form of "Yellow Cross" gas-shell. The Allies used it as well as the Central Powers; and on all Fronts, including the Russian, 7000 men were slain by it—a death-toll 1/5 as large

as that caused by automobile accidents in this country in 1936. In other words, with 31 nations engaged, 12,000,000 men in the trenches, the gas-mask in its infancy and international law in the discard, it still took over one and one-half tons of this "king of the war gases" to kill one man. With these figures to guide him, the most illogical alarmist should be able to compute how many one-ton bombing planes would be required to "mustardize" the population of a steel and concrete city.

A highly toxic chemical is known whose volatility is midway between the extremes indicated by hydrocyanic acid and mustard. I refer to the compound, trichlormethyl chloroformate or diphosgene, which was first used by the Germans at Verdun in February, 1916.

Diphosgene is a powerful lung irritant with a vapor pressure of 10.2 mm. which permits vaporization at the rate of 120 ounces per 1000 cubic feet of air. German chemists rate its deadliness ten times higher than the Americans, but it is safe to say that it is lethal in concentrations as low as one-half milligram per liter of air. At any rate, diphosgene satisfies all tactical requirements demanded of a war gas of medium volatility and high toxicity. The question then arises whether it could be employed successfully for the aerial bombing of cities. And here again the answer is, "No!"

The war chemists differ on many things but they all agree that in order to attack a large area with gas the ground must be covered with a toxic cloud whose density approximates 15 grams per square meter. To build up such a cloud with diphosgene would require, for a city like Boston, 3000 bombing planes; and even if so many could be procured—which is extremely doubtful—little would be accomplished in the way of damage except that wrought by shell fragments. What I mean is that Bostonians who went into their homes or offices and closed all doors and windows would be safe enough from the purely chemical elements of the bombardment. At the end of an hour the gas cloud would have disappeared and business or pleas-

ure might be resumed as usual. For 30 minutes is the average open-air "persistence" of chemicals of the diphosgene type.

But all of the deadly war chemicals may be listed under one or another of the three types which I have considered. That is why the foremost British authority, Major General C. H. Foulkes (who was chief of the British Gas Service during the World War) writes as follows:

I do not believe that gas in bombs or in the form of a spray would inflict anything like as much loss of life as high explosives . . . the conditions in a town are very different from those on the battlefield. Houses for instance, if their occupants can be taught to use them properly, can be made tolerably safe places for refuge against gas.

This opinion is confirmed by the German chemist, Dr. Julius Meyer, whose recently published book, *Der Gaskampf*, makes it clear that "the many-times-discussed idea of a great city suddenly enveloped in a gas cloud of sufficiently high concentration laid down by airplanes is not practicable at present." We conclude, therefore, that judged by purely military standards, the chemical weapons are not suitable for the slaying of civilians.

The seven lethal gases which I have named may be classified in various ways. Lewisite, like mustard, is a vesicant and lung irritant of low volatility. These two are "persistent" agents and armies use them to protect their flanks or to deny important terrain to an invader. Phosgene and chlorine are highly volatile, injure only when inhaled, and have an average open-air persistency of twenty minutes. Chlorpicrin and ethyl dichlorarsine are of medium volatility and are often employed as "harassing" agents to force the removal of gas masks and lower the enemy's morale. There are also many other military chemicals such as screening smokes (white phosphorus and hexachlorethane), tear gases (bromacetone and chloracetophenone), vomiting gases (Adamsite and diphenyl chlorarsine), all of whose effects are merely temporary. However, whether the war chemist catalogues these agents according

to their volatility or their physiological action, whether he rates them as persistent or non-persistent, as lung irritants, vesicants, or sternutators, he is always talking the language of tactics, not of civic holocaust.

For the truth is that if we can somehow be brought to look at the chemical agents dispassionately, if their use in war can be considered apart from fear, ignorance, and pseudo-science, it becomes immediately apparent that gas, even in its most virulent form, is the most rational as well as the most humane weapon ever employed on the battlefield. It is also—and this should certainly be of interest to the advocates of strict neutrality—the only weapon in the arsenal of Mars which can truly be called “defensive.”

When the Germans loosed their chlorine cloud at Ypres in April 1915, a wail of indignation at this gratuitous *Schrecklichkeit* of the unspeakable Hun went up from the four corners of the earth. No one suspected that a revolution had taken place in tactics which closely resembled the introduction of chloroform to surgery. Yet this was exactly what had happened.

Observe that up to this time the ancient and honorable profession of arms had simply been a specialization of man's tool-making and tool-using instincts. The art of war started with blow and counter-blow between lusty savages armed with clubs, developed into the thrust and riposte of the swordsman, and then wound up in a Gargantuan bout of missile throwing in which the prize went to the owners of the heaviest cannon—until along came chlorine, smelling of the Pit of Eblis, and so astounding the cannon-minded humanitarians that they have done nothing since but cry like Hamlet, “This is miching mallecho and means mischief.”

Something of the same sort had happened in the 16th Century when gunpowder began to turn the tide of battle against the armored shock-troops of Francis I. In fact, the Chevalier Bayard was so incensed at the unchivalrous

technic of the Spanish fusileers that he swore to hang them all as soon as he could lay them by the heels. Nor is there any doubt that to this good knight *sans peur et sans reproche* it was infinitely more humane to carve an enemy with a sword or skewer him with a lance than to riddle him with slugs from a foul-smelling harquebuss. To your dyed-in-the-wool conservative *mores* always means morals, and whatever has the force of tradition behind it is bound to be considered reasonable, right, and proper.

However, the rational object of war is neither to kill the enemy nor to destroy his towns and cities. It is rather to crush his belligerent will and make him cease from troubling and sue for peace. Hence to break up his formations, to deny him ground for an offensive advance (“In war, it is always necessary to advance”—*Foch*), above all and beyond all to demoralize him (“In war, the moral factor is to the physical factor as three is to one”—*Napoleon*), is to discover the formula for victory and peace.

The chemical weapon satisfies these conditions admirably. A commander with a well-organized gas brigade, while screening his own movements in smoke, can limit his opponent's power of movement and tie him down with persistent agents like mustard; he can tame his offensive ambitions with a whiff of phosgene and wear down his resistance with chlorpicrin. Out of the most up-and-coming regiment of hostile shock-troops, he can draw some conditioned reflexes that would make Ivan Pavlov gasp with astonishment. In short, if he knows his job, a gas-minded general can soon instill a sense of frustration into the most relentless enemy who pins his faith on the traditional tactics of “reeking tube and iron shard.”

For of what use are the fire-control instruments of the artillery to observers who cannot see for the bitter tears that halogen brings to the most optimistic eye? What advantage has a well-sited Browning over a 14th Century crossbow when the machine gunner is helpless with nausea and

the corporal is thinking, between spasms, of home and the box of soda behind the kitchen stove? Where is the infantry platoon that can deliver accurate fire in a chlorine cloud, the general who can write an understandable field order six hours after having sat in a pool of Lewisite, the telephone operator who can transmit a message correctly with an arsenic molecule in his larynx? Where is the daredevil cavalry officer or leather-breeched mule-skinner who will undertake to lead a column through an area well sprayed with mustard? If you know the answers to these questions you will know that the war chemicals are like a set of fine instruments specially forged for an expert hand. But the purpose of these instruments is not to kill but to paralyze the enemy's power of killing.

In war it is axiomatic that the greatest drain on the enemy's fighting strength lies not in the deaths but in the battle casualties inflicted on him. That this is true is due not only to the moral effect involved but also to the fact that it takes four sound men to evacuate and care for one man wounded in action. Hence a weapon which removes large numbers of hostile effectives from the front while decreasing enormously (in proportion to other weapons) the ratio of killed to wounded, deserves serious consideration by the humanitarian as well as by the tactician. The evidence of official records proves that gas is such a weapon.


The Report of the American Surgeon General for the period of our participation in the World War shows that American casualties from weapons other than gas were 187,586, of whom 46,449 died—a ratio of one death to every four men wounded. On the other hand, our gas casualties were 74,779 of whom only 1400 died, or one in fifty. The British figures, considering the length of time they were engaged in gas warfare, are even more impressive. Out of 2,978,674 casualties due

to cannon, machine guns, rifles and hand-grenades, the deaths were 885,060 or about 30 per cent, whereas out of 180,981 evacuated because of gas injuries only 3.35 per cent died.


Gas is humane as well as revolutionary because its deadliness is ten to twelve times less than that of the ordinary gun-powder-driven projectile. But gas is rational as well as humane because its object is to loosen the enemy's grip on engines of war whose destructive potential is *incalculable*. When a 30-caliber machine gun begins its staccato oratory, when a 155-mm shell commences its journey, no one knows what is going to happen at the business end of the trajectory. You may kill a hundred men and wound as many more, or you may simply stir up the dust in the next township and take the roof off a Gothic church; but the main point is: you don't know. It is impossible to predict the effect of a high-explosive projectile on a human target. The use of gas will remove this element of incalculability from war.

While paralyzing the enemy's arms, legs, vocal cords, and trigger fingers and obscuring his vision, the commander of the future will be able to make a fairly accurate estimate of the extent and scope of his own effort. He will not need to tear up a whole county and eviscerate a thousand men in order to take a ridge or hold an escarpment. He can choose a means that is more exactly proportioned to the end in view. For in the war gases he possesses a set of instruments whose tactical impacts can be predetermined. But to make a constant of the act of force, which has always been the most tragic variable in the tragic business of battle, is to secure the re-entry of humanity and reason to war.

That is why poison gas is the most humane of military weapons and at present the most irrationally feared and denounced of them.



The Easy Chair



GETTYSBURG

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

THE government has done a good job at Gettysburg. The park area is neat and quiet, lawns and roads ameliorate the chaos of several hundred monuments and several thousand regimental markers, a decent unaggressiveness is enforced on the guides. Souvenir stands are held to the unavoidable minimum and there are no sideshows. The place is seemly; it has a gravity in keeping with the dignity of great events.

The National Cemetery seems a small place to hold so many hundred graves, but the shrubbery is ordered and discreet, the two monuments are severely simple, and an impressiveness that will not be quelled quietly lays hold of you. The wide stone arcs above the known dead, the small stones of unidentified graves, the markers that chart the battle lines in the burial place of those who fought on them evoke the deepest emotions. On other plaques by the side of the drive a quite bad poem acquires a sudden validity:

On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

It is bad poetry but, in the presence of that bivouac, you realize that it is true. Its small, clean tinkle will have a meaning for you hereafter that it did not have before, but it is of course lost in the organ tones of the great poetry spoken at the dedication. You do not need to read the Address, which is carved on the monument, for it is an almost oppressive

rhythm in your mind, among the evergreens that frame the spot where it was delivered. A paradox in logic, it was set in the paradox of war, but, nevertheless, the highest meaning of American life found expression in those words and has not found it a second time. The nation has not done ignobly by its setting and occasion, and part of the strange exaltation that one carries away from the Cemetery is a realization that republics do, after all, remember.

One must probe deep to explain the fascination that the battlefield has for the hundreds of thousands who visit it every year. At the surface is the fact that this battle, unlike most, was simple and can be clearly seen. From either of the two famous ridges, or from Culp's Hill or Round Top, you can reconstruct with startling clarity the decisive actions and most of the lesser ones of the three days' fighting. He would have a sluggish imagination indeed who could stand in the Peach Orchard, the Wheat Field, or Devil's Den, or on Little Round Top, or at the Angle without an overwhelming realization of the will, the agony, and the lives that were spent in trying to seize and to defend them. Here tilled land and pasture and woodland were suddenly so precious that no amount of blood shed to purchase them was too high a price. The stupendous drama of war wakes round you, though the cannons are antiques now, though the grass is untrodden, and no thunder rolls across the fields.

It is a drama greatly composed, for the battle develops as a fine artist might have imagined it, with the swift change and interchange of fortune, the arcs of achievement and frustration crossing and retracing each other, the will to take and the will to hold rising in a steady and all but intolerable equipoise, all at the extremity of human effort and all gathering centrally toward the last assault, the climax in which so much was lost and so much more won. It is all in sight here, from either ridge, so that the throat dries and the pulse pounds as if one could indeed see them coming on. And this drama, the spectator knows, is not fictitious, not actors running and shouting under a painted sky; when the curtain falls these dead men do not rise and walk offstage.

Yet if it were only drama, even the white-hot, actual drama of war, Gettysburg would not draw its hundreds of thousands. For those schooled in the history or the design of war there is more technical splendor in Chancellorsville, more irony in Shiloh, more obstinate incandescence in Chickamauga, more hypnotic horror in the Wilderness. Nor, even with seventy-four years between, could the visitor so soon lose his realization of the thousands dead or dying round him, the screams by night, the fetor of rotting flesh. The horror of the event is lost in its significance, and the last argument as well of republics as of kings here comes into justification. Whether the prophecy in Lincoln's words teaches it or whether the knowledge comes by inheritance or divination, the public knows, against the dogmas of historians, that Gettysburg was the decisive action of the war. And, no matter how dogma may dissent, stressing the two years that followed it, it was just that. From ridge to ridge, on the three July days, the issue of the Civil War was decided here, and so the future course of the American people, and so the pattern of Western civilization.

Here, compressed into three days of desire, struggle, and agony, are the sequences of events, the impacts of force and consequence, the calculus of cause

following upon cause by which the undetermined was determined, the doubt resolved, the scaffold of the future built. However obscured or unrecognized, there must be present in everyone who visits Gettysburg the wish to stand where the unprecipitated came out of solution into crystallization and the egg was fertilized of which the future was born, where all might have gone otherwise but what now exists was established instead, where what we have come to be was shaped. In this way the battle rises from drama to destiny. One sees chaos, flux, chance, and the unknowable come into the discipline of the determined.

Yet to catch a glimpse in men and nations of the force that shapes the embryo's bones and curves the bough of a tree in the appointed balance is not the deepest desire stirring in the visitor to Gettysburg. Even if you believe that, with this battle settled as it was, history acquired a better logic and that a vast and crippling paradox at the nation's core was resolved forever—even then you have not explored the full fascination. For if the battle compresses the process of destiny into three days, it also focusses the searching spotlight of war on the process by which men move toward a desired end. War is a concentrated action of men, a social action in quintessence, with men nerved to their maximum capability and many of the accessory and inconsequent factors weakened or removed altogether. The process shows clear; and at Gettysburg you can see more of it than elsewhere.

With Lee in Pennsylvania, it was certain that the armies would fight. Both were perfected instruments—as nearly perfected, that is, as the instruments of human action ever are. They were composed of veteran troops, hardened by campaigning, picked over and selected, forged in the habit and experience of combat—as good armies as war has ever seen. But the Army of Northern Virginia, Lee's army, had been recently reorganized, so that its staff work was not facile and many of its organizations must fight under commanders unused to their

individualities; and the Army of the Potomac, Meade's, had suffered the shock of a change in the high command while it was actually marching to the foreseen but unknown battle. In war, as in politics or business or the management of social dreams, it was also impossible to annul the friction and attrition of personality in the subordinate commanders. Longstreet's understanding of the campaign was different from Lee's and his understanding of the battle was to be different; Ewell was what he had grown to be and not what logic required him to be; Lee's mathematics assigned to Stuart a function which Stuart's mind and heart prevented him from serving. And Meade's understanding of his instrument and the work it was to be employed in made some of his subordinates ride toward the battle in a conviction of defeat.

The armies felt toward each other, tentatively, fumblingly, the general directions known but the specific objective not only unknown but nonexistent. That they must fight was certain but when or where was not, and in fact they met before either of the commanders meant them to and fought on ground that neither of them would have chosen. Time and place were determined by the development of events, could not have been anticipated by any forecast or calculation, and, though implicit in the actions under way, were beyond plan or control.

In war, as in politics or banking, strategy consists of generalizing the theoretically desirable thing. But when strategy ends and tactics begin war passes from the speculative and theoretical to a body of knowledge more exact and of principles more solidly grounded in experience than anything with which either government or commerce can work. It approaches the conditions of a craft, even a science. From a corporal to a general, from a squad to an army, what to do in battle, why to do it, and how to do it are clearly known—always within the conditions set by what is possible, by the morale and capacity of the troops, the terrain,

and the dictation of the circumstances immediately at hand. A battle is a planned action toward a clearly stated goal, by means of specialized instruments, in accordance with an established technique.

Well, strategy passed into tactics when the armies met at the incalculable place for the premeditated but unpredictable battle. They fought it expertly according to opportunity, experience, knowledge, and the dictation of facts. And this is a basic part of the fascination the field has for those who visit it. The last argument of republics and their destiny come out of the impalpable into the moment of determination. For three days, at the extreme of their power and capability, fired not only by the imminence of death but by their deepest desire and belief, men try to do the thing envisioned by means of the instruments prepared. The thing must be done now, by known means; the means are tried, and the thing is done. In those three days the abstract symbols in the complex formula are translated into known values. Men do what they can, and by what they do are the lines laid down. The lines are laid down forever, and on the way to them are the details of skill and awkwardness, of courage and faltering, of knowledge and guess, of strength and weakness, of planning, of management, of personality, of time, of chance—with the battle and all that hangs on it hanging also on every move and on the components, human and inert, of every move. The visitor's breath shortens because he sees the outcome in the steps leading to it, and perceives in each step the forces of human effort as components and as a sum. Thus, not otherwise, things came about. Thus, not otherwise, things happen when men act together.

So the battle was fought. Rather more clearly than most battles, it was won and lost. And something fundamental may be observed about how men think of social actions in the fact that Lee's best biographer, Mr. Freeman, thinks of it seventy years later as lost, not

won. He thinks of it, that is, as a logical plan miscarrying because of what was hardly more than sabotage, a reasoned procedure toward the envisioned end that could and should have worked out successfully but was frustrated by irrelevance and mere chance. Mr. Freeman writes a long chapter analyzing the reasons why Gettysburg was lost, but he does not mention among them the important fact that the Union army was on the field. What decided the outcome was not the presence of another force but only omissions or misunderstandings within the ideal plan. But in all social actions there is always an opposing force on the field, as there was here. Events cannot be made logically inescapable within their solution merely by perfecting a plan; they crystallize out of a solution in which the opposing force is a primary condition. An irrevocable error is to think of results rather than of resultants.

It seems probable that, at Gettysburg, Lee's thinking was tintured somewhat with the mistake that his biographer makes. Certainly if the battle was lost rather than won, as most battles are, then it was lost primarily because Lee's plan of battle was too close to the ideal, and it is the nature of ideal plans to be impossible. The ideal plan called for simultaneous action on both flanks by converging attacks from the exterior line—but throughout the history of society it has proved impossible to adjust the minds or the actions of men to a time-schedule, even in the simplified social conditions of battle. The ideal plan called for the perfect subordination of other intelligences to the will of the commander, so that Longstreet's doubts are charged with the defeat—but subordination without margin for the tangential view is impossible in Congress or the Supreme Court or a sit-down strike. (In the history of sentiment Longstreet has indeed lost Gettysburg, but in the history of afterthoughts he is one of the few social prophets vindicated by events; for the realist was right.) The ideal plan assumed that the manpower of the Army of Northern Vir-

ginia was invincible, whereas the plain lesson of the last preceding year was that not manpower but mechanical power, the power of massed fire, was invincible. The ideal plan called for Stuart to act contrary to the laws of his nature and to forgo a magnificent exhibition of skill and gallantry in order to perform the unspectacular duty of providing information. And that shows how ideal plans miscarry: they assume that men can be remade, that a great cause and a shining goal will transform men from what they are to what they ought to be, that at the crisis on which everything depends men will be some other than what we know they are. If Lee lost Gettysburg, he lost it through idealism—through softening facts and subordinating them to his vision of the end and the means.

Yet it is not clear that Gettysburg was lost. Rather, it was won. It was won not by Meade but by rule of thumb. What the Army of the Potomac did was to meet successive events by doing the immediately expedient thing, in relation to the events themselves, not in relation to a plan or a time-schedule. If there is such a thing as the tyranny of events, it is their power to compel action in terms of immediacy or opportunism rather than in terms of to-morrow's good, and the Union army adapted its moves to that compulsion. There could be no plan for the defense of Cemetery Ridge, Culp's Hill, and the Round Tops. The need was to hold on to them—to repel attacks as attacks might be made. To do the next thing by the means at hand. That was all that could be done and all that needed to be. It was done, and the Army of Northern Virginia was broken at its moment of climax and slipped back into the hills and turned southward. With it went something that had not existed before, something that had crystallized out of solution in a pattern established by the lines of force: the certainty that the Confederacy would lose the war. There had been no mold for the future in America, but now there was one—and for the Western world as well.



Harper's *Magazine*

MR. ROOSEVELT AND THE FUTURE

BY STANLEY HIGH

IT is quite likely that what Franklin D. Roosevelt did will fill fewer pages in history than what he started. He has been hailed as the Messiah of the New Order. He may be only its John the Baptist. He has created an atmosphere, released forces, and set a trend in the United States which are as much more significant than the New Deal as they threaten to be beyond its control. Their curse or blessings will be upon the land long after Mr. Roosevelt, at some future inaugural, has moved over to give the right-hand seat in the White House car to his successor.

How much they will be curse and how much blessing it is too soon to say. That is a problem not for the children, but for the grandchildren of the New Deal. Very few Presidents will be judged as little as Mr. Roosevelt will be in terms of what they put their names to while in office. Future Presidents, for a good many quadrennia, are likely to be engaged in building on his foundations or extricating the nation from his bog as the case may be. Whichever they are doing,

none of them will be in any doubt as to whom he is indebted for the need to do it. Mr. Roosevelt may or may not occupy the White House after 1940. But the consequences of Mr. Roosevelt are sure to occupy the man who does.

Mr. Roosevelt may not have started out in public life to be President. There is some evidence that it was Mrs. Roosevelt who started for him. But once President, it was certain that he would never be content to be numbered merely as one of the Presidents. He was sure to aim to be one of the great Presidents. In that he was fortunate. The 1933 crisis did for him and his place in history what it has usually taken a war to do for other Presidents. If he had met that crisis and let it go at that he would have stood at least head and shoulders with any peacetime President. Even his enemies will agree, I think, that he met the crisis. And his friends admit—some of them in sorrow—that he has not let it go at that. Like Woodrow Wilson, the way in which he waged the war is being eclipsed by the way in which he is waging peace.

He may have more, or less, success than Wilson had. But his risk, like Wilson's, is of his own making. Beginning in 1935, when the economic tide had turned, he could have begun the progressive demobilization of the New Deal. He would have been elected just as handily in 1936. His biggest 1936 assets were recovery and the Republicans. Moreover, had he demobilized the New Deal, the "Era of Good Feeling" which, in the weariness of the last days of the campaign, he seemed genuinely anxious to establish, might have come to pass. He could have been a recovery President and during these four years coasted comfortably to his place in history.

But he chose otherwise. The only New Deal demobilization to date has been brought about, not by executive order, but by the Supreme Court. The President's policy toward the Supreme Court is proof enough that, far from seeking to escape or modify the long-time consequences of the New Deal, he accepts and is determined to increase and intensify them. He is the maker of those consequences. The question is: how far is he aware of them, does he understand them and, in the phraseology of his Madison Square Garden speech, will he be their master?

It is hard to believe that he is unaware of them. Despite the minds through which most of his information is filtered before it gets to him and the unwillingness of anyone to appear—frequently at least—as the bearer of bad tidings, he can hardly escape the fact that since his second inauguration Washington has been in a political ferment that has gone increasingly sour. Congress is no longer his echo chamber as it once was. His policies have brought a division in his own party between those who want to go on and those who want to go back which will tax even his great capacity as a bridge of gulfs. These things are too obvious to be missed even inside the insulation of the White House.

It is hard to believe too that he is unaware of the fact that these Washington

phenomena are not merely indicative of the perversity of politicians. They are signs of the times. It is too soon to say that the New Deal may turn out to be only a house of cards. But it is not too soon to say that the forces to the right and left of the New Deal—which put Mr. Roosevelt in office in 1932 and kept him there in 1936—have finally fallen out. It is altogether unlikely that they will ever fall in again. Conservatives—who have swallowed their conservatism and aided Mr. Roosevelt—are turning conservative again. And the latter state of their conservatism is likely to be more hidebound than the former. Liberals—who took Mr. Roosevelt's half loaf as preferable to none—are out to get the other half. And beyond established party lines, forces which Mr. Roosevelt shook out of their lethargy, made into a fighting unit, and accustomed to the smell of gunpowder and the spoils of war, the dispossessed, the workers, farmers, white-collar liberals "have only just begun to fight." Their fighting will be less and less for Mr. Roosevelt and at his direction, and more and more through their own political organizations and for themselves.

The President is too accurate an observer to be unaware of these things. And he is too good a politician to overlook the fact that, once it is finally determined that he is not to be the candidate in 1940, his most potent hold upon his own party organization will be measurably loosened and the danger of New Deal disintegration rapidly increased.

II

But even though he is aware of all that is on the way, up to the present he has not had to meet it. And the first fact about the Roosevelt understanding is that it is better in action than in anticipation. It is dependent not so much upon mental discipline as upon external conditions. I do not believe that he gives much thought to troubles in prospect. He waits for them to arrive. Until they do arrive he is likely to be indifferent to them

and impatient of anyone who persists in bringing them to his attention. He thoroughly dislikes alarmists and prophets. Sufficient unto the day are the troubles thereof.

His mind, in this respect, is at an opposite pole from Woodrow Wilson's. Wilson was a scholar. Roosevelt is an observer. Wilson disliked people and found it hard to get along with them. Roosevelt likes people and gets along with almost anybody. Wilson liked to be alone and often was. Roosevelt abhors to be alone and seldom is. Wilson's study was lined with books. Roosevelt's study is lined with ship models. Wilson read and got most of his ideas from reading. Roosevelt talks and gets most of his ideas from conversation. Wilson was a profound student of democracy but no democrat. Roosevelt is not a profound student of democracy but he is a great democrat. Action incapacitated Wilson. Roosevelt thrives on it.

These differences do not add up to mean that Mr. Roosevelt is necessarily either intellectually superficial or lazy. But they do indicate that, however adequate his understanding may be, it is not a result of reflection. The President is not reflective. His mind works best when it has something concrete to work on and somebody concrete to work with.

Few Presidents have seen more people than Mr. Roosevelt does. Marvin McIntyre, whose business it is to keep down the number of Presidential appointments and to shoo out of the President's office when their time is up those who are lucky enough to get in, has as much trouble with the President himself as with the callers. The President's inclination is to see everybody. Once they are in his office, his inclination is to keep them there indefinitely. Mac hovers round, in front of the desk and behind the desk, holding the little sheet of paper on which the day's engagements are typed, inserting every now and then a "Mr. President" which Mr. Roosevelt understands and generally ignores, until the visitor catches

on and makes the move to go. Mac has a soft spot in his heart for those who catch on early.

But this pleasure and ease in meeting people are more than geniality in the President. His callers are his source books. Almost everyone who has run the long gauntlet that leads to the presidential office has something to contribute. Mr. Roosevelt, if it takes ten minutes or an hour, generally gets into the man's mind and comes out with the contribution. He hardly ever makes notes, either during a conversation or after it. Notes are not necessary. His mind sifts, tabulates, and files, and by the end of a long day of conversations the vast amount of information and ideas which have come out of other men's minds have been tucked securely away in Mr. Roosevelt's.

When, in his second term as Governor of New York State, Mr. Roosevelt's presidential prospects began to rise, he turned deliberately to the business of informing himself on certain national problems with which, as a candidate, he would have to deal. He did not call for the most authoritative books. He called for the most authoritative people. They gave him what he wanted to know boiled down and separated from what he did not need to know and, therefore, did not care about.

This use of other people's minds is one, probably the chief, reason why under Mr. Roosevelt the role of presidential adviser has assumed hitherto unequalled importance. Most of the members of the 1932 Brain Trust have long since found other fields of endeavor. But there will always be a Brain Trust as long as Mr. Roosevelt is President. The personnel shifts and changes. At present its chief members are Tom Corcoran and Ben Cohen. Six months hence Corcoran and Cohen may have moved on or out. But if they do a new combination is sure to move in. A Brain Trust is indispensable to Mr. Roosevelt. Its members do his mental leg-work. Unofficially they do much more than that. They see Mr. Roosevelt at those times when he is making up

his mind what to do or say. They come loaded down with facts to help him in that process. They are, moreover, young men with ideas of their own. It is inevitable, therefore, that they not only put meat on his ideas; they exert an influence on the ideas themselves—more influence, often, than Representatives, Senators, or Cabinet Members.

The President's mental operations not only require somebody definite to work with; they require—as I have said—something definite to work on. The problems he most enjoys are those which can be reduced to a diagram or a column of figures. In conversation about abstract ideas, Mr. Roosevelt's contribution is likely to be not an expansion of the idea but a concrete example that illustrates it.

This, I think, is a reflection of his Dutch ancestry—a very hard-headed, practical ancestry. The President has never had to work for a living. But he was never an extravagant son of the idle rich—partly, I suppose, because his family was not that rich. Nevertheless, there is a pronounced strain of practicality in him. He is money-conscious and he likes account books. He is never quite so completely absorbed as when he sits down with Danny Bell, Director of the Budget, gets out half a dozen well-sharpened pencils and some of his penny-a-pad scratch paper and figures out for himself how the government's income and out-go stand. Next to the Navy, the Department in the government that is closest to his heart is the Treasury.

The struggle for economy and a balanced budget which is certain to characterize his second Administration will be fought out between himself and his Congressional leaders. But back of that there will be another, more important struggle within himself, between the frugal Dutchman who believes in balanced budgets and the New Deal statesman who has promised more than can be easily achieved within a balanced budget. In such a struggle the odds are on the Dutchman. In fact, I doubt if any of his reform legislation would give him as

much satisfaction as the actual balancing of the budget.

In personal matters he is not penurious. But he is certainly not and never has been a free spender. Mrs. Roosevelt—startled one day to receive a long-distance telephone call from him—spoke of “my rather careful husband” and decided, immediately, that something extraordinarily important had happened. The President had called from Buenos Aires to tell her of the death of Gus Gennerich, his personal aide.

The President's first question about a project is likely to be “will it pay?” or, even more likely, “how much will it pay?” He is reputed to be hostile to business. But he has a great deal of pride in his own business transactions, and I am inclined to believe that one of his unrealized ambitions is to be a successful business man.

When, therefore, the problem at hand is a concrete one the President masters it. I have seen him frequently, at press conferences, jump from one specific question about the government to the next with exactly the facts and information necessary to constitute the right answers. Occasionally—when he knows that the correspondents are likely to inquire about particularly intricate matters—he calls in experts. He generally forgets that they are there. At the first press conference after the reciprocal trade treaty was signed with Canada he had a small battalion of authorities back of his desk and a great pile of data on it. He never once referred to either. For an hour he leaned back in his chair and—although the treaty covered several hundred items of trade between the two countries—gave out from memory all the facts that the newspapers asked for.

This preference for and absorption with what is concrete and definite are highly useful in the ordinary business of running the government of the United States. But these have been more than ordinary times and Mr. Roosevelt has not been an ordinary President. He has done more than manage the business and run the government of the United States.

He has put the government into a wholly new line of business. More important even than that, he has changed the political buying habits of the nation. The result is that to-day the American people want and expect to get from Washington not only more of the things that they previously got, but a long list of new things. Thanks largely to Mr. Roosevelt's extraordinary salesmanship, the getting of those things, to the people who do not have them, has become one with the principles of Lexington and Concord and Independence Hall.

That may or may not be desirable. I am not concerned with that question at the moment. The point here is that—desirable or undesirable—the change is fundamental and its implications far-reaching. The problems involved cannot be reduced to figures or a diagram, but they are certain to be with us a long time after a good many more concrete issues have weathered away. Mr. Roosevelt, by his specific acts and his dynamic leadership, has created these consequences. It is still a question whether he understands them and how much he has faced them.

My belief is that, in a general way, he understands them but that, so far as facing them is concerned he would say: "we will cross that bridge when we reach it." In other words, it will be time enough to meet the consequences when they have taken definite form and substance and have assumed proportions too large to be handled by anybody less than the President of the United States.

This procrastination is not only due to Mr. Roosevelt's dislike to consider problems which are still in the implication-stage. It is a result also of the fact that he has found that procrastination pays. Most of the troubles he is warned about never arrive. Why get ready for them, therefore, until they do?

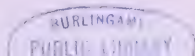
The epidemic of sit-down strikes in the spring of 1937 is a good case in point. Every conceivable kind of pressure was exerted to persuade the President to make a declaration. Congressional leaders,

some of them unaccustomed to speaking what is really on their minds in the presidential presence, spoke out on this question and pounded the presidential desk while doing it.

But the President was immovable. He knew of course how much ingenuity would be required to make a declaration that would please the worried Democratic spokesmen from the textile areas of the South and, at the same time, not displease John L. Lewis, who was about to enter those areas. He refused to make the statement, not because he could not have mustered that much ingenuity, but because, bad as the sit-down situation seemed to be, he was willing to gamble on the chance that, if he waited, it would get better. Meanwhile, behind the scenes, he gave every possible encouragement to Governor Murphy to see to it that it did get better. And it did. For the moment, at least, the trouble blew over. Governor Murphy pulled out whatever Administration irons were in the fire and prevented a good many from getting near it. The President evaded the issue and the issue temporarily evaporated.

Meanwhile he may or may not have made up his mind what he thinks about sit-downs. He may or may not have made up his mind what he thinks about the whole marching army of labor and of John L. Lewis who marches in its van. Mr. Roosevelt wrote the marching orders and, unofficially, gave John L. Lewis his out-in-front position. But it will be time enough to consider the issues involved when they turn up. Perhaps they never will.

In this, as on many other matters, including the sit-down strikers, the President's policy of delay is a gamble. Governor Murphy, for example, might have failed and the situation might have got out of hand too fast even for the President's intervention. But the President's gambling is backed by an uncanny intuition. He does not play bridge. But if he did he would bring the psychic bid to new levels of refinement. He reads the newspapers and listens to all sorts of ad-



vice; but in a tight spot he is apt to act on his hunches. He has found that it pays to play them. It would be incorrect to say that they serve as a substitute for intellectual effort. But they are certainly a very useful supplement to his understanding, particularly when he is dealing with issues which are somewhat unformed and indefinite.

His hunches, in turn, are backed by an almost equally uncanny knowledge of the state of the American mind at a particular time and on particular issues. He is generally right about what the American people will take and when and how much they will take of it. There is nothing in his experience to explain this understanding. Dutchess County is no more typically American than Surrey or Kent. His ancestral home at Hyde Park is baronial in the best English tradition. Groton and Harvard and summers abroad are not the route to Main Street. His travels in the United States have not been knock-around trips, but usually as a candidate or as President. Such traveling is about as good an introduction to the life and thought of the people of the nation as a longtime residence in Washington, D. C.

Moreover, the men who have been closest to him are not distinguished for their current familiarity with the United States west of the Hudson River. Jim Farley, for all his now somewhat over-emphasized rural boyhood and his frequent excursions into the hinterland, will always be a New Yorker. Ray Moley, Rex Tugwell, Adolph Berle, Sam Rosenman, Tom Corcoran are all Eastern, if not by birth, certainly by transplanting and outlook.

Yet despite his own background and the provincialism of his intimates, the President seldom goes wrong in his forecast of popular reactions. He is sensitive to the public as some people are sensitive to the weather. And it is not merely a general survey either. He can "break down" public opinion section by section. No spokesman for the Middle West, for example, can tell him much about the psychology or the way in which, under certain conditions, the inhabitants of the

one-time Bible Belt will react. I have heard awestruck Congressmen, with ears flattened from having so long been kept so close to the ground, admit after a conversation with the President that he knew more than they did about the state of mind of their constituents.

The President, therefore, not only relies on his mind. He relies on his hunches and his intuitions. He has confidence not only in his ability but in his luck. When his mind and his hunches and intuition all come out at the same point—and when they all seem to indicate that the time for action has arrived, then he turns on the steam, mental and physical, and does something about it. It has been remarked that by waiting so long he allows conditions to approach emergency proportions and then, not having given sufficient thought to what is in the making, he is obliged to improvise. But if he continues to improvise it is because he has been very lucky with his improvisations. The thing to do has frequently turned up on his desk at about the same time with the necessity for doing it.

I think, moreover, that he has a peculiar zest for emergencies. He is inclined to look back upon the first few weeks of his first Administration with special enthusiasm. Every day had its emergency and new ones sprouted every night. He slept little, ate less, and set a pace that made his associates wan, hollow-eyed, and groggy but left him clear-headed and invigorated. The success with which he handled that succession of crises is an indication of the quality of his mind when it is completely unlimbered and in action. If hunches and intuition help him to determine when the time for action has arrived, the need for action—particularly if it is pressing and the time definitely limited—stimulates his mind beyond its usual capacities.

It is because of these characteristics that Mr. Roosevelt, in all probability, has postponed either getting to the bottom of the ferment he has created or making any very specific plans to control and direct

it. But the question naturally arises how, if his mental operations do not habitually deal in fundamentals, he has been able, none the less, to make fundamental alterations both in the point of view of the American people and in the objectives and processes of their government. The answer to that question is found, I think, not in his mind but in his emotions.

III

Someone once remarked that whether or not Mr. Roosevelt had a first-rate mind, there could be no doubt he had a first-rate set of emotions. That is true. He has a first-rate set of emotions, a set, moreover, which is amazingly expressive of the temper and the spirit of the times. He has never been one of the underdogs, but he has always been on the side of the underdog. A good many people still hold to the idea that his economic liberalism is evidence of his political shrewdness and not an expression of his own convictions. I think some of these people expect him, sooner or later, to drop his advocacy of reform, dissociate himself from the cause of the under-privileged, and take his stand with "his own kind" among the Bourbons of the Knickerbocker Club—to which, by the way, he still pays dues.

He may let up on reform, but if he does it will not be because he is on the way back to the Knickerbocker Club. It will be because the reforms he lets up on cost money and will indicate that the hard-headedness of the Dutchman proved more potent than the emotions of the New Dealer. He will still be for the underdog even though he is not engaged in any expensive undertakings in his behalf. That characteristic is too much, and has been too long, a part of him to be so easily got rid of. Strangely enough, his sympathies, like his hard-headedness, have their roots in his ancestry.

The President is proud of his forbears. He talks about them—interestingly and at length—whenever the opportunity offers, and particularly when he is at

Hyde Park, where some of the more notable among them look down from the walls. But he is especially proud of the fact that so many of his immediate ancestors were political nonconformists. His own father was a Lincoln Democrat. To have been a Democrat at all among the rich landowners of the Hudson Valley required a good deal of courage. To have been a Lincoln Democrat in 1863 was reckoned even worse than to have been a New Deal Republican in 1936.

But Franklin D. Roosevelt seems to get a boyish pleasure out of being a bit perverse and to enjoy doing what it is least expected that he will do. He therefore relished the fact that he was a Democrat if for no other reason than that almost all Hyde Park was Republican and inclined to be supercilious about it. At any rate, when he went to Albany as a youthful member of the State Senate he had a nonconformist precedent to maintain. He maintained it with great enthusiasm. He jumped into the middle of the fight against the traction interests, the major fight of the day. At the outset his enthusiasm may have been stimulated by his knowledge of the shock he was giving the Hyde Park neighbors. But his wife was likewise enthusiastic about these good and slightly radical causes and she was tremendously serious about them. It was no lark with her but a crusade. While her husband was in the midst of the traction fight in Albany, Mrs. Roosevelt, as energetic then as now, was making the rounds of New York City's tenements with Frances Perkins, then an amateur social worker, getting first-hand knowledge of how the other half lived and passing on both her information and her zeal to her husband. She gave substance to his inclinations. She spurred a faith that might have flagged. In the end the plight of the dispossessed became a crusade with him as it was with her.

When, therefore, the times turned ripe for that kind of gospel he had the gospel ready for the times. The forgotten man had had his attention for a good many years before it got to the attention and

caught the imagination of the country. His emotions, in 1932, were a mirror of the emotions of the American people. The things he had been trying to do for a long time in New York State were the things that they desired to have done for the nation. Mr. Roosevelt did not find out what the people wanted and offer it to them. He offered them what he had always maintained they ought to have, and that, as it turned out, was what they wanted.

It would be a mistake to conclude that this sponsorship of the cause of America's depressed classes is entirely emotional. His sympathies fit into an intellectual pattern which undoubtedly has deepened since 1932 until to-day it constitutes his social and economic philosophy. He hardly ever expresses it. But here and there in his speeches and, even more infrequently, in conversation he indicates that it is there. In this, as in other matters, he has not reached his conclusions from reading but rather from his contacts. It is probable that the two men who helped him most to sharpen his thinking and give it definite outline in this regard were Adolph Berle and Rexford Guy Tugwell. Both of them were members of the 1932 Brain Trust. They shared Mr. Roosevelt's social enthusiasm. They had come to their conclusions by dint of wide reading and hard thinking. Their operations had been almost entirely in the intellectual realm. But in that realm they had a plausible, definite, and, in general, a sound knowledge of what it was all about. Although much younger men than Mr. Roosevelt, they were able to add something to the maturity of his thought. They did not change his opinions, but they helped to strengthen the intellectual foundations under them.

Just what it is Mr. Roosevelt believes and what he occasionally reveals he is driving at can be briefly summarized. His liberalism, for all his sympathy for the underdog, is essentially hard-headed. He believes that liberalism is the best kind of hard-headedness. He believes in

capitalism and the private profit system and shares the distaste of the best of the Conservatives for radicalism and radicals. His definition of radicalism, however, is not that of the reactionary who looks upon all change as radical. He believes that change, far from being radical, is the essence of sound Conservatism. If he were to grade the various existing dangers to the permanence of our institutions, I think he would put at the top of the list not the radicals who advocate the destruction of those institutions, but the Conservatives who oppose all changes in them.

Mr. Roosevelt has been frequently accused of hostility toward Big Business. I think he has such a hostility not because he is against bigness, in itself, but because he is convinced that many big enterprises and perhaps most big fortunes reached their size by practices which, however honest and legal, perpetuate conditions which are unhealthy for the system and a threat to its future. The story is told of a meeting of steel executives in the President's office, to discuss an N.R.A. code for their industry. The representative of the Bethlehem Steel Company when leaving told the President that Eugene Grace, President of the Company, had asked that his respects be paid to Mr. Roosevelt. Whereupon the President replied, "pay my respects to Gene and tell him that he will never make a million dollars a year again."

The President's attitude toward Big Business Men has the same convictions back of it as his attitude toward Big Business. I do not think he is against Big Business Men. But he is against "dumbness." He believes that a considerable number of Big Business Men—he would probably single out the leaders of the United States Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers as examples—are, to put it baldly, "dumb." He believes that if our economic system cracks up and they lose their financial skins they will have only themselves to blame. Now, for a period the length of which no one can foretell, the

massing forces at the other end of the economic scale are in a mood to settle with a compromise. That mood—if compromises are not forthcoming—will certainly not last. When it passes, the consequences are likely to be disruptive, and the very men who now stand adamant against the New Deal's half-way measures will probably stampede to Washington again as they did in the spring of 1933, pleading to be saved from results of their own failure to accept those measures and make them work.

Mr. Roosevelt has always been for labor. But it is not my impression that, fundamentally, he has any greater fondness for the average labor leader, John L. Lewis in particular, than he has for the average industrialist. He probably would say, however, that the average labor leader is several degrees smarter than the average industrialist. And he does prefer smart people.

He is not for labor because he is against capital. He is for labor because he is for capital. What he has done to meet the demands of labor has been a result of the conviction that the concessions necessary to meet those demands are an investment in the safety of our institutions, just as the unwillingness of certain types of business leaders to concede anything is a threat to that safety.

His confidence in democracy, like that in capitalism, is genuine. He brought back from his South American journey the conviction that this Western world represents the long-time strength and hope of democracy and that it was not too soon for the nations of these hemispheres to join together for its common defense. That idea is back of his Big Navy program. The responsibility of the democracy of the United States, as he sees it, includes a certain responsibility for all of the democracies of the New World.

He is undoubtedly conscious, sometimes acutely so, of the fact that the ways of democracy are often ponderous and slow and that dictatorships—in the matter of short-cuts and quick action—have

their pronounced advantages. But he looks upon the developments in the United States since 1932 as proof of the fact that even the most critical and pressing problems can be worked out inside the structure both of capitalism and democracy. To give sound and solid proof of that will not only strengthen democracy and capitalism in the United States but have a heartening effect upon the faltering defenders of those institutions elsewhere and a salutary effect upon their enemies. Such proof, I think he would agree, is the most significant achievement that his Administration could produce.

IV

It should be pointed out, however, that this faith has never had to survive a major defeat. The democracy that he believes in has always been, up to the present, a democracy that believes in him. The democratic processes have worked for, not against him. It is hard to say how his confidence in the judgment of the people would be affected if their democratic mandate rejected rather than endorsed him.

This is particularly a matter of speculation in his case because of the fact that his self-confidence is something more than that of a man who has reached the heights. Mr. Roosevelt is no mystic, but there is an almost mystical quality about his self-confidence, his faith in his destiny and the more than ordinary rightness of what he undertakes to do. He would not subscribe to the doctrine that the President can do no wrong. But his belief in himself has something of that doctrine in it.

That is another reason why he will probably delay consideration of the consequences of the New Deal until they are upon him. He is too sure of the end—not only in the rightness of what he is doing but in the certainty that he will get it done. The stars have taken counsel together and written it. He can afford, therefore, to refuse to be alarmed and to continue to shun the alarmists.

Moreover, this self-confidence will help to explain why, as the consequences of the New Deal develop through his second four years, the third-term temptation will become continually more pressing. It would be hard, at best, to choose from among his aspiring associates a man to wear his mantle. If, however, the Roosevelt program and, with it, the Roosevelt place in history are put in jeopardy by division and revolt, then such a choice will be infinitely more difficult.

For more than four years now the slogan has been repeated, in the White House executive offices as elsewhere, that "there is only one Roosevelt." With due deference to the prospective contenders, it appears to be obvious that there will be only one Roosevelt in 1940. He has not prepared a successor and I do not believe that he is now preparing one. More because of his personality than by deliberate intent, he has not shared the spotlight with anyone else—not, at least, for long. He has been a one-man show. What he started will be far from finished at the end of eight years. The issue before him, therefore, is between a precedent which, however hallowed, is nothing more than a precedent and certain momentous undertakings which in other hands than those that launched them might well lose their significance and which, if there is any popular wavering, would appear un-

likely ever to reach completion save by four more years of the power and magic of his leadership.

Mr. Roosevelt may never act on any such assumption; but the fact of his unshaken and unshakeable faith in himself—his almost mystical self-confidence—makes it necessary to include such actions among the possibilities. His decision is likely to be determined by his appraisal of the developing aftermath of the New Deal. I said at the outset that he has created an atmosphere, released forces, and set a trend in the United States which are as much more significant than the New Deal as they threaten to be beyond its control. It is certain that Mr. Roosevelt, sooner or later, will make some effort to control them. If by 1940 they are not controlled, then, lacking four more years in which to continue the attempt, he will face the unpleasant prospect of going out of office with the future of his objectives and his own destiny shadowed with uncertainty. Mr. Roosevelt would relish that prospect less than most men. I do not believe that there is anything messianic in his belief in himself, but I am very sure that he would no more put his mission in jeopardy by surrendering it, too soon, to other hands than he would willingly consent to go down in history as a John the Baptist for some greater leader.





GOOD-BY TO THE SUPERINTENDENT

A STORY

BY ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

THE Indian Boarding School Superintendent, inside a roped-off green-sward on the school campus, was about to be offered a silver coffee urn on a bed of yellow satin. Desiderio, who had established himself inconspicuously in an angle of the nearest gray-stone building, watched attentively the milling crowd of employees in their best summer clothes settle into expectant silence. With his big Indian nose thrust over his narrow chin and his Sunday shirt, the dark-skinned boy noted with yearning that the gray kindly eyes of his "Father" (so he always called his Superintendent in his heart) filled up with tears as he listened to the presentation speech of the next in rank.

"Miss him though we shall, we cannot regret his going on to higher duties," reeled off the spokesman in a well-oiled voice.

Mr. Pomfret, he don't *want* to go, thought Desiderio resentfully, rubbing his hand across his lips: The hand was thin and wiry, the lips were broad and protuberant, and the resentment he was trying to wipe off was of the sad, not the angry kind.

Why should another tribe get *our* Superintendent? Why? Because Washington said so.

Washington was Fate with a capital F.

But the lanky, white-headed Superintendent, whom Washington sent to the Middle of the World Tribe ten years ago and was now withdrawing, accepted the urn suavely, solemnly, and thanked

the donors in a few well-chosen words.

When "Father" stood up there, under the bright blue sky, so tall, so limber and so firm, thanking those who loved him and those who loved him not, Desiderio felt pride mount in him like a stream in flood. All the same Mr. Pomfret did not look quite right to him. His hands had a queer jerky movement. Did he know there were those who wanted him to leave? Who cursed when asked to contribute to the Testimonial? In the corner of the grimy shop, behind the flying sparks with their steely smell, Desiderio had heard more than he was meant to.

Forty years of adaptation to changing Indian commissioners and shifting policies had trained Mr. Pomfret to keep plenty of knowledge under his gray felt hat. With a handsome gesture he passed the classic urn to his little round, elderly wife, and watched her clasp it tight against her new egg-shell blue knit dress. He had never been able to give Maria silver.

When "Father" looked at something, Desiderio's earnest and innocent gaze followed instinctively. He thought Mrs. Pomfret looked nice holding that urn. Her face was all wrinkled, like his mother's when he brought her candy from town.

The "Home Ec." teacher, her special friend, looked happy too, the slanted Oriental eyes observed. Desiderio had seen Miss Teal bustling round the campus, collecting quarters and dimes and dollars. She was a bustling, that lady.

He said it in Indian but that was what he meant. Now she bustled off, to start her pupils, the Home Ec. girls of the Twelfth Grade, serving the pink and green ice-cream to the guests.

Desiderio's nostrils might be flattened and Chinese-looking, but they could always snuff out party food. Aware of his own failing, the good brown boy sunk his backbone deeper into the angle of the wall behind the forsythia bush. His girl, Marina, must not suspect him of thirsting for the fruit punch she was serving in little glasses with handles. He saw her, in there, in a school-made white dress, with a natty little jacket, looking almost like a white girl he thought, in the midst of the people round the Superintendent. He wasn't sure he wanted her to look like a white girl.

Now she was staggering over the lawn, in her pin-heel pumps, with a tray of ice-cream dishes. That was no way for an Indian girl to walk! And she kept patting self-consciously the hedge of stiff curls that bordered her face. The hair of a Middle of the World woman must lie flat and smooth and shiny to her head and she must always seem modest and quiet in her white moccasins. Marina was offering ice-cream with a warm silly smile to the Boys' Adviser—that one-eighth Cherokee!

Desiderio's government shoe, a secret partner in his conflicts, gave an involuntary kick against the stone of the house-wall. Looking down, he found he had stepped heavily on one of Mrs. Pomfret's cherished pansy plants.

The sight dismayed him. Mrs. Pomfret had put so much water on those plants. Still, the next Superintendent's wife would not like pansies. He had heard the cook say so yesterday. She would dig up the pansies, throw them out on the dump heap, and plant cosmos. So the cook said.

The government employees, white, pale-brown, deep brown, within the sacred eating place, were now handing back to the Indian girls punch glasses stuck over with cherry peel, and white plates

slobbered with streams of sickly pink. They were crowding up to Mr. and Mrs. Pomfret, to say the last good-by. Some ducked under the rope, instead of waiting in the shake-hand line. Those were Mr. Pomfret's enemies. They were not afraid of him any more. He was being "transferred." Desiderio averted his eyes from their bad manners, their meanness, and vowed to avoid them on the path of his life.

It would be prudent to edge a little nearer now. Absently stripping a branch off the Superintendent's most valued shrub, he cautiously approached the rope. To his disgust, an old Indian of his own village was ahead of him, clinging to it with talonlike brown hands.

"What you doin' here?" inquired Desiderio gruffly in his home speech.

Red Eagle, dressed in a discarded army outfit, with his two long gray braids wrapped in otterskin, made no answer and just kept on staring at Mr. Pomfret, tall as a tree, shaking hands with his former subordinates. The old man's eyes, whose lids rose in a point like a setter dog's, stared full of trouble.

At last he replied, in English, turning to look at the youngster with full dignity: "I—me come say goo-by Mr. Pomfret."

Desiderio grinned. He did not need to be too polite. The old man was of the other "fraction." Not of his group.

"He give me this clo'es," added Red Eagle proudly, almost tenderly. Then with sudden fire:

"What you doin' here, you-seff?"

Desiderio evaded the issue by dodging round to the other side of the rope. He had decided in his mind that Red Eagle was there to beg the Superintendent to help his niece keep her job at the Hospital—the job that fed him. Desiderio's group wanted that job now. He'd tell his uncle what the old fox was after.

Most of the guests had now departed, leaving a trampled empty space which Mr. Pomfret's close friends were doing their best to fill. Desiderio thought they all looked scared. He knew why. He was scared too. When a Superintendent

is moved all the lower-downs feel insecure.

"I'll be the next," muttered the History teacher to his wife, as he came out of the roped-in place.

Desiderio's heart gave a rough leap against his ribs. It had been doing that all day—ever since the Superintendent had called him to his office and said his school job was not to be continued. He knew "Father" did not like to say it. For he had been encouraging him to save his money to go to a "Diesel school."

"You better try to get a job in town. You try all the garages and say I sent you."

It was no good. They would never employ Indian mechanics. He would have to go back to his village. He didn't want to. His own father was dead, his mother a widow, and her house, one room, was full of pottery, cooking pots, and children. The School had been his country for ten whole years. First the grades and then the auto-mechanic shop.

But maybe Mr. Pomfret would listen to his plea. He had thought of something.

Mrs. Pomfret now came out of the enclosure, accompanied by the Home Ec. teacher, carrying the silver urn in its shiny white box. Her face, still frozen into its mold of pleasantness, was beginning to break up into the lines which any sixty-year-old face assumes when asked to move out of the house it has settled in. Lost in her own problem, she suddenly saw the downcast Desiderio, waiting patiently, implacably, obviously to see the Superintendent.

"*There's that boy,*" she murmured to her friend.

Desiderio nodded respectfully to Mrs. Pomfret, though he had long since sensed her resistance to his intimacy with the Superintendent. The Pomfrets had no children and she had not liked his coming and his sitting in her living room at night, reading books from "Father's" shelves. But "Father" had said: "You just come in and read till I get back." Fortunately, women did not matter.

He had to think women negligible

right now. For the Superintendent, there inside the rope, was surrounded by the Twelfth Grade girls. Girls only. Desiderio heard him call every one by name and thank her for the good feast, with no difference of manner to those who had given him trouble. He was encouraged by the way the Superintendent squared his shoulders, and strode along to the exit on his long gray legs. A man of authority. Fearless man. A man who could adapt himself to any horse's pace, the old Indians said, and veil his eyes in any dust storm, without losing his keen vision. These traits the old men admired. But what they relied on, as Desiderio well knew, was that their Superintendent had a tender heart.

"Hullo, boy," said the Superintendent, with unconscious sternness, perceiving the tragic intentness of the slanted, shiny eyes that awaited him.

"Hullo," responded Desiderio faintly. His mouth was so full of his heart feelings that he could barely articulate.

The Superintendent hesitated, then said:

"Do you want to ask me something, Desiderio?"

"Yessir, I do." Desiderio squirmed, and looked down. He felt hurried inside, because he could feel Red Eagle stealing up on them. But it would be a shame—to show hurry.

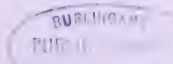
"Well?"

"I want ask you take me with you. To new Reservation. I drive your car?" he inquired, hopefully. For he still had the unconscious belief he would be taken care of.

The Superintendent's wrinkled-parchment face contracted. His gray eyes narrowed. He spoke in a voice which Desiderio recognized as exasperation:

"Now, *boy*—you know I drive my own car. Besides there are no funds for such things. You *know* that, Desiderio. You *know* I have to employ my own Indians wherever I am."

Desiderio said nothing but his bearing expressed pain, such extreme pain that the Superintendent winced. Though ac-



tually his situation was changing without his own inner consent, he felt like a man deserting a devoted family. And in this enormous family this was the child who most needed him.

"Is it because your uncle wants you to have a job?" asked Mr. Pomfret, wearily.

"He do want," said Desiderio evasively.

"Did you try in town, as I told you to?"

Desiderio ducked his chin.

"Mmm—well, I can recommend—but my successor will have his own ideas and choices. You've been employed two years in this school. *The government can't give jobs to all Indians.*"

This last truism, which he spoke one hundred times a day, so often that he thought it should be written on his tombstone, irked Mr. Pomfret horribly when applied to Desiderio, who seemed like any other Middle-of-the-World boy and yet was not.

"I don't *want* stay, you go." Desiderio's body was quiet and his voice flat, but his right arm was acutely lashing his pants leg with that forsythia switch.

The Superintendent, who had a creed that campus bushes must be treated with kindness, smothered the reproof that leaped to his lips. Let the bushes go! But what about the boys? Indians cannot step out of school and find themselves jobs as white boys do.

Desiderio was beginning to sag now. But when Mr. Pomfret shook his head impatiently and started toward his house, he trailed along.

"When you go?" he asked "Father," in a thick guttural tone, perceiving that Red Eagle was stalking them.

The Superintendent half paused and looked at his house, a nondescript stone structure which stood a little apart from the row of lesser employee houses at the back of the campus, crowded upon by other buildings in varying and mostly tasteless architectural styles, planned long since in the depths of the Department of the Interior without regard to environment.

"To-morrow morning," he said clearing his throat and not believing it. For his

unæsthetic house was dear to him. He had hoped to live there till he was retired, in the midst of this so knowledgeable Indian people, who loved him like their own.

"I come say you good-by, six o'clock?"

Mr. Pomfret cleared his throat.

"Desiderio—I'm going to drive round the villages to-night. All the Governors seemed to have last matters on their minds. I sent word I'd be out. Could you get your clothes and come along? I'd drop you at San Rafael."

Desiderio clasped his left arm over his head, where his stiff black hair stood up in a shock. He stared trustingly at Mr. Pomfret, a slow gleam of happiness cutting the somber arc of his eyes.

"OK. How soon you go?"

"Just time to change my suit."

Desiderio gazed thoughtfully at "Father's" swell spring suit, and felt consoled that even a Superintendent must change to work clothes. Otherwise how would he make out?

"Mr. Pomfret," piped a voice behind them. "I—me—"

Desiderio slid off and soon began to run, reaching in a jiffy the Boys' Dormitory, with its scarified red-brick walls. Under the name of a past Commissioner, blazoned over the door, he entered a long dingy corridor.

Deserted. The boys must be eating. He was glad to be alone, and moving adroitly about the room he shared with three others, piled his work pants and his two shirts and his work shoes and wrapped them in a clean white-cotton cloth his mother had given him, and tied the corners tight.

Back he shot to the gray stone house, where the roadster stood ready and Mr. Pomfret, still in his gray suit, with one foot on the porch steps, was listening to Red Eagle.

"I won't forget," he heard Mr. Pomfret say soothingly. "I know you need the money. You're getting on in years." Then he shook Red Eagle cordially by the hand, and the Old One, his face wrinkling, embraced his Chief about the

shoulders and lowered his own head, till his braids dropped on the Superintendent's blue shirt front.

To avoid this display of feeling, Desiderio quietly stowed his pack in the bottom of the rumble seat.

"Where you goin'?" demanded Red Eagle angrily.

The Superintendent stepped into the roadster, slammed the door smartly, inserted his key, which was tied to a lucky rabbit foot beaded by an Indian friend, and started his engine.

"Jump in."

Oh, Father. You let *me* sit with you, thought Desiderio.

"Like to go along, Red Eagle? Get in the rumble seat. Nice and cool out there."

"I—me stay till to-morrow mo'nin'," the old man answered sagely, after a perceptible pause, during which a shrewd expression alighted on the crisscross folds round his eyes and clung there like a bird to a fence-rail.

Old coyote. Thinks he get more pants.

Mrs. Pomfret came out on the porch, a bungalow apron over her egg-shell blue, and looked reproachfully at the gray suit.

"Back soon, Mr. Pomfret?"

"Not so soon, dear. Going for a last drive. Around the villages. Midnight probably."

Mrs. Pomfret turned quickly into the house then quavered, as the screen door slammed, hiding her face in a dark veil, that might be screen or might be tears:

"Your supper, Mr. Pomfret. The packing."

"Don't want supper, dear. Pack when I get home."

He stepped on the gas, shifted gears in swift succession, and swirled violently out of the school grounds, into the highway, amazing Desiderio. His "Father," a very careful man, always went out of that gate in low.

Soon they were out of town, beyond all houses, on the northern highway that curved round the base of the high mountains. It was dusky, almost dark now. The evening star, the planet Venus, was

rising in the west, displaying as she came her amorous bright rays. The lanky seasoned white man, and the dusky, warm, inarticulate young primitive beside him, gazed at her together, from within the hood of the car, stirred unconsciously by the almost sunlike radiance she spread over the vast and lonely sky which confronted them like a back-drop. A dove-gray sky, bordered with blue-gray peaks, and flecked with iridescent color.

The Superintendent was realizing for the first time fully that, pilgrim though he was, and must be—for the Indian Service seldom allowed a man to pause long enough to feel himself rooted—he had permitted himself to become attached. Desiderio, though he had instinctively drawn about him as the distance from school grew his blanket of inherited stoicism, was worrying again about his "Father's" hands. It was still light enough to observe them. They were usually so firm and quiet. Now they kept clasping and unclasping on the wheel. Dry hands. Old-looking hands.

Fishing up the canyon last Sunday, he had seen the bright green shoots of the Douglas spruce (his people called them the flowers of the spruce) at the end of every branch. His people honored this great forest tree. They carried its branches in all ceremonies. Desiderio, who thought of his Superintendent as this very tree, wished he could find some medicine to give "Father's" hands new growth.

"That was a good letter—a nice letter you wrote me, Desiderio," said the Superintendent at last out of the dark. "You made me proud."

Desiderio swallowed and said nothing.

"You know we men in the Indian Service don't expect gratitude. We are here to do our duty. But when a boy—if someone—well—appreciates the service we try to give—we're glad—that's all."

Getting this out at last, the Superintendent could add:

"I hope you'll get to go to the Diesel school. The boys who can drive caterpillars are always needed—and make good money."

"Ain't got 'nough money save up for go school."

"*Haven't got,*" the Superintendent corrected by habit.

"*Haven't got.*"

"No—I appreciate that. I'm sorry, boy. But maybe you could get a job—say at Tamarisk garage, near home?"

Desiderio's eyelids closed over his eyes.

"Ask your new Superintendent if a government loan would be possible. . . ."

"Marina, my girl, she want get married," said Desiderio suddenly. "My mother, my uncle, she say come home, get married, start farmin', if you ain't smart 'nough keep you gov'ment job. But my mother's land, it no good. Not 'nough water. Don't give a bellyfull."

"I fear so," said Mr. Pomfret, hurriedly. . . . "You know I'll always care to hear from you, Desiderio. You can write me, to the new Reservation. You can let me know how things are. . . . You might be a leader, boy. Those factions at San Rafael—they're bad things. Try to see what the educated boys can do about those factions."

"Why you go, Mr. Pomf'et? We think you fix it, that fraction. You know my peoples, they fights too much. I can't help."

"Maybe you can, little by little," said Mr. Pomfret half-heartedly.

"Why you leave my peoples? My peoples, they say if Mr. Pomf'et stay evy'-thing be all right."

Mr. Pomfret made an impatient sound. This persistent refrain was killing him.

"*I can't help it*—the system forces it. We live under army regulations in the Indian Service." Then feeling ashamed, he added: "They judge I am badly needed elsewhere."

Desiderio was thinking fast now. For almost insensibly they were sliding through narrowing, lanelike roads into a dark square, surrounded by a block of flat-roofed clay houses. The houses were almost all dark, as if everyone were already in bed.

Under an ancient spreading cottonwood the Superintendent came to a stop,

in the still deeper shadow. But at once there was a movement along the house doors. Like bees coming out of a hive, the men of the village began to swarm toward a car they knew well the sound of.

Desiderio prepared to escape. If his Indian elders were present, he must, in respect, disappear. Besides, he was anxious to get home, for he had thought of something—something hidden under a beam in his mother's house. He wanted to find it and give it to Mr. Pomfret.

The Superintendent spoke low and sharp:

"Desiderio—you get married. You try hard and build you a good house, like the model at school. Don't drink," he ended with authority, as the tribal leaders arrived and crowded jealously around him.

The Superintendent had intended to stay only ten minutes, but it was half an hour before he could stave these fellows off, satisfy them in their bitter discontent at his leaving them. And even then the Governor clung to the running board, talking about the land transfers and the tractor—all the well-worn troubles.

"Have you seen Desiderio, Governor?" said Mr. Pomfret, peering into the dark.

"You want?" The Governor sent a messenger, summoned from across the square. The messenger went and returned, saying Desiderio had been home with his things and gone out again. His mother didn't know where he was.

Mr. Pomfret started his car mechanically and turned it into the dim winding road that led to the river. The second village, where the elders were waiting for him, was across the bridge and then a bit.

The roadster, which Desiderio in the shop had put in fine trim for to-morrow's long trip, shot down the hill onto the steel bridge that spanned mostly dry sands.

In the middle of the bridge Mr. Pomfret came to a sudden stop. A dark figure had moved forward. Wrapped in a cotton blanket, with the headband of his people tied about his cropped boarding-school hair, Desiderio already looked changed, as he lifted his flat face under the stars.

"Mr. Pomfret. I bring you present."

With fingers that trembled a little, Mr. Pomfret accepted and examined under the dial light a small, deerskin case. Out of it he took a very smooth, elongated round stone, shaped a little like a sausage though it was pointed at both ends.

"What is it?" he asked reverently, for he loved the ways of the Middle of the World people.

"Deer stone. My father give me before he die. His father give him. You take. It good stone. Come out of deer stomach. Give good huntin'. Give luck."

Mr. Pomfret felt of the deer fetich, rubbed smooth as satin by the age-old pressure of brown hands that still needed

the luck of the wilds. It fitted into his left palm, under his folded knuckles, as if made to lie there. It felt alive too, alive and potent. As he softly rubbed it he felt his troubles being absorbed into it, carried back to Mother Nature to take care of.

Still holding the stone in his left hand, Mr. Pomfret stretched his right hand out into the dark and met a warm broad palm, which shook a little and was quickly withdrawn.

"Good-by—Father," said Desiderio, using aloud for the first time a word he had spoken in his heart for a decade.

"I'll keep your luck right by me, Son," said the Superintendent in a funny voice.

TROUT IN SWIFT WATER

BY EDWARD WEISMILLER

MISSHAPEN by the ragged stream,
They take proportion in a dream
Where cold whipped water and the sun
Range them askew against a dun
Fabric of sand and jutting stone
Continuous to them alone.

*With strict composure they elide
The pressure of the green-gold tide,
Whose ripples curve upon themselves
And make the trout, above rock shelves,
Appear to swim by halves and thirds
With movements swift as hummingbirds'.*

*And yet the trout suppose awry
The world above the stream; they lie
And watch morosely from their bed,
While madmen curvet overhead.*



JAPAN COUNTS THE COST

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER

ONCE with not a little pride of discovery I wrote a book with the title *China: The Collapse of a Civilization*. I made the point that Chinese society as come down for some three thousand years was succumbing to the pressure of the dynamic forces of the West and that all the civil wars, political disorganization, and economic distress were only symptoms of the social breakdown. A few years later, after returning to America, it occurred to me that I could take that book, make a few changes of emphasis and detail, substitute the words Europe and America for China and let the book stand—*Europe and America: The Collapse of a Civilization*. For the argument held. If there was breakdown in the one part of the world, there is breakdown in the other, with differences only as to stage and tempo. The West too was succumbing to the pressure of the dynamic forces of the West, by which I mean that which distinguishes the West in the last hundred years—industrialization and its social and economic consequences. Now after some time spent in Japan I think I could transpose a few more names, make a few more changes of emphasis and detail and let the case stand for Japan—*Japan: The Collapse of a Civilization*. For Japan too is in a very bad way, and for much the same reason as China, Europe, and America.

In 1937 this may appear to be a paradox. For Japan is now in its ascendancy. It is among the great of the world, its words inspiring respect and its acts fear. It has the third biggest navy. It can defy the mandates of the world and proceed

toward hegemony over half a continent. It can force the most highly industrialized countries to throw up unprecedented barriers in a panic lest cheap Japanese goods capture markets at the threshold of the most efficient Western factories. Nevertheless its lot is far from enviable. In fact, if one can put aside for a moment a general irritation at Japanese aggressiveness and a fear of the effect of an irresponsible militarism on the precarious balance of international relations, Japan is rather to be pitied. There is indeed something pathetic in the bewilderment of its people. They have tried so desperately to become all that a firstclass imperial Power should be, have acquired so many of the attributes and outward characteristics of one and yet seem even to themselves to miss so much of what goes with imperial greatness. Conscious of their eminence and proud of their achievement, they are at the same time frightened. That there is something wrong they know, but what and why they do not know.

At bottom their trouble is precisely that they have come so close to success. It is precisely in these past few years that they have advanced most rapidly toward their goal and in these past few years that their difficulties have multiplied and intensified. There is a connection, one which might have been foreseen had they not been misled by their earlier achievements as much as Western observers have been. The note of breathless wonder that used to creep into all writing on modern Japan was never quite justified. The much acclaimed miracle of transformation into a

modern state in fifty years was, like all miracles, subject to cold internal criticism. It has always been fair to question whether there was a transformation or just a superimposed exterior. Railways, telegraphs, an effective navy, and some textile mills do not constitute a modern society. In reality Japanese institutions had changed but little. They remained the institutions of a peasant-handicraft society with the peculiar inflections lent by Japanese feudalism, to which were attached the accouterments of the West. These were adjuncts to Japan however, not an integral part of Japan. Or it might be said that Japan had donned an extra outer garment, but the body and spirit were the body and spirit of medieval Japan. The West saw only the exterior and was dazzled. So, unfortunately, was Japan.

There are still questions to be put against Japan's transformation but not the same questions. They are questions now not as to fact but as to effect. In these past few years the transformation has gone under the surface. Now Japanese institutions really have changed. If they are not wholly the institutions of an industrialized society, they are equally far from the institutions of a peasant-handicraft society. Instead of being a peasant-handicraft society with Western adjuncts, Japan is now an industrialized society with survivals of peasant-handicraft institutions. A considerable proportion of its urban population lives much like the population of Europe and the United States, with allowance for differences in customs. The problems of Japanese government, business, and finance are the problems of European government, business, and finance. Until recent years the encomiums were premature. Now more nearly deserved, they ring a little harsh in the Japanese ear.

II

Japan has performed its feat, a prodigious one if not miraculous, and now it is beginning to pay the price. The effects of industrialism are cumulative, and in

Japan they have begun to tell. Until now Japan has had only the advantages of Westernism—wealth, power, extension of range, comfort, conveniences, and efficiency. It has begun now to get the disadvantages—dependence on foreign trade, dependence on external sources of raw materials, burden of armament expenditure to support expansionist policies based on need for foreign trade and foreign raw materials, entanglement in the world economy, increasing disparity of wealth at home and the resulting discontent, growing antagonism between classes, submergence of the agrarian population. That Japan has been successful in adopting Westernism can no longer be doubted. What can be questioned is whether it will be any more successful in escaping the penalties of Westernism than the West has been. On the evidence of 1937 the answer is an emphatic negative. For to the disabilities inherent in industrialism it has added encumbrances of its own making.

By encumbrances of its own making I mean the heedless, almost frenzied attempt in the past few years to annex the whole of the Far East. If one knew nothing of Japan's past and took no account of the state of the rest of the world, one could logically come to the conclusion that all of Japan's troubles are traceable to this cause alone. Japan's troubles are mainly economic of course. But in their immediate, critical aspect they are the difficulties, not of an industrial, capitalistic economy but of a war economy. For all social purposes, for all purposes except the dispatch of troops and the military burial of men killed in action, Japan has been at war since 1931, a war of economic attrition in which there is not even the advantage of a definite enemy to be attacked.

Had Japan not been unofficially at war it would probably be sounder to-day than any of the countries numbered among the great Powers. It had just passed into the stage of industrial effectiveness. It had for the first time reached the position of active competition for world trade, the position from which it has made such suc-

cessful inroads into the market of almost every country in every part of the world. Had it confined its expansion within those channels it would now have been stable and, compared with the rest of the world, prosperous. Much of the recent prosperity may have been a war prosperity, the flush of armament orders that is a symptom of fever rather than health; but with this discounted, it would still in the normal course have escaped the worst of the worldwide depression and shown a net gain in national balance. The increase in trade might have been smaller, but the drain on wealth to pay for arms would have been still smaller.

To be sure, nationalism and expansion are inseparable from modern industrialism. They may even flow from modern industrialism. To a degree Japan's attempts to conquer the Far East followed from its success in reaching the stage of industrial effectiveness. That is to say, it had come to a point where it had to have access to the raw materials to be found on the Asiatic continent and outlet for its finished products. To a degree Japan's economic needs dictated expansion, but not to the degree that Japan has carried expansion. For that an intoxicated chauvinism and an uncontrolled militarism are responsible, more than the requirements of its industrialization and its poor endowment by nature.

The turning point was the year 1931. In that year Japan began the conquest of Manchuria and perhaps of itself as well. Colonies, the ambition to empire, and the "policies" that go with nationalism's grand flourishes it had had before. As far back as 1915 there was earnest of its intentions when it made an abortive attempt to establish a kind of supervision over China while the rival Western claimants for mastery in China were at one another's throats in Europe. But until 1931 Japan still had freedom of choice. On September 18, 1931, it lost its option with the occupation of Mukden. By that act it foredoomed the future that has already begun. From the occupation there followed, almost by compulsion, the oc-

cupation of South Manchuria, then the overrunning of all Manchuria up to the borders of Siberia and including territories more or less under Russian influence, then the invasion of North China and the attempt to separate North China from the Chinese republic. And from these there followed, actually by compulsion, the sending to the Siberian Far East of a Russian defensive force which is potentially an offensive force and the goading of China to a program of armament. And from these in turn there follows the necessity for Japan to arm frantically, the necessity to which everything is being sacrificed, including the profits of its industrial advance, the stability of its economic foundations, and the welfare of its people.

Japan is in a position from which it dare not go forward, from which it cannot and will not go back, and in which it cannot remain; for to remain is to see itself slowly emasculated. To go forward is to bring on a war with China or Soviet Russia or, more likely, both. This can now be taken as certain. It is tacitly admitted by the most headstrong Japanese colonel. From China certainly no more territory can be extorted without troops, tanks, and airplanes. China will yield no further except to overwhelming force. Driven to the wall, it has turned in desperation and will fight with or without hope. Not yet capable of effective resistance, it has, nevertheless, amassed enough strength to draw Japan into a long and costly war, calling for a large part of the Japanese army and Japanese resources. Japan would win in the end, no doubt; but the victory would be one by which it would be all but undone. As for Soviet Russia, Japan has only to push five miles into Outer Mongolia or Siberia to release a death struggle. And so strong has Soviet Russia become on its eastern frontier opposite Japanese territory that if Japan emerged at all without a crushing defeat it would be exhausted for a generation. And it would be so helpless before the Western Powers that it would quite likely have to disgorge the fruits of victory. All

this is recognized by every Japanese who has not entirely lost his reasoning faculties, and, therefore, Japan hesitates before the choice that is tantamount to war. It knows now—too late—the risk; it knows that it is not yet strong enough to take the risk; and it perceives too how severely its resources have been strained in creating the situation leading up to a risky choice. So Japan cannot go forward.

It cannot go back. Psychologically it cannot. That would be not only to lose all that it has gained and forfeit hope of empire; it would also be a confession of defeat. The Japanese army is not psychologically constituted to make voluntary confessions of defeat. Also it cannot do so without acknowledging its weakness to the Japanese people and thus releasing a tide of protest that would sweep it back to relative impotence. Success is the only dam that will hold back such a tide. The army has staked its position at home on continued glory abroad. That is the only justification for the sacrifice it has exacted from the Japanese people. It must show success and more success. The Japanese army may some day be wiped out by an alien enemy or an internal rising, but it will never commit hara-kiri, romantic misconceptions about the Japanese code of chivalry notwithstanding.

Politically Japan cannot retreat. To admit failure in the attempt to subdue China by withdrawing troops, paid agents, and pressure from North China would in China's present mood only lead to a determined attempt by the Chinese to recover Manchuria too. The confession of failure would be an invitation to the Chinese to capitalize the Japanese army's helplessness. China would deem its hour of redress to have come. It would be wrong of course; but so it would believe. And before long it would take action that would force Japan into war as surely as a Japanese attempt to advance. And in less degree the same would be true of Soviet Russia. For Soviet Russia will relax its vigilance in the East and withdraw its army and its airplanes only if Japan leaves Manchukuo

in effect undefended. And in that case Soviet Russia must almost involuntarily push forward. In the first place, Soviet Russia cannot avoid getting stronger on its Eastern frontier. That is and long has been its normal course of development, a course on which Japan by its threat has drawn Russia farther and faster than it would normally have gone. Soviet Russia might be willing to withdraw part of its defensive force by agreement with Japan; it cannot withdraw the railways and industrial plants it hurriedly constructed and the population it sent to Eastern Siberia after the Japanese gave every sign of intending an invasion. In the second place, Japan has aroused so many hostilities on the frontiers of Siberia, Mongolia, and Manchukuo that it does not dare leave Manchukuo lightly defended. It can make its position secure only by the threat of continued aggression.

Japan cannot go forward and it cannot go back. Nor can it remain where it is, for that is an untenable position. The tension must snap, either at the Chinese end or at the Japanese end. And even if it does not the strain for Japan is unbearable. It cannot stay on a war footing indefinitely. All the technical problems that are the subject of abstruse reports, researches, and controversies in Japan—the international balance of payments, the excess of imports over exports, the drain on gold supply and resulting peril to the currency, the budget deficits and sequestration of capital in government bonds, the mounting national debt, the rising level of commodity prices, the dumping of goods over tariff walls and against quota restrictions, the drift to state control of exchange, imports and rationing of raw materials—all these when freely translated can be reduced to the commonest housekeeping terms. Japan is spending too much. It must spend too much. It cannot continue to spend so much.

Officially, only what the government pays out being counted, Japan is now spending some three billion yen a year—

\$900,000,000. This is approximately 800,000,000 yen more than the government's revenue, and the deficit has to be financed out of the issuance of government bonds. In this way a national debt of ten and a half billion yen has been piled up, half of it in the past five years—Japan's most prosperous years. Now, this presents no particular danger so long as the nation is economically sound and government deficits are financed out of "security investment money," which is to say capital not needed for productive purposes. But it is not so in Japan. Japan is still in the stage of development, even though it is industrially effective. The normal need for capital for plant and construction and credit is larger than the nation can meet out of its own wealth. When a large part is drawn off for government purposes, few if any of which are productive, the economic life of the country is handicapped. For this reason the government's budget is no measure of what Japan is really spending. It is only the listing of official expenditures. Actually, a much larger part of the national wealth is being carried off through government channels, mainly to build up a military establishment. Japanese industry and finance cannot continue to sequester 800,000,000 yen a year in government bonds and still provide credit indispensable to business. Because they have balked, an unofficial but effective compulsion has been applied, which has given rise to the silent conflict between the army and the business world, as reflected in the successive overturning of cabinets and the attempts to muzzle the Diet. This conflict is deceptive in outward appearances and can easily be mistaken as lying between democracy and militarism. In reality it is between the military services and business interests, with a harassed civil government taking blows from both sides.

There is a limit to what can be wrested from the capital reserves of a country even by compulsion, and as the saturation point for government bonds has become visible, if not near, the government has had to resort to taxation, thus ending an

imperialist honeymoon. Since 1931 the costs of the Manchurian occupation and accompanying adventures had been met by loans. In 1937 taxes were raised for the first time. With that the nerve centers of the Japanese economy have been touched, and it is not just coincidence that simultaneous with the imposition of higher taxes came the first articulate criticism of the whole policy of expansion. For thus Japan's foreign trade is directly imperilled, and so closely has Japan become linked to the world market and to such an extent does it rest on a foundation of modern industry that a threat to foreign trade is a threat to national stability.

In the first place, too many cities, too many workers, the credit of too many banks and the value of too many properties are bound up with factory production, a material proportion of which is for export. In the second place, only by the maintenance of foreign trade on its present level can Japan obtain the raw materials from abroad on which it is now more dependent than ever before, since the demand for raw materials increases with the growth of machine industry and without raw materials the armament program is brought to a standstill. In the third place, the stability of the currency is at stake. Raw materials Japan must have, as has just been said, and it can pay for them only with exports. Let its foreign trade suffer too severely, and it must pay in gold. That it cannot do for long without undermining the yen at home, precipitating an inflation and wrecking banks, industries, and government alike. Already the excess of imports has drawn down the gold supply seriously enough to compel stringent government restrictions on exchange and imports in order to protect the currency.

III

Foreign trade, then, is vital to Japan. I do not mean this in the sense in which it has led to so many snap conclusions in England and America about the ease with which Japan could be crushed by just ceasing to buy Japanese goods. That is

airy nonsense. In any ultimate test of survival such as war Japan can dispense with foreign trade, dissolve its whole modern industrial organization, and still carry on. Its capacity to resist would be limited only by its reserve of munitions and materials essential to munitions. For war purposes all normal laws can be suspended. Japan would be prostrated after the war, it is true, but that would be small comfort for its enemies during the war. The question is irrelevant, since any rigid boycott on Japanese goods would lead to war anyway and force would be the determinant. The weapon of trade is a useful auxiliary weapon, but only as an auxiliary to planes and artillery. Foreign trade is vital to Japan not in the sense that Japan can through trade be brought to heel but in the sense that it is the arterial center of its economic system as now organized. And all that is being done now is calculated to make it impossible for Japan to maintain foreign trade at its present volume.

Japan owes its place in the world market to one advantage alone—low price. It can undersell all the other industrial countries in certain products, principally because it can produce more cheaply. The margin of difference in cost of production is so great that it can undersell them even against the artificial obstacles of tariffs. Under any circumstances that margin is narrowing, since the tariff barriers are being continually raised with the deliberate intent of excluding Japanese goods. In fact, the curve of Japan's commercial advance already is flattening and may indeed have reached its highest point. And just as the margin of difference in cost of production is being narrowed by circumstances over which the Japanese have no control, they are themselves creating circumstances which will wipe it out altogether. Directly or indirectly, the higher taxes must materialize in higher prices. They cannot be taken out of labor costs, since wages are already at a minimum and the new tax levies are on commodities of general use, so that the cost of living must rise in any case. It

has done so since the beginning of this year and wages have had to be raised to avoid strikes. From wages and costs of raw materials up through every stage of the productive process the taxes must become an added charge, pyramiding at every stage, until they appear as a higher selling price for export goods. And Japan's competitive position is correspondingly weakened.

It is no longer a very formidable position at best. As has already been said, the upward movement of raw material prices on the world market penalizes Japan, which has to import so much of its primary products. Since Japan cannot raise the price of its finished products in proportion and still undersell in distant markets, the "percentage" is always against it on a general rise of commodity prices. It must always give more and more yards of shirting for the same number of pounds of raw cotton. As has also been said, tariff walls are making the entry of Japanese goods ever more difficult. Japan's problem has been how to make savings in its costs in order to counterbalance these handicaps. For the volume of foreign trade cannot be permitted to diminish without starting a whole train of effects beginning with unemployment and ending in inflation—lower profits, therefore less revenue from taxation, therefore higher taxes to make up the deficiency in revenue, then still less trade and lower profits and less revenue, and so on. Far from diminishing, foreign trade must increase, since it is inevitable that government expenditures increase. Unless Japan voluntarily undoes everything it has done since 1931, as it cannot and will not, it must continue to arm, both on a larger scale and at a higher cost. Tacitly, if not openly, every responsible Japanese admits that there is no prospect of reducing either taxes or deficit bond issues. On the contrary, the budget must go up, bond issues must stay at least at their present level, and taxes must be increased still more. Japan has set in motion a train it is powerless to stop.

Meanwhile social maladjustments, al-

ready severe, become grave. Between the irresistible necessity of keeping wages at a minimum and the inevitability of a higher cost of living the urban population is being ground to the fine point of subsistence. The agrarian population sinks deeper into permanent and irremediable insolvency and keeps alive only by feeding its young, girls especially, into the factory towns as cheap labor supply, thus depressing the labor market to pre-industrial, almost medieval standards. Any hope of social alleviation must be deferred to the demands of the war machine. And with both urban and agrarian population on subsistence standards, purchasing power for Japanese products must be found outside Japan's borders—the foreign trade which will be increasingly difficult to maintain and without which the lot of both the urban and agrarian population will become more desperate. It is the circle that closes at whatever point on the Japanese social surface one starts.

As the circle closes in, there are the efforts to square it by all the current devices for circumventing economic cause and effect through artificial controls, devices that may be called totalitarian or autarchic but under whatever name are fascist or quasi-fascist. In Japan they are still only quasi-fascist and, given the surviving traditions and peculiar environment, they will probably remain so. Much of what goes with European fascism is native to Japan. There are no democratic traditions or institutions to overcome; there is already a small ruling caste, enlarged in recent years, it is true, by the intrusion of new groups, mainly industrial and financial magnates. Nor is a complete fascism necessary. What is required is enough concentration of arbitrary control to ensure that the nation's wealth can be appropriated to certain state or military uses without regard to economic soundness. But whatever the name or form of the devices, the attempt to impose them has bred conflicts still under the surface but bitter nevertheless. On the one side are the military services and their satellites, bent on clear-

ing away all potential obstructions, and on the other most of the industrial and financial classes, struggling to maintain their privileges and profits but also acting on their conviction that that way lies suicide. In the long view the industrial and financial classes are right, but given the circumstances that confront the country at present, the military probably are right. For under those circumstances the operation of economic laws must be postponed, and without semi-dictatorial control it cannot be. . . . Given the circumstances, I have said, and remembering that the military created the circumstances.

I am aware that these are all phenomena not unique to Japan. They are so unfailingly characteristic of every industrialized country that they may be called endemic to industrial society. In Japan they do not vary in kind; they vary only in the time and intensity of incidence. Fundamentally, Japan's problems are those of the West, the problems of a country industrializing by power-machine production and organized without restraints on private interests or regard for social consequences. They had to emerge; the only question was when. Until fifteen years ago Japan appeared to be immune. The appearance was deceptive. All through the years when Japan was being credited with a miraculous modernization it was only performing a skillful act of avoidance by postponement. With the abnormal bent given to social development everywhere by the World War and its sequel, Japan could have succeeded in prolonging postponement for perhaps another generation. The dislocation of Western countries by the aftermath of the War and the depression coming simultaneously with Japan's attainment of industrial maturity gave Japan an opportunity which it might have capitalized but instead threw away. As has been said, it did escape the worst of the depression. It might also have laid up reserves to fortify itself against what makes depressions certain. It could have been stable and secure for a few decades more,

the crises of industrialism pushed off as they had been before and better able to meet them when they could no longer be denied. Instead it went on a rampage of military conquest, squandered both the prosperity it had won and the potential reserves and piled up its own impasse. But while an insensate militarism may be charged with the present distress, it is responsible only for the time of incidence. What is now would have been anyway. It was innate in Japan's evolution. The militarist excesses have only accelerated it and intensified its impact. They have brought Japan sooner than necessary to a point where its present is as grave as that of any country in Europe and its future perhaps less promising, to a situation which by all current evidence seems hopeless.

IV

Having said this, let me disclaim at once any intention of joining the swelling chorus of anticipatory requiems for Japan. I do not believe Japan is about to break up and I do not think there is any reason for believing so, aside from the human inclination to create fantasies in which to escape from disagreeable predicaments. Japan may be broken up, which is an entirely different matter. By that I mean it may precipitate a war in which it will be crushed. But it is not likely to fall apart right away in any natural disintegrative process. And in so far as either China or Europe or America is sustained by any such hope, it is cherishing a delusion, one which may prove dangerous if it forms the basis of action. Unfortunately certain classes in China and America, especially in China, are disquietingly optimistic on this score.

Nations do not break up so easily from within. That should have been learned by now. It was proved in the World War and has been conclusively demonstrated since. A considerable part of the world can be described in these past few years as gathered hopefully round the bier of one nation or another waiting only for the corpse to be brought in after the act of

suicide is consummated. And the corpse has turned up jauntily and begun smiting all within reach. Every few months Germany has been about to crack up; it has not. After 1935 Italy was about to crack up; it did not. On the contrary, both are still quite lusty and swinging freely. The staying power of nations is longer than has generally been believed. In fact, no nation in which the government continues to hold the support of the population is likely to collapse from internal strains alone. It may slowly decline to impotence and perhaps in desperate search of escape precipitate a catastrophe. But it does not suddenly cave in. There is nothing in Japan's internal conditions to make it an exception. By any long-run calculation Japan is weak. Its social foundations are unstable. Its present status is not permanently tenable. And it is laying up for itself a lean and perhaps disastrous future. But that hardly warrants setting a date for its demise, and the sermons now being rehearsed on the fall that followeth pride in Oriental nations are premature. Not only is the staying power of nations longer than is commonly believed, but though they may be socially spent, they can still have tremendous striking power. They may be destitute so far as capacity to feed and house their population on a decent standard is concerned; but they can still be potent in war.

There will be no melodramatic denouement in the Far East with Japan in the part of the one-hoss shay. Japan will not provide a happy end for the Far Eastern drama by a convenient dissolution. On the contrary, Japan may not yet have reached the limit of its expansion. It may go much farther in political and economic aggrandizement before it is brought to a halt, either by internal exhaustion or external obstruction. Its progress has already been impeded, but it has not necessarily been stopped.

If there is melodrama in the Far East at all it will take the form of war, a war brought on by one misstep that snaps an unbearable tension or plunged into for

becoming ever more acute. Just at present this may be deemed more likely than unlikely. The forces making for war are stronger than those that tend to prevent it. But if war be ruled out, what can be expected is a slow process in which Japanese internal conditions become steadily worse. They cannot become better. The "internal contradictions of the system," in current slang, will progressively intensify. Semi-fascist measures may succeed in arresting their working for a time and then they will be manifested with redoubled force by reason of the artificial checks. In other words, Japan will be in much the same case with the great Powers of the West, and whatever the evolution of industrial, nationalistic, capitalistic society holds for the West it will hold for Japan too. What that is, the boldest cannot conjecture. But having thrown itself into the stream of Western civilization seventy years ago, Japan must now be carried along with it.

One thing may be said with certainty, however. Japan may not have reached its limits, but it will never attain the heights it sought. It will never bestride the world, not even the Eastern world.

For that it is too small a nation and too lacking in the national resources indispensable to omnipotence. And for that it entered the arena of world politics too late. A hundred years ago it might have succeeded in what it has attempted since 1931. Now it cannot. The Japanese have wrought mightily since 1868, but they could not conquer time. The twentieth century does not lend itself to conquests on the grand Britannic scale. Power is too evenly distributed and the evolution of modern society puts too many impediments in the way. The heyday of the nineteenth century was fortuitous, and it is over. Japan has attempted the impossible, has stepped too far out of its appointed sphere, and for that its people are now paying and must continue to pay.

Japan itself, the Far East, and economic society in general may with the passing of time so re-order themselves that Japan can step back into its appointed sphere without irremediable injury from the excursion; but that will not and cannot be soon, and by what way and on what principles it will be brought about cannot now be visualized.





LETTERS FROM JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

EDITED BY M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN, who lived from 1862 to 1933, chiefly in and near New York, may be defined most concisely as an essayist and poet. He was also a crusader and a prophet; and readers of this magazine who recall his letters to William James, printed in its issue of December, 1936, will accept the further definition of him as a letter-writer. He may even be called a talking letter-writer, so precisely were his letters like his talk—spontaneous, exaggerated, witty, often iconoclastic, and at times astonishingly wise and penetrating.

A few of his letters can reveal but a few of his many sides. So diverse were his qualities that no brief integration of him is possible. Even a random selection from his correspondence and other unpublished writings, however, may set forth a wit and insight sufficient unto themselves. Here, to begin with, is a brief passage from the "Retrospections" in which, as his life drew to a close, he began an attempt at autobiography. It was virtually a long letter to himself, though intended ultimately for publication. In this passage he is seen in England, soon after the completion of his undergraduate studies at Harvard in 1884:

I was to go abroad as a wandering student for fifteen months—live at the rate of \$100.00 a month, and return to enter the Harvard Law School. I began with a month in London, where, as I remember, I was alone, and after that two months on the Continent with Gardner [a college classmate and friend]. My grandfather

Jay had supplied me with numerous letters to old friends and notabilities in England, and I had the necessary equipment of fine clothes and umbrellas for social emergencies.

It was the age when the doors of England stood wide open. The first thing anyone in England said on glancing at a letter of introduction was: "Whom do you wish to see?" Now I will not swear as to just on which visit it was that I saw the persons I name—for one was always passing through London—but I remember the glamour of the personalities. I saw Tom Hughes at a sort of barn-place—the Cosmopolitan Club (?). I shook hands with Lord Salisbury at a reception in his palace, where he loomed like an Olympus in his great drawing-room; and on his daughter's asking me what I had seen that had most impressed me since I reached England, I answered with an aptness which somewhat surprised me, "Your father"—which she immediately repeated to the god. It was true, all the same. He looked like the British Empire. I made one or two week-end visits to great houses. One of them recalled to me a remark made years before by my grandmother Jay—that in all great establishments in England there was a crippled ancestor, a sacred being having every sign of extreme care in dress and attendance, who lay on a stretcher on the lawn or in a back library, and to whom one was introduced with dignity. This was a beautiful and extraordinary feature of English life.

I must not forget Tennyson, to whom

Mrs. Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, gave me a letter, which resulted in my lunching with the Tennyson family in the country. When I arrived, he was standing in the garden beside Lady Tennyson, who lay on an iron movable bed, collapsible, complicated, portentous. There was a strained pause, for I was speechless with reverence and oppression. Then Tennyson said, "How much do you think a thing like that costs?" I hesitated; the question was so unexpected. "Eighty pounds," he said very ponderously. I endeavored to show proper surprise and sympathy; but I have never felt at home in drawing-rooms nor in the presence of distinguished persons. The family luncheon at the Tennysons' was colorless. We all seemed to be equally overshadowed by his greatness. It was the *mot d'ordre* to be speechless.

After lunch we sat in the shrubbery—and a minor poet dropped in. I think his name was Lewis Morris. Now, I thought, we shall have some poetic intimacies. And it really happened. Tennyson and Morris conversed about small water-creatures, newts and frogs, and little things that flit about on azure wings, and I felt I was seeing life. But I also felt oppressed. I had the desire to join in and didn't know how. Next the conversation shifted to larger animals. I began to nurse a hope that I perhaps might quote something; and on Tennyson's mention of the polecat—before I knew it I had quoted that magnificent line of Hamlet where he says,—“He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice”—only in my impromptu rush I quoted it in the form we used at home in the schoolroom,—which *égayés* the line a bit—“He smote the sledded Polecats on the ice.” I admit that there was some malice in this, for the polecat is what the English call the skunk.

The effect was stirring. All three of us were knocked out. The poets couldn't laugh and I couldn't laugh. My own lack of small-talk and my crude excursion into natural history had ruined the day. There was no recovering the first mad,

careless rapture of seeing Tennyson, whose fear of American visitors was notorious and whose anxiety to be visited earned all the agonies it caused him. I had a glimpse of the whole tragedy when I was saying good-by to his daughter-in-law at the entry. She detached the last sheet of a weekly paper that was lying on the hall table and handed it to me as a memento of the visit. . . .

I heard afterward that Mrs. Ritchie had given Miss Georgina Schuyler a letter to Tennyson. Miss Schuyler was a very distinguished, experienced, public-spirited lady of New York. Throughout the visit Tennyson behaved toward her with his usual boorishness. In saying good-by he endeavored to force out a polite word of some sort. Miss Schuyler coldly assured him that “She was always glad to meet any friend of Mrs. Ritchie's”. . . .

People used to write essays on the uses of great men. The British had long understood the matter. Great men were to be shown off. “Would you like to meet Lord Acton?” said a lady to me. “I will get him to dine with us.” Now Lord Acton was the unique Monster of Erudition—almost a hieratic personality—as the most learned man in England; and I really wonder what would have happened if she and I and the sage—for such was the image in my mind—she and Acton and I—had dined together. Fortunately he was not in England. He was at his castle on the Danube, where he was writing so profoundly on the Roman Catholic question that his reputation plunged after him into the abyss. In later years, when every man of note was giving out the names of the hundred best books of the world, Acton suggested a list of works so erudite that James Russell Lowell said there were only four of them that he had ever heard of. . . .

TO MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS

[Chapman had recently sent his translations of Michael Angelo's sonnets—his first contribution to the Atlantic Monthly—to Mrs. Fields. The original of this letter is in the Huntington Library, San Marino, Cal.]

September 27, 1891

I have been reading M. Angelo all the morning, and he really is one of the few poets whom it pays to read because he only writes when he has something to say. When he can't end a line he just don't end it, and when he thinks of a rhyme but doesn't quite see how it can be worked in, he just jots it down at the end of an imaginary line—and occupies himself with some other thing. This is a great deal better than trying to fool the reader—as almost everyone else does.

I hate sonnets because they are the most literary of all the forms of verse—even our best English poets are on their best literary behavior in the sonnet—their best foreign manner gloved and scented.

Shakespeare's sonnets stand by themselves. They have the charm of his poetry, his songs and madrigals—and it is his own. They don't pretend to be sonnets. They don't follow the traditions of sonnets and they don't smell like sonnets. Michael Angelo being an Italian was at home, so to speak, in the sonnet and wasn't obliged to imitate anyone in particular—for an Englishman to write a sonnet is as if he should try to say his prayers in French) and Michael Angelo was constantly taken up only with the endeavor to say the thing—he was not giving sops to literary tradition. He was like a powerful man packing a carpet bag—when he has too many things to go in. You can see the veins swell on his forehead as he grips the edges and tries to make it close. Half the time he takes everything out again on the floor and makes a new arrangement—with the shaving brush at the bottom—and then he is so uncertain which is best that he allows both readings to stand.

But they have thought in 'em. There is not a fraud nor a paper stuffing nor a filigree ornament in the volume—and O, how can we ever be grateful enough for this! Here is a man that writes poetry which is as good as prose.

Their language is colloquial and simple—anything but literary. They are so

purely intellectual in their aim—their effort to express an idea—that they would be dry and frigid, if it were not for the man's violent nature. Do you know I really believe that there's a great deal of humbug talked about workmanship and form in poetry. These things are results—the shimmer and gleam that come from saying things well. They are not entities. They are no more things in themselves than the relation between two lights is a thing in itself, and anyone who sets to work to put good form on his poetry is like the man in the story who wanted good architecture put on to his house. . . .

TO MINNA TIMMINS CHAPMAN *

S.S. Werra

Sept. 2, 1894

Read all day yesterday Dickens. It happened to come in a sympathetic hour and I enjoyed him immensely. Let us acknowledge that he is sentimental with a cheap and often vulgar and theatrical sentiment. Let us acknowledge that his characters are not real for the most part, that the Sam Wellers and Boffins and dolls' dressmakers and Mr. Micawbers and Mantalinis never existed or could exist, that they are fantastic creations of wit and humor, not meant to be real, belonging almost to a realm of farce, or to marionettes rather than to the theater, yet there remains the genius of the man. I am positively appalled at the prodigal brain that could throw out this civilization of grotesques—at his will come more and more of these creatures, goblins, elves, Mr. Squeers, Mr. Dombey, the fat boy, little Nell. I don't say I like 'em or many of them—the goblins have lost their terror and there is a certain amount of pasteboard in the angels, but there is enough of human nature in human characters about them to make them dance to the eyes, to make them surprise us with their smartness, their magic-lantern definiteness—saucy angels that they are—and the stream of them, the hustling and crowding and trooping of them, the

* The first Mrs. John Jay Chapman.

hatching of new eggs with the little creatures jumping out of them and jauntily proclaiming themselves as fast as the hatching of fish eggs, hastening and bustling into the scene—I say I read Dickens yesterday and I was impressed with the wonderful originality and stupendous readiness of the magician. And then, after these French books, Dickens was a high and pure soul and wrote with his heart—the bad taste is a trifle—the infinitely fine human spirit of the man, an immense love of the common people, a love of all that is good and holy lifts not only Dickens but shows as the light at which the whole of English literature is written, after we have wallowed for a day or two with the French. . . .

TO OWEN WISTER

Jan. 7, 1895

MY DEAR DAN,

The essential lack in Wagner is after all a want of sanitary plumbing. No amount of sentiment or passion can wholly make up for this. One feels all the time that the connection with the main is fraudulent. I should be grateful to you or anyone else who will tell me what is the matter with Wagner, and why I am against him, body and soul, sleeping and waking, and think him a bad man and a bad influence.

Once out of five times I find a person who both appreciates his greatness and acknowledges his wickedness, but what I want is a formula, a simile—something, to explain his sinister character to those who don't see it by nature. I see many excellent and beautiful young ladies whom I passionately love who think Wagner is a good and beautiful soul. There must be some way of reaching their minds, and drawing a line between Wagner and Beethoven, or Wagner and all the rest of the great artists.

The Schopenhauer element is so plain, the philosophical intention of Wagner so obvious, I'm so sure I understand the man as a man—and disagree with him so utterly. His works are pamphlets, special pleading, the appeal he makes is to

the insane, piercing, sweet, sad, unattainable mysticism of despair. It is the strongest plea for Evil that ever has been made on the Earth—I think perhaps. If I were a musician I could illustrate it—by playing some Tristan or Parsifal—and following it by an old Scotch song.

But I want some touchstone and catchwords to express it to drawing-room idiots. The fact itself I am not in doubt about. I will die for it at the stake. If all extant humanity contemned me I should still know I was right. If Bach and Beethoven should rise from the dead and place their crowns at the feet of Wagner I should call them liars. But I want a mode of expressing this. If you think of any send me word.

Yours

J. J. C.

TO MRS. HENRY WHITMAN

Dublin, N. H.

July 16, 1896

MY DEAR MRS. WHITMAN,

The relation of Shakespeare to his art is a thing no feller has ever known much about—and only a coxcomb, or a theorist, will pretend to have much light on. I admit it is a splendid subject for a holiday speculation, and if anything could stir my slothful blood your tingling letter playing upon every impulse—vanity, pugnacity, omniscience—I almost think I will solve the problem just for your amusement of a leisure hour. Not that the present would be too valuable, but I should hate to have it so finished—so cleared up and smelted out. I read Shakespeare a good deal from year's end to year's end and always with the instinct that if I should draw all points together and put him in an essay I should dry up my own understanding—my own essay would be all that I ever could see in Shakespeare thereafter. Within the last six months I've taken to writing sibylline leaves, notes, and memoranda on the plays as I read them—on scraps of paper with no consecutive idea.

Walt Whitman disliked Shakespeare because he said Shakespeare was rank feu-

dalism. Howells dislikes him. George Pellew was bored by him—and thought him a bombastic writer (though Pellew was fond of Webster—Beaumont and Fletcher). Jo Lee has got a bee in his bonnet about the masses. Minna dislikes him because of his lack of religious quality. I like him because he is a wit—and is so thoroughly indeterminate. I should say at a guess that people who are fundamentally theoretical—and require to understand and pigeonhole the world—would be apt to boggle over Shakespeare. They want him to stand and deliver—and he is dead and they can't get at him and corner him—and so they make up bad names for him. I doubt very much whether even if they had him in Lipsbury pinfold they could get a straight answer out of him. After all, life and the world—hunger, thirst, and the instant stream of experience in which we live—are vivid, rapid, mysterious, and unfathomable, and Shakespeare has the same effect on us—you cannot size him up and pocket him—you instantly pocket yourself if you try. Look at Barrett Wendell—click, and he pops in the pocket. The only safe way is to say O, O, O, like a child looking at fireworks. I have no opinion whatever about Shakespeare except that he is a wit and a humorist and has a passion for metaphysical questions. He also had more intellect as his disposal for purposes of illustration than any other man ever had. He thought so fast that, as Taine said, it's like following Bellero-phon to read him—he's by you and then he plunges and plows the clouds—and before you know it he's on the horizon. He's always three deductions ahead of you.

He gives me the impression that all the thoughts of all the characters are going on in his head all the time—and each one of these characters is apt to have as full a head as any one of us. In fact some of the characters who had broad-gauge natures like Othello are totally beyond our understanding even of themselves. We cannot more understand them than we can assume the expression of Michael Angelo's sibyls. The relation which the

mind and nature that created these exhalations of humanity bore to them, is tolerably beyond our understanding. I could much easier explain Jo Lee, for I know some of the terms and elements of which he is made. I can make a guess at the reason he thinks Shakespeare heartless, but as to whether Shakespeare was heartless or not it seems that the question is like a djinn coming out of a bottle and me with my tin cup to decant him into. . . .

TO MRS. C. GRANT LA FARGE

Dublin, N. H.

Aug. 11, 1895

Stevenson's manner of writing is the last form of whipped up literary froth, very well done. It's the last charge of *ces messieurs*. The content is, can be expressed only, with four decimals of chemical formulas. It can't be seen, only surmised. Stevenson is a bad influence because he's so highly artificial. He struts and grimaces and moralizes and palavers and throws in tid-bits of local color, fine feeling, graceful ornament, O my, ain't he clever—the rogue—hits you in the mid-riff—don't he—so beautiful—did you catch that—how smartly he led up to that anecdote—how well he lays in his Scotch pathos—his British patriotism—his nautical knowledge—and such light diet! I swear I am hungry for something to read every time I lay down Stevenson—give me rye bread, give me notes to Dante, give me a book about the world. I say I can read Wordsworth's poems and find them full of exciting reality and honesty of talent, after an hour or two of this fictitious fellow Stevenson. It's sham literature. It's all of it sham. The romances all sham romances, the essays are sham essays, the poems are sham poems. I have read *Treasure Island* many times and the first time or two enjoyed it. *Kidnapped* which always seemed to me the best of them—those I had read—(for some I stuck on) is a remarkable work of art. What talent—what talent, but sham!

Now the *Vicar of Wakefield* is a work

Roosevelt lived on earth in an apotheosis, flaming swords surrounded him always. One reason for this was the extreme ignorance about political matters in which his social friends were born and brought up. Whatever he said became their political gospel. If he said, "I must obey the Bosses in regard to the sewage question," they shouted, "Of course! You must. The idealists who wish you to defy Tom Platt in the sewer question are meddling idiots." If he said, "I shall break with the Bosses in regard to the Hospitals," they exclaimed, "Galahad, Jack the Giant Killer, George and the Dragon!" As Roosevelt's social circle widened and melted into the grand public as a sort of metaphysical cult, the alternate anathemas and hallelujahs remained the same.

Roosevelt didn't really know that there was any principle at the bottom of the matter; but he did know just exactly how far he could go in each case and remain a party candidate.

I have always believed that if he had defied his party in the governorship campaign (1898) he would have become a dominant figure much earlier, though he might have suffered a defeat or two in between. But Roosevelt couldn't bear the thought of a temporary eclipse; so he kept on conciliating his party till events and his own qualities, both the best and the worst of them, threw him out of the party, and he took the position we had urged him to take in 1898. Of course it now became illogical of him to abuse the idealists, Goo-Goos, etc., but he continued the practice out of habit to the end of his life.

I have called up in this paper a few shadows out of the past in order to show the sort of limbo that engulfs political life in America, perhaps everywhere. Roosevelt passed his entire life in this welter and yet became the most vital, most interesting, most important figure of his generation. Whether it be that the makers of the picture books don't know about

all this gloomy background, or are shy of depicting it I cannot say; but unless somebody paints it in, the figure of Roosevelt will lose half its permanence and all of its educational value. . . .

[Chapman made his most aggressive efforts for political reform in the nineties of the last century. In the first decade of the twentieth he suffered a breakdown which brought them to an end. It was out of the relative peace of his later years that he looked back upon the Roosevelt episode. In the same mood of retrospect he wrote, not long before the "Memorandum" just drawn upon, a brief paper, "Memories of Paul Fuller," in which he recalled a fellow-worker for honesty in politics. From this paper a paragraph on "the philosophy of agitation" illustrates the spirit of Chapman in his most ardent days.]

A life of agitation does not always make men bitter, but it is apt to make them rough. They feel that they must shout and dance in order to be heard. Let us suppose that your problem is to bring to the attention of a rich smug merchant the fact that he is half unconsciously allied with some sinister abuse, for which he is morally responsible. In Voltaire's time you might write a clever satire upon the man, which every one would read. But in New York in 1890 no one would read a satire: one might as well feed bonbons to a hippopotamus as expend wit upon the American business man. On the other hand sharp abusiveness hurts his feelings, and stings him. They did not sting him much, but a little. If you waylaid him and beat him half to death, he would avoid you for six months by going down a side street when he saw you coming. And if you continued to smile pleasantly on him, the time might perchance come when he felt safe in your company, and then some day he would ask you, "Do you mind telling me why you beat me on such and such a day?" Aha, you have prevailed! Now at last you have the man's attention. Such, reduced to words of one syllable, is the philosophy of agitation.

A second installment of Chapman's Letters will appear in the October issue.



DIXIE DETOUR

BY CEDRIC BELFRAGE

"YOU ENGLISHMEN," said my New York friend, "are all alike. Your gall is paralyzing. You dabble your toes for an hour in an ocean of social complexities. You return to the great inland heights which you inhabit, sit at your typewriters and tell marine society that you've solved its problems: the octopuses must abolish their tentacles and the sardines must be less timid, and everything will be fine."

I had told him that, on inspection of the southerly route to California which the Triple-A of the road had sketched out for us, we had decided to detour for a week through the South's storm-centers, seeking copy.

"That's all right," I said. "We think we can keep our native complacency under control for a week, and just look and listen and be bewildered."

The first night out of Washington we were at Natural Bridge, Virginia. The next day we turned off the Broadway of America into a different world. Eastward and westward on the smooth, comfortable pavement slid the stream of gasoline gypsies, very intent on the business of keeping moving, looking neither to right nor left save for mileposts and places to eat and sleep.

But on our Allegheny detour there were no longer tourist camps, natural-wonder sideshows, sandwich stands. This was unashamedly the country where people were born and stayed put and died, and fought the battle for existence with what weapons came to hand because they couldn't run away from it.

The mountains were beautiful, but as

the road wound through West Virginia's southern corner something happened. The same mountains and valleys, but coal beneath the earth, and coal-getting man above it. Men camped there to get the wealth of the coal, camped on millions of dollars of wealth, making the valleys and mountainsides squalid. Mile after mile, mining town after mining town: company store in the middle, dirty tumble-down shacks dotted about, surrounded by a drabness of slag and litter. No vestige anywhere of gardens, of the desire to preserve—much less to cultivate—beauty. Needless to wait till evening to understand: to see the silent towns alive again with the men now digging for the wealth beneath us—to see their bodies weary and their faces listless, expressing only the desire to assuage hunger with food, exhaustion with sleep.

Our night's objective was Paintsville, Kentucky. We had read about the bitter labor struggles in Kentucky's coalfields, about the anti-union terrorism alleged before the La Follette Committee. We had seen letters written by a G-man who had gone into the district some weeks previously to serve subpoenas for the Committee, and who was still there, beyond Paintsville in Harlan County. He wrote that his life was never safe, that he and his colleagues traveled in two cars loaded with guns and tear-gas bombs—two cars because if they were ambushed one might get through. "This is a hell of a war," he wrote, "but I'm glad to be in it."

The roads worsened and for miles we

met no one. We thought of the G-man's letters, and the darkening loneliness of the hills seemed eerie. Crossing the Kentucky line felt like crossing the Franco-Spanish frontier, only there was no one to stop you. Any moment you might hear the first gun.

In Paintsville the people of the musty little hotel seemed surly and distant. We wondered if they wondered who we were. The only other guests were commercial travelers, playing cards in the lounge window and snickering at Lum 'n' Abner on the radio. I had the name of an organizer in town of the Workers' Alliance, the unemployed and WPA workers' union. I was to inquire discreetly for him—preferably of some poor-looking working man in a dark alley.

I walked down the main street and a block from the hotel there was a sign outside a two-storey building: KENTUCKY WORKERS' ALLIANCE—District Office No. 5—Room 14. The bare office contained a bed, in which the secretary slept, and a homemade table with pamphlets and a couple of Marxist books on it. It had been open less than a week and the name of the former occupant was still on the door-glass. My New York labor acquaintances had apparently not known that in this Johnson County the era of bloody strikes and terrorism is over, the miners are one hundred per cent organized, and the unions are taking no more back talk from anyone. There was no need to ask in dark alleys for my man, Barnes MacFadden, because he was right there in the office—a cadaverous, stoop-shouldered ex-miner in the fifties with the mild, gloomy voice and manner of a Baptist minister. In the office too was a strikingly handsome young Kentuckian whom MacFadden introduced as Brother West, State organizer of the Alliance. Once a preacher of the Gospel in neighboring Bell County, Brother West not long before had languished in jail, charged with using his church to conspire for the overthrow of the Government. He is still in danger in Bell and Harlan Counties, but the Johnson County Attor-

ney to-day slaps him on the back and begs him to use his office as his own. As for Brother MacFadden, he is a candidate for magistrate in the next election and believes he has the office in the bag. He doesn't know a heap of law—you only have to read and write to qualify—but he knows a misappropriated public dollar when he sees one and he knows the slums in which the unemployed of Johnson County live; and those are the things he is gunning for if elected.

When Brother MacFadden takes you for a walk to see the sights he doesn't show you anything that is a matter for civic pride. He shows you wasted, verminous animals in the remote likeness of American children piled up in grotesque caricatures of human habitations. He shows you what was once a man and a miner, forty years old and almost blind, mumbling to himself by a cold fireplace as he waits for his two prostitute daughters to bring home the price of a drink. They are not beautiful sights; yet, if you are English, you cannot resist competing with him in a ghoulish argument as to who are more wretched, the unemployed of Kentucky or the unemployed of South Wales.

The day we drove through Harlan County it was splashed across the front pages of such purchasable papers as seemed to be in the business of printing news. The Knoxville *Journal* and Louisville *Courier-Journal* printed all the evidence before the La Follette Committee of Harlan's Sheriff Middleton, as to the intimacy between himself, his deputies (whose criminal records were listed), and the coal companies. Knoxville's *News-Sentinel* gave its front page to the assertion by a Harlan editor that "miners generally throughout the Harlan field to-day expressed satisfaction with their present unorganized status." The Hearst sheet buried Sheriff Middleton far down on an inside page in a matter of fifteen lines. Brother West had told us that in fact two of the biggest Harlan mines were fifty per cent U.M.W.-organized. But it was so dangerous for organizers there that leaflets had had to be showered down

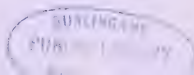
from airplanes, with tear-off application forms for union membership which enabled anyone to join secretly.

The county town of Harlan is two miles off the highway on a blind road which continues for some miles into the hills, through a chain of mining towns distinctly pleasanter-looking than those of West Virginia. As you drove you kept thinking of what the G-man said lurked behind hedges hereabouts for inquisitive strangers. But everything was very quiet. People looked at you a little oddly, and at your out-of-State plates, and replied to questions in monosyllables. A shop in Harlan displayed the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. Several men lounged near the newsstand, not buying but staring at the headline: HARLAN COUNTY SHERIFF TELLS HIS OBLIGATION TO COAL MINE OWNERS. You realized that everyone on the bosses' side who had a good story to tell was up north telling it, under subpoena. Not Harlan, but Washington, was the place to get information about Harlan.

Everyone else was lying low, and there was nothing in the district as well worth stopping the car for as the cave-dwellers by the highway just beyond Cumberland. They were the star exhibit of the Brothers at the Workers' Alliance, who had urged us not to miss it. The "cave" was well advertised by a line of washing hanging outside. It was a cleft in the rock face above the road, roughly boarded across the front. I climbed to the door in the boards, and an unkempt woman carrying a gray and woeful baby peered out at me. The floor and ceiling of the "cave" were bare rock except that the floor was a deep mess of filth. There were a table and one or two chairs and a double bed. Through the gloom several children could just be seen rolling in the dirt. A girl in her 'teens sprawled on the bed and looked at me with bleared eyes. Neither the bed nor the "floor" nor any of the faces or bodies or clothes seemed to have been washed in months, and you wondered why the things on the line outside had been washed, until you

recalled that in cave or mansion a diaper is always a diaper. But suddenly you were surprised by the appearance out of the murk of a young man's face, hollow-cheeked but richly tanned and glowing. He was the eldest son, just back "home" from an Arizona C.C.C. Camp. He was getting out as soon as he could, he said. He could hardly wait to get out of the cave and into a black tunnel half-a-mile below ground to fill his lungs, already half rotted, with destroying dust. The "man of the house" had some light WPA work that day but was too sick to work regularly. He was an incapacitated miner and there was no way he could get any money. The woman said she had been told that day, and it wasn't the first time, that they must leave the cave or be thrown out; they were trespassing on the public highway. She didn't know what they would do. You stood there tongue-tied, looking into the woman's hopeless eyes. You fished for money to cover your retreat and realized that it wasn't the woman and her family you were worrying about any more, but how you could give the money and leave without looking too awkward.

The smell of destitution after this and Paintsville's slums and the blind miner spitting in the fire and drinking up his daughters' earnings—the spectacle of human decay and hopelessness—the feeling of paying to see a human zoo and that there was not even a keeper to complain to about the animals' treatment: it all weighed you down nearly to your knees and then you felt the good old compensation mechanism at work, whispering that after all these people had fresh air to breathe and green things about them; that even if they were in a bad way it wasn't as bad as the slums of London and Lancashire and Glasgow, the hideous endless grayness of forgotten South Wales. More than the smell of poverty you hated the mechanism in yourself that made you take consolation in such odious quibbles. But what the mechanism craved now in this shambles perched on the black wealth that sired luxury and beauty the



other side of the mountains; what you needed before you could go on your way to the comfortable world, was a flash of blue sky, of present courage and hope.

II

Brother West had told me to look in on Si Potter, a miner and union leader in one of the next towns ahead. Si Potter's poor but decent bungalow was beside another blind road leading to mines in the hills. To the door came a husky middle-aged woman with straight, wide-set eyes and a direct kindly manner and a Kentucky accent such as I never believed when I read it in books. It was Sunday morning and Si had been up late talking union, and had said to let him sleep till he woke.

"Kentucky now," said Mrs. Potter, "is wild enuf. But hit ain't so wild as hit's painted."

To illustrate the point she spoke of the strike then current at one of the mines up the road. A few nights back there had been picketers clattering by the house in trucks and cars from midnight till dawn. The picketers, five hundred strong, had got as far as a barricade of guns across the road within a mile of the mine. They had massed there silently, looking at the guns. At one of the machine guns there was a scab, a man known to everyone in town. His face was chalk-white as he pointed the gun at his fellow-workers. Then one of the picketers standing before the gun's mouth broke the silence, softly cursing the man at the trigger: "Why don't you fire hit and see what hit sounds like?" The man sat there trembling. The picketers turned about to go home. "We came here as peaceable men," the spokesman said, "and you met us with machine guns, sawed-offs, and high-powers. Next time"—and he cursed some more in the rich vernacular of Kentucky—"we'll know how to come."

There was the day, Mrs. Potter recalled, when Si had been "picked up by Harlan justice" on the streets of the town, and brought home to sit on the porch—

covered by machine guns from the road—while the house was searched for printed matter; Si sitting there cursing roundly and saying he'd be ashamed to be seen on the public highway covering a lone man with machine guns. They didn't find anything but old Knoxville Sunday supplements, but they took Si away and held him in jail sixty days. Then there was the State organizer who stayed with the Potters and one night didn't come home. Mrs. Potter reckoned Harlan justice had got him. He flopped in three days later, black and blue all over and nearly dead. Another time dynamite had been planted right there in the front yard—too far from the house though to give her and Si more than a shaking. "Ef they'd a put hit on the porch they'd like to a killed us, but they never."

Mrs. Potter laughed. "Si tells 'em he'll fight 'em and they know he will. You take anything that's born in Kentucky—hit ain't scarey. These scabs now—what they're doin' is a coward. You know as well as I do hit ain't right—no part of a gentleman wouldn't do surch a thing. I ain't a red now. I don't hold with takin' away from a man what belongs to him. I don't see this cuntry gettin' like Rursher, though I reckon they ain't doin' so bad there, at that. I say this: We murst win because we're right. Hit's only sense. The wrong thing can't keep on long without surmthin' happens. Hit's happenin' right this instant, there in Washington."

III

In Birmingham, Alabama, I hoped to get from one of the head men of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company a statement of the employers' position in the current ferment.

It was less easy than I thought. The president was out of town and so was his press-contact aide and so were four out of five vice-presidents; the fifth was too busy to see me. Two officials of the Bessemer rolling mill (one of whom caused mirth in Washington when he was reported to have called Mrs. Roosevelt a Commu-

nist) said on the 'phone that they were just little fellows and weren't allowed to give interviews. So I crossed the street to the Chamber of Commerce. The official I saw seemed rather nervous of interviewers. He asked me not to quote him by name.

"We're a victim of agitators in this district," he said. "They come in from outside and make a living by stirring up trouble. If they'd let our labor alone it would be peaceful and happy. They try to coerce our men by threatening to have their jobs taken away. But the men prefer company unions."

"Why is that?" I asked.

"Company unions are the voice of the employee direct to the employer. They're more economical and more democratic. The men pay no dues to outside organizers and no allegiance to anybody. They don't have to worry about what's happening in Detroit or elsewhere."

In a tiny tenth-floor office on the next corner, just big enough for two desks and chairs and a file, I found Joseph Gelders and Esther, his wife. Since last autumn everyone knows who Jo Gelders is. He is the man who was taken for a ride out of Birmingham by four thugs, two of whom he knew, stripped and beaten nearly to death. He is a lanky, soft-voiced, academic-looking man, a former university professor, who dropped his job to work with his wife as local representative of the Committee for Defense of Political Prisoners. The Gelders are "nice people." Their distinguished Southern relatives think them mad because of course there is no such thing in America as a political prisoner. But in Gelders' opinion the man he was trying to help when he was beaten up—a tubercular Communist confined in a jail long condemned for any habitation—was just that. Gelders rented his office and brought his work into the open as soon as he returned from testifying before the La Follette Committee. He has not been molested since. Agree or not with his Left slant, he is a brave man, and his wife is a brave woman. It gives you a queer feeling to hear him

tell how one of the thugs stamped on him, permanently injuring his heart; and how, having failed to get a Grand Jury to indict, he sometimes passes this man on the street, and the man's face reddens as they pass.

"Of course," said Gelders when I mentioned my Chamber of Commerce talk, "the reactionary Southern employers are anxious not to have their men worry about 'what is happening in Detroit and elsewhere.' What is happening is that in Detroit and throughout the North men are paid on a higher scale for the same work. That's why industries are flocking southward to-day. That Southern differential in wages, which originates in the lower scales for Negro labor, can be evened up only by organization on a national scale. For the sake of the North, where South-moving industries are leaving behind a trail of unemployment, just as much as for the South, that differential must be ended."

I drove with Gelders to a rooming-house on a quiet corner. His odd dancing gait struck me as we walked from the car. He still suffers and is quickly exhausted, but his energy is dynamic.

The Secretary of the Sharecroppers' Union, a winner of no popularity contests in Birmingham, lived with his wife in a dark semi-basement room. He was a young Southerner, thirty perhaps, white and frail with dark rings under his eyes. He talked without heroics of the dangers and difficulties of his work. You knew that this man was never out of danger of violent assault or death. He and his wife had an odd calmness and sat very still as they talked. Clearly his mind was fixed on an idea and a definite belief in the way to give it life. If he was a racketeer it was a poor racket he'd got himself. We went upstairs to a plain room with bed and table and chair, the home of Walker Martin, president of the new Farm Laborers and Cotton Field Workers Union. He is a young, lively fellow, a farm laborer who has studied his way into leadership. He was sitting on the unmade bed, his hair tumbling over

his forehead, dipping through a great stack of papers and dictating to a woman with a typewriter.

I said I had been told all organizers of Southern labor were "outsiders" and racketeers.

"Yes," said Martin, "you see the life of lazy luxury we lead. And we do come from outside. That is, we're Southern born and reared, but we go North for a few weeks to learn organizational tactics from experts. That makes us the same as aliens when we return."

He pointed to the wall, on which hung the union's A. F. of L. charter.

"Seriously, it may surprise you that that charter isn't the guarantee of respectability here that it is in the North. Industrialists here lump all union organizers together. All are Communists. But time moves on. Two years ago my neighbor downstairs was a hunted man throughout this State with a price on his head. Now he could open an office here if he had the money; and he goes as far south as Montgomery to address meetings of middle-class groups.

"We have formed this union because so many of the big plantations are changing over from the sharecropping to the wage system. Wages—for seasonal work only, and not for one man but for a whole family—are as low as 50 cents a day and \$7.50 a month. And then it is rarely in money, but in scrip or goods from the employer's store. Housing conditions are terrible and epidemics sweep the plantations. Mechanization keeps cutting down the number of work-days. The Wagner Act excludes us. The sky's the limit on child labor. Relief and WPA administration are in our employers' hands. These are problems which cut right across the color line."

One of the principal sights of Birmingham is the Scottsboro Boys. The boys are an international attraction, although they have been shut up so many years now—one of them without ever being tried at all—that most people have forgotten why. You ask the Warden in the outer office if you may see them, and he sends you in to

the Deputy Sheriff, who passes you to the Sheriff. When you say that people all over the world are taking a great interest in the boys, the Sheriff looks tough and growls: "Yeah, a darned sight too much, if y'ask me." All the same he waves you toward an elevator operated by a youth who says he's there for sixty days and how about three cents for a postage stamp.

You step out into the zoo itself and a keeper with an Irish brogue leads you past the common cages, pointing out as you pass a bald man staring at his cell floor who is to be executed in a week. A bedraggled woman runs to the door of her cage and cries to the keeper: "Tell them I'm ready to plead guilty." The keeper stops and turns a knob like a safe combination, and you are in a little corridor looking through the bars at three young Negroes who are playing cards. The boys all rise and line up holding the bars, showing dull, witless faces. One remarks that for six bucks he could get a uke and they could have some music. The keeper takes you into the empty adjoining cell to show you how up-to-date the prison is, with practical toilets and running-water wash basins and central heating and windows that open and different cells for day and night. When you return, two of the boys are exhibiting their feet shod in shoes that are nearly all hole. In other cells the process is repeated till you have seen all the boys. The conversation is always the same, you ask how they're getting on and they say it wouldn't be so bad if they had some money for smokes and things. You wonder when they expect to be tried and whether they ever hope to get out, and they just shrug their shoulders with an expression saying, Don't be funny. Only the last group of three seem to have any notion what it is all about. Haywood Patterson, the one who is always getting new trials and appeals, looks as if he has done some thinking in jail and seems to speak eloquently with his liquid, sensitive eyes as his mouth speaks platitudes. There is no available currency of words to link them, the black cage inmates, with you, the comfortable white-

skin from outside. Between you and them are several worlds, but most of all the bars, behind which of course they enjoy far more comforts and security than they would have outside.

Walking out—it is so simple to walk out, if you are on the right side of the bars—the keeper says: “Of course those boys have good shoes really. They just put those old things on to get money. They’re always getting banjos but they damn’ soon break them.” He was silent, and then added: “That Patterson, he’s mean.”

“What does he do?” I asked.

“Oh . . . he’s just mean.”

IV

In Montgomery, a pleasant little town dominated by the State Capitol with its Civil War period memories, I was to pick up a guide for a visit to the sharecroppers: those pauperized semi-peons of cotton, black and white, two million-odd families strong, whose condition has of late been so much and so sentimentally publicized.

I found him in his bleak mildewed house in the colored quarter—a Negro organizer for the Sharecroppers’ Union. If I went with him, and not otherwise, the Negro sharecroppers would talk to me without restraint, the Union’s secretary had said.

We went some miles south and turned off the road toward some tumbledown shacks. The shacks were little more than decayed boards roughly nailed to uprights, with gaps between them covered on the inside with newspapers. You would have kept your pigs in them if you didn’t care much for the pigs. They were set in little clearings and were very picturesque at any range above fifty yards. One was leaning over at an angle of twenty degrees from the vertical and was kept from falling over by two thick timber-props.

Though I came from the outside world, and had been only three days in the country of Jim Crow street cars and elevators, it was already strange to be a guest

of Negroes who shook hands with courteous but unservile welcome, offered you a chair, and sat down in a circle with you round a log fire. The shacks were wretchedly bare, furnished with a scant dollar’s-worth of junk, and yet there was in them a feeling of warmth and cordiality. They were fairly clean, and so were their occupants, though clad in tatters held together with string. Occasionally the Negroes laughed with their high-pitched mirth as they told of the more fantastic features of their condition or touched on the familiar jest of farmers being paid not to grow cotton. But most of the time, and especially when they mentioned the union and its secret meetings which the landlords never heard about, they talked simply and seriously. You wondered how much of the clowning business and whining speech of Negroes was just an act put on for white folks. There was none of it here. I had come with one of their own trusted leaders. They were all union members, but you could have flayed them alive before they would have admitted it to any ordinary whiteskin.

One of them described how he had been bound to a tree and flogged by whites; each time they asked him about the union he just said he didn’t know what they were talking about; and they had stopped short of killing him. He was a husky buck and would have taken some killing. He farmed twenty-eight acres and four of his family of six worked. Last year he had produced four bales, had got out of debt for the first time in years and saved twenty-one dollars. He was allowed only a quarter of an acre to grow vegetables for his family. If he could have had an acre he could have grown all his own food. The landlord had just told him that from now on he would have to divvy up fifty-fifty on what he grew on the quarter-acre, just as he did on the cotton.

Finally there was a group of Negroes, men and women, who had come in from neighboring shacks, and I asked them what, since they were not in the ordinary position of paid workers, they expected

the union to do for them. The main thing, they all said, was that it would be a weapon to force the landlords to give them a proper accounting at the end of each season. Many landlords just threw them a few dollars for a year's work, and if they asked for details they were told to get out, and there was nothing they could do about it. One man said that last year he had grown five bales and had somehow ended up \$117 in debt to the landlord. Another spoke of the poor quality of cornmeal furnished by the landlord; it was so bad that he couldn't ask a friend to sit down with him, he was ashamed of the bread. A woman spoke of the landlord's school and the landlord's churches which were the only ones available. There were one hundred pupils at the school, in six grades, and there was one room to teach them all in and one teacher to do it. The children sometimes left school at thirteen or fourteen still unable to read and write. Tales were told of real peonage conditions, of Negroes who tried to leave a plantation and were brought back by the Sheriff.

Each Negro spoke in turn and the others sat motionless, quiet save for occasional interpolations of "You tell de truth." "That's correct." A young woman with serious eyes and a kind of toilworn beauty said that she and her husband were not sharecroppers; they rented their land outright at \$50 a year and had real money to spend—\$115 of it, last year. She was the union organizer for the district. She had been sent all the way to New York last year, to study organization technic. Were conditions locally any better, I asked her, than in the darkest days of the slump?

No, chorused everyone, laughing bitterly. If anything they were still getting worse.

I said I had to go, I had an appointment to interview the Governor in Montgomery. They laughed and one of them said he had a message for the Governor, only he couldn't think just how to phrase it.

The Governor's anteroom was filled with mediumly prosperous-looking men,

small-time politicians and business men waiting to push a cause with the chief executive. A white-coated Negro handed round paper cups of water. The men chewed cigars and spat into the huge cuspidors.

The Governor sat at a big desk with a bowl of goldfish on it and a box of peanuts, or maybe popcorn, and a lot of papers, and flags hanging above. He was a heavy-set man with a rubicund face, jolly in expression except when he pursed his lips and narrowed his eyes to make a heavy point. Because of my nationality he wanted to talk about Anglo-American co-operation, but this led him by rapid stages into deeper themes.

"Your people and my people have been the outstanding champions of rugged individuality." He pointed a finger ceilingward. "That's why we're sitting on top of the world. But it's got to be curbed a little, my friend. To-day we must have the spirit of one for all, all for one. That's the spirit I'm appealing to now, to all English-speaking peoples. If I could get my thoughts over there to your people it would be a great insurance for this civilization of ours."

Emphatically he declared that workers had just as much right to organize as employers had, so long as both obeyed the law. "The men have a right to pick who they damn' please to bargain for them, just like Ford can pick his own manager for his plant."

I asked if there had been cases of intimidation to prevent workers in Alabama from joining unions.

"I incline to think there may have been some," he replied, "but I wouldn't like to hint what I can't assert."

He positively denied the existence of a Cotton Field Workers' union. "There's no friction there at all. We have the most harmonious conditions that ever existed. There couldn't be any such union. There'd be no sense to it. We are in close touch with the A. F. of L. and we would know about anything like that."

As to the sharecroppers, he said: "There is no problem over them in Alabama.

There is the utmost accord. Alabama agriculturally is in the most prosperous state it's ever been in. The New Deal has done wonders. The sharecroppers are not joining the union, so presumably they don't want it."

V

An acquaintance in New York had asked his friend, a big plantation owner in Mississippi, to put us up for the night and show us his place. The plantation was not far from the town where the South's latest lynching had just been reported—the slow roasting to death of two Negroes by blow-torches.

Our host, we soon discovered, was widely known in the district as one of the good planters. The Negroes liked him. "If they was all like him," they said, "it'd be different." He was a cultured, traveled, widely read man. Any Negro in trouble could go to him and he would help him. Of his servants and many other individual Negroes he spoke with warm affection.

The 3,400-acre plantation, twenty miles from the owner's house, was marked by no dividing lines. It was in the midst of the great, flat delta of the Mississippi River. The Negro sharecroppers' shacks were dotted about the cotton fields. They were frail but well-kept and weathertight. A few had gardens round them. One in three had a ramshackle car at the side. In the middle were a gin, the plantation store, and three churches, and the real houses in which the Whites lived—the gin and store managers and the two overseers.

No work was in progress and a dozen Negroes lolled outside the store. They jested with the overseers as we walked past, rather like schoolboys cheeking, within safe limits, the masters. The overseers—powerfully built, dominating men—brought out the books in the store and showed us that the average family on the plantation received \$200 a year and \$200 worth of merchandise, or "furnishings."

With all that has been written and said of late about the woes of sharecroppers,

every cotton planter is jumpy about the subject.

"We have nothing to hide," one of the overseers volunteered. "We try to make the Negroes realize that we're their best friends, and what we tell them is right. A Southerner will do fifty times more for a nigger than anyone else will. We're their friends—in other words, we recognize they're an inferior race and treat them accordingly."

"That's right," said the other. "Here's what people up North don't realize about the Negro sharecropper. He can make good if he wants to just like a White man, by thrift and self-denial and hard work. Many of our men have saved money and bought a piece of land. You always get about ten per cent of them that are of the transient type. They leave at the end of the year owing us money. They haven't got the sense of honor to stay and face their obligations. We can't make them pay, and if they're that sort we're only too glad to be rid of them."

I mentioned union organization.

"Well," said the first overseer, "we've had no trouble here, though two years ago we heard there was to be a meeting. One of the Negroes told us, 'It's a Government man—he wants to help us.' We went along, but this 'Government man' heard we were coming and didn't show up."

"But you wouldn't object," I said, "if they did try to organize?"

"We certainly would," he said. "These organizers are all racketeers. They see how they can feather their own nests by misleading the Negroes. We have to protect our people against such things. Why, if we didn't, they'd get their money one day and the next they'd be flat broke—they'd have given it all to some shyster."

"Do you consider it impossible that there could be such a thing as an honest union organizer?"

"Not impossible, but most unlikely."

"But what about the Wagner Act? Doesn't it give every man the right to organize as he sees fit?"

"That's what it says, all right. But

we don't want any of them racketeers coming round here stirring up trouble."

One of the striking things they told me was that there is a thirty-five per cent prevalence of venereal disease among cotton-field Negroes. There are no free clinics. "They wouldn't use them if there were."

I mentioned this to my host when I returned for lunch. There were two young women, one a reporter on the local paper, as guests.

"But it's true," said my host with deep sincerity. The girls nodded assent. One of them was devoting her time especially to this particular problem.

"It seems incredible to you," continued my host, "because you don't know the Negro. But it is true. They wouldn't use free clinics even if we provided them. Why should we pay out more taxes to provide something the Negroes won't use? You really do have to live here to understand the Negro. He doesn't want to better himself. He is incapable of our ethical standards. He has no culture behind him. You can't really trust one of them. They're always fighting, killing, stealing. I'm sick to death of all this sentimentalism about Negro sharecroppers. Am I a Simon Legree? The Negroes can't get what I haven't got to give them. I can make practically no profit.

"What alternative is there to the present system? Socialism? But the Negroes wouldn't like that a bit. They would rather have fifty per cent of the crop and let somebody else carry the burden of management than have it all with self-management. They are like South Sea Islanders."

I called on two more cotton men in an office in Memphis. They were evidently sincere. They were convinced that the union "agitators" were all crooks. The head one, they said, was an ex-pantspresser. The sharecroppers wouldn't take the trouble to grow food for themselves even if they were given the land free. Their income was very low, yes; but they produced so much cotton, the cotton sold for so much, market prices happened to be low: so what could any-

one do about it? . . . Well, you had to ask, what about putting sense into the Negro by better education?

"All right," said one. "As much of it as they'll take, yes. But education doesn't solve it because really"—he put his hand over his heart—"it's something *here* that they haven't got. They're just a different kind of animal."

"We have our white man's burden here too," put in the other. "And like the people in India, we resent all this ignorant outside criticism. We know more about it than these parlor pinks do. We consider that our profession is just as noble as a banker's or any other business with romance in it." Evidently he had been so busy reading attacks on cotton-planters that he was unaware of the unfortunate nature of the comparison.

At the Country Club, at lunch, a charming Southern lady nearby was speaking of one of her colored servants. "She went out and bought seven cans of grapefruit juice. Now that girl no more knows what to do with grapefruit juice than you would know what to do with a lion cub." Did I hear somewhere an echo of that English middle-class slogan: "If you give that class of person a bath they only keep coals in it"? Something that one of the overseers on the plantation had said came back to me. "You have your classes in England. It's the same here, only in England the lower class is white."

In the liberal atmosphere of the Scripps-Howard *Press Scimitar* office, Edward J. Meeman, the editor, talked sympathetically of the sharecroppers but pointed out that their lot, much publicized as it was, did not compare with that of the employees in the new factories. In their hunger for payrolls, Southern towns which had never had an industry had been doing an unprecedented thing: they were building factories free, throwing in free water and electricity, to induce Northern manufacturers to move South. The workers in many of these factories were glad to earn as little as four dollars and six dollars a week, out of which they must pay rent. And out of

such pay-envelopes, deductions were made every week to pay for building the factories.

"But of course," said Meeman, "the agricultural problem is the great one to be solved."

Before leaving Memphis we called on John Rust, inventor of the mechanical cotton-picker. His place is like a medium-sized suburban garage, with a little office in front and the machine, a queer arrangement of spikes protruding from a vertical moving band between tractor wheels, behind in a litter of tools and parts.

Rust had just returned from Russia, where he and his brother have sold their machine for a lump sum to the Soviet Government. His brother was still in Russia working on variations in the machine to suit local conditions. There was a pile of orders in the front office for the machine but another season's experimental work would be done before any would be filled. John Rust takes little interest in temporary solutions for the farmers' and sharecroppers' problems. He looks ahead to a day when cotton-growing will be mechanized on a huge scale. It is the new problems of that day that occupy him.

I told him what cotton planters had said to me, that mechanical pickers were unlikely to succeed and that Rust's was not the best one anyway.

"Of course," he said, "they talk our machine down because we are socialists and have announced that we won't take the profit gained—as it inevitably must be under capitalism—from putting men out of work. Maybe they're right about other machines being better. But the

mechanization of cotton production is as certain as to-morrow's dawn. When a good mechanical hoer is perfected too there will be about thirty of every fifty cotton families—and there are two million of them—displaced by machines. The intelligent way to grow cotton is the Russian way, on big mechanized farms."

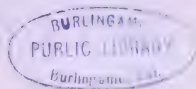
On Saturday night, near Pine Bluff, Arkansas, we stopped for a beer at a wayside store. It was full of Negroes dancing to a nickel-in-the-slot phonograph. They were absorbed in their stepping and shuffling and shoulder-weaving. They wore the expressions of children blissfully happy at their play, oblivious of trouble. Three or four comely colored girls were much in demand.

"There'll be a few fights here before the night's over," said the WPA man. "They'll not go home till dawn. These niggers are all the same. . . ."

We got to discussing aspects of the Negro problem as we drove on.

"By God," chuckled my companion, "you've made me think about something I haven't given a thought to in fifteen years: the 'Negro problem.' I accept them as something that's got to be, just like my bird dogs. Don't misunderstand me; I love 'em—just like I do my dogs. And I think they're damn' smart—much smarter than the White man—for getting exactly what they want from life with so little effort."

And soon after that we were once more on the smooth cement ribbon that runs from east to west, streaming along with the eternal wheeled wanderers who look neither to the right hand nor to the left.





A FORMULA FOR CONSERVATIVES

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

PERHAPS the most grave weakness in American political life to-day is the absence of a conservative philosophy. The Republican Party represents the impulses of interests on the defense rather than principles which are seeking the expression of action. The Democrats follow a leader whose inspiration is largely at variance with the traditions for which they stand, and who wins their support less because of the ends he seeks than because of the victories he secures. There has hardly been a time in modern American history when the divisions of party organization have had less relation to the divisions of American ideas.

That is an unhealthy condition for a number of reasons. It means, in the first place, that at election time the American people has no effective choice between rational alternatives; it knows the man whom it may place in the White House; it does not know what it may place him there for. It means, second, that while there is grave distrust of many of the purposes President Roosevelt is seeking to fulfil there is no coherent alternative to those purposes. Mr. Hoover proposes incantations rather than principles; "rugged individualism" is a dead dream rather than a serious philosophy. Mr. Landon's supreme difficulty as a candidate was the fact that no one ever really was able to know what he stood for; he had to be realized rather in terms of his supporters than in terms of his principles. There is no obvious Republican candidate for 1940; and it is at least probable that when he does formally begin to emerge his main

asset will be, not the purposes for which he stands, but the fact that the President is no longer his opponent. The politics of a people is never sound when the alternatives posed for choice have to be improvised. Congressional government means rational government; and rational government means the necessity of effective philosophies in conflict with one another.

The American Left is in no such dilemma. From progressives like Senator La Follette to communists like Mr. Earl Browder, they present an intelligible picture of the America they seek to fashion. They have more than a program of particular measures; they have a sense of the faith which lies behind those measures. The faith and the measures may be right or wrong; at least they give to the average citizen a pattern that is a basis for intelligent anticipation of social direction. There is no such philosophy of the Right; or, at least, there is no such philosophy that is seriously compatible with the continuance of democratic government. The Liberty League was nothing so much as a plea that, once the worst of the depression was over, the great vested interests should go on in the old way; but as the American people related the great vested interests causally to the depression, it is not unnatural that the response to the plea should have been limited. The Chambers of Commerce, the bankers, the National Association of Manufacturers, none of these has delineated the outlines of a philosophy which gives the American people the right to confidence in their out-

look. For the sum total of all their pronouncements is simply the wish to be left alone. They are afraid of government intervention. They yearn to "conduct their own business in their own way." They think state-ownership wholly evil. They see nothing to be deprecated in the practices of the Harding-Coolidge epoch. They insist—with millions of unemployed still needing state-provision—that high taxation is a discouragement to private enterprise. They realize neither the mood of the farmer nor the new temper of organized labor. They announce that what they have they hold. But they proffer no philosophic justification for their possessions or their power of such a kind as to persuade the common citizen that they ought once again to be entrusted with the authority of the state.

Men who want power blindly without being able rationally to justify their claim to it rapidly drift into a Fascist temper. They grow afraid of their opponents; they cease to know how to answer them. And men who lack that knowledge soon grow into the mood where they deny its necessity. From that point it is easy to drift rapidly into the frame of mind which looks to coercion rather than to persuasion as the method by which power is attained. Something of this temper has already been apparent in the past four years in the habits of President Roosevelt's critics. Vituperative indignation, like that of Hitler, seeks for enemies to capitalize rather than for arguments to persuade. It is unable to utilize the normal machinery of constitutional government because the intellectual drive behind it is not strong enough to win a victory. In the normal way, the forces now behind President Roosevelt can only be beaten by two methods. They may be beaten because American conservatism develops a clear and intelligible alternative to his policies. They may be beaten because his policies result in a new economic catastrophe. The latter would obviously threaten gravely the whole fabric of American institutions; and it might easily lead to a condition not very

dissimilar from that of civil war. The way of democratic salvation depends, clearly, upon the first; and it cannot come too quickly if it is to have effective results.

II

A conservative American philosophy can no longer depend upon the simple formulas of *laissez-faire*. They were intelligible in the expanding America of the frontier; they have ceased to have meaning since that time. The problem, therefore, for conservatives is not the principle of government intervention; the problem is rather the limits to its operation. Here, at least, certain things are obvious. Either the private operation of industry must offer certain basic standards to the workers or they will seek to use their political power to secure their imposition by law. Rates of wages, the length of the working-week, the quality of housing, security against unemployment and sickness, if these cannot in a democratic society be secured by private initiative then public control will be demanded; and again in a democratic society public control cannot in the long run be refused. For conservatism to resist their advent is either to place their advocates permanently in power or to look to the breakdown of democracy as the opportunity for their refusal. It is no use to argue that they are doubtfully in accord with the American Constitution, that they deny the sacred principle of liberty of contract. For, in the first place, the meaning of the American Constitution is a function of the mental climate of any given time; and liberty of contract, in the second, has been imported into the Constitution by judicial artifice rather than by natural construction. It was a good conservative and not a Marxian enthusiast, Mr. Justice Holmes, who warned the Supreme Court that freedom of contract begins only where equality of bargaining-power begins also.

That warning implies the second essential principle upon which an American conservatism should build. On the as-

sumption that American democracy is to persist, there is no alternative to the recognition of collective bargaining in industry; and there is no meaning in collective bargaining save as it is built upon the acceptance of trade unions. From this angle an effort like that of Mr. Henry Ford does grave disservice to the very purposes he seeks to conserve. For either trade unionism must win universal recognition or it must disorganize industrial relations by conflict which raises the whole issue of the validity of private enterprise. The blind hostility to trade unionism which has been characteristic of American employers in general is the main cause of the profound unrest which disturbs industry to-day. Nothing is really gained when Conservatives, for example, make solemn pronouncements upon the illegality of sit-down strikes; still less when judges are persuaded to issue injunctions against the strikers. For these as a rule can be enforced only at the point of the bayonet; and a technic of law which depends upon coercion for its acceptance will rapidly destroy any prospect of rational relations between master and man. The part of wisdom in a wise conservative is not to denounce the sit-down strikes but as rapidly as possible to remove the cause which has produced them. Almost wholly, that cause is the refusal to recognize the unions; and it has the effect of making the chance of rational relations less available in other spheres of negotiation. The essence of a conservative philosophy is the ability to make concessions to necessary expediency. In this realm the conclusion is obvious. For trade unions are an inescapable accompaniment of capitalist democracy; and employers cannot hope to evade the recognition of the one save as they seek to destroy the marriage between capitalism and democracy.

So too in the realm of public utilities. If business men are content to leave uncorrected a system of which Samuel Insull and the van Sweringens are the expression they must not be surprised if there is a popular demand for state-control.

Indeed, in this sphere, it cannot be too emphatically insisted that owners who refuse to put their house in order must not be surprised at attacks upon the exercise of their authority. In a democratic society the intervention of the state is the necessary consequence of the abuse of power; and the only effective alternative to that intervention is the abolition of a democratic society. It is not radicalism, but good conservative doctrine, to insist that power is a trust; and the obvious condition of its exercise is the erection of safeguards against men who, like the van Sweringens, are incapable of understanding that their private welfare is not identical with the public good. Whether the field be power or banking, the railroads or oil, the degree of public dependence upon its exploitation is the measure of the degree in which a wise conservatism will call for those safeguards itself. For otherwise men will obtain control of them who act not like public servants but like Renaissance bravos. Their habits will lead to general indignation, and what many feel to be an exceptional instance will be taken by the public to be the system itself. There is a need for "noblesse oblige" in public utilities not less than in public political office. Discretion is too dangerous, and the time has come for rule to replace it. Those who resist the coming of rule are as foolish as the aristocrats of the ancient regime who resisted all concession to the bourgeoisie. For by refusing themselves to make a system work well they invite its drastic correction from without.

This is true also in other fields of public policy. In taxation, for instance, where the habit of evasion, the use by the rich of every artifice the legal profession can invent, operates above all to persuade the masses that the rich lack an adequate sense of civic obligation. It is true in the resistance of business men to such legislation as the child labor amendment, for example, which has become an accepted principle of civilized adequacy. If business men approve when university presidents and eminent cardinals confuse free-

dom with the compulsion of children to work in factories they must not be surprised if the working classes doubt their fitness to exercise power. At some time also the commercial interests of the United States must make up their mind that a high-tariff policy is incompatible with agricultural prosperity. Or, alternatively, its consequence must be such a subsidization of agricultural products, such a monopoly also of the American home market as no finance-capitalism in the United States has been prepared to contemplate. Business America clearly contemplates such a part in world investment as Great Britain played in the generation after 1850. There are conditions to the playing of that game, and a high tariff is certainly not one of them. Its continuance simply means that the farmer is the victim of the cities; and, like most victims, he will not be prepared for self-sacrifice without the prospect of some adequate return.

In the economic realm, in a word, the necessary rule of an efficient conservatism is to recognize that there is no such thing as unconditional power. The Romanovs of this world are followed by the Lenins as unavoidably as the Coolidges are followed by the Roosevelts. An era of temporary prosperity may, as in the twenties, obscure the size of the bills to come; it is still certain that they will be presented in the long run. And in a national economy even as contingently wealthy as that of America, the obscurity may be so misleading that to meet the bill when it does come is a shock too great for the body politic to bear. That is why the economics of business men in the Coolidge era was so disastrous. All its assumptions were built upon the hypothesis that business prosperity is coincident with national prosperity. It paid no serious attention to the conditions upon which business prosperity was being achieved. When the crash came its beneficiaries wrung their hands and went in tearful hope to the White House for assistance. Why should they have been surprised when other classes in the community, the farm-

ers, the workers, thought that they were not less entitled than business to aid from the governmental power? The inability of business men, once the period of recovery had begun, to learn the obvious lesson of their own ineptitude is the measure of the degree to which they had habit without philosophy. They were prepared for salvation from Washington when their own interests were in jeopardy. Once these were safe, they returned to a way of thought in which Washington and salvation were antithetic terms. When others failed to see the antithesis their alarm and indignation were unlimited. Is it wonderful that in these circumstances the average man should have concluded that, whoever should control the government of the United States, the case against its control by banker and business man was an unanswerable one?

III

The characteristic of American business in the economic realm has been its irresponsibility and its habits here have colored its whole relationship to political institutions. It has held aloof from Congress and the State legislatures; the political career was not one in which it found either sufficient reward or sufficient interest to deem it significant. But it was necessary to prevent the legislative machine from operating to its disadvantage. There thus grew up that immense invisible government in the United States against the operations of which Mr. Elihu Root made so magistral a protest. The direct corruption of legislators and judges; the purchase of influence by subscription in the local and national machines of political parties; the financing of propaganda lobbies; the control of newspaper opinion through the medium of advertisement—these were only the more obvious of the ways in which business maintained its empire without exercising a responsible share in the process of government. It had its presidents, senators, judges, cabinet officers; but it had them in such a way that the public

did not perceive the reality of its lien. The contrast between the formal and the real government of America grew ever more stark. Popular will was never fully effective because it was always stayed before it reached the center of authority. It was bewildered by its inability to realize itself through the institutions appointed for that purpose.

From a political angle this mattered little to Americans so long as it had not yet passed the frontier. It produced, indeed, movements of popular protest, the Grange among farmers, the Knights of Labor among workmen, the significance of which is to show that the ultimate pattern of American development is not necessarily and inherently different from that of Europe. Careers even like those of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson are important evidence that even before the Great War the political assumptions of frontier America were already obsolete. But after 1920 the conduct of American affairs required a positive theory of the state; and American conservatism did not adjust itself to this necessity. It rather sought, on the contrary, to transform to its own image the habits of the institutions which were struggling to obtain a new content. It applauded with vigor a Supreme Court which seemed to constitute itself a reactionary vestibule to Wall Street. It merely shrugged its shoulders at corruption like that which surrounded Teapot Dome. It showed no appreciation of the need for an efficient civil service. It placed every possible obstacle, legal and political, in the way of regulatory legislation. It used the Courts as a weapon to deny to Labor the powers it did not itself hesitate to exercise. Its irresponsibility was that of an acquisitive society which seeks from the forms of state nothing so much as an ever-greater ease of acquisition.

One has only to examine the utterances of the high priests of American conservatism in these years to see how utterly fantastic was their understanding of the position. Coolidge and Mellon in politics expressed a philosophy like nothing so

much as that by which Hannah More, nearly a century and a half ago, sought to persuade the laborers of the Mendip Hills to reconcile themselves to their poverty: "scarcity," she wrote, "has been permitted by an all-wise and gracious Providence to unite all ranks of people together, to show the poor how immediately they are dependent upon the rich." The fact of dependence was indubitable, but it was bound to be tolerated only so long as conditions of well-being prevailed. When these broke down, with the coming of the depression in 1929, American conservatism was alike bankrupt of either diagnosis or remedy. And it was so bankrupt because it had never sought to adjust itself to a new world. It had been predatory where it should have been social; it had been reckless and wasteful, incapable, as it showed in its treatment of Mooney in California and of Sacco and Vanzetti in Massachusetts, of even an elementary respect for the decencies of civil liberty. Instead of using its Indian summer as a period of renovation, it assumed that there could no longer be the advent of winter. When the tempests came, its complete bankruptcy of ideas was obvious to all its critics, and for their first fury suspected even by its own votaries.

A wise conservatism in politics is, as Edmund Burke said, "an ability to improve" not less than a "disposition to preserve." Its essence is that prudence which knows when concessions have to be made. It is no use striking an attitude and declaring that change in itself is a violation of principle. A temper which can regard the very moderate experiments of Mr. Roosevelt as communism quite clearly invites disaster. It gives birth to a reckless hatred of necessary adaptation, which threatens the very basis of constitutional government. Conservatism in politics cannot mean a policy of no surrender; it means such a policy of compromise as will maintain the necessary unity in society upon which the process of government by consent can be founded. There has been singularly little of this conservatism in the United States since 1933. It has, rather,

passed through the whole gamut of Bentham's *Book of Fallacies* in its endeavor to prevent the onset of change. This measure was wrong because it represented the thin end of the wedge; that must be resisted because the time was not ripe for its enactment; something else was unwise because the Founding Fathers could not conceive of it; or there was what Bentham called the fallacy of vague generality in which the dogma of the "matchless constitution" played its accustomed part. There were not the men to carry out the measures. What was proposed was good in theory but bad in practice. Or it was utopian because it failed to realize the weakness of human nature. From whatever angle the criticism proceeded, its underlying assumption was the insistence that nothing must be done to disturb the confidence of business men. It did not inquire whether they ought not to revise the limits of their timidity. It built upon the belief that despite all that had happened it was the part of political wisdom to continue to take them at their own valuation.

It is time for American conservatism to re-examine its foundations. Ever since the close of the Civil War it has, with too brief intervals, taken business men at their own valuation; the present difficulties of the United States are largely the outcome of that error of judgment. They have had their own way in political life without being held to responsibility for that way. Congress, the State legislatures, the Federal and State benches, have all, subject only to brief lapses from the faith, assumed that the voice of prosperity was the voice of social truth; and only two Presidents since Lincoln have spoken in accents from which business men dissented. The sole condition in any society upon which power of this magnitude can be maintained is its ability to produce the conviction that its success is proportioned to its reward. The great depression ended the prospect of that conviction's satisfying anyone save its direct beneficiaries.

What Adam Smith called the "obvious

and simple system of natural liberty"—still the faith of American conservatism—is now seen to be neither obvious nor simple. It depends, in part, upon certain doubtful assumptions of the nature of the universe; in part also upon the belief that the legal postulates of capitalist society are part of the eternal order of nature. The first were the outcome of the immense expansion which followed the erosion of feudalism with the coming of the Industrial Revolution; the second can be entertained by no intelligent man in the light of our experience of Soviet Russia. "The maxim of *laissez-faire*," wrote Cairnes, "has no scientific basis whatever, but is at best a mere handy rule of practice." That is what American conservatism has to learn to understand. There is no final evidence to show that enlightened self-interest always operates for the public good. There is no adequate reason to believe that ability and reward are proportionate. There is no permanent justification either for the present distribution of property or the manner in which it is owned. A wise conservatism, in a word, is confronted anew by what Burke called "one of the finest problems in legislation, namely, to determine what the State ought to take upon itself to direct by the public wisdom, and what it ought to leave, with as little interference as possible, to individual exertion." And the problem has no longer to be solved upon the basis that the government which governs least is best. It has to be solved upon the basis that the care of those services which are essentially urgent in society can no longer be safely left to the unfettered play of the acquisitive impulse in man.

This means a new orientation for conservatives to the problems of economic and political constitution. It means a new conception of the purposes of the state-power, and, since means are always involved in ends, it means also the possibility of drastic alterations in the American Constitution. To take instances only, such an attitude might require a plea by conservatives for the public ownership

of railroads and electric power. It would certainly involve new powers over labor and commerce to the Federal government. It would not, at least easily, be compatible with the present cumbrous method of constitutional amendment since it would obviously require a much greater flexibility in political processes. It is only dubiously compatible with the recent tendency of the Supreme Court to veto Congressional and State legislation in terms of its own conception of what is wise social experiment. It might even become necessary to consider, from this basis, whether the areas of State government are, for certain purposes, the most efficient areas of governmental administration. Certainly it would be essential to inquire whether the nature of the great society does not require uniformities of social principle far wider than seem possible of access under the present Federal scheme.

For if, as is here argued, the principle of a wise conservatism is to build upon the assumption that the ability to improve is the condition upon which what is best in the tradition may be preserved, the recognition that adaptation is the first law of life is elementary prudence. A true conservatism is never dogmatic; its inherent life is its response to major expedencies. But to be able to offer that response, its temper and its sense of the necessary rate of change need to be utterly different from what they have been in the past. A nation does not live solely on the memory of its past achievement; it is able to consolidate its past achievements only by using them as the basis for contemporary success. Once it loses this art it loses the power to maintain that unity of purpose which is the cement of social action. For no past achievements can maintain unity in the presence of continued difficulty. Six million unemployed to-day are a much stronger argument for the revision of a faith than the memory of what Cleveland did in the Pullman strike or what Coolidge did not do in the Boston police strike of 1919. Conservatism makes concessions to the time-spirit; and it learns by the effort of thought what concessions it

is not merely necessary but also desirable to make. For it seeks to learn that greatest of all political lessons which is the recognition that reforms only too often are so long postponed that when they are granted they cease to evoke the good will they are intended to secure. In the life of a nation the great art is to maintain peace without victory. For if victory has to be won it means that battles have to be fought. Once that is the case, no one can prophesy that the victory will go to the right side, still less that it will have been worth the winning.

IV

Let us admit the difficulty of a conservatism of this kind. It requires from men who have had almost seventy-five years of unchallengeable supremacy in American life something like new habits of thought. They must learn to persuade where they have been content to impose. They must be tolerant where they have been dogmatic. They must recognize that the sovereign power of the American people is not a function of their private will. Above all, perhaps they must learn the great political art of magnanimity; a great commonwealth cannot be successfully governed by men with closed minds. They must recognize that the will of the people has the right to be obeyed even if they think its substance harmful or mistaken or unwise. They must surrender weapons that have become their commonplace technic—the use of undercover men, the journalistic methods of Mr. Hearst, the vicious red-baiting of Mrs. Dilling and her scores of imitators, the call to the police to act as strike-breakers, the use of the courts in injunction cases as the half-official departments of business enterprise. Above all, they must learn to understand the implications of a dynamic society. Principles and practices cannot be justified merely because they are old. A wise conservatism is a strategy of adaptation, not a philosophy of resistance to change.

Such a conservatism is difficult, because it means the potential surrender of power

by men who—let us admit it frankly—have enjoyed and profited by its possession. There are two reasons why the contemplation of potential surrender is yet a necessary social obligation. The first is an ethical reason. "Power," said Lord Acton, "always corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely." No sphere of life better illustrates the truth of this dictum than does business enterprise in the United States. Whether one takes the railroads or oil, steel or the power companies, the habits of higher finance or of the coal barons, the tale of the abuse of an almost unlimited power has been a sorry one. To introduce a public context into its habits is a reform long overdue. It can be done by co-operation from within, at least while America remains democratic; the alternative is compulsion from without. To effect the change by compulsion would deprive it of the major part of its efficacy.

For it would mean a vast intensification of the class-divisions—at present growing divisions—in American society. Those divisions have not been made by agitators; they have merely gathered a harvest from a soil fertilized by the habits of unlimited power. What has made for class-antagonism in the United States has been Colorado and Lowell, Paterson and Gastonia, the investigations of bodies like the Pujo Committee before the War, or of Judge Pecora after it. The case for wise conservatism was not made by foreign socialists like Marx, or even by American communists like Earl Browder. It has been made by the price ordinary citizens have had to pay for the exercise of uncontrolled authority by business men. That price has been set by the contrast between the promise of American life and that inadequate fulfilment revealed by every survey of family budgets or of housing conditions; not least by any social document as poignant as the pattern traced by Mr. and Mrs. Lynd in their superb pictures of Middletown. That was not the America of which the pioneers dreamed; it is certainly not the America the next generation will fight to preserve.

And the second reason is historical in character. Men who refuse to contemplate, above all in an era of crisis like our own, the necessity for wholesale adaptation are sooner or later driven to attack upon democracy. The kind of resistance to change which has been evident in the past four years of American politics has been that which drove the Bourbons and the Romanovs to the scaffold. Even if it is successful its result is the ugly one of a Mussolini or a Hitler. For what it implies is a refusal rationally to examine the claim to concessions. It is unwilling to give way somewhere for fear lest it be driven to surrender on all fronts. But democracy is nothing so much as a society in the atmosphere of which concessions claimed can be rationally examined. Once that atmosphere is denied as valid, the erosion of constitutional government is at hand. And the alternative to constitutional government is, frankly, dictatorship. It may win, and, at least for a time, it may endure. But if we know anything of history, we know above all that the habit of a dictatorship is to make a desert and to call it peace. There can be few Americans willing to see in a Fascized America the fulfilment of the American dream. It could only in any case be established after bloody conflict, and the very conditions of its origin would inevitably destine it to instability. When it came to perish there would die with it all the privileges to protect which it was brought into being.

The kind of conservatism for which I have been pleading here, with all its difficulties, opens no such prospect of danger. It is able to pursue what is significant in the past because it is willing to reform what is inadequate in the present. Its temper offers to the ordinary man that essential condition of social unity—the right to hope. He has the sense that he is the master of his destiny. He is willing to be patient because he sees great experiments in adaptation conducted before his eyes. He is ready to believe that the state-power is continuously used for ends in which his good is involved. No patriot-

ism is so real as that which grows unconsciously from this realization. It is the temper which, from the seventeenth century onward, made America the Utopia of the old world. It puts the vital factor of time on the side of peace; for men who see great reforms in operation never lend a ready ear to revolution. No people has ever lent itself to violent change save when it has felt itself betrayed by the operation of the state-power. A wise American conservatism will seek, above all, assurance against the sense of such a betrayal. There is, let it be added, on the evidence of history, no method of such assurance save the willingness to make appropriate changes at a time when they seem to be born of generosity and not exacted by compulsion.

For what, in sober fact, is the alternative? It is a refusal to recognize that upon which Adam Smith never failed to insist. "Whenever the legislative attempts to regulate the difference between masters and their workmen," he wrote, "its counsellors are always the masters. When the regulation, therefore, is in favor of the workmen, it is always just and equitable." What Adam Smith put with such emphasis, Lord Acton underwrote from a wider angle of experience. "If there is a free contract, in open market, between capital and labor," he said, "it cannot be right that one of the two contracting parties should have the making of the laws, the management of the conditions, the keeping of the peace, the ad-

ministration of justice, the distribution of taxes, the control of expenditure, in its own hands exclusively. It is unjust that all these securities, all these advantages, should be on the same side. It is monstrous that they should be all on the side that has least urgent need of them."

It is upon this, in essence, that American conservatism must make up its mind. Either it must surrender the dogma that property is to be the master of political power or it must destroy democratic government; for no people can affirm its own essence—the true purpose of democracy—unless it is the master of the forms of property and the rights, themselves but legal forms, which inhere in them. An American conservatism which built upon the assumption that the surrender must be made would revitalize the democracies of the world. It would stay, as perhaps no other force can stay, the advance of those dark forces which in Europe threaten to engulf us in a new age of barbarism. That is why I say that a new philosophy for American conservatives is the most urgent need of the time. It has to be done quickly if it is to be done at all; everywhere reaction develops that mood in which Reason is deprived of its right to empire. America has an opportunity to renew the springtime of the world. Its traditional leaders ought ceaselessly to remember that History exacts from us on pain of death the obligation to use our opportunities.



WASHINGTON PAGEANT

BY NATHALIE COLBY

"**H**AVE Mr. Colby's dress suit pressed in plenty of time," I told James—for we had a new butler. He looked like King Edward VIII, only more cheerful. "Royalty incognito is reason enough for engaging him," I said to Bainbridge.

Caste entered the house with him. He put ladyhood all over me. I never was a real lady except in Washington when we had James. I could say intimate things to him, like "For heaven's sake, keep Nibby where she won't bark at the Secretary to-night." There was trouble between Nibby and Bainbridge. Nibby was a feminist and had a mission to nip trousers. "If Papa would only wear a wrapper she'd lick his face all over," Frances said. I could see Bainbridge's point. Trousers that ruled the State Department couldn't make concessions to Nibby. The night Bainbridge said, "James, remove Nibby for good" tension burst. Frances locked her into a bathroom and threw the key out of the window. The issue evaporated only because James and I had to crawl around so long in the shrubbery finding the key.

We were to give our first dinner. That meant the assistance of Mr. Cook, who came over at intervals to continue my education, going patiently over treadmill routine that was first steps to me.

"Suppose no one comes," I cried, because I'm always surprised when guests turn up at my parties. Up to two minutes of eight I'm sure they have forgotten. "It's a summons," Mr. Cook said. So what I was to the White House, ambassadors were to me.

The diagram of the tables arrived—thirty names written in precedence on each dinner plate under an indifferent gold eagle. They read like the society columns I had never been in. I still didn't feel inside the party although I was written down. I felt more like a wild woman outside in the cold, trying to assemble dinner decorations. I envied Bainbridge with mere affairs of state to distract him.

Rauscher's van with thirty of everything came over in the afternoon manned by the hired butlers ready to exchange all the below-the-belt news of the city. At six our table spread out like a ballroom floor under damask. My grandmother's candelabra looked like mislaid doll's house pieces. My mother's soup tureen was a speck to be dusted away. Four dozen roses were mere debris. Rauscher's man was very helpful, telling me that most ladies in Washington had silver pigeons, to fill in. James removed my ancestral pieces leaving pure vastness, just as Bainbridge came in. He said the table looked all right as it was; it was being on time that mattered. "Call the florist," was my SOS to James as I saw Rauscher's candelabra appear.

I tore into my dress, put my hair up with one pin. "A carriage is driving up," Frances remarked from the window. I should have died except that I knew the food would be good. I clung to that—and joined Bainbridge, who stood in the reception room in front of the Cupid and Psyche as the French Ambassador and Mme. Jules Jusserand came in. M. Jus-

serand carried his head on one side. "The cause of my carrying my head on one side is the Great War," he wrote me long after, saying that one American city newspaperman described the French Ambassador as having his head on one side like a sparrow. Anyway, the accident gave him a charming look of permanent courtesy. Dean of the ambassadors he was called in 1920. In twenty years no one had seen him show a gleam of humor at anyone's expense. And he had humor. Everyone remembers his walk with Roosevelt when both of them stripped to swim through a creek. M. Jusserand kept his gloves on. "In case we meet the ladies," he said.

"The Italian Ambassador and Mme. Avezzano," the colored man imported from the State Department announced. And Julia Avezzano, who was an American girl with an Italian look, came in in white lace beside the Baron. I liked her. I remember her wistful. But perhaps that's looking backward, as she died not so long afterward.

When anyone says diplomat to me I think of Spain's ambassador, Riaño. Rings of experience staved him like a tree. One felt it. Spain should worry, I thought. Not one archive would ever be pried out of him. Outwardly he remains definite outlines and a smell of eau de cologne, the impalpable finish of a well-dressed man. Beside him his wife's outlines looked as if she'd been in a wind. She loved dogs, she told me, and how she had sat up all night before with hers.

Of course Baron Shidehara, Japanese Ambassador, ought to have passed Mme. Shidehara around to be enjoyed like a flower in her Japanese dress, her hair like black paint thumbed back from her forehead. The exquisite superstructure of manners into which an Eastern woman translates herself should never be jostled by the crudity of the West. Little whinnies of sound was all the antiphonal noise she could make at our dinner parties. She made it. At M. Jusserand's left she did her pantomime of ecstasy although she didn't understand one word that he said. He was talking to her about the

movies—the topic was as good as any. He went right through movie history. He didn't have to think at all, just turned on the faucet of his mind which sprayed automatically while he enjoyed his dinner.

After dinner Baron Shidehara showed me how the Japanese committed hara-kiri. "Right down the middle, across down to the right, and back to the left," he said, marking the disembowelling line with his hand. Shidehara had a twinkle too—knew how I felt about the table decorations. Agreed later on, when the State Department's feathers went up about an island of Yap, that he wouldn't let a mere Yap stand between us. . . . Everything about the dinner was perfect, Bainbridge said after the last guest left.

I went to New York to order table decorations. I wanted something luscious and colorful. I came home with blue Venetian glass, strips of old lace, Italian plates. Carved fruit was to lie on the table at intervals between smilax. A plaster-cast cupid absolutely fresh from the hands of the creator was to stand in the middle of a blue-china plaque. James became Victorian at once when he unpacked the cupid. He diapered it with smilax—particularly the day General Pershing came to lunch. James couldn't seem to feel comfortable about Pershing and a Renaissance cupid lunching together. And in a way they were unsuited. The cook chose to serve reed-birds the day he lunched with us. I didn't dare say much afterward, but I'll never forget the big man and the little bird. The cook told me they were a great delicacy. She didn't like it when I said I knew it and she knew it and I hoped Pershing did.

My table decorations were terribly simple compared to the luncheon centerpiece at Mrs. Meredith's, the Secretary of Agriculture's wife. There blue lights played like a stage moonlight on a sunken garden of flowers. Masticating seemed positively gross on its outskirts. Mrs. Lansing was at my first lunch there. She was a nice-looking woman and she wore a

large velvet hat that never varied its exact angle over white hair. She oughtn't to have been nice to me because Bainbridge had come in on Lansing's departure. But she was. She asked me to tea.

Alice Longworth was at that party too. I was always interested in Alice Longworth since at eighteen on a bet she plunged fully dressed into a pool. One of my children had done the same thing at the age of eight. It never occurred to me after I spanked her that it might occur all over again at eighteen. After I read Alice Longworth's book I was still interested. It was a feat to write an old-fashioned aria of oneself against the polyphonic background of Roosevelt and his times and never once become frugal. She wouldn't even submerge, I felt. She had a New England look. I've seen that look on my family's face—my mother's family—when a rich senator's wife looked at our historic lawn and remarked that we had a nice backyard to stretch out in.

II

One can't sit on one's mistakes in Washington. The merry-go-round is too fast—dinners every night and at-homes in the afternoon. The hostess of the dinner where I first met Eleanor Roosevelt and the dinner table have submerged together. I can remember only that she sat there and so did Franklin Delano Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and that after dinner Mrs. Roosevelt sat on a sofa with two other women; for I see her distinctly, her blue satin dress billowing out, her hair parted, brushed straight back from her face. She came alive when she talked. She talked a great deal. She didn't talk to me at all. My hostess wasn't quite sure of my social status, so I felt quite lonely sitting off in a chair with an occasional cigarette the woman offered me as a link she could tighten in case I blossomed out. When the men came in I liked the way Eleanor Roosevelt got up, a lady's way, as if people were the element in which she wheeled easiest. I doubt if the din-

ner etched into her at all. She goes after life another way—gathers its salient points, bunches them. Selected posies—there they are in "My Day" inexorably bunched.

Mr. Roosevelt is different—he doesn't select facts. Facts are forerunners of life to him. They change his chemistry, synthesize out into phrases. He's an artist.

Franklin Roosevelt was the handsomest man and the most attractive man in Washington, Bainbridge told me coming home.

Of all the places we entered, the British Embassy was the most fun. "How could I ever forget the Colby family," Sir Auckland wrote me not long ago. The children and I could never forget the Geddeses. The Embassy's outside was disarming, it was so ugly. A huge red-brick edifice, built in the wrong period one knew without looking up American architecture.

The first time I took tea there Lady Geddes and I sat alone at a small table. The green trees outside shut out the street. We had a heart-to-heart roast-beef talk about husbands and babies. Hers were frowsy-haired, fresh-skinned boys.

Sir Auckland received beside his wife, a huge man who might have addressed Parliament in the time of Charles Fox, wearing his crystal star under a gay ribbon. Lady Geddes was dressed in silvery clothes and wore a diamond star on her fair parted hair. Attachés moved about solicitously. Scarlet coats put color into the room. In the dining room light was concentrated on the table which showed rich mahogany under lace and old silver. When the champagne was poured everyone stood up. "To the King," Sir Auckland said, raising his glass like a salute, heraldry in his voice—summoning bristling spears, knights in armor, white pal-freys, coiffed ladies. . . . All that allegiance which gathers round the King's name hung its huge tapestry behind us. For a moment we were on English ground. "To the President of the United States" put us back home.

Those dinners were as different from the French Embassy's as succulent English mutton is from "*volaille du dauphin*." The Jusserands' dinners were much more formal. One spiralled up a winding stair where M. Jusserand greeted us out in the hall, led us into a room delicately furnished in Louis XIV style, where gilded chairs were tapestried in blue, garlanded with flowers. Crystal chandeliers spilled into satin gowns, turned them liquid. Gilt mirrors vented the light. Mme. Jusserand wore her coronet. In and out of her skirt her little feet were crescents of satin.

The French Embassy cooking was clearly *cordon bleu*, the party noise particularly frothy like old Cliquot decanted. Those dinners were little vacations. Past centuries filtered a seasoned gaiety into them—as in the minuet, one could frisk about within measure. "I always like to sit next to my wife," M. Jusserand told me at dinner. "At home in Paris it's understood that we always sit side by side." He meant it so deeply I always wanted to change the cards round when he came to my house. I only refrained because I didn't want to disgrace Mr. Cook.

Anything may happen in Washington, for the doors always swing open. Accessibility makes it a cosmopolitan village. That is its charm. Franklin MacVeagh used to call up and ask could he dine with the family—even if the Secretary was out he'd come in and take pot luck.

The old men of Washington are something to remember. Where are the old men of New York when they're not looking through club windows on to granite pavements or walking around at parties like remnants? Never are they back-ground the way the old men stood out in Washington in 1920, standing between me and eternity, taking that feeling of the last lone rim of pine trees off one. They could call me "child." There isn't any more exhilarating name to call a middle-aged woman. It goes miles farther than "dangerous."

Justice Holmes was tall and beautiful

that winter, easily king of all the old men at Washington. Very different from the bright-eyed little doctor, his father, Katie's friend, who wrote *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* and whose letter to Katie I still kept.

"Young women are beautiful but old women are more beautiful," Whitman says, and it's truer of old men. He was still beautiful at ninety, looking out of a window at the Capitol at a pretty girl, sighing, "Oh, to be eighty again." Not one casual line in his face. Scholar and soldier self-etched there. I keep his letter saying "I remember the pleasant talks I had with you," so grateful that he wrote my name. Things he said and things he wrote made little crossroads in my life. "The potential thrill of the scientist," was one. And once, across the flowers and silver of an alien table, he gave me a smile.

Maurice Francis Egan was another. He wanted women to come out of their niche and live—helped them jump off their landing. I wrote my first essay for him after he wrote "I believe, my dear godchild, that you have something to say." They are all dead now. Franklin MacVeagh lived the longest. When he was eighty-two I used to visit him up at his house in Peterborough; he would always send up a bunch of violets on the breakfast tray and come in behind the butler to sit down and smoke a cigarette and talk, as one lay supine under a puff of pink satin. All his visitors got violets on their breakfast trays and smoked a cigarette with him—we used to compare notes afterward. . . .

Sinclair Lewis happened in one day, in beautiful white flannels with a summer straw hat, to have tea in the pink room. Only incipiently famous on the verge of *Main Street*, he had not yet become the great photographer of our age, making an American map that every supercilious foreigner hangs on his wall. Because I'm flattered backward that he came to call, I can tell a story on him. It happened because Mr. Cook was there. Mr. Cook was my present. Sinclair Lewis

was my past—at least geographically, for he came from New York. I did want to show Mr. Cook with what dignity I had received in New York before he took me in hand. No doubt dignity loomed. Maybe the Third Lady of the Land motif poked its head out ever so slightly. Something did stimulate the iconoclastic streak in Mr. Lewis. As I thought the social roundelay was going on so very nicely: "I'm going away from Washington for good," he'd just said. "Oh, no, you mustn't leave us," I countered. "Oh, yes," he protested. "Really not," I burbled on—which was the moment he leaned over the table with "You go to hell."

Mr. Lewis's straw hat ushered in the cherry blossoms round the lake. They were lovely. They cradled the coming summer sweetness in their branches. It was getting terribly hot. I hated to go. But Frances was a considerate child. She had appendicitis which moved us very fast away to New York.

III

That Washington house was my home. My heart was in it when at the station we got into the car behind Charlie. I loved my carved bed and its dressing table to match; the fire kindled on cold mornings while I ate my breakfast in bed and the children came in in their wrappers to schedule their day. Then Bainbridge would lean over the footboard to talk before he went down to the State Department. Lovely days! Any October smell of acrid leaves mixing with smoke brings them back.

Christmas was always off its date in Washington. One had a present every day. They came in without reason—an anonymous embroidered silk shawl; a robe of state from Mr. Crane, the American Ambassador to China, which I had lined with blue silk and wore as an evening coat. There were presents I couldn't accept. One ambassadress appeared for tea with a diamond eagle, as big as a saucer, blinking a ruby eye. It

flashed right at one—one couldn't ignore it—so I said, "That is an eagle," after the pattern of "That is a baby," which I had been taught was good manners. Half an hour later she was on my telephone, assuring me Tiffany would have its exact replica for me in a week's time. When I refused it, because I could never again admire what she wore, "which was unthinkable" I said, the children were furious. Frances had already planned to have diamond rings made from it for the entire family.

But I brought her home a fan from the de Cespedes' dinner, which I had only to fan myself with once before it was handed to me in a box tied with blue ribbon. There was a touch of magic everywhere. . . .

The newspaper women were prestidigitators in print. I am their everlasting debtor for the way they varied my wardrobe. Their fresh accent on my black dress every day brought me out perpetually new-made in their columns. One day they featured the tulle sleeves, another, the pearl collar. "Sumptuous," "lustrous" were only some of the adjectives they used to freshen it up. In October when I got two more dresses, a black velvet and one of silver lace, they made them multiply like rabbits. . . .

The children had such a good time that maternal frenzy disappeared from my system. I used to leave the front-door key under a mat until Bainbridge found out he had been in danger of kidnapping for months; after that I pinned it to Kate with two safety-pins. Before I went to bed I hung her nightgown over the banister. At intervals I would look out of my door, and then go to sleep when it disappeared. . . .

At Mrs. Marshall Field's I sat between Prince Antoine Bibesco and Justice McReynolds, the youngest Associate Justice. General Pershing, off duty, was doing some trick knot with a damask napkin. I pulled it straight. The party was tuning up. Justice McReynolds was there, a refuge to turn to. . . . All Supreme Court Justices are darlings at dinner.

After a whole day with the Constitution they react only to chiffon, like the soldiers who came out of the trenches. These immensely-to-be-revered nine men gave us a dinner not long afterward. And I never got away with so much nonsense in my life. Never once was the Constitution mentioned.

A few days later Bainbridge and I went again to the White House for luncheon, this time to meet John W. Davis, the Ambassador to England, and his wife. The table was set for six in the formal dining room. The President was seated there, dressed more formally than the last time. The whole *décor* was stiffer, more of a prop than at the little luncheon of four in the spring. He sat up very straight and spoke very slowly. Softly Mrs. Wilson took the brunt of it. I could see why the English liked Mr. Davis. He was as solid as their English Christmas puddings, as the life of our dear Queen—all definite outlines and not too high a flavor. But always the unpermeated flesh of the solid American business man turned statesman will amaze anyone who has sat next to a Paderewski whose mind frisked at table as simply and elementally as a kitten perfectly sure of its springback.

Many times I went again to the White House, but that was the last time I saw Mr. Wilson there. He looked like his last picture he gave me, a reconciled dignity about him. But I like to go back farther—to remember him always at the first dinner standing up beside me, looking across at Mrs. Wilson and making that lovely speech about Bainbridge.

Usually I went to White House teas in front of Mme. Shidehara. I think I was something tall like a tree for her to hide behind. Boris Bakhmeteff's wife always used to stop for me. She wanted someone protecting to go with—all the Russians were unstrung by the Bolshevik agonies in their background that none of them ever talked of.

Those Russians were a great lesson in Washington. One could study them for years and still not be up to their breeding. Prince Gargarine and his Princess

were aristocrats in old clothes. They never placed themselves in their past estates of lost feudal splendor. Her jewels were stolen. Rapidly diminishing tapestries were her only security and Prince Gargarine's enormous tuneless bass voice. De Bach was another Tzarist survival. He moved about with innate security and never became background. After the summer vacation he returned with a Reubens wife from Holland. She was a burst of Renaissance color. A great golden mop should have hung down her back. White draperies should have followed her outlines. But she destroyed her type with fashionable lines and looked like a Reubens escape.

Boris Bakhmeteff was the first Russian I ever met. He was the representative of the Kerensky regime, a complicated situation after Kerensky moved out from under him. "Do you like the cold? I like the cold. Washington is very cold," were his first words to me. He upset all my ideas of Russians which had come to me via Dostoevsky, where they combine simultaneously the lowest fiendishness with the highest idealism. Sometimes they bite one another's ears. Ears were perfectly safe at the Russian Embassy, I knew directly I saw Boris, standing up very solid under black broadcloth beside Mrs. Boris. Abstract and impersonal, I named him. He liked the adjectives and kept them for reference. They counteracted the Dostoevsky impression of Russians in America which he lamented. His official shellac was hard and bright. Underneath he was a scientist and knew more about music than anyone. He had a flair for pictures. Art made a field of friendliness of his house where one could play about, eating amazing dishes with unpronounceable names. Sometimes the shellac melted. When I told him I considered great men inspired babies, he agreed and said he was a very "cumpllicated" baby.

He liked Bainbridge, who had just written his Russian note, refusing to receive the agents of a Government which conspired against our institutions. Its

effect on the Polish-Russian conflict was tremendous. "It marched upon the scene at Warsaw with the effect of an army corps." At dinner at our house I have seen Paderewski kiss my husband's hand because he wrote it.

IV

Washington is full of light and shadow, an Eastman kodak snap taken in full noon has no sharper contrast. After dining with the Holmeses, George Creel came to spend the night with us. A bright gold tooth was the flash of his smile. I never expected anything but a remote relationship to that tooth. I was interested in him because of Blanche Bates, his wife, whom I had read about in Sunday papers, sitting endlessly outside Belasco's office till he had to take notice, and star her in "The Girl of the Golden West." I bought tickets to see her standing in the third act under rafters, turning the Indians off the scent of her lover until his blood began to ooze down on her gently drop by drop.

Creel is a little man but he has prowess. He showed it to us after lunch, rolling up his trousers and coat sleeves to bare his huge muscles. Developed at a circus, or by fighting, I forget his explanation—but I can't forget those unsuspected muscles, they stood up so strong and knobby. After he had gone James came down holding out a gold tooth on a piece of tissue paper as if it were an indiscretion, asking, "What shall I do with it, ma'am?" We had just decided to send it anonymously to spare his blushes when a messenger arrived paging "Mr. Creel's gold tooth" from the front door.

That happened not long before Bainbridge sailed away. South America needed him to explain to her just why the Monroe Doctrine was the highest kind of love, protecting her, giving her security, etc., etc. A kind of epic husband's talk, I gathered, as he showed me his map where his voyage was charted out, a string of names that could be played on the victrola. Uruguay, Montevideo, Rio

de Janeiro. His progress was to be a royal one, for he didn't go as a Government official but as a representative of President Wilson. I decided to stay behind. A wife would domesticate a royal progress. This was his solo piece.

Every husband and wife should have a solo. Johnny Mitchell, the editor of *Life*, first taught me that. Until she was an old woman, Mollie Mitchell had her day off and turned a waltz with pliant young men till midnight while Johnny went "*en garçon*" to his club. If married people could manage the "fly-away" gesture, husbands and wives would come back to one another with the sheen of their flight.

All families loosen up when father bangs the front door to. They go back for an extra cup of coffee, lick the jam spoon clean, leave off pretending politics is their chief interest, fall on front-page murders, bring up neighborly scandals. . . . After I wiped my eyes I took stock of the houseful of servants whom I didn't have to pay, eight hours of Charlie—all the machinery for soaring. The children had wings stretched for parties. Nibby pranced out with an air of "Now I can chew up the whole house if I want to." Frances had her hair cut and permanently waved that very afternoon. It stood out like an oil-mop.

But there's always that gong that rings to put one back into one's perspective. Mr. Cook telephoned that the Swedish Ambassador, Ekengren, had died, that it was my business to attend his funeral.

I sat in a pew behind Mrs. Wilson, listening to the funeral march that moved his coffin into the church. His feathered, three-cornered hat rested next to his sword on the top. The cruel permanence of inanimate things flashed out his family's loss as reams of obituaries wouldn't have done. . . .

My fun was unofficial. I composed dinners like a poem, with no regard for fictitious official chemistry. The children's friends came down from New York, and bunches of them went out to balls behind Charlie. The telephone rang all

the time. Attachés swung in and out of the front door. The key went under the doormat again. We got a piano and jazz music filled the house. Kate's voice, which sounds as though she had swallowed an angel, floated out through the halls. When Nathalie was at home she moved things about with an eye to artistic effects—threatened perpetually to store the Cupid and Psyche.

Every night there were dinners outside. At Mr. Enos' where my friend, Mrs. Ehle, was hostess, he taught me how to make his particular salad. I was to dry every leaf first, mix oil and lemon and Tarragon vinegar, stir in a dash of mustard, crumble up a hard-boiled egg, a swab of garlic went round the bowl. Frances refused it because garlic and freshmen didn't go together, and Kate said one could dance only a minuet after one helping. Nathalie said "Just leave out the garlic." The recipe remained.

One could visit real Japan at Baron Shidehara's, not at official dinners where he and the Baroness served a European cuisine, nor in their drawing-room, which was a stuffy conformity. But one day the Baroness gave me a real Japanese luncheon. When I uncovered the tiny bowls set in front of me the courses were scenic: raw fish floated under bridges spanning gay gardens; sweets were fairy temples. All round me the Japanese staff were transferring the food with chopsticks into their mouths. I caught a fish on my sticks, failed, tried again—ate a bridge or two at most. But even if I had eaten every picture in the series, calorically it wouldn't have equalled one large ham sandwich. The food matched the table decorations where one entrancing Ming bowl held a sprig of cherry blossoms. Soft antiphonal gutturals was the way their talk sounded together. I suppose I tooted through like a trumpet. Boxes of candy followed me home—unsweetened Turkish delight, like chewing gum that got ultimately swallowed. Each box weighed a ton. They sent me besides jars of little crackers highly varnished with anchovy flavor—whetters for cock-

tails. A Japanese always gives a quick return—nothing reciprocal is forgotten. For instance, on going home for good Shidehara remembered to write and thank me for going into the White House with his Baroness. And before that, on Christmas Day, there was a Japanese picture woven in silk for me, kimonos for the children—heavy everlasting robes of blue crepe with white lotus blossoms woven in, wrapped round more candy and crackers. There wasn't anything delicate enough in America to send back. Even roses were terribly coarse compared with silk lotus blossoms.

On Christmas our windows bloomed green wreaths. The ground was crispy with snow. Sir Auckland Geddes sent his picture over by an attaché.

I could go to the British Embassy after dinner. "Come along and help me," Lady Geddes used to telephone, and one sauntered into a room with a large fire burning, among friendly crowds gathering, where Newton Baker's wife sang war songs at the piano. And one night a prince, a slender young man with that preferred background look that sets the English gentleman's type (I think his name was Battenberg before the War) was introduced. I had never spoken to royal blood. My only precedent was Mayor Hylan's "King, meet Mrs. Hylan," to Leopold of Belgium.

While I was still a bachelor wife, Mrs. Townsend gave a dinner in her house embossed in luxury. Aladdin's cave with a modern address, it struck me. One had to dig the old women out of their diamonds. They wore tiaras as casually as bonnets; diamond bracelets jingled like bangles. One had a stomacher with rubies and sapphires which some old Queen—Maria de' Medici probably—had forgotten to be buried with. Super-oyster pearls swathed the young women. Mathilde Townsend Gerry, who became Mrs. Sumner Welles later, moved about in white satin, gathering glances. It was wonderfully restful. One felt one's feet leaving the ground. One floated. Not a single burden was put on the individual.

Not a single bulge under the smooth surface. Not even a trickle of stream of consciousness to be heard. Luxury talked. Mrs. Townsend looked at Sumner Welles. She told me he looked like Von Bernsdorf, the absent German Ambassador, "a most fascinating man and her friend whom she regretted." I remember the remark for it was a moment when hardly anyone regretted a German out loud.

I had a chance to know Mrs. Bayard. Her husband had been Secretary of State and Ambassador to England. I hate the word "lady"—it's so apart from the pulse of life; but in its sense of breeding which stood alone like my grandmother's wedding dress and didn't need official life to fill it, it belonged to Mrs. Bayard. Her clothes were lady's clothes, of indeterminate flowing black. A velvet band was round her neck. She wasn't afraid of that badge which says "I'm no longer young, I've crossed the Rubicon." Her gray hair was parted and brushed back, like elderly New England hair I'd been used to. She remained a symbol of the old Washington of Henry Adams's time when breeding had its inviolate boundary line. One could shake hands across it but one couldn't step into it unless invited. Mrs. Bayard had a touchstone value for me, at the time when I was near losing my head, wanting a great house and position for keeps, wanting little replicas for my children. She moved me

over from aspects to significances at tea in her old-fashioned mellow sitting room. She cast an evaluating eye over new Washington.

While Bainbridge's prow was furrowing home the children had their last burst of foolishness. It was a dance at home—with palm leaves and lights, sixty for supper, and a band for dancing.

At last the pendulum of absence swung its last arc. A few days later "Coming home, love," presaged Bainbridge's landing. I dressed like a party and went down to the boat with Charlie. Nineteen guns boomed their salute to Bainbridge as he came down the gangplank, looking like a prince smoothed out with acclaim. Photographers snapped our bliss on the landing.

It was the beginning of our departure. Only a few more dinners remained, the first one at Mrs. Dimock's, to meet the returning hero. Everyone was there—Pershing, Mr. MacVeagh, Mrs. Bayard...

We went downstairs from our last dinner together. I was awfully tired. He put his arm round me. I looked older in the mirror at the foot of the stairs than I had imagined. He kissed me. "We're going back together," he said. The mirror reflected us on the lowest step before we went out for our last ride home with Charlie in the limousine with the golden eagle.



LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

AN AMERICAN MUSEUM PIECE

BY GEORGE R. LEIGHTON

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, is a museum piece among American cities. There, as under glass, the curious may see memorials of the "American system" in its purest form, monuments of individualist enterprise. There change came deliberately and when it did come it disguised and hid itself in the forms familiar to a town whose palmy days were during its years of growth beside the falls of the Ohio, when it was a metropolis of the great valley, a rival of Cincinnati, the Queen City of the West, a nerve center of a young country. If you come down Indiana on a warm May morning you will reach the river at last, the muddy Ohio, and there on the other side, all hazy and heaped up, is Louisville. There are some green trees, dusty in the haze, and above are white thunderheads piling up in the blue sky. The train crawls out on the bridge. Down below, on the Indiana shore, are some men and boys fishing with bamboo poles. Then the haze dissolves and the city materializes in an old red-brick jumble. There she is on the river bank, Louisville, the city of let-well-enough-alone.

Fourth Street begins at the Ohio River. It's only eight blocks from there to the Brown Hotel—built during the boom of the 20's—but those eight blocks cover almost a hundred and fifty years. The riverside paving shelves down to the water's edge with iron rings set in the stone at intervals. Before the Civil War, when traffic glutted the canal round the

falls, when there were packet steamers running on regular schedule between Louisville and Liverpool, and you could buy a passenger ticket for Havana direct, this was a busy place. But not now. In the soft spring night the water slaps against the stone, the lights of Jeffersonville on the Indiana side are blurred, the place is deserted except for a couple of young people necking in a Ford drawn up near the water's edge.

The street climbs, as it recedes from the river, with huge crumbling flagstone steps in place of sidewalks. Here and there a dim light reveals a bar; in one doorway two old men are smoking in silence. The place is like a tomb. At the first intersection is Main Street, once the great thoroughfare. Those battered columns are the front of what once, ages gone, was a branch of Nicholas Biddle's United States Bank. "The proportions of this portico are those of the temple of Bacchus at Toes," says the City Directory of 1832, "but differs materially in the form of its members." Now the windows are bleared and there's a drunk asleep on the crumbling steps. Away off somewhere you can hear a street car banging along in the dark. Many of these buildings are of a great beauty even in decay—limestone with classic cornices and carved stone balustrades. Where once the tobacco factors had their offices, where the linen-clad planters from the deep South came to do business, there is now storage for plumber's supplies, warerooms of

candy jobbers, coffee roasters, and pants and cap makers. Not far from the Bank, in an abandoned store building, is the Socialist reading room—locked up—with an old May Day poster still stuck in the window. Socialism has had a slow time in Louisville—despite or because of the tradition of low wages—and Communists scarcely exist save in the imagination of the American Legion and the ivory-skulled business and legal lights.

As you move up Fourth Street you pass a generation almost with every block, the streets more brightly lighted as you approach the center of the town. Six months ago it was all dark and still with muddy water lapping at the doors of the Brown Hotel. For twenty days after January 15, 1937, the town was at the mercy of the Ohio River with half the city under water and thousands fleeing for their lives. But that is over and gone now, the misery is pushed out of sight into the back streets; it's the night before the Derby and the street is jammed. In front of the Seelbach Hotel at Fourth and Walnut it is almost impossible to move. The sidewalk is littered with paper and dozens of newsboys are screaming racing editions of the Louisville *Times*. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* has a boy in special costume, all blue and orange. All the bars are going; the Seelbach has several. One of these is a small circular room that opens directly on the street. A girl in white organdie, wearing a scarlet jockey cap, is hanging over the bar very drunk. Two men in white duck are bent over a racing sheet, another is anxiously asking the bartender when the Honorable James A. Farley will arrive. The lobby here and at the Brown Hotel is crowded to suffocation with politicians and sporting gentry. On the Seelbach steps is a gray-haired Blue Grass farmer holding a little boy by the hand. There are hundreds of men on the sidewalk, all looking alike, in wrinkled tan or gray Palm Beach suits, bulging at the belly, with tan felt hats, chewed cigars, and rumpled shirts, sweaty at the collar. One of them, looking up at the hotel's old-fashioned, heav-

ily ornamented façade says: "Yes, sir, I seen 'em. I was upstairs and the door was wide open. Pie-eyed, all three of 'em, and the girl as naked as a jay."

Down the block the Kentucky Colonels have been having a dinner and a crowd of melted stiff shirts are pouring out. Two men from Detroit, mechanics in a ball-bearing works, are watching a girl in a mandarin coat redden her lips. "Yuh, that John L. Lewis is some man, what I mean, and didn't they rip the tar out of them fellers in Flint? So long, buddy, we're going to the armory. There's a fight there to-night." A solemn-looking youth with high cheekbones and a cowlick says: "You see, this has always been an open-shop town. Labor's been dead, just no nerve at all, and the craft offices are only places for the old skates to warm their cans. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers are here, but there's not much for them any more and they haven't got more'n a hundred and fifty members. This year the workers have waked some and what's been done has mostly been by themselves. None of the organizers from outside have been much good and it's been a rocky time. But steel's coming along pretty fair now and you can bet the screws are being put on the men too. The Manufacturers' Association have had things their own way here always and there'll be a fight before it's over."

Above the crowd and the lights the old brick and limestone buildings look down on the narrow street; a very rich street it has been and looks so still. Barney Macaulay's theater, one of the most famous road stands in America, is gone now, but the mansard-towered Post Office building stands as a sentinel of the past. The Brown Hotel with its mirror-ceilinged Blue Grass Room, is the final splendor of local enterprise, for the absentee landlord has appeared in both manufacture and local trade. Tobacco and distilling are traditional industries in Louisville; the old tobacco market is gone, and local tobacco manufacture is controlled in New York. Seventy per cent of the whiskey distilled in Louisville

is controlled by absentees. The old established family businesses with their low wages, and their exploited labor still hold on, but they are giving place to exploitation from a distance. Where James B. Brown, the resplendent promoter and banker and boss of the State, held court during the boom and in twelve years did not travel farther from Louisville than Cincinnati or French Lick, one Louisville bank is now owned in New York City. Counting hotels and theaters, there are one hundred and seventy-eight retail establishments facing the five principal blocks on Fourth Street and one hundred and six of them are run by chains.

Two blocks away from Fourth and Walnut is the Negro center of the town, flanked by an apartment and office building, put up by a colored insurance company, and the Central Drug Store, consolidated clearing house for information. That young man with a dead pan dressed in gray with a Panama hat is a Negro lieutenant of one of the local bosses. No more has Louisville a single boss; it takes at least two to squabble over the gravy. Most of the political fraternity are now celebrating the Derby, and all in good time they will be borne away to a Turkish bath to have the liquor sweated out of them. Times are slowly changing. A few of the Negroes get some of the pickings now; a Negro sits in the Legislature from Louisville, and the Democrats, at long last, are taking them in. Since North and South meet in Louisville the more intense forms of race conflict are missing; but the very blurring of the line serves only to make more acid the intolerable injustice put upon a helpless people.

To understand Louisville it is necessary to recall a number of factors. Settled originally by English, Irish, Scotch, and African stocks who either trailed in the wake of George Rogers Clarke or came over the Virginia mountains, this population base—save for an influx of Germans beginning before the Civil War—has remained almost unchanged. The great immigration waves did not touch

the region. The position of the town beside the falls was of decisive importance. In the days of river traffic, cargo had to break bulk there and the merchants of Louisville levied toll on shippers, became shippers themselves and suppliers of shippers. Round about lay a rich agricultural country. And it was in the middle; it lay between the old East and the Western wilderness, between the North and South, a city of middlemen, acutely conscious of what transportation meant, taking tithe of every traveler.

To Louisville came the Southern planters to buy—on three hundred and sixty-five days' time—cotton gins, sugar mills, pork, hay, and flour. Out of Louisville, northbound, went sugar, molasses, coffee, and cotton. It was a broker's paradise, a counting-house town where even the naturalist Audubon was pressed into service as a storekeeper and the brother of the poet, John Keats, was the director of a bank. Wealth accumulated and the wealth flowered out in a commercial civilization and the most complacent self-esteem in America. A preoccupation with percentages and an intense interest in factional politics and the minutiae of litigation were characteristics of the town. The ruling-class women leaned heavily upon "charm"; there was due attention to food and drink. For the rest, let well enough alone.

How did this come to pass? Something may be revealed by a consideration of the lives of three citizens of Louisville. The first is James Guthrie, who was born in 1792; the second is Milton Hannibal Smith, who died in 1921; the third is James B. Brown, who is still living. The first was a figure of national influence, an astute banker, promoter, and manipulator in the days of westward expansion. The second administered a great corporation that came to exert an overshadowing power and control over the city and the region. The third was the banker and promoter who took Louisville through the long speculative carouse of the decade of the twenties.

II

James Guthrie was twenty-eight years old when, about 1820, he came up from Bardstown, Kentucky, to be Commonwealth Attorney in Louisville, a little river town of four thousand inhabitants. The panic of the year before had somewhat taken the edge off President Monroe's era of good feeling, but despite this the place was booming. Fulton had already built a steamboat at Pittsburgh and sent it down the Ohio to Louisville, and young Henry Shreve, who smashed the Mississippi monopoly granted to Fulton and Livingston, had reached Louisville upstream from New Orleans. The river swarmed with craft of every kind, rafts, flatboats, keelboats, and steamers. The promise of riches was in the air.

Guthrie was a curious combination of arrogance and caution. For three years he had been kept in bed by a wound in the leg, the result of a duel, and the fact did not soften his irascibility. He was a lame man all his life. But he was shrewd and a calculator. One result of the panic had been the wreck of a multitude of canal and turnpike stock companies that had mushroomed through the West. It so happened, however, that a number of these macadam pikes in Kentucky and Tennessee were about completed when the bubble burst.

Some of these pikes led straightaway from Louisville to the South and enormously improved the town's position for trade. This did not escape Guthrie, and as time went on his activity as a lawyer declined and his efforts as a banker and promoter increased. As time went on it would appear that his thinking fell into somewhat these divisions:

1. With the addition of each artery of communication the prosperity of the town must increase. This automatically will increase the value of real estate. Guthrie with caution invested in Louisville property and laid the basis for a great fortune.
2. The control of these arteries—land and water—is important. Guthrie set himself to achieve such control.
3. To co-ordinate these enterprises effectively

a good bank is essential. Guthrie became a banker.

4. It costs money to construct these works. Cannot government put its money into them? As an officeholder and legislator, Guthrie undertook to bring this about.
5. For safety's sake, ought not these utilities to exercise a control over government? Guthrie undertook to bring this about also.

In most ways the ambitions of young Guthrie coincided with those of the rest of the inhabitants of the young country. He and the other Kentucky Democrats were firm supporters of Clay's ceaseless agitation for federal appropriations for internal improvements. Clay was a compromiser and that was all right too. Sectional differences were troublesome and nobody knew it any better than border-town merchants doing business with all comers and all opinions.

There was, of course, the slave. He wasn't adapted to farming in Kentucky and he was a drain. In the minds of some persons there was a persistent nightmare. With the natural increase of slaves will the day come when Kentucky will embark in the trade and breed for sale? The day came, and over the handsome turnpikes—as well as down the river—gangs of wailing blacks were driven south to the great markets in New Orleans. The mild Kentucky climate produced better specimens than the far South, and when the great cotton boom started in the 50's, with prime field hands bringing one thousand dollars and more apiece, the temptation could not be resisted.

It was a desolate thing to hear a slave preacher perform a marriage with the words "until death or distance do you part," but what was to be done about it? Business is business and Louisville money went into it. The rattle of the cash box drowned the cries of the wretches bound for the Red River hells and softened the advertisements that dotted the Louisville papers: "I wish to sell a negro woman and four children. The woman is 22 years old, of good character, a good cook and washer. The children are very likely, from 6 years down to 1½. I will sell them

together or separately to suit purchasers." *

Guthrie did not trouble himself much about this pestilent question. As a member of the State Legislature from 1827 to 1841, he sat on committees and dealt with internal improvements. He pushed through a succession of charters for turnpike companies, got subsidies for river improvement and, most important of all, looked to the incorporation of railway companies. From Indiana he got a charter to put a bridge across the Ohio at Louisville. The matter of a Kentucky charter had already been attended to. Then there was the canal. Years before it was plain that a canal round the rapids at Louisville would solve another traffic problem in a highly lucrative manner. Work proceeded by fits and starts until, in 1826, the year before Guthrie went to the legislature, Congress was persuaded to put \$100,000 in the enterprise. Guthrie attached himself to the project and by 1837 the stock was selling at \$130 a share; by 1839 it paid a dividend of 17 per cent. Through this bottle neck all boats of any size must pass and the size of the tolls brought the merchants of Cincinnati almost to the verge of apoplexy. True, when the railroads doomed the river business after 1860 canal traffic declined; but by that time private interests were gone and the federal government owned it all—and charged no toll whatever.

By the time Guthrie retired from the legislature he had accomplished about all he could there. A railroad from Louisville to Frankfort was under way and the Bank of Kentucky was on its feet. In 1834, within a year after the United States Bank had gone down under Jackson's attack upon it, Guthrie put a new charter through at Frankfort. For many years he was a director and, for a time, its president. The merchants of Cincinnati may have raged, but they were envious too. "It is for want of a James Guthrie that a reputation for inertness has been fastened upon Cincinnati," said the *Commercial*

later on. If Guthrie was the leading spirit in enterprise there were grouped about him many others. There was his friend, Mr. Newcomb, the grocer, who shipped his sugars to towns as far off as Detroit. His business, begun in 1840, sometimes cleared as much as two hundred thousand a year. He was cold in manner, but preoccupation with trade was understood to be the reason. Trade, trade, trade; they played into one another's hands and kept on doing it. "If a merchant sells a bolt of calico or a demijohn of whiskey to a customer out of the usual radius of Louisville's trade, he doesn't stay to wash the black from the marking pot off from his hands before he runs to his neighbors with the good news, and makes them glad also. The tidings spread; Snooks has sold a heavy bill of goods to a merchant from Tadpole, Indiana. All the trade of Tadpole used to go to Cincinnati. An item must be made of this in to-morrow's papers. Let's all take a drink to Louisville's luck; and they all drink and the Tadpole merchant among them. The chances are that that fortunate man, if he accepts everything offered him, will have enough surplus whiskey and cigars to start a small grocery when he gets home." By 1853, De Bow estimated that no less than fifty thousand transients visited Louisville each year from down river.

The stream of profit was constant; the accumulation of wealth steady. In a single year—1865—2,336 persons in Louisville paid taxes on income of over \$7,296,000. And as the money accumulated a cosmopolitan atmosphere pervaded the town. Pigs still rooted in the streets but nobody minded. The services of Isaiah Rogers, the designer of the Tremont House in Boston, were secured for Louisville and the Galt House was built. It was a stunner and the reputation of its bar and dining room spread through the country. While much of the country was still a wilderness, these counting-house nabobs were organizing dining clubs, inviting one another to membership and then carefully restricting admissions.

* Miss. Valley, *Hist. Review*, Dec. 1934, pp. 331-342.

There was much entertaining; Mrs. Pierce Butler lived next door to the bank and gave elegant small parties. By degrees the social structure of the town hardened into cast iron.

The vital problem was a direct connection with the South. Calhoun had had a vision of a railroad connecting Charleston and Cincinnati; it had never got farther than a vision. A direct line from Louisville to Nashville and Memphis, opening country that had hitherto been almost inaccessible except overland from the river, could transport all the goods that flowed down from the North into the catch basin at the fall. Guthrie and his associates grasped the situation, a charter was secured from the Legislature, and on the 4th of September, 1851, the subscription books for the Louisville & Nashville Railroad were opened in Guthrie's office. Where was capital to come from? It was suggested that the city itself invest and it did to the extent of a million dollars. Farmers who wanted to get in on a good thing subscribed for stock and paid for it by doing grading themselves. Having got the thing started, Guthrie went off to Washington in 1853 to become Pierce's Secretary of the Treasury, and Governor John Helm of Kentucky was elected President of the road.

But there were difficulties and delays. Agents went to Europe with satchels full of city and county bonds; ten of the company bonds were disposed of in Frankfort-on-Main and the 6 per cent bonds did a little better in Paris; but the Crimean War had upset the European bankers and the agents came home. Furthermore, there were unmistakable signs that the country was in for hard times. This was the situation when Guthrie came back to Louisville in '57, and grappled with the problem. He was successful. In the face of the panic of '59, with railroads going bankrupt all over the country, he was able to sell a million dollars' worth of bonds at par and the road was completed. The equipment was meager and so was the rolling stock, but from the start the road was a success. In the process

Guthrie had completely consolidated his own position and when, in October, 1860, he took over the presidency of the road he had made the L. & N. the great single influence in Louisville and Kentucky. Everything he had done had built up to this point.

The whole question of disunion was maddening. "Kentucky can never rejoice that the day of compromise is past," said one worthy; "to do so would be false to her history, her position and dearest interest." Louisville may have had Southern feelings but mercantile interest proved a powerful brake on the passions. What would happen to Mr. Guthrie's Indiana railroad interests if a war got started? What would happen to Mr. Newcomb's business? As for Governor Magoffin, his heart was with the South and he resigned his job, so thorny did it finally become. He died a millionaire, most of the money made in Chicago. Some of these factors must have been understood above the Ohio, for on the 29th of May, 1861, Kentucky banknotes were being discounted in Northern markets at from 2 to 2½ per cent discount, whereas Maryland notes ran from 5 to 10 and Missouri to 15. In the autumn of the previous year, with the question of secession breaking the country wide open, John Bell, the compromise candidate for the Presidency, had carried Kentucky. It was no use. Lincoln was elected and in December, one by one, the Cotton States began to leave the Union. What was to happen to Kentucky and to Louisville? What was Guthrie to do?

III

The bombardment of Fort Sumter occurred on April 17th, 1861; it was followed by Lincoln's call for volunteers; war was a certainty. A week later Guthrie thus addressed his fellow-citizens: "Keep up your relations of trade and good fellowship, . . . and heed the counsels of men who have counselled peace and harmony and attendant prosperity." Attendant prosperity! The Confederates

were feverishly buying supplies of all sorts in the States north of the Ohio and rushing them south against the evil hour. Prices had skyrocketed and some few in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois were achieving riches overnight. Speed was essential to the Southerners and there was but one way: over the Louisville & Nashville. Frantically the road strove to cope with the traffic. Goods were piled in the open air, on sidings, any place. So overpowering was the glut that toward the end of April the road had to refuse to accept freight and allow ten days to clear the line. The Louisvillians were accustomed to activity but this was staggering. All through May the inundation continued. "Day and night for weeks past, every avenue of approach to the depot has been blocked with vehicles waiting to discharge their loads, while almost fabulous prices have been paid for hauling and the road has been taxed to its utmost capacity to carry through the enormous quantities of freight delivered to it."

On the 2d of May the federal treasury, which knew well enough what was going on, forbade shipment of provisions or munitions south. This was serious, but the day was saved on the 16th when, less than a month after Bull Run, the Kentucky legislature voted "strict neutrality." The traffic rolled merrily on, for how could the federal treasury meddle with a neutral State? On the 12th of June Washington ordered Guthrie to cease shipments and appointed a new collector of customs, with the express provision that a permit was required to ship any goods south over the road. Guthrie met this issue with great adroitness. He called a meeting of his board of directors, including those from the Confederate State of Tennessee, and arranged a friendly suit before a federal judge in Louisville! Meantime the road kept right on doing business. On the 4th of July, Governor Harris of Tennessee decided to force Guthrie's hand and seized the Nashville end of the line and demanded that the railroad president co-operate with the Confederate military in maintaining train service. But

Guthrie was much too wary to be ensnared by this bait. He refused and when, a week later, on the 11th of July, the Louisville judge upheld the government's right to intervene, Guthrie acquiesced—and then kept right on, using forged permits!

All summer long this see-saw was going on. Finally on the 18th of September, Guthrie's fellow-townsmen, General Simon Buckner, C.S.A., invaded the State and seized the road as far as Bowling Green. (General Buckner had had his troubles; he also had "judiciously invested" in Chicago real estate and to hold on to it, deeded it to his brother-in-law who was in the Union Army. Whereupon the brother-in-law in his will bequeathed the property to Buckner again.) The General now issued a manifesto addressed to Guthrie, suggesting that the road's agents and employees continue in their work—for the protection of the stockholders, of course, but under Buckner's military control. And this statement was issued at a moment when the traffic was so great as to strain the road's capacity to the breaking point!

But Guthrie had at last made up his mind and refused. "It would," he said, "have been giving aid and comfort to the enemy!" The die was cast; the months of swaying backward and forward, waiting and watching, were over. Mr. Guthrie's policy was clear, he was a Union man now. A few days later, in October, 1861, Mr. Cameron, the Secretary of War (he had been a railroad man and banker too) came to Louisville with his Adjutant General. He and Mr. Guthrie had a conference. As a result of it an invasion of the South from Louisville along the L. & N. was agreed upon. An encampment was organized at Louisville and a large army was assembled. Money poured into the town. The railroad presidents, meeting in Washington, had decided that a rate of two cents a mile for troops and a discount of 10 per cent on freight would be satisfactory. Not for Guthrie. His road, he said, was too near the seat of war and he needed higher rates. He got

them. And when the government determined to administer the railways it fell out that one of Guthrie's own subordinates, an L. & N. official, was appointed as Director of Railroads. Everything was as it should be. The great offensive began and when, in '63, Guthrie desired to extend a branch line to the Kentucky coal fields, General Burnside put a military engineer in charge and the Negroes along the line were "impressed" to do the work. At the end of the war the road was bigger and in better shape than it had been at the start and Guthrie could present a glowing balance sheet. Profits for 1861 were 57 per cent of the gross! From 1863 on this was the story:

NET INCOME

1862	\$1,062,165
1863	\$1,803,953
1864	\$2,172,515
1865	\$1,592,055

At the close of the Civil War, Louisville with a population under 100,000, was approaching the peak of its importance—to the rest of the country. Its vitality was near the top. Through the railroad a virtual monopoly of the traffic south had been established. The road, the city government, and business—represented frequently by the same persons who placed a sculptured locomotive on the City Hall—had co-operated closely to preserve and to enlarge this monopoly. The destruction of the plantation system in the far South had resulted in the springing up of general stores everywhere. The drummer—almost unheard of in the South—appeared, and forth from Louisville went thousands of traveling salesmen. If you were a Confederate veteran that was recommendation enough for a job. So close were business ties in Louisville that it was said that "if a hardware drummer could sell a consignment of groceries for a Louisville house, he always took the order and passed it on to the Louisville groceryman." Louisville wholesalers and jeans makers sent their salesmen as far as Texas, making long circuits on horseback before the railroads had crossed the

State. By 1869, owing to this Southern demand, the exports of Louisville were double the imports. And in the midst of all this activity was the railroad under Guthrie's presiding genius. "It is the Louisville & Nashville Railroad with James Guthrie at its head that is putting the iron spokes in the commercial wheel of Louisville," said the Cincinnati *Commercial* in 1868. It was begrudged admiration; the upriver merchants were full of bile because Louisville was the most direct route south for them and Guthrie was making them pay through the nose.

Barely was the war over when the road began pushing southward. In 1872—after negotiations that all but ended in a fist-fight and brawl in the Blue Parlor of the new Galt House—it undertook the completion of the road which connected Decatur and Montgomery and made the city of Birmingham a possibility. By 1880 it had acquired various lines to Mobile and New Orleans and had a mileage of almost two thousand miles. In addition it had acquired the control of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis, and for a generation kept Nashville bottled up, shutting out all competition. The road, by degrees, was growing into the great and overshadowing power of the region, a huge utility that bound the States together. All this was forecast when Guthrie drew a long breath in 1869, declared a 40 per cent dividend and died, and his friend, Mr. Newcomb, the grocer, took over the reins.

IV

Long before the chief places of influence in the town had become the portion of families that were already "old." There were the directors and the officials of the railroad and the Bank of Kentucky; ringed about them was a fringe of lawyers, frequently connected with the road and the bank by blood or marriage. This small and select company occupied the center. Ringed about them in turn were other banks and lesser corporations; they too had their fringe of lawyers. Lawyers

were as thick as blackberries. Wholesale liquor and tobacco had a peculiar dignity; wholesale drygoods and shoes had not. The bankers and the railroad directors and their legal cousins and brothers-in-law moved easily into government and back again; the offices and places of administration were passed to and fro; office was considered almost a family perquisite. Thus, John Helm, a grandson of a Kentucky Indian fighter, was Governor of the State and President of the Louisville and Nashville. Horatio Bruce, member of the Legislature, Commonwealth Attorney, and Circuit Judge, married the Governor's daughter. At the time of his death, in 1903, Mr. Bruce was chief of counsel to the railway. James P. Helm, a son of the Governor, was for many years one of the attorneys of the railway. Helm Bruce, who united the two families in his own name, was an attorney for the road, and at the present moment Thomas Kennedy Helm is one of the road's counsel. Such close and intimate connections could be multiplied in the case of other families. They represent one of the striking influences that have preserved the character of the town. What these families originally acquired they kept, although as time went on and vitality began to decline, more effort went toward keeping what they had than to acquiring more.

From the counting houses flowed the money that watered and nourished a society termed "brilliant"—a brilliancy of elaborate food and drink and entertainment rather than quality of mind. Daughters were brought out with parties at the Galt House; whether the Chickerling or the Steinway lent more distinction to a parlor was a delicate point. Mr. Kendrick, the jeweller, and after him Mr. Lemon—who was himself a person of some circumstance—supplied these families with diamonds, solid silver, and fine glass. The horse show was regarded as the opening of the season in the fall; in 1875 the Derby was instituted. Manners were stiff, generally humorless, and at times, suffocating. Mr. Brown, the rich distiller, was a Presbyterian elder and re-

garded the casual drinking of whiskey with disapproval. It should be taken medicinally or not at all.

The Germans—the only immigrants who ever came to Louisville—lived by themselves and were not received. "When I was a girl," said a lady, "there was a German caterer named Klein whose daughter went to the school attended by my sister and myself. We were always very polite to her but it was understood that we were from different worlds. True, her father no longer appeared at the parties for which he did the catering; he sent his waiters. He kept a carriage and had a handsome residence, but that made no difference."

Wedding invitations must be delivered by carriage—hire a carriage if you don't own one—and once the invitations were out, the bride was kept in a dim, gray seclusion until the wedding, lest the passing glance of some rude male tarnish the bloom that now belonged to the prospective husband alone.

That any genuine intellectual life could flourish in such an atmosphere was of course impossible. What there was, for the most part, was drained into politics and the law; the product was a facile adroitness in the strategies of litigation and an unflagging interest and zeal in the arts of politicking. In the sciences there was a stygian darkness. Poetry was represented by the maunderings of Madison Cawein; the high point in the novel was *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. Louisville gave to the stage two celebrities: Mary Anderson, beautiful and without fire, and Roland Hayes, the tenor. Both conventional successes in different generations. An active intellect was apt to move away. Ellen Semple, the geographer, was a native of Louisville, but her work was done elsewhere. Louis Brandeis was born there—and left town. There was left the conventional, an agreeable deliberation of manner and a moth-eaten, moribund "charm."

A step down from this level of ponderous self-esteem, manners were somewhat more relaxed. The river-boat gamblers

met the men of the town on tolerably even terms; in an atmosphere where an idea died early, there was at least no evangelical caterwauling. At intervals a roulette wheel appeared at the Galt House. The aged Buckner, his Chicago real estate happily married to his devotion to the Lost Cause, could be seen there smoking a corn cob. Poker playing and race-track betting were common. Henry Watterson of the *Courier-Journal* on one occasion sent a relay of messengers to the office for supplies of cash to tide him through the game; when he had cleaned the office out and there was nothing left but some Mexican money, he commandeered that.

Below this level were small tradesmen and the clerks, then the white workers, and at the bottom the Negro who dwelt in that half world to which God had been pleased to call him. Wages were low and labor unions were firmly repressed. Clerks worked for a lifetime in the old business houses for little pay and felt themselves honored. Let well enough alone. That was it. And the railroad and the Bank of Kentucky ruled over all.

But presently—by imperceptible degrees—a change occurred. The road held a southbound monopoly; its rates were high, but it gave Louisville trade a distinct advantage. Up to a point this advantage was generally conceded. But about 1870 it dawned on some Louisville people that it was just possible that the hoisting of rates was not so much intended to benefit the local merchants as it was for the road to make money. By the next year the Mayor was forced to take notice of this condition in his annual report. Barely twenty years before any sacrifice had seemed desirable to get a road. Louisville was a city of opportunity; any man could make a fortune if he would bestir himself; and so on. The farmers in the region had felt the same way. Mr. Guthrie, to all appearances, had been but the most ambitious, the most able, and the luckiest among his equals. Was it possible that Mr. Guthrie's creation, once the pride of all, had become the boss? Complaints rapidly increased. "The L. & N.

railroad makes us pay just what they please," said a citizen of Lebanon, "and we are bound to submit to it. They run to their own time and we have to submit. . . . (There is a) gentleman in this city who owns stock for which he paid the trifling sum of \$200, that to-day is worth \$5,000 paying six per cent all the time." The cry of the little man was beginning to be heard and at that same moment it was going up throughout the country. Monopoly! The man with the lumber yard downstate, the little wholesale grocer, the small tobacco grower were falling behind in the race. The people of the Great Meadow were crying for help. What they wanted was better service and a low rate. Plain enough. The bitterness of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce was something different. They could understand that, even if it were only jealousy. "Opulent and powerful from high rates of transportation and a virtual monopoly of trade southward . . . impoverishing the farmers along its route by failing to provide the means of transportation for their grain crops as will compensate them to send their crops to market; subsidizing by favors, after the Erie fashion, prominent and less prominent members of the legislature, the L. & N. R. Co. with that soulless characteristic that attaches to most corporations, is prepared to exact its gigantic powers to the injury not only of Cincinnati but of a very large section of Kentucky." Then the grange movement began its sweep through the country and the Kentucky farmers became infected.

By 1880 it was plain that a line was being drawn. Two things happened: the road declared a 100 per cent stock dividend and a Railroad Commission was set up to regulate rates. They didn't regulate very long. Three years later the names of Jay Gould, Thomas Fortune Ryan, Russell Sage, and—not long after—Jacob Schiff and August Belmont appeared in the list of directors. It was a formal notice that the age of Mr. Guthrie and his grocer friend was over. Finally, in 1884, Milton H. Smith was elected

president of the L. & N. Thereafter, for thirty-seven years, he was the boss and operating head of the road. He told the little man what he could do—and like it.

V

Like Mr. Guthrie who preceded him and Mr. Brown who came after him, Milton Hannibal Smith was not a native of Louisville. He was born on a farm in rural New York and after a boyhood in Illinois set out for the south in 1858 to make his fortune. He was twenty-two and stubborn. His first job—selling Appleton's *Encyclopedia* from door to door in Mississippi—was hardly begun when the John Brown raid broke at Harper's Ferry. It scared the Appletons out of their wits and they wired Smith to quit. Stranded, he got a job teaching school and during a holiday learned telegraphy. So adept did he become—and he could take a message off the wire to the end of his life—that he left his school for a telegraph office at Oxford, Mississippi. He discovered that "he had talent as a train dispatcher" and was so engaged when the Civil War began. Neither the causes nor the spiritual agonies of that conflict bothered him. He moved troops for the Confederacy and when the Federals got into his neighborhood, he moved troops for them. When the Federal military railroad service was organized he entered it and served all over the South. In August, 1866, he came to Louisville as local agent of the L. & N., Guthrie then being at the height of his influence. Able and efficient, he rose very rapidly; impatient and short-tempered, in 1878 in a rage he flounced out of the L. & N. when some order had been countermanded. Four years later, in 1882, he came back to stay.

Between Guthrie and Smith as citizens of Louisville there lay an age. Guthrie lived and died a Louisvillian; he was in every way identified with the city which he dominated. His riches and his interests began there and grew outward. Smith came with no such attachments—

either to Louisville or any other place. The railroad was all. The road was no longer an arm of Louisville; rather Louisville had become but one of many arms of the railroad. It was Smith's function to serve as the planner, executive, servant, and boss of a great utility that had burst all local bounds, that had risen above government and was in most respects a law unto itself. Smith regarded the region south of the Ohio as a sort of wilderness tract created by the Almighty to provide a field of operation for himself and the L. & N. This wilderness was peopled with animated dummies who were to be used, conciliated, manipulated, or suppressed to suit the need of the moment and the demands of his road. Completely devoid of social curiosity, vision, or conscience—he would not have known what the words meant—he devoted thirty-seven years as an administrator to telling people to get the hell out of the aisle.

The financial control was in the East, but Smith exerted an appreciable influence upon it and the physical control was his absolutely. As years went on he grew more and more autocratic and more ruthless in the face of opposition. Fight rather than negotiate was his rule of action. True, in later years, Morgan forced him to take a share of the Monon and it made Smith feel "worse than a spell of sickness" and he had to put up with the devillings of Hetty Green when that lady had her car backed into the Louisville yards and undertook to lecture him for an extravagant use of brass on his engines. But such interferences were few; Smith was the road and the road was Smith.

A hard bargainer, Smith is said to have refused to own more than enough shares in the road than he needed to act as director; his salary never rose above twenty-five thousand dollars and he refused, years before his death, to have it doubled on the ground that "no railroad president is worth more than twenty-five thousand a year." When he died in 1921 he left an estate—excluding an income of some twelve thousand dollars settled upon his

widow—of \$202,000. Small takings when compared to those of his pirate friends and contemporaries.

He paid as low wages as he could and placidly saw capable engineers, whom he had trained, depart because he would not raise their pay. In a strike he was merciless and without scruple. He was cautious, secretive, and adroit in stratagems. He could act circuitously, as when he secretly subsidized doggerel versifiers during a political campaign. In '93, having learned through means known only to himself, that a conductor named Polly was organizing for Debs's union, he dispatched a wire to the division superintendent: "Suggest you relieve Polly." An hour or so later he wired again: "Has Polly been relieved?" The bewildered superintendent replied that Polly was on his run. Smith wired a third time: "Send a special and relieve Polly." It was done and Mr. Polly vanished from the L. & N. forever. In after years football players were recruited from colleges to act as skull crushers in L. & N. strikes. Mr. Smith would have approved. He despised passenger traffic—"you can't make a God damn cent out of it"—and saw his coaches reach the antique stage without a pang. He cursed Jim Crow laws because it cost money to divide the coaches or build separate ones. He wanted long-haul freight, and to get it he invested the road's money. He perhaps had more to do with the development of Birmingham, Alabama, than any other single man, for he saw in the coal and iron there a source of traffic for his road. He would build a spur to the door of any man who would open a mine or build a furnace—and frequently put the road's money in the venture. The road existed to make money and in order that it should he saw to it that it operated efficiently. The idea that his road might also be a public utility he would have laughed to scorn. When an Interstate Commerce Commissioner suggested to Smith that under the sacred freedom of contract to which he was so devoted, a shipper was forced to pay whatever Smith

desired to charge, the railroad president denied it. "What could he do?" asked the Commissioner. "He could walk."

He lived quietly in Louisville at Fourth and Oak, refused to give interviews, took naps frequently, kept a fast horse, and devoted himself to the administration of his road and to the crushing of opposition. "He had no interest in politics save where it touched his railroad," and there was no point where they did not touch. In the list of those who have emasculated popular government Smith must have an honored place. The debauching of legislatures was in line of duty and it was done. Government was anathema and Smith did not hesitate to say so. In every county seat through which the railroad ran were lawyers hired to watch the road's interests. Many of them were sent to the legislature as representatives—or if not—their relatives or close friends were sent. Sometimes the local banker acted. All the filaments that bound this system together terminated in Smith's office in Louisville. Judges, Senators, legislators, and office holders of all brands traveled over the road free of charge and for a purpose. To effect this purpose a corps of lobbyists was maintained; among them none more distinguished than that eminent citizen of Louisville, General Basil Duke, C.S.A.

A Confederate cavalryman under Morgan, Duke had married Morgan's sister, Henrietta, and had ended up a dashing if not especially able general himself. One of the ruling class, his family was allied to others quite as distinguished. He was high-spirited, his manner considered "chivalrous," and he had literary talents as well. His onerous legal duties—in large part—consisted in occupying strategic positions at Frankfort, the State capital, with "his pockets full of passes." Frankfort is but a short ride from Louisville over the L. & N. and you can go back and forth with ease. The General found time to edit the *Southern Magazine* published in Louisville, and one can imagine the General stepping over to the office in the Columbia Building in the summer of

'94, his mind occupied with his editorial which waited to be written. "It cannot be too often repeated," the General told his readers, "that the average negro is yet a savage" and lynch law should not be "suffered to become obsolete." As for east European immigration, "we are convinced that it has been of detriment to every part of this country into which it has been introduced and its presence would prove a veritable curse to the South." Oh, those sunny, sunny days in Louisville, and Mary Anderson, our dear Mary, how charming as Perdita! And as Parthenia! Sir, her beauty was dazzling. But it was the Debs strike of '94 that roused the General to his great effort. His wrath was blistering. "Legislators often make haste to obey and gratify the licentious and utterly selfish spirit which insists that all other interests shall be subordinated to its (the union's) most unreasonable demands." As a lobbyist and legislative agent, General Duke knew an unreasonable demand when he saw or made one. Beneath all his gallantry and distinction the General was Milton Smith's hired man. He pitched his case upon a high moral note. He did not venture into the realism of his boss who could say: "Under our form of government it is permissible to do anything necessary to get another man's property providing you can keep out of jail. All legislative bodies are a menace. In action they are a calamity."

Not quite, of course, for there were the courts. The Minnesota Rate Case in '89 had smashed state regulation of railways and subsequent decisions had crippled the Interstate Commerce Commission. Sometimes Smith desponded: "I think the people of this country . . . are going to confiscate the railroads; they have the power and are going to do it; it is a matter of time." But such fits of depression did not happen often. "He saw from the first," said an admirer "that if a railroad was to be made a factor in the development of a state, increased traffic must not be its sole idea; but it must achieve power, influence, and success it-

self." And the road's power, influence, and success by that time spread far beyond Louisville and Kentucky. By 1891 the editor of *Birmingham News* could say with admiration, "The Louisville and Nashville is now not only Birmingham, but Alabama."

That discouraged remark of Smith's about "the people" taking the railroads had some show of reason behind it, at least in Kentucky. After years of railroad domination there finally had appeared a man who was capable of putting up a fight. He was younger than Smith, but quite as able and as ruthless. There had been preliminary skirmishes in the legislature and elsewhere, a long drawn-out preparation for battle. Then in May, 1899 the Kentucky Democrats met at Louisville and after eight hectic days and nights nominated this champion for the governorship. Or rather, it would be more proper to say that the champion nominated himself. Before the campaign was over Louisville had been patrolled by soldiers, the city had been turned upside down, and scores of families broken up, so bitter had feeling become. The champion's name was William Goebel.

VI

William Goebel was the son of an immigrant German cabinet maker who had settled in Covington, Kentucky, up the river from Louisville and across from Cincinnati. His family and blood were his first crime; he was an outlander and a plebeian. There had been no judges nor brigadiers in his family, no blue-grass, julep tradition. Restless, intensely ambitious, and with no money, he studied law in Covington in the office of a former governor and presently became the partner of John G. Carlisle, Cleveland's Secretary of the Treasury. In 1887, barely thirty years old, Goebel was elected to the State senate. He was close-mouthed, had few friends, and was not given to confidences; but he had already shown skill as a political strategist and manipulator.

The cry of the farmers and the small business men throughout the State against the railroad and the "corporations" was by this time incessant. It was these people that Goebel elected to lead. Opposed by the old families and the reactionaries, he built up in the towns a following that became as blind in its devotion to him as his enemies were blind in their hatred. Such an enemy was Colonel John Sandford of Covington. Colonel Sandford, a Confederate soldier of some distinction and a member of an old Kentucky family, had a bank. Furthermore he was a stockholder in toll roads. Those roads, which Guthrie long before had sedulously nursed, still were doing business; Kentucky highways still, in 1895, were controlled by corporations. It appears that before this there had been no love lost between the two men and when young Goebel began his campaign to force down the tolls, and midnight raids to smash toll houses and gates got started, the quarrel became more bitter. The fight reached the newspapers and Sandford was offensively referred to. A day or so later when the two enemies met on the steps of Sandford's bank, Goebel acknowledged authorship. Both reached for their guns but Goebel got there first. Sandford fell dead, Goebel had a bullet hole through his coat. The young Senator was held to have acted in self-defense and there was no trial.

In 1896 the frightful specter of Bryan appeared; the railroad crowd regarded him as an incendiary, so did the old families. The State Bankers' Association demanded the election of McKinley in order to "repudiate the communistic assault on property which these radical demagogues were making." There was some point to this; the Railroad Commission had found in 1889 that there was more than twelve million dollars' worth of railroad property in Kentucky that was exempt from any tax whatever. General Buckner, deserting the cool recesses of the Galt House, consented to run for the Vice-Presidency on the Gold Democrats ticket with Palmer. The

Kentucky papers—even the *Courier-Journal*—obediently fell into line. And Goebel stuck to Bryan. The result was that McKinley carried Kentucky and for the first time a Republican State administration got the jobs in Kentucky.

But the legislature remained in the hands of the Democrats and by this time Goebel was the controlling force there. He had torn politics wide open. Louisville rested under the rule of John Whallen, "the good boss," who with his brother had come down the river from Cincinnati to become the proprietors of the Buckingham Burlesque Theater and Saloon. Between Whallen and the railroad was a close connection. But the iniquitous Goebel had got into town and while Whallen was secure in the Democratic organization, the Democratic officeholders in both city and county had been tampered with. With a Republican administration at Frankfort, the railroad was content. The legislature and the city wards were keeping the railroad banking element awake at night.

Without rest, Goebel pushed on. A franchise tax on corporations was jammed through the legislature. A railroad commission with increased powers was demanded, a bill to create it was passed and vetoed by the Republican governor. An employers' liability law roused feeling to a higher pitch than ever. No means, however devious or ruthless, seem to have been ignored by Goebel in his fight. Then he was damned outright when he secured the passage in 1898 of the Goebel Election Law. This provided that a commission of three persons, appointed by the legislature, should in turn appoint the election boards throughout the State. And since it was the election boards who counted the ballots, that man who controlled the legislature which appointed the boards was in a fair way to control the State.

This was the general situation when, in May, 1899, the Democratic convention met in Louisville at the Music Hall. Goebel was forty-three years old, Smith was sixty-three. With but a fraction of

the delegates at the start, Goebel succeeded in maneuvering the convention into one blind alley after another. Hysterical oratory, brawls and fist fights punctuated the proceedings that dragged their interminable course through eight sweltering days and nights. Goebel's nerve and self-control completely baffled the opposition. In the end, Whallen's forces were routed and the railroad allies also; Goebel was nominated for the governorship. In a gathering where, Watterson said, "the L. & N. Railroad was the main factor," Goebel had won, after doing "nothing to his competitors—whatever he did to them—that they were not ready to do to him. Every man, woman, and child in Kentucky knows this to be the truth."

The campaign that followed was of a sort never seen before in Kentucky—nor since, for that matter. Goebel pitched his case on the corporations alone and the L. & N. above all. Scarcely a newspaper supported him. He could rely on the organization which he had built up and the statewide following which accepted him without question, but the brains and the strategy were his alone. Against him the opposition was solid. An independent Democratic ticket was set up to draw support away from him, the real effort and money was put behind the Republican candidate. The forlorn candidate of the Democratic splinter, cartooned as a monkey dancing to the music of General Duke's handorgan, was represented in a Goebel parade confined and with the label, "Died of an overdose of L. & N." It was said that the road was going the limit and would spend a million dollars to beat Goebel. Smith kept quiet. An Honest Election League, under the patronage of Boss Whallen, was got up in Louisville, to which all honest men might repair and help defeat the rebel. Among the railroad counsel, Mr. Helm was particularly active. Whenever he spoke in Louisville, Goebel took pains to refer to General Duke as a "professional corruptionist." To this the General replied cryptically: "I speak

within due bounds when I say that Goebel has been more frequently suspected of bargaining and using his influence as a legislator than I have been of attempting to so control legislation."

November 7th, 1899 was election day. It was expected that returns from the eastern mountain Republican counties would be delayed—until perhaps the results downstate were known—and they were. The State election board—Goebel's own—after days of agonized waiting, announced the returns thus:

Taylor, Republican	193,714
Goebel, Democratic	191,331
Brown, Independent Democratic ...	12,140

At once Goebel served notice that he would contest the election in the legislature.

In a tense atmosphere Mr. Taylor and his administration took office. On the first of January, 1900 the Democratic Senate, Mr. Goebel among them, caucussed. A Senator arose and told of being offered \$4500 by Boss Whallen to stay away from the caucus.

The notices of contest, filed by the Democrats, charged that in Louisville and in a number of counties, "more than enough voters who were in the employ of the L. & N. Railroad Co. to change the result of the election were intimidated by the heads of the company and caused to vote for the contestees" and that "the Republican leaders entered into conspiracy with the chief officers of the L. & N. Railroad and other corporations by which the latter were to furnish money which was corruptly used."

The Goebel wheels began to turn and Republican Senators found themselves unseated, on the grounds of fraudulent election. There were almost continuous conferences in Louisville. Frankfort, the little capital, was crowded; it was impossible to get a room at the old pillared Capital Hotel. As the fight went on, grudges of every kind boiled over. Two Republicans of Louisville who couldn't bury the hatchet and make common cause against Goebel, met in the Capital

Hotel lobby, and opened fire on each other. One of them got as far as the steps and pitched over dead. The Postmaster of Shelbyville, down for a little politicking, got a bullet through the heart. Another man was shot in the back and still another in the foot. In addition to all this, "O. D. Redpath, a Chicago drummer, was knocked down in the rush for the doors and had his leg broken by someone falling over him."

Meantime, the Republican governor, in a state of jitters watched the unseating process going on in the legislature. Plainly it was only a matter of time before a revised assembly would declare Goebel governor. On the 25th of January, early in the morning, a special train arrived over the L. & N. from the mountain region, carrying well over a thousand armed men. To petition the legislature for justice, declared the Republicans; to overawe the legislature, according to the Goebelites. It was freely predicted if the legislature dared to make Goebel governor he would never survive. A killing was certain.

Toward noon on the 30th of January, as Goebel was going up the path to the state house, someone from a window of the administration building, shot him with a rifle. Pandemonium broke loose. The militia, under control of the Governor, were sent for on the double and the legislature was refused admission to the Capitol. Goebel was picked up and carried back to the hotel. Surgeons hurriedly looked him over and declared it was no use. But he refused to die. In the midst of all the tumult the Democratic majority was ordered to meet. They couldn't. They couldn't get into the Capitol and the militia kept them out of the opera house and the diminutive city hall. "The head and front of our present troubles," said Watterson, "at once the source and resource of the revolutionary proceeding by which republican government has been for the time being struck down and a military dictatorship set up in its place is the L. & N. Railroad Co. . . . One motion of the

head of the L. & N. . . . and the whole lawless Taylor fabric falls to the earth." In the end the Democrats gathered in the hotel and declared Goebel and his ticket elected. With all speed they gathered round the bedside and the dying man was sworn in and his young lieutenant after him. The next day, after some legal moves, he was sworn in again. That was the limit of his strength. On the evening of the 3d he died. "Tell my friends to be brave and fearless and loyal to the great common people" were his last words according to his hysterical followers.

The road was immediately blamed for the murder. Even Watterson went so far as to declare: "He was ambitious . . . but there are kinds and degrees of ambition. He wished to do the State some service. He thought the best way to attain this end was to represent the interests of the great body of the people against the growing aggression of the great chartered companies. It cost him his life. . . . They could not buy him and they could not bully him. They had to cause him to be killed." The attacks finally brought the directors of the road into the open. "It would be unreasonable," they declared, "to expect corporate interests to so disregard the injury inflicted or threatened by constant attacks of political agitators as to be entirely silent as long as the politicians seek office by appeals to the passions and prejudices of the voters and especially by efforts to excite hostile feelings to be followed by hostile legislation!"

Be that as it may. The only man who ever had attempted to buck the powers that be in Louisville, in Kentucky, and in New York—and succeeded—had fallen. It has never been tried since. The waters covered him and it was all over. The funeral orations were masterpieces of caution. After he was dead they set up his railroad commission—it wasn't as clear then as now that State commissions could be controlled. Goebel never set down his political philosophy. If he had it might perhaps have occurred to him

that something was lacking in the measures for which he fought, that it was not only difficult but impossible to "confine" corporations, that the little men whom he represented were at bottom little Milton Smiths. Goebel himself as a lawyer is said to have earned twenty-five thousand a year; so did Smith. His estate is said to have been about a quarter of a million dollars. Smith's did not greatly exceed it.

VII

Smith had twenty-one years yet to go after Goebel's death. In 1902, one night in the Pendennis Club, he was astonished to learn that Bet-A-Million Gates had made a stock market raid in New York and had captured the L. & N. A deal was made by Morgan and presently the control of the road passed to the Atlantic Coast Line where it has remained ever since. By degrees the "Old Man" was actually growing old. The great powers that the railroads had once exerted were passing to other aggregations of capital. But government, which he abominated, was still the enemy. He made short work of the Interstate Commerce Commission until finally in 1918, forced to it by the Supreme Court, he admitted that vouchers in the road's files were made out ambiguously "because it was not deemed advisable to disclose to anyone not even to the company's own subordinate officers and employees that it (the road) was making political expenditures." But he was nearly done. The star of James B. Brown was rising in Louisville and the Boom Era was in its first raptures. One day Mr. Brown went out to see Mr. Smith and found the railroad president reading a *Times-Picayune* editorial headed: "Milton Smith: Dead and Doesn't Know It." "What do you think of that?" asked Mr. Smith. Mr. Brown read the editorial. "It's pretty tough," he said. "Yes," said Mr. Smith, "tough, but true." With the eye of a connoisseur he had read Ida Tarbell's *History of the Standard Oil Co.* He contemplated writing the story of his life and then gave it up because he knew too

much. His political philosophy he summed up thus: "Too many people have the vote." Finally, on the 7th of February, 1921, after a sharp request that he be buried quickly and without ceremony, the dinosaur died.

The career of James B. Brown, and he is living still, reached its climax in the crash of the National Bank of Kentucky in November, 1930. Round this old Main Street bank, as round the L. & N., the counting-house traditions of Louisville were built up. Chartered in 1806 as the Old Bank of Kentucky, after various misadventures and the wreck of the United States Bank, it was equipped with a charter in 1834 secured by James Guthrie. It was one of the leading money fortresses south of the Ohio, its ponderous conservatism revered and worshipped by other bankers. From generation to generation members of the leading capitalist and merchant families of Louisville sat on its board. By slow accretion its resources grew, sedimentary deposits laid down year by year. General Duke, almost upon his knees, wrote a reverent history of it; its stock paid 16 per cent and more. Originally the State was represented in the directorship, but by the 70's this right was surrendered and the bank became entirely a private institution, the bulwark and pride, the dearest possession of those families which, through sheer survival, looked upon themselves as the anointed of God. It was this institution which James Brown brought to its final glory before the disaster of 1929.

When the World War broke Louisville was approaching an ossified dotage. In 1910 the tobacco market started to move to the loose-leaf floors near the growing centers. The Kentucky Wagon Manufacturing Company, once the rival of Studebaker, was in decline. In distilling, the tying up of local capital in whiskey aging made money still more inert. The ambition of the old families was dying, their employees took their small wages and said nothing. The specters of Populism and William Goebel were laid at rest and, caught in a sort of amber, the

town lay upon the river bank awaiting the last trump of a Presbyterian God. Suddenly all this was changed by the War. Camp Zachary Taylor was established at Louisville, the town was overrun with soldiers, contractors, and all the camp followers that fatten upon a war boom. The movement south of industry touched Louisville and population jumped. Presently the ranks of the old families wavered, their control was weakened, the social barriers began to cave. A new era was at hand and Jim Brown, as he was known, ushered it in.

James B. Brown was born in rural Kentucky, without benefit of Blue Grass aristocracy, in 1872. His father is said to have sold sewing machines and Jim himself believed that a salesman could accomplish anything. When he was fifteen he came to Louisville to work for the Southern News Company and after some slow starts attracted the attention of John Whallen, the boss of Louisville. Whallen was then in his prime, presiding over his burlesque theater in top hat, frock coat and diamond studs. The boss found a job for Jim in a bank and from then on the salesman's progress was continuous. By 1908 he was president of the bank and then quit it to enter the National Bank of Commerce, sometimes known as the L. & N. bank. Before long he was president of this bank also, but where Louisville bankers in the past were suffocating in their dignity, moving glacially and watching both the right hand and the left, Mr. Brown was alert and expansive. No Galt House-vestryman-Pendenis Club tradition benumbed his vigor. Interested in the turf and adroit in politics, he was forty-five and ready for bigger things when the United States entered the War in 1917.

The War not only provided an opportunity for Mr. Brown's zeal as promoter in Liberty Loans and Red Cross drives; it took him to Washington as a member of the Capital Issues Committee and there he met and dealt with the biggest fat boys in the land. All of these years and experiences prepared him for the great

merger of 1919 when the National Bank of Kentucky absorbed three other Louisville banks and Jim emerged as president of the consolidation. The year before he had been active in the organization of the Kentucky Jockey Club, a corporation which took over the control of Churchill Downs and other tracks. Whallen was dead now and Milton Smith was near it. Who would succeed to the power they had held? Jim had the bank, THE bank of the South, he was thoroughly acquainted with all the traditions of Kentucky politics and had been schooled by Whallen, a master at the trade. Let others pursue their ambitions to New York; better to be first in Louisville than second in Rome, and the neighbors were now to watch the financial and political control of Kentucky united in one person. With characteristic Kentucky markings and coloration, Jim became a tradition himself, the borderland money master of the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover era.

There is another figure in the landscape, Robert W. Bingham, who came to Louisville to practice law in the late 90's when Jim was studying political science with Mr. Whallen. Mr. Bingham, whose father had had a school in North Carolina, went into politics also. On the surface the men were dissimilar. Regarded by many as a handsome man with distinguished manners and an interest in the finer things, Mr. Bingham had a deep and abiding appreciation of British culture, deeper possibly than that of Walter Hines Page. Jim, on the other hand, was not concerned with the beauty of the English countryside; he could not tell whether an earl beat a marquess and he did not bother with the mystical significance of the Crown. While he was busy with his politics and his banks, Mr. Bingham did his lawing and served for a time as mayor and local judge. The careers of the two men moved steadily along and the world never heard of either. But in 1916 Mr. Bingham married the widow of Henry Flagler; eight months later she died suddenly and left her husband five million dollars. On August 6, 1918 Mr.

Bingham bought the *Courier-Journal* and Louisville *Times*. At almost the same time the Jockey Club was being organized with both Mr. Brown and Mr. Bingham on the board, and shortly after, in February, 1919 Jim became president of the National Bank of Kentucky.

Central Kentucky is one of the principal districts for the culture of Burley tobacco from which American cigarettes are made. By 1921, following the inflated prices of the War and increased acreage, the tobacco farmers were in trouble and leaf had fallen as low as a cent a pound. Mr. Bingham promoted the Burley Tobacco Growers Co-operative, but they could get no money. The Louisville banks were not inclined to help and this offered Mr. Brown a great opportunity. In January, 1922 a meeting of tobacco farmers was held in Lexington and at this meeting Mr. Bingham announced that the War Finance Corporation would lend ten million dollars if necessary, that he himself would pledge a million, and that Mr. Brown's National Bank of Kentucky would not only lend the bank's limit but would rediscount a million and a half dollars' worth of country bank paper as well. This piece of business not only forced the other Louisville bankers into line and to acknowledge Jim's pre-eminence; it made his name in rural Kentucky. When the co-operative presently fell on evil days its misfortunes never touched Jim. Round him gathered a group of fervent admirers. Though Mr. Brown's was distinctly not one of those old Louisville families, gravelled in dignity and dullness, those families were interested in him, for it seemed as though he were going to make money for everybody. His mergers and his deals spouted dollars; he was, in fact, the works. Not only did he become a great man, but a man of mystery as well. He was known as the nocturnal banker. Rising late at his Cherokee Park home, he would "go to town in the evening to a branch of his National Bank. There he would sit at the desk of a vice-president and with barely the scratch of a pen direct his

myriad affairs, political, financial, and mercantile. . . . There at midnight or later, his business associates would have to go if they wanted to talk with him." He did not go to New York or Washington; people had to come to him. Representatives of New York banks would cool their heels for hours, until Mr. Brown signified that he was ready to see them. Farther than Cincinnati or French Lick he would not go. It was at French Lick that he did his splendid entertaining at the Gorge Inn—there would sometimes be as many as fifty or sixty in his party—and Mr. Brown would generously pay the gambling losses of them all.

Before long Mr. Bingham and Mr. Brown fell out; Mr. Bingham's name disappeared from the board of the Jockey Club. The reasons for the falling out were hazy. It was said that Mr. Bingham yearned to be governor and that Mr. Brown wouldn't have it. Other rumors had it that Mr. Bingham didn't find the tone of the Jockey Club exactly as he wanted it. At all events Mr. Bingham's papers became the opposition: they opposed with all their might but never managed to back a winner until the crash brought down Mr. Brown. The Jockey Club was a power not only in Louisville but in the State. One legislature had thirty members openly in the employ of the Jockey Club and the Racing Commission. In 1923—the year in which Harry Sinclair's *Zev* won the Derby—a traveling salesman turned Congressman became governor, despite the blasts of the *Courier-Journal*. As a counter-blast Mr. Brown in 1924 bought the Louisville *Herald* and then the *Post* and merged them. He was at last banker, publisher, and boss.

The career of Mr. Brown's newspaper—like the Bank of Kentucky, it is gone now—was startling. There were fantastic circulation drives, alley fights between the minions of Mr. Bingham and Mr. Brown; the *Herald-Post's* city room is recalled as a madhouse. The paper imported an Indian brave, Chief Thunderwater, who was received by a police band,

addressed the school children, and inducted the ex-traveling salesman governor into tribal membership. The Bingham papers exposed Thunderwater and showed him a fraud. At once the chief sued for half a million dollars, claiming that the disgrace had caused him "to cry and bellow as if held in pinchers (sic)." At the trial, the Bingham people hotly denied any intention of discrediting Mr. Brown's paper. Their sole intention, said one, was to "always try in a decent journalistic way to do what we can honestly to promote our own business."

But all to no purpose, Mr. Brown may have been no success as a publisher, his papers may have swallowed up millions with nothing to show for it, but Mr. Bingham's candidates didn't get elected. The outcry against betting and the Jockey Club continued with no result. In 1928 it was dissolved and the tracks taken over by a holding company, the American Turf Association, with which Mr. Brown was connected.

Meantime Mr. Brown's mergers were going on. Sometime before April, 1927 it was determined to unify the ownership of the Bank of Kentucky and the Louisville Trust Company, another revered local institution. A majority of the stockholders approved and the stock of both banks was turned over to six voting trustees. In January, 1929 the Trust Company, under Mr. Brown's eagle eye, absorbed two more local houses. Nothing like it had ever been heard of before in Louisville. In Nashville a Mr. Rogers Caldwell had erected a hierarchy of holding companies, banks, and insurance companies. It was going on all over the country.

Then came Mr. Brown's master stroke. In July, 1929, three months before the crash, there was set up a Delaware corporation, the BancoKentucky Corporation, which became in effect a huge holding company controlling the Bank of Kentucky, the Louisville Trust Company and various other banks in Kentucky and Ohio. This was the crown of Jim's work. He had—or so it seemed—made a blend

of Milton Smith and James Guthrie. He had become the greatest man in Louisville beyond a doubt. The amen corners in the Seelbach and the Brown Hotel discussed him incessantly; his eccentricities were fabulous and so were his deals. Bellhops reported that he took pleasure in seeing a revolving door go round and would even pay a doorman just to turn it. Despite the attacks of the Bingham papers and the bilious envy of numerous persons, there was a host of Louisvillians who, having profited already at Mr. Brown's hands, firmly believed that he would shower down more gold upon them. There was in Louisville a brokerage house presided over by a lady; she was Mr. Brown's agent in many of his private transactions. She borrowed money from the Bank of Kentucky. She figured later at his trial.

October, 1929, brought the crash and, unknown to the public, the Bank of Kentucky was in trouble. Over a period of years the Comptroller of the Currency had been writing agitated letters about various loans; these letters, it was later charged, were "tucked away in an out-of-the-way corner of the bank." It must have been embarrassing for the Comptroller to catechize a banker who was the State boss as well. Inside the bank it was plain that something would have to be done and in May, 1930 a curious deal took place whereby an exchange of stocks was to be made between BancoKentucky and Rogers Caldwell's investment house in Nashville. This combination, it was announced, would strengthen the two institutions—no appraisal was made of Mr. Caldwell's assets—and make it possible for them to serve their patrons more zealously. No use. Toward the autumn of 1930 there were rumors; then came the crash of Caldwell and Company which rocked the entire South. In Louisville the rumors were acted upon. The bank "suffered a quiet run during the last week it was open." Its deposits at the close of business on November 8th, 1930 were more than thirty-four million dollars. More than seven million dollars were

withdrawn during the next seven days and about 80 per cent of the withdrawals were from 250 accounts! On the 13th of November a receiver was appointed in Nashville for Mr. Caldwell, and the jig was up. Desperately Mr. Brown sought to bolster himself. He sought to effect one last merger. From Louisville Banco had moved out into Kentucky, then Ohio, and at last it had combined with Tennessee. There remained New York and at the last minute Mr. Brown tried to merge with the Transamerica Company, the creation of Mr. Amadeo Giannini, who had reached from California to New York to Milan with his banks.

But it was too late. No more in the dark watches would Mr. Brown be able to leave the Gorge Inn and—if he were so moved—watch the constellations wheeling over French Lick and murmur the words of the director's brother: "Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art." No. On the 16th of November, 1930 the National Bank of Kentucky closed its doors and went to join Nicholas Biddle and James Guthrie in the shades. The reign of James B. Brown, the last of the three kings of Louisville, was over.

But where the carcass is—Banco stock was quoted in Chicago at thirteen cents—there shall the eagles be gathered together. Receiverships grew like mushrooms. Suits, countersuits, petitions, and Grand Juries multiplied. Within thirty days Mr. Brown had declared himself a bankrupt and presently was discharged. He was indicted by the County for embezzlement and by the Government for various deeds—including some transactions with the lady broker—"against the peace and dignity of the United States of America." Yet despite the storm of obloquy and hatred loosed against Mr. Brown, his nerve remained unshaken. He had his followers still. Though rooming house landladies might refer to "Jim Brown, that owdacious man," there were cab drivers who stood up for him. Mr. Brown himself, at his bankruptcy proceedings did not hesitate to say that "there was certainly a very determined effort on

the part of someone or some interest to damage the Bank of Kentucky and the Louisville Trust Company and to destroy as they did the BancoKentucky Company." Mr. Brown's appearances in court were little short of personal triumphs and were plain evidence of the extraordinary hold which he had. When he and his vice-president arrived for their arraignment on the Commonwealth charge they were early. A director of the Louisville Railway Company (serving on another case) left the jury box to shake hands. They "held a sort of informal levee until their names were called. . . . Deputy sheriffs, court attachés and members of the jury hastened up to greet them and to chat informally. . . . The defendants also shook hands with Asst. Commonwealth's Attorney Charles W. Logan . . . and 'Bull' Riley, Republican wheelhorse and former Police Court Bondsman."

The embezzlement trial came on with the lady broker present "in her customary black and trailed by a Negro porter carrying an imposing stack of books and records." One day's session "proved to be a procession of social and financial leaders in and out of the witness box, none of whom failed to stop at the office of the Commissioner of Claims to collect their seventy-five cents witness fee." Mr. Brown was acquitted.

Slowly the judicial wheels revolved, with lawyers and receiverships rotating in a sort of revolving fund. The Banker's Trust Company had twin receivers, one a Democrat and the other a Republican. Within a year the cost of making photostat records in a single suit had reached \$35,000; another bank receiver had in eighteen months used up \$42,656 in expenses against \$45,689 in receipts. At one juncture counsel had dolefully "called the court's attention to the fact that litigation over the Jones National Bank of Nebraska had lasted twenty-three years." Finally the Jarndyce of all the Jarndyces, the suit of the receiver of the Bank of Kentucky against the directors was called. That there should be no doubt of the Court's detachment in the

case, a Federal judge was imported from Grand Rapids. The preliminary hearing was conducted with great pomp. "In judicial robes Judge Denison entered the chamber before forty to fifty of Louisville's outstanding attorneys. He was preceded by a portly Negro servant who stood as the jurist took his seat and then poured him a glass of water. When he had taken the bench Judge Denison in an even voice asked, 'Now who will be master of ceremonies?'"

A decree was eventually handed down against the directors and after six years has at last reached the Supreme Court. Presumably it will be argued in the autumn of 1937. Sixty-seven per cent of the deposits of the National Bank of Kentucky were paid after strenuous negotiation and the Louisville Trust Company was reorganized. Mr. Brown was tried upon his indictments and acquitted. It was all over.

But the paper castles were gone and so was the Bank, a body blow had been dealt the old families who had held the fortalice in Louisville from the days when James Guthrie led them to riches. The darkness of the depression rested on the land and in the storm of local rage and hatred Jim Brown's power and glory vanished. Mr. Brown didn't vanish; he stayed. People who had admired and worshipped him, who had taken favors in the boom days, looked the other way; but the promoter's nerve did not desert him. Presently he became a banker again.

On Main Street there is a little building, a relic of a bygone day, which has

been furbished up with new paint, ornamental lamps and Venetian blinds. This is the People's Bank and there in a little office with a mulberry carpet and mahogany-tinted walls sits the president, James B. Brown, spectacles on nose, sardonically chewing a cigar. The R.F.C. which shrived so many reputations came too late for him. It is reported that Charles G. Dawes, whose Central Republic Bank and Trust Company of Chicago was lent ninety million dollars in June 1932, said: "Mr. Brown, whenever I think of what happened to you, my blood runs cold." The *Herald-Post* is gone and Mr. Bingham's *Courier-Journal* and *Times* now enjoy a complete monopoly in Louisville. Mr. Bingham, said to be the richest man in town, has become ambassador to Great Britain, whose culture he so much admires. But the old self-sufficient days of Louisville are gone. The absentee landlords are coming, a dead Louisville boy is among those who have fallen in defense of Madrid, and the voice of long subservient labor is heard at last. On the 3d of June, 1937 the Federal Labor Board held its first election in Louisville and while the president of the company swore that he would see his business in the river before anyone told him what to do, the Regional Director gave out the returns: Two to one for the union. All these changes perhaps occur to Mr. Brown as he sits in his office and looks out toward the muddy river flowing by. And the Ohio rolls to meet the Mississippi . . . and the Mississippi to meet the sea.



SHARKS' FINS AND ANCIENT EGGS

BY CARL CROW

ALTHOUGH the American exporters' perennial vision of selling an apple a day to the Chinese remains nothing more than a statistical extravagance, a great many foreign manufacturers have, by persistent advertising, built up a good sale in China for certain foreign foods. Condensed milk was the first to be introduced and gradually found acceptance as a baby food. As it was the duty as well as the desire of every wife to produce as many children as possible, the demand for wet nurses exceeded the supply, and milk was welcomed as supplying an actual need. Since there is little grazing land in this over-populated and intensely cultivated country, cows are scarce and the local supply of milk in all the communities of China wouldn't meet the demand that exists in a good-sized town in the United States. Condensed milk and various milk powders are on sale in all parts of the country, but milk has never been looked on as a beverage. Its use is confined to children and invalids, and no Chinese drinks a glass of milk because he likes it. I hope that will not be true a few years from now, for we are just beginning an advertising campaign to popularize milk drinks flavored with chocolate or strawberry. As they drink a lot of sweet carbonated waters we are rather hopeful of success.

We did go far toward making the Chinese a nation of raisin-eaters. Fifteen years ago raisins were practically unknown in China, but now the little red box which forms the packet of the world's most famous raisin is a familiar sight on

the shop shelves of almost every city.

When we began promoting the consumption of raisins I suggested that we should conduct a cake-baking contest, offering cash prizes to those who would send in the best cakes in which raisins formed a part of the ingredients. It was my first experience with anything of this sort, and it wasn't until the entries began piling in that I realized how strong the gambling instinct is with the Chinese and how eagerly they will seize an opportunity to get something for nothing. The day the contest closed I went to see my client and found him completely surrounded by a sea of cakes.

"You got me into this mess," said my client, "and now you can get me out of it. You have been nominated and unanimously elected as sole judge of the contest and, within an hour, all the cakes will be in your office and you need not bother to return them."

I must admit that at the time I proposed the contest the question of how we were going to decide the winners had not occurred to me. When the cakes were all in my office on display, covering every available desk and table, I looked at the display hoping for inspiration, but none came. My Chinese staff were of no help, though one of them did suggest that we could disqualify a few of the contenders who had entered puddings, three who had entered plain cakes, and a few others who had put in currants or prunes. With these thrown out there were still more than five hundred cakes, and the only sensible way to judge them was by tasting.

While I was worrying about the problem a ricksha coolie came into the office and sniffed at the cakes like a hungry dog in a meatshop. When I told him to help himself he looked carefully over the whole collection and sniffed at several before selecting the one he wanted. That solved my problem. I told him to collect fifty of his friends and bring them to the office as soon after five o'clock as possible and that they could eat all the cakes they wanted. He promptly suggested that the party be postponed for twenty-four hours, as everyone had already eaten something that day; if a feast of this sort was in progress they should have an opportunity to take full advantage of it by fasting for twenty-four hours, which is what most Chinese do when they are invited out to dinner. This seemed a sensible suggestion and so the party was postponed.

Next day the coolies arrived. Most of them had been to the barber and put on their cleanest clothes. All of them acted as the first one had done. They did not fall on their food and gulp it but picked and chose with what appeared to be rare discrimination, and most of them nibbled at several cakes before they decided which one they liked best. Under the most favorable of circumstances the merits of a cake cannot be determined with scientific accuracy, and my system worked as well as any other. It was easy to note which cakes appeared to be the most popular, and the prizes were awarded on that basis. When weak human flesh could do no more and the coolies voluntarily quit eating, I called the incident closed and let them take the remaining cakes home with them. For months after that, when some ricksha coolie greeted me with a particularly joyous grin, I realized that he had been one of my guests at the cake feast.

I had never said anything to my client about how I judged the cakes, and a week or two later he asked me about it.

"Why," I said, "I just ate a good big piece out of each one of the five hundred entries. How else do you think I could judge them?"

When we promoted the sale of raisins we were not introducing any new food product to the Chinese. Arabian traders brought raisins to China about the time of Christ and, later, grapes were grown and dried in North China. These Chinese raisins were not produced in any quantity and did not become a household article until the California raisin growers put on the aggressive selling campaign in which we played a part. The marketing conditions were ideal, for although the Chinese, like all other people, like sugar in any form, they do not eat sweet dishes at their regular meals. There are, on the other hand, I believe, more sweetmeat shops *per capita* in China than in any other country in the world, and the Chinese are a race of between-meal nibblers. It was a very easy matter to convince them that in raisins they found sugar in its purest and most economical form and that the iron in raisins was conducive to health.

II

But I do not believe that any amount of advertising will ever lead to any change in the Chinese diet. Indeed, I can't understand why any Chinese would ever wish to change the diet to which he has been accustomed; for, with the exception of the very poor, Chinese enjoy a wider variety of food and better cooking than is the lot of the average American. So far as I am personally concerned, there is no meal I enjoy better than a good Chinese dinner and I should not anticipate an unhappy future if I knew that I should have nothing but Chinese food to eat all the rest of my life. I should miss the corned beef and cabbage, the baked beans and hot corn bread, but there are compensations in sweet-and-sour pork, Peking duck, and Canton chicken cooked in vegetable marrow. I am not alone in this opinion, for it is shared by almost all foreigners who have lived in China for any length of time and are not still encased in their narrow national prejudices. As a matter of fact, I should

greatly enjoy attacking this problem from the other angle and could, with a great deal of confidence, put on a campaign to promote the adoption of a modified Chinese cuisine and diet in England or America. If it were adopted it would give to the residents of both countries a diet healthier and more economical than the one they now enjoy and a cuisine full of culinary delights they have never dreamed of.

A few Chinese who have lived in foreign countries have picked up a taste for foreign dishes, but they eat them occasionally as a novelty or a pose and not as a steady diet or because they like them. I know of one Chinese who is passionately fond of buckwheat cakes and maple syrup, the American breakfast dish which Benjamin Franklin tried unsuccessfully to introduce in England. The dish never became popular there, nor is there the least chance that it will ever be popular in China. The only foreign food for which there is a steady demand in China is porridge, but that is so much like the native *congee*, or rice gruel, that its use as a breakfast dish involves only a slight adaptation and not a change in taste.

A Chinese friend who has lived in many countries and is something of a cosmopolitan recently told me that his idea of an ideal condition of life was to be an American citizen with a Japanese wife and be able to eat Chinese food. His idea was this. As an American citizen he would have all that the world could offer in the way of liberty and opportunity; a Japanese wife is the most loyal, devoted, and uncomplaining of helpmates, and with Chinese food he would have at his disposal food unsurpassed by any other country. Of these three ideals he had to content himself with the last one, which, he said, was after all the most important of the three.

When you mention Chinese food to the average American who does not live in China, he either has no idea what you are talking about or, if he has that dangerous small learning, he thinks of sharks'

fins, bird's nest soup, and ancient eggs. Not one of these is calculated to excite the salivary gland of the unsophisticated Anglo Saxon. I have eaten all of them and shall do so again the next time I go to a dinner where they are served, not because I care for them especially, but I don't mind them and it would be noticeable and an offense to the host if I didn't dip my chop sticks into all the bowls on the table. When I can't avoid it I eat parsnips for the same reason. The sharks' fin soup may be very good unless it is too sharky, and I was never able to discover any particular taste in bird's nest soup, but I find the ancient eggs slightly queasy. These eggs, by the way, are put through a pickling process which hardens and preserves them and they are, in taste and appearance, more like a strange cheese than anything else. The eggs are not really ancient, for the pickling process is completed in about a month and if they are kept more than a year it is only because no sale has been found for them. Great age does not make them more valuable; in fact, if they are kept too long they desiccate and cannot be eaten. That fiction about great age used to be an old sailors' yarn until it was stolen by fiction and adventure writers who wanted to put exotic local color into their stories but were too lazy to look up the facts.

I once made a sandwich out of slices of these eggs, put in a dash of mustard and fed them to a squeamish friend. He liked them until the top of the sandwich fell off and he saw what they were. As I said before, I don't care for these ancient eggs. The taste is not repulsive but strange. However, as I have, without suffering any hardship or going out of my way to do it, learned to like Limburger cheese, escargots, raw fish, Scotch whisky, and Dutch gin, it would not be a difficult matter to become accustomed to the taste and possibly cultivate a liking for pickled eggs.

But these three, and many other items which uniformed tourists talk about, are not common in China, are expensive, and

might almost be classed as novelties. There are a great many Americans who have never eaten caviar, terrapin, or canvasback duck, yet these items are much more common in America and eaten by a greater proportion of consumers than are to be found for sharks' fins or bird's nest soup. Ancient eggs are a little more common, but there are a million of Chinese who have never tasted them—probably as great as the proportion of Americans who have never eaten Roquefort cheese.

Another Chinese dish which most foreigners have heard of and a great many have eaten is chop suey. It has been called by some "the national dish of China." Now, the truth of the matter is that chop suey, as we know it, is not only *not* the national dish of China, but it is not even a Chinese dish and no Chinese ever eats it. The only chop suey which the Chinese know is a cheap kind of Cantonese hash which is salvaged by Cantonese beggars. The beggars in Canton go from door to door carrying their capacious food bowls, into which housewives who are charitably inclined throw any odds and ends of food which may be left over from the family meal. As the beggar has to visit several homes in order to get his bowl satisfactorily filled, he usually collects quite an assortment of meats and vegetables before he retires to some shady corner, stirs the accumulation with his chop sticks, and eats his meal. In spite of its humble origin there is no reason why this beggar's hash should not be wholesome and tasty; but there is naturally a prejudice against it in the minds of all Chinese.

Dr. Wu Ting Fang, the famous Chinese diplomat, told me the peculiar circumstances under which this beggar dish became the favorite exotic dish of foreigners in many lands. The discovery of gold in California brought thousands of Chinese to San Francisco, some to work in the goldfields, but more to earn their fortunes in slower but more certain ways by working at various trades. For a long time all the shoes and cigars in San Fran-

cisco were made by Chinese, who also did most of the carpenter work. Soon after the discovery of gold the Chinese colony in the city was large enough to support a couple of restaurants conducted by Cantonese cooks, who catered only to their fellow-exiles from the Middle Kingdom. The white men had heard the usual sailor yarns about what these pigtailed yellow men ate, and one night a crowd of miners decided they would try this strange fare just to see what it was like.

They had been told that Chinese ate rats and they wanted to see whether or not it was true. When they got to the restaurant the regular customers had finished their suppers, and the proprietor was ready to close his doors. But the miners demanded food, so he did the best he could to avoid trouble and get them out of the way as soon as possible. He went out into the kitchen, dumped together all the food his Chinese patrons had left in their bowls, put a dash of Chinese sauce on top and served it to his unwelcome guests. As they didn't understand Cantonese slang they didn't know what he meant when he told them that they were eating chop suey, or "beggar hash."

At any rate, they liked it so well that they came back for more and in that chance way the great chop suey industry was established. Many more Chinese fortunes have been made from it than were ever made from gold mining, and thousands of Chinese have laughed for generations because every dish of chop suey served is a culinary joke at the expense of the foreigner. Chinese restaurants where chop suey is served are to be found in big cities all over the world except in China. Our Chinese cook knows how to make it only because my wife taught him, with the aid of a San Francisco cookery book. He ate some of it once, but said he didn't like it. As he is from the Yangtze Valley, he doesn't like anything that is remotely connected with Canton.

There is an entirely absurd story that the dish was popularized in America by

Lord Li Hung Chang, but it is safe to say that, with his great wealth and fastidious tastes, this powerful Chinese statesman never ate "beggar hash." It was served in San Francisco long before Lord Li made his famous trip round the world. Dr. Wu told me that he had served it at a legation dinner party in Washington, but that he did so only because the American public seemed to expect it of him. Knowing the old gentleman's flair for personal publicity, I strongly suspect that he knew the dinner would be featured on the front pages of the newspapers.

III

Experts disagree as to the relative skill of French and Chinese cooks, but all those who award first place to the French give second place to the Chinese. There is a general agreement that if the comparison were carried to the logical conclusion some other nation would naturally have to be awarded third place; but this humble position would have to go to cooks so far below the French or the Chinese that it is not worth while taking the trouble to find out who should have third place. Americans have been mentioned, principally by themselves; but if kitchen economy is to be taken into account, they would be ruled out, because they are the most wasteful cooks in the world. A good-sized province of China could eat to satiety from the waste food of American kitchens. The Englishman is usually keen to uphold national prestige in every line, but I have noticed that one thing he will not argue about is the superiority of British cooking.

Long before the Christian era the Chinese in their search for food were experimenting with everything they could chew and swallow. They had no inherited prejudices and no religious prohibitions. Buddhism forbids the killing of animals and, as a corollary, the eating of flesh; but Buddhism was brought to China from India long after the Chinese had perfected the art of cooking and had established their food habits. The Buddhist

prohibitions, which affected a very large part of the population, gave the Chinese cooks a difficult problem to solve, to provide a people accustomed to meat with a purely vegetarian diet which would be acceptable to them. I really believe that if the Chinese cooks had not solved this problem so successfully we should not now see the magnificent Buddhist temples and monasteries which are to be found in all parts of the country. The Chinese cooks made the vegetarian diet so palatable that it was no hardship to adopt it, and what might have been a perpetual Lent became a perpetual feast.

Dr. Wu Ting Fang was a vegetarian, not because of Buddhist faith but because some lady food-faddist in Washington convinced him that a vegetarian diet would prolong his life. I ate my first vegetarian Chinese meals in his home and they were very good. But I never realized how skillfully vegetarian dishes could be given the taste and appearance of meat until my wife and I were entertained at a rather sumptuous dinner by the abbot of a Buddhist monastery where we were spending our Christmas holidays. If I had not known that nothing but vegetables can be brought into a monastery kitchen and that the pious old abbot would rather commit suicide than serve so much as a spoonful of chicken-liver gravy at his table, I should have thought that this was just an especially good Chinese dinner. The various dishes had not only the appearance and the taste of meat but even the texture. Since the eating of meat is so evil I wondered why it was not sinful to give this Buddhist banquet such an evil appearance; but the abbot didn't know what I was talking about when I brought this question up, because there is nothing in the Buddhist doctrine which says anything about the avoidance of evil appearances.

During our fortnight in this Buddhist monastery we didn't have to exist on vegetarian food, for we had brought our provisions with us and they included all the solids and liquids which enliven the Christmas holidays. A wing of the mon-

astery had been turned over to us and in one of the many rooms our cook set up a very serviceable kitchen. When we were about ready to return to Shanghai, and I could bring the matter up without fear of raising a dangerous issue, I asked the abbot why he had been so lenient and allowed us to bring meat, to say nothing of gin, into the monastery. His explanation was pleasing. He recalled that two years before I had come to the monastery more or less as a refugee; for I had been on a houseboat trip on the Ningpo Lakes when a typhoon struck and I had abandoned the boat and headed for the monastery as the only shelter in sight. He said he knew at the time that among the supplies my servants dragged in there was very probably some sinful meat and that he should have refused to allow them to bring it in; but I was a stranger and sick and he was afraid that if he deprived me of my regular food it might be injurious to my health. So he had said nothing about the meat and there were no dire results. On the contrary, the monastery had enjoyed an unusual prosperity. In the five hundred years' history of the monastery I was the first foreigner who had ever spent a night under its roof and they had come to the conclusion that a part of this good fortune had been due to their hospitality to me. He said they looked on me as a kind of lay brother, albeit a sinful one, and that I was always welcome, even with my roast turkey and boiled ham and Scotch whisky, but he warned me not to encourage any other foreigners to come to the place.

In their search for food the Chinese explored the widely different climates that exist between sub-tropical Canton and semi-arctic Siberia. Here were to be found a wide variety of animals, fish, birds, insects, fruit, grain, nuts, roots, and green vegetables, and the Chinese tried them all, cooking them in every way possible, flavoring them with every conceivable sauce. Periods of famine intensified the search and broadened its scope. History does not record the name or the nationality of the man who ate the first

oyster, but I feel certain that he was a Chinese. At any rate, long before Englishmen had learned to drink tea or coffee, Chinese had learned so much about oysters that they were drying them in order to make them keep indefinitely. The only real oyster shop in Shanghai—that is, a shop which sells nothing but oysters—is an old establishment near the Chinese restaurant district on Foochow Road which sells nothing but dried oysters. I will not attempt to explain how an oyster can be dried before it putrefies, but it can be done.

Although the Chinese searched the earth, the waters, and the air for food, they never learned to use dairy products. Neither milk, butter, nor cheese formed any part of the Chinese diet until foreigners taught them the use of milk. That is now consumed in fairly liberal quantities by the very young or the very aged. They make an acceptable substitute for milk by squeezing the juices from soya beans. It looks like milk, tastes something like it, has most of the food values, and sells at a very small fraction of the price. They are indifferent to butter, neither liking nor disliking it, and as they see no need for it they do not use it.

They detest cheese, and will not eat it under any circumstances. Even if they ate cheese it would not be a popular food product, because a very simple and obvious pun on the Chinese name turns it into the name of an article which is certainly unfit for human consumption.

During one of the many civil wars which for a decade made life in Shanghai a more or less continual round of excitement, a crowd of more than a thousand hungry and defeated soldiers threw down their arms and sought refuge in the International Settlement. During those hectic days almost every able-bodied foreigner in Shanghai was serving as a volunteer soldier or policeman, and in the latter capacity I was put in charge of the refugee camp for one spell of duty. All I had to do was to see that the refugees didn't run away, which was very easy,

because that was the last thing in the world they wanted to do. However, they had had nothing to eat for two days and were desperately hungry; I appealed for help to the first man who came along, who happened to be a British army captain. He got busy at once and in less than half an hour we had several hundred tins of cheese and biscuits which he had managed in some way to get from the British army stores.

We opened up a few tins to show the refugees how it was done, and assumed that they would fall to at once. As soon as they saw and smelt the cheese they set up roars of anguish. They could not have been more disappointed if we had given them a tin full of nice hard flints. It looked for a moment as if a British army captain and an amateur policeman were going to have a rather exciting morning. But we arranged a truce and I made a hasty and very unbusinesslike deal with a Chinese restaurant keeper in the neighborhood by giving him all the cheese in exchange for a few thousand steamed dumplings. After the transaction was finished and our charges were eating the dumplings, the army captain cheerfully remarked that he supposed I knew that I had been guilty of the high crime of trafficking in His Majesty's army stores; he said it was a good thing I was an amateur American policeman instead of a British soldier, as under the latter circumstances, he would have had to report me for court martial. In the meantime, he had held on to one tin of cheese and so, as we didn't see any other food near at hand, we ate it for breakfast, to the great amazement of the refugees, who couldn't understand why we should eat that disgusting food so long as the steamed dumplings were available.

I hope these paragraphs about cheese will be read by cheese manufacturers and convince them that there is no market for their product among the Chinese. I don't mind answering their letters of inquiry about the potentialities of the Chinese market. As there is not even a trace of a potentiality the letters are easy to

answer. The difficulty is that I feel sure none of them believe me. It seems impossible to convince a cheese manufacturer that there are any people on earth who simply will not eat cheese.

IV

In the spring of 1923 a group of bandits in Shanghai put to shame all the previous exploits of Chinese bandits by wrecking the Shanghai-Peking express train and carrying away to their bandit lair the entire trainload of passengers—about thirty foreigners and several hundred Chinese. For almost a week after their capture there was no news as to their whereabouts; in fact, all we knew about the captives was that they had no food except the coarse fare that might be found in one of the most poverty-stricken and inhospitable parts of the country. As most of the foreign captives came from Shanghai and included well-known foreign residents of several nationalities, there was more excitement round the town than anyone would have previously thought possible.

I was looking for an excuse to get away from Shanghai for a holiday and, with all the excitement there was about the bandit raid, I found it an easy matter to talk my fellow-members of the American Red Cross Committee into sending me to the bandit area to try to establish contact with the foreign captives and get food, clothing, and medicines to them. I had barely effected diplomatic relationships with the bandits and got supplies organized and going forward regularly to the foreign captives, when one of the local war lords sent his secretary to me with a roll of currency amounting to three thousand dollars and a request that I get some food and clothing and medical supplies to the Chinese captives who had up to that time been existing on what scanty rations they could get from the bandits, who were themselves impoverished. The first contribution by the war lord was followed by others as often as I ran short of funds. A month later, as a cordon of

Chinese troops was thrown round the entire bandit area, cutting off their supplies entirely, the Chinese government commissioned me to feed the two thousand bandits as well, so that they would not be driven by hunger to confiscate the supplies intended for the captives. They had up to this time scrupulously observed the promises they had made to protect the relief supplies, and nothing had been stolen, though the temptation must have been strong. The work kept me in the bandit area for six weeks—one of the most interesting holidays it is possible to imagine. I learned a lot about the technic and ethics of banditry, which will probably never be of any practical value to me, and I also learned a good deal about the cost of living in China.

With my expenditures for relief work as a basis, and through investigations as to the diet of local people and the cost of supplies, I came to the conclusion that it was easily possible for any Chinese to provide himself with food, clothing, and shelter for five Chinese dollars a month and that I could live for that myself, though I shouldn't have much fun doing it. At present exchange this amounts to about a dollar and a half in American money. My figure was a more or less intelligent guess and I was later very much gratified to learn that Shantung Christian University, a mission school of very high standing, had made a rather exhaustive investigation of the same kind, and their figure confirmed my conclusions. Their estimate of the cost of food was fifteen Chinese cents, five American cents per day per person. That would leave only fifty cents per month for clothing and lodging, which is a rather narrow margin; but the university survey covered consumption by the rather well-to-do middle classes who did not have to stint themselves on the quantity of food consumed and who ate some expensive sauces which could be dispensed with.

The following analysis of the food consumption prepared by Shantung Christian University is also of considerable interest, as it shows the comparative percentages of expenditure compared to the average American expenditure.

	<i>China Percentage</i>	<i>American Percentage</i>
Meat and fish	6.	23.
Milk	0.	10.
Eggs	2.	5.
Bread, cereals, and beans	72.	13.
Butter, fats, sugar	4.	15.
Fruits and vegetables ..	14.	16.
Other foods	2.	7.

The first thing that will probably strike the reader is the fact that rice is not mentioned in this table. There is a widespread misapprehension that rice is the staff of life of all Chinese. The fact is that rice is the universal food south of the Yangtze River, but it is practically unknown in the north, which is not a rice-producing area. The list given above would appear to indicate a very limited variety of foods, but that is not the case. The wheat is not only baked into bread, but also provides an infinite variety of noodles, macaroni, spaghetti, and dumpings. There are twenty-nine varieties of green vegetables and fifteen varieties of beans.

A study of these figures will convince almost anyone that a very strong case can be presented for the adoption by Americans of a modified form of the Chinese diet. It probably wouldn't be possible to reduce their food bills to approximately a dollar and a half per month, but the food bill could be cut in half without allowing anyone to go hungry. There wouldn't be so many fat women, but there would be more slim girlish figures and fewer doctor's bills. But, on the other hand, it would be difficult to find any argument about a change of diet convincing enough to make any impression on the Chinese.



WHAT HOLDS THE WORLD TOGETHER

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

WHEN the full story of our times is critically appraised, perhaps a century hence, many occurrences will assume an order of importance quite different from that assigned by contemporary historians. Just as the obscure invention of gunpowder was an event more truly momentous than the Battle of Waterloo, so there are little-known happenings of to-day that the sifting of the years will bring to the fore. They will become less obscure as time advances and their fundamental nature is more generally understood and their uses become manifest. For they mark permanent gains in man's ceaseless march and countermarch. Whatever the future of governments and individuals may be, the victories of the laboratories will stand as lasting assets of the race.

Among the recent victories is a discovery made in 1936 at Washington, D. C., at the high-voltage laboratory of the Carnegie Institution's Department of Research in Terrestrial Magnetism. It brought to knowledge an unknown force of the Universe, subjected the force to tests of measurement and analysis, and defined the law by which the force operates.

For an approximate analogy to suggest the significance of this American discovery, one must go back to the seventeenth-century contribution of Sir Isaac Newton—his discovery of the law of gravitation. As the Newtonian discovery brought a new and clarifying interpretation to certain mysterious behavior of planets that seemed to violate Galileo's

rules of motion, so does this American discovery brilliantly illuminate certain perverse behavior of atoms that seemed to violate the established rules of electricity. The former discovery provided a force and a law that gave scientific meaning to celestial mechanics; the latter has provided a force and a law that give scientific meaning to atomic mechanics. Since it seems certain that in atomic mechanics are the sources and repositories of the world's energy, the consequences of this recent discovery appear to be of the highest promise to mankind.

If the world is built of atoms, as we believe, we must know atoms before we can expect to comprehend the physical reality. Nothing seems nearer, more conveniently at hand for investigation, than atoms. They are the air we breathe, the water we drink, the soil and rocks and trees; they are our physical bodies. And yet, perhaps nothing else is so hidden, so alien to our accustomed technics, so beyond our reach. Instead of being the round hard solid particles that our fathers imagined, the atom is an abyss. Its depths are more remote in our scale of dimensions than the dim galaxies. The darkness beyond the faintest nebula is not more tantalizing to our limited organs of vision than is the blackness of the chasm within the atom.

In these atomic depths energy breeds other energy. Here the strange eruptions of radium are initiated and controlled. There is a suspicion that here cosmic rays are born. The nature of substances, that which makes oxygen gre-

garius and helium a hermit, which gives iron sensitivity to magnetism and caesium a responsiveness to light, which implants in the carbon atom such capacities as a "joiner" that the huge molecules of living substances are enabled to form and to hold together—all these and other distinguishing properties of elements, although apparently "external" attributes, are determined here in the innermost depths. In the atomic nucleus—and not in some far center of galactic rotation—is the power-house of the Universe, multiplied endlessly, repeated in each of the innumerable hidden microcosmic systems. Are they the "mills of the gods"—the "looms of destiny"—the "mighty workings" that somehow spin our mortality? Physicists, as scientists, can't answer, though some in their more metaphysical moods may venture to pronounce on such questions. As scientists they believe that in the nucleus is the mechanism of matter stripped to its prime mover; hence the preoccupation of experimental physicists to-day with this field. The nucleus is the battlefield for a score of brilliant strategists in America, Europe, and Asia. Against it the artillery-like discharge tubes, the mighty cyclotrons, and other atom-smashing devices are aimed. And it was along this front that the Washington experimenters won their 1936 victory.

The story of the discovery can be simply told. And I shall make the telling very simple, beginning with familiar concepts. Admit that we are imagists. All word pictures of atoms must necessarily be in the nature of parables, of moral tales, with the whites all white, and the blacks completely black. We understand among ourselves of course that white shades into black along gray no-man's lands; but these defy precise picturization, and attempts to include all details in one parable result only in confusion. So let us be realistic and, therefore, imaginative. Our parable is frankly an approximation devised to illuminate one facet of truth. If it does that it will have performed its intended function, and proved itself a useful parable.

II

A drop of water contains about 200 million million million molecules. No one has made an actual count (there aren't enough years in which to count that number of objects) but we know how much a drop of water weighs, we know how much a molecule of water weighs, and the rest is simple division. I mention the number to suggest the smallness of the scale of dimensions that we must accept in approaching the realm of the elementary particles. A drop of ordinary water weighs about 3,600,000,000,000,000,000,000 atomic units. A molecule of water weighs about 18 units. The molecule is far beyond the limit of visibility even with the ultramicroscope, but we have chemical and physical ways of isolating it, measuring it, dealing with it quite objectively. Let us enter this molecular world.

Send a current of electricity through the water. The molecules begin to break up into three pieces each: one piece of oxygen and two pieces of hydrogen. These are the atoms. And by further manipulation with electricity we can break the atoms into yet more fundamental units—hydrogen into a certain number and arrangement of particles, oxygen into a different number and arrangement.

This hydrogen is highly interesting. Apparently it is the most abundant element in the Universe. Its atom is the simplest material system we know—an arrangement of two charged particles, one massive and electrically positive, the other lighter and more diffuse and electrically negative. The negative charge is the electron, and it revolves as a swiftly moving satellite round the positive charge, the proton.

And now we have reached the solid land we seek, the nucleus. For the proton is the hydrogen nucleus. If we could magnify the hydrogen atom so that its proton became just barely visible, the encircling path of the spinning electron would be about six feet from that center. Both particles barely large enough to be

seen, and yet the revolving system outlines a sphere twelve feet in diameter!—you can see why we think of the atom as an abyss, mostly empty space, its members relatively farther apart than the earth is from the sun.

The proton is the simplest nucleus known. Apparently it is a single particle. Physicists find no difficulty in breaking hydrogen atoms, stripping off of each its revolving electron and leaving the proton naked. Then they subject these unprotected protons to concentrated bombardments, using projectiles even more massive than the targets, and shooting them at velocities of thousands of miles a second. But somehow the proton holds together. No one yet has been able to break one—at least, we have no clear evidence of such breakage. And so we assume that the proton is an indivisible unit. It is extremely massive. If you could lay a single proton in one pan of the scales of a delicate balance, you would need to pile 1835 electrons in the opposite pan to bring the weight to equilibrium. Protons represent a tremendous amount of energy concentrated in small space. And the stuff of this matter appears to be electricity.

Apparently the proton is nothing but electricity—electricity of a peculiar behavior which we label positive. Similarly, the electron is pure electricity, but negative. A curious unexplained fact of nature is that the two particles exactly balance each other in electrical characteristics. That is to say, a piece of positive electricity, which is equal to 1835 pieces of negative electricity in quantity of *mass*, is equal to only 1 negative particle in quantity of *charge*. And so we find that despite the enormous weight, the proton is never attended by more than one electron. You may surround the atom with electrons, penetrate its depths with speeding electrons, but none of them will stick.

Sometimes we find a hydrogen atom of double weight. But the extra weight is entirely within the nucleus, for only a single revolving electron is found in these as in all other hydrogen atoms. Examine

the double-weight nucleus and we see why this is so: the nucleus is a two-particle affair, made of one proton and one neutron. The proton is our familiar positively-charged particle. But the neutron is a curiously neutral thing; for it has no charge, and although its mass is about the same as that of the proton, it shows no electrical characteristics, neither attracts electrons nor repels them. More recently the atomic explorers have turned up a hydrogen of triple weight; the nucleus here contains one proton and two neutrons; but even these swing only the single orbital electron. Apparently a nucleus, no matter how massive it is, can control only one electron with one proton.

With more protons, however, it can control more electrons. This we may demonstrate by examining that other partner in the water molecule, the atom of oxygen. Its nucleus is a complex of protons and neutrons. Some oxygen atoms contain eight neutrons, a few contain nine, and a still smaller proportion of the world's oxygen contains ten neutrons; but every last one of them contains eight protons, *and only eight*. And every last one of the oxygen atoms swings eight orbital electrons, *and only eight*. This arrangement of matching one orbital electron against each nuclear proton appears to be one of nature's immutable principles of architecture; for as we go up the scale of atoms the rule holds without an exception.

There is another rule of electrical behavior which we supposed held imperiously. This is the rule that if a body is positively charged and another body is negatively charged they will mutually attract each other; but contrarily, two bodies carrying the same kind of charge will be mutually repellent. Just before the upheaval of the French Revolution the Parisian scientist Charles Augustin Coulomb made very careful measurements of these electrical forces of attraction and repulsion and discovered the law by which they operate. The nearer together the bodies are, the stronger are

the forces; and the forces increase inversely with the square of the distance. This is Coulomb's law.

To illustrate its operation, recall our enlarged model of the hydrogen atom, with the proton just visible at the center and the electron revolving round it at a radius of six feet. Suppose we measure the electrostatic force of attraction between proton and electron at that distance. Then, if we bring the electron nearer, so that it is only half as far, or three feet, the force of attraction will not be two times; it will be the square of two, or four times as great. If we bring the electron still nearer, so that it is only a third of the original distance, the attraction will be magnified by the square of three, or nine times. From this it is easy to see why electrons in orbits closer to the nucleus move more rapidly. Just as the velocity of the earth in its circuit generates centrifugal force to counterbalance the gravitational influence of the sun, so does the velocity of the electron in its curving path engender such a resistance to offset the attraction of the nucleus. Hydrogen atoms would collapse were it not that the electron moves so swiftly. A velocity of 1350 miles a second has been calculated for the innermost orbit of ordinary hydrogen.

These mutual relations between the positively charged nucleus and the negatively charged satellite appear to conform strictly to Coulomb's law. This is true not only for the hydrogen atom; it has been observed also in the behavior of more complicated atoms. The eight electrons of the oxygen atom, for example, move in their orbits at velocities proportional to their distances from the eight protons in the oxygen nucleus.

Eight protons in a nucleus! The reader who has followed the parable thus far may reasonably object. How can the oxygen nucleus hold together?

This indeed is our dilemma. The nucleus of oxygen is very small, not much larger than the nucleus of hydrogen. But the primary objection is not that so many particles should exist in a space not

much larger than one of them, but that the particles of positive electricity should stay together at all.

Coulomb's law insists that positive particles repel one another in the same degree that they attract negative particles. Abundant experience confirms the law. There are electric motors activated by this force of repulsion, the force operates in telephone and telegraph circuits, it is used in other industrial applications. No behavior of electricity is better known among the large-scale phenomena of electrical engineering. Engineers only occasionally deal with pure charges of electricity; most of their work is with gross bodies carrying charges. But the chemist Frederick Soddy, after measuring the force of repulsion that exists between two free protons, made an interesting calculation.

A gram is a small quantity in our everyday world; it rates about the twenty-eighth part of an ounce. But Dr. Soddy's figures show that if it were possible to accumulate a gram of protons at one pole on the earth's surface and another gram at the opposite pole on the other side of our globe, the mutually repellent force of these two small quantities of positive electricity would be equivalent to a pressure of twenty-six tons, even at that distance of about eight thousand miles. Try to imagine then what should be the repulsion of proton against proton within the narrow zone of the atomic nucleus, where dimensions are reckoned in tenths of million-millionths of an inch.

On the logic of Coulomb's law one could expect to find no atoms in the Universe except those of hydrogen, since it should be impossible for more than one proton to occupy a nucleus. And if by chance two or more protons collide and find themselves accidentally associated in close quarters, Coulomb's law required that they instantly fly apart at terrific speeds of repulsion. Instead of this, the searchers found that the physical world includes a complete sequence of "impossible" structures—the helium atom with two protons in its nucleus, the lithium

with three, beryllium with four, boron with five, carbon with six, and so on up the scale to the heaviest, uranium, with its gigantic family of ninety-two protons housed with a hundred and forty-six neutrons in the diminutive confines of nuclear space.

This uranium atom, to be sure, is a wobbly structure. Every now and then its atom ejects a cluster of protons and neutrons from the center, to leave a less crowded residue. This residue we call radium, and its nucleus in turn also explodes with a series of ejections, breaking down to form the simpler polonium. Finally polonium, after ridding itself of a cluster of two protons and two neutrons, settles into the stable thing we call lead. But why should lead be stable? Its nucleus, even after the successive explosions, still contains eighty-two protons, and each of them should waste no time in getting away from the hated presence of its fellows.

Such is the anomaly that for more than twenty years defied explanation. Coulomb's law, which ruled precisely in the atomic environs and within the spaces between nucleus and orbits, did not apply to bodies in the central core. Why was it flouted there? By what supreme court, by what more powerful ordinance, was it overruled?

The Washington experiments of 1936 brought the first answer to that question. They penetrated the inner fortress to demonstrate by direct experiment the existence of a mighty force which is operative only within the small dimensions of the nuclear zone—a force more powerful than the Coulomb force of repulsion, more attractive than the Newtonian force of gravitation, a sort of central traffic control which dominates and directs the other material forces. Apparently it is responsible for the wide variety of atomic forms that matter may assume. Also we are to think of it as a unifying agency which underlies all physical reality. Without it there could be no metal, no carbon, no living cell, no earth, no sun, no galaxy, no manifold Universe—there

could be nothing more complex than hydrogen, and the Whole would be only a vast cloud of diffuse hydrogen gas interspersed or combined with free neutrons. At least, such is the picture we infer from the facts we know. Our new-found force is the medium that holds the world together. It is the invisible tie that binds.

III

Many of the great discoveries were accidental, but this binding force of the nucleus was not chanced upon by accident. Its detection is the culmination of ten years of experiments aimed directly at this mystery.

When the Carnegie Institution of Washington established a Department of Research in Terrestrial Magnetism in 1904, the specialists in charge realized that their studies must lead eventually to atomic physics. At that time no one dreamed of massive central nuclei surrounded by revolving electrons. But no one doubted that the secret of the earth's magnetism, of whose reality the quivering compass needle is perpetual witness, must be sought not only in the earth and its atmosphere but also in the invisible molecules and atoms of the needle itself. Matter must be minutely explored for the magnetic mechanism within it. The early studies were directed at large-scale phenomena, magnetic surveys of the continents and seas, and mapping. But in 1926 a definite program of subatomic research was initiated.

By that time considerable data on the intimate behavior of atomic parts had been accumulated by laboratories in Europe, Canada, and the United States. Conspicuous among the anomalies thus brought to view was this curious inexplicable behavior of protons within the nucleus. The Coulomb forces are so fundamental to our idea of the response of the compass needle that any variation or suspension of their action in any region of the Universe must be a cause of concern to explorers of magnetism. And so, among the problems outlined for investi-

gation by the Department was that of the nature of the nucleus. A special building was erected to house the research. Special apparatus was designed and installed: first a high-voltage discharge tube capable of delivering momentary blows with a pressure of about 1,000,000 volts; then an electrostatic machine and tube continuously energized by 500,000 volts; and finally the present towering atom-smasher of 1,200,000 volts capacity, with which the great detection was achieved.

The detectives in this search were led by Merle A. Tuve, and the group included L. R. Hafstad, O. Dahl, and N. P. Heydenberg, physicists all. At various times during the ten years other men were on the staff, and each contributed some spark of illumination to the slow plugging through the darkness. But I am naming the fortunate four who were working with the big-atom gun that cold January day early in 1936 when the first rumors of the new result began to trickle in. Months were to pass before the discoverers made any public announcement of what they had done—for an effect so apparently exaggerated must be tested, checked and rechecked, and submitted to the penetrating eye of mathematical analysis before it can be announced as a certainty. Indeed, nearly as important as the observations themselves, which by direct inspection only showed the failure of the Coulomb law, was this mathematical analysis of the observations in terms of “wave mechanics,” a service performed by Gregory Breit and two associates. All these tests and calculations were concluded successfully, and the full story of the discovery was reported to the international group of scientists assembled at Cambridge last September for the Harvard Tercentenary Conference.

The thing sought in the experiments was a definite measurement. We may outline the logic of the campaign in three steps. Observation had shown (1) that protons dwell together within a nucleus, and (2) that protons outside a nucleus are repelled; therefore, reasoned Tuve and Breit and their associates, there must

be (3) a critical distance at which the force of repulsion is overcome and within which the protons become reconciled to one another's presence. To find that critical distance became the first objective.

The means used were those of bombardment. Suppose you have a vessel full of pure hydrogen gas of a measured density, and suppose you fire a stream of protons into this atmosphere of hydrogen. Each hydrogen atom, remember, has a proton in its core; so what you are doing is a bombardment of protons with protons. Some of the bombarding protons will approach the nuclear protons head on, others may pass close by on either side, and in every case the mutual forces of repulsion will act to rebuff the particles. Since targets and projectiles are of equal mass, the effect will be a scattering. But the scattering will not be heterogeneous; it will be quite systematic in its directions. Just as it is possible to predict the behavior of billiard balls from the angle at which the projectile ball approaches the target ball, so it is possible to predict the behavior of the protons. Some years ago the British physicist N. F. Mott made a careful mathematical study of this phenomenon, and predicted the relative number of protons that would be scattered from each angle of approach in obedience to Coulomb's law.

All these data were available for Dr. Tuve and his laboratory crew. They provided a sort of benchmark, a measurement of the norm of behavior to be expected of protons acting according to Coulomb's law of repulsion. Any departures from this norm might be regarded as evidence of the breakdown of the law. And what the Washington experimenters proposed was to bombard hydrogen gas with faster and still faster protons until they got a scattering different from that predicted by Mott's calculations. The greater the velocity of the protons, the greater would be their momentum, and, therefore, the greater would be their ability to overcome the

repulsion and approach closer to the nucleus.

This game of aerial billiards with invisible particles seems very simple in principle, but it proved almost infinitely difficult in execution. The measurement of the angles could mean nothing specific unless there were an equally accurate measurement of the purity of the particles, of the density of the particles in the hydrogen at the target end of the apparatus, and of the velocity of the stream of projectiles. Very precise control was required in each of these items. Without going into details of the successive steps, I can say that many expedients, many variations, many skills were tried before the actual scattering experiment was even attempted and before the present apparatus with its remarkably exact control was attained.

The atomic artillery-piece looks its part—a sort of super machine gun mounted on its sprawling tripod, towering twenty feet above the floor, with its muzzle pointing straight down and passing through the floor into the basement room below. At its top is an aluminum sphere of six feet diameter—the loading device. Descending from the sphere is a vacuum tube of sturdy glass—the afore-said muzzle. Charges of positive electricity from a generator are fed by a traveling belt to the aluminum sphere and there are allowed to accumulate on the metal surface to build up a pressure as high as 1,200,000 volts, under conditions of accurate control and precise measurement. This pressure discharges steadily through the long vacuum tube; and by releasing protons into the top of the vacuum tube, the gunner provides projectiles for the voltage to work on. The protons may be speeded to any desired velocity, depending on the voltage applied. And, what is equally important, the installation includes clever focussing devices to concentrate the stream, and an analyzing magnet at the bottom to pull out stray particles, unwanted molecules, and stragglers along the fringes of the stream. Thus the instrument is able to

deliver to the target chamber at the bottom of the tube a finely focussed stream of homogeneous protons all moving in parallel lines and at the same velocity.

In effect, it is as though you had generated a continuous lightning bolt, had harnessed it within the confines of the vacuum; had sifted out all heterogeneous and diffuse elements, and concentrated its missiles into a steady beam narrowed for a measured attack on anything you choose to place as a target in its path.

The target chamber in which the scattering takes place is in the basement room, at the focus of the tube. This chamber is a small cylindrical compartment about six inches in diameter, into which highly purified hydrogen gas is released. And built into the compartment is an ion detector mounted on an axis so that it may be pointed toward the incoming stream of projectiles at any angle, ranging from zero to ninety degrees. Here is the final link in the sequence of stratagems. For, by knowing precisely the original number of particles in the beam, and the number of particles (hydrogen molecules) in the chamber, and then by counting the actual number of rebounding or swerving particles which strike the detector at each of its angular positions, you can tell whether or not the projectiles are being scattered according to Mott's calculations—i.e. according to Coulomb's law.

When this gigantic apparatus is operating there is an awesome hum, the drone of the generating mechanism. Occasionally, when affairs are not well adjusted, a spark will flash with a lively crackling from the charged belt to the ceiling above the aluminum sphere. And to stand on the floor of this room is to place oneself in the presence of invisible influences which curve through space along the mysterious lines of force which radiate from charged bodies. Indeed, one becomes a charged body. My finger, put out toward another person, sprayed sparks.

But the workers spend most of their time in the basement room where the

targets are manipulated. Lead salts fused in the glass of the tube protects them from random x-rays and other stray radiations that might be generated by chance collisions of the proton stream passing down the tube. Very accurate is the detector device which measures the number of protons scattered at each angle. Each of the bounced protons gives a signal, the signal is amplified by a powerful device, and thereby these infinitely small movements of infinitely small objects are brought within the range of man's perception.

Tuве and his associates began the bombardment with a stream energized by a pressure of 600,000 volts, which means that the protons had velocities of 6720 miles a second. The detector registered the scattering for each angle, and found that Mott's calculations held, that Coulomb's law of repulsion was operating quite normally. Then the bombarders increased their artillery fire; the pressure was increased to 700,000 volts, speeding the particles to 7200 miles a second—and Coulomb's law still held. They quickened the attack to 800,000 volts, producing velocities of 7700 miles a second—and the ancient law began to show evidence of failure. Then the electrical potential was raised on up to 900,000 volts, the stream of protons moved with the momentum imparted by velocities of 8200 miles a second, and now—something new began to happen!

Instead of recoiling or swerving as before, the projectiles moved in toward their nuclear targets. The change in the number of scatterings from certain significant angles said so—and spoke unmistakably. The inertia of the fast-moving protons carried them headlong through the zone of rapidly increasing force of repulsion until at last the critical distance had been attained by sheer brute momentum, the long steeply ascending barrier of the nucleus had been mounted, and the invading proton was admitted to the citadel.

Hundreds of experiments of this kind were performed. There could be no

doubt that the Coulomb law had failed—but why?

The records of all the observations were forwarded to Gregory Breit for further analysis. Dr. Breit is a mathematical physicist, was long on the staff of the Department of Research in Terrestrial Magnetism, indeed, he was the leader of this atom-smashing crew at the beginning of the campaign back in 1926, and is still connected with the Washington laboratory as a research associate. But he is now professor at the University of Wisconsin, and in the winter of 1936, when this body of observational data reached him, chanced to be in Princeton, attending the Institute for Advanced Study. Right in the neighborhood, across the corridor in Palmer Physical Laboratory, was Edward U. Condon whose mathematical explorations of atomic behavior have given him wide experience with these technicalities. Dr. Breit called Dr. Condon into consultation, and together they began to dissect the batch of plotted curves and numerical tabulations. Certain details of the problem made it expedient to consult another expert, and R. D. Present of Purdue University made the third member of this mathematical team. By applying the highly complex calculations of "wave mechanics" to the experimental observations, Breit and his associates showed that beyond all doubt the observed failure was not attributable to a possible added repulsion (for a sudden sharp increase of repulsion might also distort the results), but was actually a result of encountering for the first time the long-suspected *attractive* force which binds particle to particle within the nucleus.

The results of the mathematical analysis of these experiments may be conveniently summarized as four findings.

1. The critical distance at which the Coulomb force of repulsion between protons breaks down is about $1/12,000,000,000,000$ of an inch.

2. The sudden change which occurs in the relations between two protons separated by this critical distance can be ex-

plained if we assume the existence of a superior force of attraction which at that and lesser distances dominates the two particles.

3. The binding power of this force, as it operates between two protons at the critical distance, is approximately 10^{36} times more powerful than the Newtonian force of gravitation between the two protons.

4. Not only protons, but also neutrons are subject to this powerful force. The attractive force between a proton and a neutron or between two neutrons is the same as that between two protons, except for the absence of the Coulomb repulsion when the chargeless neutrons are involved. These conclusions regarding neutrons are derived indirectly from other data, but the evidence seems to indicate that the nuclear force of attraction is somehow intimately associated with the mass of these primary particles, and depends little, if at all, on whether or not they are electrically charged.

To grasp some concrete idea of the enormity of this force we must resort to a comparison. Remember that the proton is inconceivably small. Its weight is less than this almost infinitesimal fraction of a gram: $1/600,000,000,000,000,000,000,000$.

And a gram is $1/454$ th part of a pound.

Now the measurements show that the pull of proton for proton within the region of the nucleus is so great that the two tiny particles move toward each other as though impelled by a pressure of from ten to fifty pounds. If the Newtonian force of gravitation operated on the same scale, a feather on the earth's surface would weigh billions of tons.

When free protons or neutrons are captured and incorporated into a nucleus, a certain proportion of the original mass of the particles is converted into energy. The nuclear force, by its bringing of the particles together, seems to take a toll out of their substance, and the whole nucleus becomes lighter than the sum of its separate parts. Thus if we weigh a single proton the scales show a mass of 1.0081; if

we weigh a single neutron, 1.0091. The total weight of the two particles therefore is 2.0172. But when they unite to form the nucleus of a heavy hydrogen atom, the mass of the resulting nucleus is only 2.0147 in weight. The difference, .0025, represents the energy of the binding force which holds the two particles together. By computation we find that .0025 of mass is equivalent to 2,200,000 volts of energy. And experiment shows that to crack a heavy hydrogen nucleus and separate its neutron from its proton requires the blow of a projectile moving with an energy exceeding 2,200,000 volts.

IV

By these means, and in other ways as well, the new-found phenomena check. There dwells within the centers of atoms—atoms of the rocks, atoms of the air, atoms of flesh and blood—this titan of forces—this indefinable dryad, if you will—which pulls masses together, expends tremendous energy to bind them into nuclear systems, and in the process makes the masses less massive.

Various names have been proposed for the new entity. One suggestion is that it be called the force of "levity," since the effect is to reduce the masses of the bound particles and, therefore, to make them lighter; but surely levity is not the most fundamental aspect of this tie that binds. Another suggestion is "super-gravitation"; but the new-found force is so superlatively super that this title sounds make-shift. The thing has also been referred to as the force of "nucleation," suggesting its effect in causing elementary particles to consolidate their influences, to nucleate into atomic cores. Since the force manifests itself as the central force of all physical nature it deserves an unequivocal name.

We may surmise that gravitation, magnetism, and the electrical properties of attraction and repulsion are only special cases, or conditioned reflections, reactions, or interactions, of this central something that holds the world together.

And what shall we say of atomic power—that dream of the modern alchemists who proclaim that energy sufficient to propel an ocean liner across the Atlantic is locked within a teaspoonful of water? Surely its secret lies here. Reckon the billions of billions of protons and neutrons contained in water, remember that each is bound to its neighbor with a force of millions of electron-volts, that proton is linked to proton as if with a pressure of many pounds, and sum up the total. If it were possible to treat a teaspoon of water expeditiously, to cause the protons of its hydrogen atoms to combine into more complex nuclear patterns and thus form atoms of heavier elements, the energy released in binding these interior particles together would total several hundred thousand kilowatt-hours—quite sufficient, if harnessed, to drive a steamship from New York to Havre. But we must admit that we know no means of harnessing the forces even if we were able to release them economically; and the plain fact is that our present methods of separating and synthesizing nuclear structures require more energy in the bombardment than we get back from the transmutations. The utilization of atomic energy is a goal for the future—as far as we can see to-day, for the very distant future—but a beginning has been

made in the Washington experiments. The discovery and measurement of the forces provide a firmer basis for our dreamers and, let us hope, for our future engineers.

Dr. Tuve and his associates are planning deeper forays. In 1937 they began the construction of a new electrostatic generator and discharge tube designed to operate at potentials above 5,000,000 volts. Protons accelerated by this electrical pressure will hit the target with a velocity of 19,300 miles a second. The resulting momentum should carry the projectiles into the nuclear zones of massive atoms, such as those of the metals, whose inner cores present complexities in striking contrast with the simplicity of hydrogen. Here a vast hiddenness awaits exploration. The nature of the internal structure, how the interior particles move and interact within their narrowly bounded zone, their degrees of freedom and compulsion—such questions beg for answers. There are inklings of news from within, fragmentary flashes of this and that, and theorists are never idle with their charming mathematical symbolism. But the ultimate battle must be won by the experimentalist. Theory must be tested and proved by experience before we can go in and possess the new land.



The Lion's Mouth



ON THE UNHERALDED STATE OF FATHERHOOD

BY GEROLD FRANK

I SUPPOSE I am not the first father to feel as I do, but I am weary of these psychological pieces in the magazines describing the effect of motherhood upon women—how, once mothers, their figures become fuller, more rounded, their minds more contented, their very spirit subtly and magically ennobled. Having gone through the shadow and having touched the depths, they emerge shining and remotely lovely; or, to their vaguely guilt-conscious husbands at least, remotely strange. This may be all very true. But as a father of seven months' standing, I should like to submit that men too undergo some remarkable changes with fatherhood, though no one makes much fuss about it.

For example: I grant that it was my wife who had the baby. But I gained thirty-five pounds. Sympathetic something-or-other? I don't know. I only know that I, oddly enough, found *my* figure becoming fuller and alas, more rounded, *my* mind more contented, *my* spirit subtly and magically ennobled. (I ought to point out, in complete refutation of the magazine writers, that my wife, in contrast, deeply chagrined at the fuller figure development, and inclined to consider all talk about spirit being ennobled as so much hooey, has practically no contentment of mind, struggling and perspiring through her post-maternity exercises in a heroic attempt to regain her girlish form.)

Another noteworthy change in myself which I cannot help observing is the fact that I have become sentimental. I was never sentimental before. An old gen-

tleman with a long gray beard falling off a street-car step was to me just an old gentleman with a long gray beard falling off a street-car step, and nothing more. Sometimes, I blush to admit it, it was even funny. But now the mere thought wrenches my heart and my eyes grow moist. I used to bristle pugnaciously when I heard crooners on the radio: now I languish at the sound. Shirley Temple meant an evening's ordeal, muttering rebelliously all the way to the neighborhood movie and then squirming uncomfortably in my seat for two and one half hours; now I'm a pushover for anything in which the divine Shirley appears, and one of her smiles is sufficient to make me whisper hoarsely to my wife, "My God, how *sweet*, how *adorable* she is! Wouldn't it be wonderful if our own little Tootsie-pie grew up to be like her?" Usually my wife doesn't answer, because she's blubbering herself.

Fatherhood has definitely affected my reading. I once prided myself on good taste in books and magazines. I chuckled contemptuously over the stories I read in pulp magazines (taken from the maid's collection piled behind the refrigerator) in which the young, innocent heroine came to New York to find life brutal and merciless. But now I'm suffused with pity and tenderness when I read them. Everything seems true, everything rings pathetically real to me, and I suffer over the stories, as I sit with an untouched Scotch-and-soda in the parlor, with the same bitter ecstacy as our maid, sniffing in the kitchen.

And what shall I say of the effect upon my relatives? Upon the Family? My mother-in-law, who I felt always looked upon me as a regrettable, if harmless, necessity in the marriage of her daughter;

my mother, who always warned me that any girl who found me tied round her neck would rue the day she was born; my relatives, those successful cousins of mine, who privately held me to be a bit soft in the head—someone who might, with luck, escape ending his days behind bars for some sort of unmentionable crime? Why, we're all pals now. Becoming a father has vindicated me. It's made me respectable. My mother-in-law and mother, good women, have discovered how gentle I am with baby, and how tender a heart really beats behind my gruff exterior (there was the time baby coughed over her piece of zwieback and I ran from room to room with tears streaming down my face); and my relatives have concluded that I've finally settled down sensibly at last without any more crazy ideas about writing books.

I have discovered that my attitude toward babies, babies individually and babies as a species, has changed completely. I always thought of babies as unmitigated nuisances, horribly pink little creatures whose noses forever had to be wiped and who drove you frantic bawling all night, or crawling under your feet during the day, or stupidly swallowing buttons and open safety pins every time you turned your head. Growing older, they took to banging cups and ashtrays against the furniture and screaming blissfully, particularly when company was present, every unfortunate word they picked up about the household. And growing older still, if they were boys they got into all sorts of embarrassing scrapes, or if they were girls, you scarcely slept at night knowing the designs upon them in the hearts of all the nice young men who called upon them—this, because you once had been a nice young man yourself. But now I love babies. I love them as they are and I love them for what they will be. I love the Dionne quintuplets. I love the babies in the movies. I love the babies who smile out of baby talc advertisements in the magazines and I love the babies who coo in carriages in the park.

But most amazing of all the changes I find in myself as a result of fatherhood is the deep and fundamental change in my attitude toward what, for want of a more descriptive word, is known as Life. It is a change vast enough, almost, to be worth a psychoanalyst's time. For somehow, having become a father, I seem to have in one stride come remarkably close to life, not merely the vertical stream of life, that unbelievable germ plasm which began far off in the ancient darkness of prehistoric time and has continued in a direct line through my ancestors and me even unto little Tootsie-pie herself; but also to that horizontal current of life, that contemporary ebb and flow of faces, acts, words, and desires of people themselves.

I sit for hours watching this new personality, a veritable human being, mind you, existing where one did not exist before, a personality flowered from the mysterious recesses of my own personality and my wife's personality (as well, of course, as from the personality of great-grandfather Lucius, whom no one ever had a good word for). This baby is the microcosm and the macrocosm of the universe. Watching her, I long no more for the strange distances of the world, or if I do long for them, remembering nostalgically a dusk in Paris or a sunset in Capri, it is with a muted longing; I yearn no more to wander up and down the crowded streets of cities, trying to watch Life and clutch it to me with the universal and desperate hunger we all know. The universe is about me, but, strange, it has never been so close, so intimate before, as when I watch a seven-months-old baby laugh delightedly at the crackle of this paper and, with a gesture of immemorial charm and infinite wisdom, place her big toe in her mouth.

FIXING THE JUDGE

BY BRYAN M. O'REILLY

As I rolled along the highway the sun was shining, my eye caught the glint of new green by the wayside, my thoughts were far away, all was well with—

"Pull over there, Mister."

The voice came from a policeman in a coupé which suddenly appeared beside me. Pulling over to the curb, my peaceful morning shattered, I reflected that my speedometer could not have registered more than 45-40 was the legal limit on this stretch—and I was in for a "bawling out." Remember, I murmured to myself, never talk back to a cop.

"Let me see your license, mister." The voice was hard-boiled. With a forced meekness which went much against the grain I produced my papers. These country cops, I thought, must have little to do, pulling up cars for a couple of miles beyond the limit. However, my expectations of getting away at the cost of some browbeating were good until the "law's" next remark startled me.

"I clocked you at 55, Johnny. You'll have to follow me in to the station-house."

"But, officer, I wasn't going 55. My needle hung around forty."

"My clock says 55, buddy. When did you have your speedometer checked?" came the uncompromising reply.

"Look here, officer, I travel this road every day. Certainly I had no intention of speeding."

"Sorry, mister. Just follow me into the station. You'll have to tell that to the judge."

Subsequent protest at the station-house got me nowhere. The ticket was made out for 55; I was rooked of \$15.00 bail and told to appear in court in ten days' time. Neither the sergeant at the desk nor the arresting officer was aggressive but they were curt and unsympathetic.

As I climbed into the car outside the police station, the green ticket burned a hole in my hip pocket. My speedometer had never gone above 50; to that I could take oath. There was a mistake somewhere. If X is traveling 40 when he passes Y traveling 30, how much must Y accelerate to draw level with X having given him ten seconds' start? My algebra would not carry me that far but I had

a mathematical friend who could work it out. Obviously Y must exceed 40 however, which might account for the outrageous charge against me. Here it is pertinent to remark that this was my first brush with the law and that I am English-born. That a false charge could stick never-crossed my mind. A citizen on his lawful occasions has rights; an over-zealous policeman could make a mistake; a magistrate weighing the testimony would do justice. My character was good, my record was without blemish, there was no reason why I should speed. The judge would see this and—it was reasonable to expect—give me the benefit of the doubt. After all, the citizen comes before the cop, the former being the "public" and the latter a "public servant."

Half an hour later I told the story of my morning's misadventure to my colleagues.

"It's a tough town" was their unanimous comment. "Those boys won't play ball," and then the flood gates were let loose. The native-born citizenry told me what to expect of an American court. "They'll soak you \$25.00." "An out-of-town license has no luck in that town." "It's an old racket, they need money in the treasury." I was warned not to talk back to the judge, advised to plead guilty, urged to soft-soap the arresting officer and ask him to "go easy." I was to tell him that I knew Bill Sykes, that I was in a desperate hurry, that he was a good fellow. Provided, ran the refrain, that I antagonized nobody, there was a chance that the fine might be moderate; otherwise you'll get the works. My complaint that I was not guilty, that I had not driven 55 miles per hour, was brushed aside. My suggestion that since I had a reasonable case the judge would give me a fair hearing was greeted with guffaws of laughter. Stories were told of this or that man who had been railroaded. My determination to plead not guilty was asking for trouble. The cop, the judge, the clerk, and the township were in "cahoots," I was informed; it was a racket.

To fight the "hold up" was to invite the maximum penalty; all ideas of justice, of a fair hearing, of being able to convince the judge were dismissed as idealistic; county traffic courts just didn't work that way. During all the discussion the question of fact, of law, or of justice never entered in; that the ticket should be "fixed" or "taken care of" was considered the only possible solution.

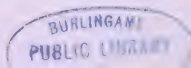
My friends made my case their own and with various degrees of pessimism began to "see what they could do." My chief appealed to men in high quarters but confessed the next day that it was "no go"—it was one of two towns in the State which were ungetatable. "Most magistrates and police chiefs will see reason and exchange courtesies" was the way he put it, "but not this crowd." Our Sales Manager, a good mixer with a wide acquaintance, whom nothing dashed, while he recognized it as a tough proposition, hoped to do something. He knew the architect who had built the local schools and the doctor who dosed the police; they might be able to persuade the judge to go easy on a friend. His secretary pointed out that the officials in question had a reputation for being A.P.A.'s and Masons; there wasn't an Irish name in the bunch. "I can fix Masons as well as K of C's," said the Sales Manager. But he couldn't, not this time. His sources of information relayed the old tale, "this bunch is tough." My colleagues gave up the job and commiserated with me.

The flurry had blown over and I had been metaphorically thrown to the wolves when, some days later, I lunched with one of our agents from out of town. My misfortune made small talk. With the friendliness which is so universal he volunteered to "fix it," having once lived in that town. After lunch, while I stood by, he called the local political boss, who happened also to be postmaster. "Hullo, get me the Post Office please." Then the following one-sided telephone conversation ensued: "Hullo Bill, this is Jim. How's Sally? Say, she looked grand at

the Auxiliary Lunch." A pause. "Yeah, I was at the Club, swell. Say, Bill, do me a favor." My sad plight was recounted. "Yes, I know. Can this fellow be got at? Give me the low-down." Jim's friendly face showed disappointment. "What, throw him in the river? No good, eh? Well, thanks. Sure, I know. So long, Bill. Regards to Sally." When he put down the telephone I was told the other side of this cryptic conversation. "Bill says that the judge is no good, that there's nothing to be done with him except push him in the river. That's final; there's nothing to be done from inside." My painstaking friend thought awhile. "Well, maybe we can get at him from outside."

The resulting scheme developed into a form of chain-letter business, or a variation of the old theme you scratch me and I'll scratch you. I was Jim's friend, Jim had a friend in a neighboring city who had a friend who was a judge of the Appeal Court. The judge of the Appeal Court could reach the magistrate who was to sit in my case. There were a series of "favors received" to be cashed. Jim had procured first-class accommodations for his friend on a crowded liner Bermuda-bound. This friend had handled a real estate deal for the Appeal judge. So what? So "fix it." The obdurate magistrate would be asked to do a favor for the senior judge. He would feel flattered and in addition could count on the return of that favor at some later date. It was a set-up. The chain was set in motion and everything clicked until the tough magistrate was reached. A telephone call the next day told me that the Appeal judge was working on it but that the going was hard. A call the following day informed me that it was "no go"; the guy could not be reached. My last hope, or rather the last hope of my friends, had failed.

The dinner on the night of the court's meeting—with a friendly colleague who had volunteered to come with me to the court—was a dismal affair. I could not afford twenty-five dollars, and to be



soaked such a sum for something which I had not done was galling beyond words. My determination to fight it out was unchanged. Still the unanimous opinion that it was a cut-and-dried formula discouraged me. I entered the court grimly resigned to being barked at, overridden, fleeced, and thrown out.

We sat in the well of the court, the high bench of the judge above us flanked by the United States flag. The room was fairly full, a dozen policemen sat at the back, one or two swaggered. Court convened, on paper, at 8 P.M. but at 8:30 P.M. nothing had happened and we fidgeted while others chewed gum. At 8:35 a policeman at the door barked "Stand up" and a clean-cut man in a business suit entered from behind the bench, nodded, sat down, and motioned all to be seated. The "tough judge." He was flanked by the clerk and after a few motions the first case was called. Drawing upon what I had been told of police court conditions, I was all prepared for high-handed proceedings, for a succession of rapid-fire cases to be perfunctorily run through the mill. I steeled myself to make a fight for a hearing. However, to my surprise, matters proceeded with quiet order. The Judge was quiet-spoken, attentive, and dignified; he listened carefully, allowed the accused full freedom of speech, delivered judgment with restraint and summed up well. This was unmistakably a Court of Justice. That in all cases the plea was "guilty" in no way altered the tenor of events; each man was allowed to have his say, each was attentively listened to.

My case came half way down the calen-

dar; I advanced to the bar and heard the charge read. I was sworn. "What do you plead?" inquired the "tough judge." "Not guilty, your honor," I replied. He gave me a patient hearing, asked me a few questions, and then cross-questioned the police officer. Then he addressed me in a friendly conversational tone, "A plea of 'not guilty' in a case of this kind is unusual; while I have every confidence in your statements and can see that you are a man of substance, I have known this officer for some years and feel sure that he did not arrest you without reason. Do you still plead 'not guilty' to a speed of 55 miles per hour?" "Yes, your honor." He turned over a paper and continued, "Well, I wish to be fair to all parties; the road in question is a down grade, and it is possible that you were traveling faster than you realized. Will you plead 'guilty' to a charge of 49 miles per hour?" I did not wish to tempt the gods. "Yes, your honor, it is possible that I was traveling at about that speed for an instant while passing another car." "Very well, I shall accept a plea of 'guilty' to a charge of 49 miles per hour in a forty-mile zone and fine you the minimum allowed—four dollars and costs. Are you satisfied that this is just?" "Yes, your honor." "Good. Pay the Clerk of the Court. Next case, please."

The costs were a dollar fifty. I had received at the hands of a strange judge that which is every free man's right—an open hearing and a fair trial. And so I take off my hat to a "tough judge." May there be many like him, which, despite the well-meaning friends who can fix it, there probably are.



PAGE FROM A PRIMER

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

IT is the morning of November 6, 1860. As you make your way through crowded and excited streets you know that the national destiny walks invisibly at your side. The way to this day has lain through such passion and dissension as the Republic has never seen before. Now it is here: all that reason, persuasion, threat, and panic can do has now been done, and, albeit imperfectly as all the issues of men's intent must be shaped, these issues are now shaped finally and you must answer to them. You are on your way to cast a vote for President in what you know is the most momentous and is likely to be the most dangerous election since the Constitution was adopted by which the United States was formed. A tag line wakes out of your school days, from an old book about other civil strife, and you feel that when your vote is cast the die will be cast too.

Looking back on that moment with whatever wisdom may be read in time's primer, when all the unknowns have been solved by the painstaking calculus of the events themselves, looking back seventy-seven years, which ballot would you have cast? There were four principal tickets to choose from: the Republican, Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin; the Democratic, Stephen A. Douglas and Herschel V. Johnson; the Southern Democratic, John C. Breckenridge and Joseph Lane; and the Constitutional Union, John Bell and Edward Everett. Whom, in 1937, would you have voted for in 1860?

Do not answer too hastily or too forthrightly, for though haste and forthrightness were the essence of the question then, it may be that the primer overbids them. . . . Already in November, 1860 the crisis had developed to the edge of catastrophe. Either the development could be stopped short of that edge or it must go on. No one, now, would want it to go on if it could satisfactorily be stopped short.

One group of voters in 1860 felt that the supreme need was to arrest the crisis, no matter how. True, the crisis came straight from an unresolved question at the very core of the American political system and an unsolved problem at the very core of the social system—but urgent as it was to solve them, it was more urgent still to gain time to solve them in. There might be within the existing structure means for compromise and such orderly revision and adaptation as would appease the two sections from whose conflict the catastrophe would arise. It was a sectional conflict, a sectional crisis, and there must be some way of solving it nationally, of reconciling the opposed interests in the greater interest of the nation. What was most necessary was time—time to devise a new compromise, to make another trial at the old muddle, to reduce the pressure of emotion, to find implements for reason. Sacrifice everything that need be, to gain more time!

So thought a considerable number of people—among them the majority of those who lived nearest the line of sectional cleavage. The primer says, in

1937, that there was much in what they said. Much of the Republican ardor came from the decision of the Supreme Court that Congress had no power to prohibit slavery in the territories. If opposition to that decision had been abandoned much of the Southern Democratic ardor would have abated. Moreover, the Supreme Court has been known to reverse itself in time, and it has been packed too, more peacefully than is currently proposed. The whole political point about slavery in the territories could have been abandoned, leaving the entire political and constitutional position in the hands of the most fanatical Southerners—and with slavery sanctioned in the territories as far as Puget Sound, climate and economics would have made free soil of them as States. So point by point, compromised or ceded, all the demands of the inflamed South could have been granted and still, the primer says, time would have made an end to slavery as it had already set a limit. And economic development and the spread of population would have established the other thesis which we say the war established: the thesis that in a democracy the majority shall control the government.

You might have decided, therefore, that time and the preservation of the established way of political control were the first necessity—that whatever the cost of preserving that control, the price would be cheap compared to the cost of overthrowing it and starting anew. You would then have voted for the party of compromise, for Bell and Everett.

That ticket finished third.

More likely you would have cast your vote for Breckenridge or for Lincoln, and though you would have had quite as persuasive arguments to support it, you would actually have cast it in obedience to a sentiment which did not differ much, North and South—a sentiment which held that the time for compromise had passed and the inevitable decision was better made now than postponed once more, peacefully if peace did not involve further yielding, by force if it came to

force. Along with the tag line from Cæsar you might well have remembered one from another crisis in the American state: "Don't fire unless fired upon, but if they mean to have a war, let it begin here."

The votes for Breckenridge stemmed from the simplest and most nearly unified sentiments. For the most part they were votes in the belief that the North had progressively usurped "Southern rights" and must be stopped. Actually the only right threatened was the uncoded one which the South had exercised for two generations, that of minority control of the government. Slavery in the territories was guaranteed by the Supreme Court, property in slaves was guaranteed by the Constitution and by Congress, slavery in the States was in no danger and no threat to it existed but in the rapt visions of fanatics. The tariff, a great shibboleth with Southern orators, was sustained by Southern votes, and there was nowhere any overt or even threatened invasion of the legal or social authority within its own borders that the South possessed. Nevertheless, the rationalization "Southern Rights" covered an awareness too sharp to be borne or even phrased. The logic of an expanding nation was now unmistakable, the minority section in fact must soon become the minority section in power, and understanding that, the South divined, or thought it divined, that when its control passed its safety must pass too.

A vote for Lincoln is not to be so unanimously rationalized. It might have been a vaguely humanitarian vote or specifically an abolition vote, but it might also have been a vote for a manufacturing and financial combination that betrayed the Middle West into an alliance not clearly in its interest. It might have been a vote for immigration, for a Pacific railroad, for free homesteads, for skillfully contrived new opportunities for exploitation. But in the largest part it was a vote for majority rule. Not for majority aggression against slavery but, specifically, for free soil in the territories and, generally,

for maintenance of democratic logic by support of democratic forms.

Well, the votes were cast and civil war began at once. And it at once began to demonstrate that civil war is like all wars: that it is never what it seems to be, never does what it seems to be meant to do, and never comes out at the end the same war it was at the beginning.

For the Confederacy it was to be, in its ideal end, a war in defense of a nation grounded on certain ideas of government and polity and dedicated to a certain way of life. But at once the government so grounded was almost as inconceivable in logic as it was impossible in fact; step by step it had to violate its conception, abandon its first principles, and make itself into the exact opposite of what it had undertaken to be. And war proved that way of life altogether implausible in the modern world—proved that the society it expressed was, not decadent, as has sometimes been said, for a decadent society cannot organize such a nation and fight such a war as the Confederacy did, but what is more final, an anachronism. The league of sovereign States had to become a centralized national government more absolute than the one it had left, and was defeated, in part, because it could not become one soon enough. The agricultural economy was broken on the steel edge of the industrial order, and the economic determination of the future was proved a mirage when cotton did not rule diplomacy, finance, the seas, or even friendship. The society turned its back on the entire tradition of American life which it shared the moment it sought to ally itself with English mills and the British government. It had refuted its own assumptions and mocked its whole vision, by the end of the war, with the approaching measures to free and arm the slaves. And it had overturned for all time the one axiom that went still more deeply into its ideal vision, that two nations could occupy the place where there had been but one.

For the North it was, in its ideal end, a war to preserve the Union. Or, if the

paradox is tolerable, to maintain the processes of democratic government by supporting the majority with force. Yet the Union must not be saved too quickly. One by one the democratic processes faded out, a good many of them never to return, and they were replaced by an autocratic bureaucracy never imagined by anyone up to then, which in great part was to remain. And presently the war which was to preserve the Union swerved in its orbit and became a war to free the slaves. A war also to occupy in subtler ways than by military action the great western empire and to make sure that the instruments for exploiting it came into the hands of men skillful at using them. A war to facilitate the emergence and secure the power of a new kind of governing class, one that was not too happy an omen for the Republic. And finally a war neither to save the Union nor free the slaves but, as it ended and went into a phase not quite so deadly but rather more destructive, quite simply a war to maintain the Republican Party in control of the government. Saving the Union and freeing the slaves oddly turned out to be securing the use and usufructs of government, the power and the patronage, the profits and the graft, to a political faction—no matter what happened to the nation. When you voted for Lincoln on that morning of November 6, 1860, your noble dream nowhere mentioned Reconstruction.

For whoever lost the war—and nearly everyone did, especially the American Republic—the winners were the Republican Party and an industrial order that might otherwise have been in part directed and in part restrained. The abolitionists had laws freeing the slaves and making them citizens, which satisfied all that their ideal vision had asked, and they also had a universal peonage, of which the worst was that many whites would come to share it too. The Middle West had an alliance that drained a large part of its wealth for decades, and drains it fairly effectively still. The West had a practical subjugation and the South

had an actual one. The nation had the Solid South and the Negro Problem and the Bloody Shirt, hundreds of thousands of dead, millions of blasted lives, a harvest of treason and corruption and chicanery and hatred of which the end is not yet, hundreds of public leaders whose depravity could not be matched this side of hell, and millions to follow them for two generations. It had too a structure and an organization it had not had before, had not desired, above all, had not intended. It was not thus that the humanitarians, the pure in heart, the idealists, and the dreamers had planned.

So maybe the craven thing in 1860 would have turned out to be the best thing by 1937. Maybe the section caught between the sections, the class caught between the classes, had the best idea. Maybe the hope to have held by, the course to have taken, was the time-serving and even cowardly one for which Bell and Everett stood. Maybe the thing to have done was to hold on somehow, to give here and take there, to compromise when possible and yield when compromise failed, to do the next thing next no matter how little of the long view or the austere vision it had—but to insist on the established forms, maintain the accustomed mechanism, allay as much passion as might be and reduce as much friction, give the thing space to writhe in, and above all gain time. To let the structure heave and strain but keep it together in spite of hell—knowing that hell would be upon you if you did not, as it soon was. This was hardly a counsel of honor, of noble dedication to justice and the right. But there were two justices, two idealisms, two rights, two noble visions, two dedications to the highest law and the highest good—and the war came, hundreds of thousands died, the nation was changed altogether, what happened was

different from what had been nobly planned, and nothing that had gone into the great dream came out in the finished thing.

Be of good cheer. Nothing now visible above the horizon shows signs of developing the pattern that led to 1860. The only class caught between classes, for instance, is infinitely bigger than those on its flanks, and so powerful that they are not likely to test its tensile strength. No line of cleavage anywhere is so distinct as the one along which the sections parted. This has never been a mild nation and the violence now pocket-marking it is, to a historian, no more than its normal complement of force. It does not, by any omen our history has seen, presage a general violence.

But the voice of the dreamer is heard in the land and those who readily uncover God's purposes in their own desires are active in making His commandments known. It may be that we have too many noble souls, too much altruistic vision. It would be well to keep a cold and hostile eye on those who, from any quarter or in the name of any ideal, talk too much about right, justice, or the ideal end. North and South, they were the ones who whipped the battle up last time. Probably they are most perfectly to be seen under glass by looking at the South, where right, justice, the ideal end, and the great vision burned with the fiercest light. They talked well, they had a passionate vision, and they planned nobly—far more than could be borne. Their plan blew away like dust before the wind they finally raised, their right and justice are in the tomb they themselves dug. That much is clear. Is it clear that the ideal vision of the North came, in the end, to any other fulfillment?

For information concerning the contributors in this issue, see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the second page following.



Harper's *Magazine*

BALANCE WHAT BUDGET?

BY DAVID CUSHMAN COYLE

ONE year, I remember, the boys down on Summer Street were collecting tin boxes. They were long, thin, black-painted boxes, such as might conceivably have been junked in modernizing a bank vault; but their actual origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. Anyhow, starting as an article of barter, the tin box soon became a measure of wealth and then the essence of wealth itself. Jackknives, rope, iron pipe, and other useful articles could readily be sold for tin boxes suitable for hoarding. Jim Bascom was lucky. His territory was blessed with great natural resources—a barn full of junk which his father no longer needed. After several months of shrewd trading, Jim had accumulated all the boxes there were. I can remember with what awe I viewed them, gleaming darkly in the safe recesses of the harness closet.

Then the other boys went off the tin-box standard, and the millionaire of Summer Street was left sitting on his hoard of empty boxes in an empty barn.

I am reminded of that incident when I look at some of our national economic

policies. One bale of cotton can be sold abroad, if the foreigners will buy it, for about two ounces of gold. In making one bale of cotton about fifty tons of topsoil are washed away and deposited in the Gulf of Mexico. A successful foreign-trade policy is one that allows us to employ as many Americans as possible in growing and exporting cotton, that is, in turning fifty tons of topsoil into two ounces of gold. The gold we bury in Kentucky.

A certain foreign diplomat whose country is well supplied with gold mines was asked the other day whether gold was used for money in his country. "Oh, no," he said, "we don't use gold except sometimes to put in our teeth. But we trade it to countries that are willing to give us useful things in exchange." His attitude is curiously reminiscent of the canny Dutch traders who bought the island of Manhattan from the Indians for a job-lot of glass beads. Is there something in the air of America that makes the natives, of whatever race, eager to trade their property for shining baubles?

We Americans have grown so used to believing dollars are wealth, that nine Americans out of ten, if asked for a definition of thrift, would reply, "Saving money." A man who saves money is thrifty; he will not want. A nation that saves money and balances its budget is thrifty. If the extravagant New Dealers would really practice economy in the Federal budget instead of only talking about it, we are told that the nation would be on a sound basis. And yet a balanced Treasury budget would not keep us from wasting our soil and our forests, and wearing away the skill of our workers and the stability of our institutions.

The nation's real budget—its economic budget, as distinguished from its Treasury budget—is not balanced. The nation is eating its physical and human resources and growing poorer year by year. It is not easy to argue in Washington or anywhere else for a balanced economic budget. Thrift in terms of raw materials and manpower has slipped out of our minds. It is politically unpopular. And meanwhile we witness the slow disintegration of the national wealth—the fundamental unbalanced budget of the American people.

The Treasury budget looks at first sight like an account that tells whether we are growing richer or poorer, but actually it is something entirely different. The Treasury budget only tells us that we the people are drawing more money out of the Treasury than we put in. If we go on doing that sort of thing too long we shall be swamped with money, as Germany was after the War. All that has nothing to do with our national wealth, except indirectly, as an inflation might wreck business. The quantity of money in our pockets and the quantity of real goods and services to be had in our country are both important, but they are not the same.

The Treasury balance is somewhat like your balance at the bank. If you overdraw there will be trouble, but there are good and bad ways of maintaining

your balance. You may keep up your balance by selling off your antique furniture and your ancestral acres, growing poorer year by year with a perfectly healthy-looking bank account. That is about what the American people have done ever since they had a Treasury. One reason why the New Dealers can't quite make the books balance now is that, dimly and vaguely as yet but with growing uneasiness, they and their constituents are beginning to have qualms about turning the national patrimony into money to meet the extravagance of the national business system.

II

Here and there in the national scene, some element of our extravagance sticks up through the fog enough to be visible to all observers. Soil erosion, for example, is visible—thanks largely to the dust storms sent by a beneficent Providence to show the American people the way out of the wilderness. The lesson of the dust storms has served to make it harder to "economize"—in terms of money—in Washington. Almost anyone will admit that economy in the Soil Conservation Service is not economy. A terracing program, however, is not all there is to soil conservation.

This country could raise as much cotton as we now use without cultivating any but flat lands or lands that can easily be terraced. For practical purposes, then, it is export cotton that destroys the land. So why not put an embargo on export cotton? And throw several million Americans out of work and on to relief? No; it is not possible. The land, and the labor that goes onto the land, must be wasted because we cannot afford to spend money. Meanwhile cotton erodes capital as well as land and people. The average cotton-plantation owner loses his capital and goes bankrupt in about twenty years. The American people have heard of soil erosion, but they have not yet begun to realize how many kinds of erosion they are facing.

Forests have been a problem so long that most of us have forgotten that Theodore Roosevelt did not solve it. But T.R. would be shocked if he could come back to-day and see how much ground has been lost since his time. We are still cutting saw timber five times as fast as we grow it, and even cordwood twice as fast as it grows.

The Forest Service has marked on the map some 140 million unproductive acres that could well be replanted to forest. At the present rate, even with the help of the CCC, it will be about 2200 A.D. before the 140 million acres are planted.

How much forest shall we need in the future? No one has any exact idea. Here and there you will find an expert who is more worried about a glut of lumber than about a scarcity. What with steel houses and concrete bridges and all the new competing metals and plastics, lumber may become a drug on the market. The fact is, however, that by keeping one's nose too close to the present-day markets one may easily overlook the larger influences that act over the long term. There are dozens of millions of Americans who lack the ordinary comforts of life. If and when they are supplied with buying power there will be markets such as the country has not yet imagined. A renewable raw material that can be used for lumber, small articles, pulp, and chemicals is as near a safe investment for the nation as anything is likely to be in this uncertain world. We can safely say that the 140 million acres for replanting represent only a small fraction of our real national need.

The importance of renewable raw materials is bound to increase because we now depend so largely on minerals that, once used, are gone forever. We are still in the stage of decreasing cost in most of our mining operations. Although the mines are continually going deeper, and the thickest coal veins and the richest ores are being mined out, new machines and new chemical processes are keeping ahead of depletion. As the oil fields that could

be discovered by surface indications are exhausted, new technical methods are used for locating oil bodies far below the surface. The geologists can send down an artificial earthquake to be reflected from the materials far below ground and come back to tell its story, as the submarine echoes tell the depth of the ocean. For the moment, there is plenty of oil, more than the market can take. The East Texas oil field, where the wells are allowed to run less than two minutes a day, could supply the world—for a time. Lead, zinc, bituminous coal are drugs on the market except when a war boom gives them a temporary flier. The metal industries carry on elaborate research to find new uses for metals, in order to avoid disastrously low prices.

The United States is fortunate in having large supplies of most of the minerals. We own about half the known reserves of coal in the world, enough to last us at our present rate a couple of thousand years. There is good iron ore for fifty years at the present rate of use, and there are immense quantities of inferior ore. Copper reserves are good for fifty years, lead and zinc for fifteen or twenty. Petroleum is past its peak; for the past half-dozen years old fields have been depleted faster than new fields were found. No doubt there are great supplies of oil still undiscovered, but the Geological Survey figures indicate rising costs within fifteen years.

As it happens, the fact that the cost of mineral extraction has been falling is not a good symptom but a bad one. It means that the old days when a prospector with a pack mule could go out into unexplored mountains and uncover a fortune have passed forever. Now we are able to use low-grade ores, thanks to new methods of smelting and refining. Much of the benefit of high technology is behind us, not ahead. The cream has been skimmed. The point of diminishing returns is that much closer.

Technology in mining and processing races with depletion. So far, technology is ahead, but in the end the tortoise deple-

tion must win, because it never stops; and the better the technology the faster marches the tortoise.

At the same time, technology races with depletion by finding new metals, such as aluminum, and new alloys that resist corrosion, and new plastics and other substitutes that allow us to economize on metals. Metals are best used in large forms, such as structures and machinery, where they can be salvaged and used again. In small articles, paints, and chemicals there is little or no salvage. Technology is supplying numerous substitutes for metal in these non-salvage uses, which is part of the reason for the frequent troubles of the metal markets.

Altogether, there is no emergency in the sense that would require immediate public intervention on the grand scale. But neither is our position sound. For the wastes go on, the day of diminishing returns is approaching, and looming in the background is the great unsatisfied mass of Americans who will not forever be denied the comforts of life. Sooner or later the question will stare us in the face: When are we going to look to our economic budget? When shall we make sure that our irreplaceable minerals are not to be wantonly dissipated faster than science can find abundant and acceptable substitutes?

To balance our budget with nature will cost money. It may mean taxing the use of certain valuable materials, such as petroleum, for protection more than for revenue. It may mean subsidizing the use of certain abundant or renewable materials, at the cost of the taxpayers. It is likely to mean heavy costs for public education, for buying off vested interests, and for transferring and retraining workers. Once more, the conflict will be between saving wealth and saving money.

III

But the erosion of material is only one part of the picture.

The American people are suffering human erosion. We are caught in the ris-

ing tide of technology that requires more highly skilled labor and less unskilled labor in industry, on the farm, and in the service jobs. In the face of these new demands we have already subjected millions of workers to years of idleness, humiliation, and charity. Older workers have lost their skill and morale, young men and women have been held idle, untrained, unwanted, while the newspapers and the movies dangled before their eyes the delights of riches and the opportunities of organized crime. We show no signs of serious repentance. On the contrary, the drive to economize by supplying relief instead of jobs is stronger than ever. For we must balance the Treasury budget at all costs.

The Government has struggled manfully but with varying fortunes against the obstinate demand for financial economy and human waste. A proper public works project, with engineering, cement, and steel, let out to a private contractor and run as a normal industrial job, costs upward of \$2,000 per man directly employed per year. But in 1935, assuming the arbitrary number of 3,500,000 men as the Federal employment responsibility, the Government appropriated only \$4,000,000,000 for PWA and WPA combined, or \$1,144 per man per year. Why this inadequate figure? Because the people demanded economy, and Congress did not dare appropriate more. The President had a long, hard pull getting even four billion.

After the PWA had taken as much of the four billion as it could get, for jobs that would cost \$2,000 apiece, the WPA had to take what was left on a basis of about \$900 per man year. That meant petty economies in materials, engineering, and superintendence. It meant using forty men to do twenty men's work, with poor results in morale and skill. It meant requiring that 90 per cent of the workers hired must be from relief rolls, regardless of whether they were the right workers for the job in hand. It meant that men must be hired for part time, and must be watched to see that they did not

sneak in an odd job in their free time to piece out their WPA wages. The investigating staff was undermanned in the interests of economy, and it often took weeks or months to get through the waiting list. If a WPA worker were so ambitious as to take a job in private industry, and if later he were laid off, he must suffer the delay and humiliation of getting back on relief before he could hope for reinstatement in the WPA. So we taught some millions of American workmen that thrift and ambition were punishable offenses. We saved a few billion dollars, but at what cost in future pauperism?

The recent riots of WPA workers in New York were a foretaste of what we shall have to pay for our economical ways. On a proper public works job let to a private contractor, with no requirements as to hiring relief labor, the workers can have a normal and legitimate relation to the job. The job is neither a form of charity nor a vested interest, but a means of producing a useful result. If we want workers to act like regular American workers we should offer them regular jobs under the normal American conditions. But that would cost money. We bought a bargain pair of shoes and now they are beginning to hurt our feet.

The faults and deficiencies of the WPA are well known, for they have been pointed out by those who are really responsible for them—the opponents of public spending whose influence made this wasteful program necessary. As between paying two dollars and getting two dollars' worth or paying one dollar and getting fifty cents' worth, the public preferred to pay one dollar and then criticize the results.

The large amount of really useful work done by the WPA under its handicaps naturally passed almost entirely unnoticed. In one Texas city, where the local management used WPA workers for beautifying a city park, the work was so well done, and the citizens were so appreciative, that when the money ran out the workers volunteered to finish the job

without pay. There were thousands of cases where morale was restored after long unemployment. Many of the boondoggling, or cultural, jobs were of the utmost value in saving the skills of white-collar workers who will be needed for future work in developing the country.

Many people who were in the ordinary sense unemployable were salvaged and made useful on government work. I visited a sewing project in a Midwestern city where 500 women were working on overalls and shirts for the CCC camps. The shop was equipped with the usual specialized machines to be found in any similar factory. Many of the workers were substandard, suffering from heart disease or other weaknesses, or still only slowly recovering from long hunger and despair. But they were working, and drawing pay, and they were rebuilding morale and restoring their ability to make a cheerful atmosphere in their homes. Their own testimony was often to the effect that thoughts of suicide no longer haunted them. Those overalls cost a little more than the market price; but what is it worth to have homes from which the father or the son can go out to a job with an unharried spirit?

Then there was the CCC, Mr. Roosevelt's pet project for which he was unmercifully ridiculed in the campaign of 1932. At that time an unknown number, probably half a million, of young men and girls were wandering loose about the United States, sleeping in the jungles and living by begging and stealing. The number has been greatly reduced, and largely by the CCC and the transient camps. There is considerable evidence that employers find the CCC graduates superior to other boys of their age, and that the police regard them as having a good influence when they come home and mix with the other young people. With all its faults, the CCC is generally regarded as a success. But instead of enlarging it to take in boys who need the education more than the money, Congress has to cut it down so as to save expense.

The Resettlement Administration has

done some remarkably good work, especially in rehabilitation, helping a farmer with \$200 a year to raise his income to \$300, a fact which can be fully appreciated only by a family that has lived for years on \$200 a year.

Taking the good with the bad, the spending program has undoubtedly saved many thousands of Americans from degradation, and has restored them to industry with their skill and morale in fairly good repair. Undoubtedly, also, time and money have been wasted on unsuccessful experiments, and especially on half-measures and false economy. The need for experimentation was based not merely on the disagreements and confusion among the New Dealers themselves. Even more it was a necessary result of the confusion and ignorance of the American people. The people had no definite knowledge of their own economic budget, so seriously unbalanced. They knew in detail by personal observation how one part or another of the social structure was breaking down. But there was no conception of the whole national crisis. In those circumstances the Government had to try not what an intelligent plan of recovery would have called for, but what an intelligent political judgment deemed feasible. Considering the persistent demand for economy, the record of progress in salvaging the human wreckage is creditable.

But the few billions spent on salvage since 1933 have only begun to control human erosion in this country. The Government has, in fact, only begun to bring together, through the National Resources Committee, the various disconnected collections of information on our human resources.

IV

Our population, as most people know, is not increasing as fast as it did before 1920. The birth rate has been falling steadily since 1800. The death rate, meanwhile, has been greatly reduced, especially among infants and children, but not enough to counteract entirely the re-

duction in births. The total population will apparently reach a peak of 140 to 150 millions in another generation, and will then level off or decline. There will be fewer children and more old people, which means nothing more frightful than that most of the children who are born will live to grow up, and many of them will live to old age. Old age may not be the happiest of conditions, but it can be avoided only by dying young, which is not being done as much as in the past. Old age must, however, be provided for.

Social security is in part a matter of providing for old age. In colonial times there were not many old people, and they could make themselves useful on the farm. They could find security at the fireside with almost no expense to their children. The few who had no families went to the poorhouse. To-day, in the city, an old man or old woman either has a job or has no job; there is no puttering borderline between usefulness and uselessness. Food and lodging cost money, and the children are hard driven to meet their own expenses. Moreover, there are many more old people than ever before, and there will be twice as many by 1980 as there are now. Taken together, the large number of old folks, and the increased use of money as the means of getting food and lodging, have overwhelmed the resources of family help and of private charity.

Inevitably the pressure to save money for old age has been growing in intensity. It is no longer enough just to bring up a family and see them well established on farms. The parents must have money of their own or they will be out of luck. They must save desperately, at all costs. The effect has finally come to be that savings have outrun the need for new capital in business, spending is insufficient to support industry, and the people are harried by staggering losses of savings and by unemployment. Some other provision for old age is needed. The annuity system in the Social Security Act takes care of only one third of the population, and has the disadvantage of being itself a sav-

ings scheme. Even in its limited field, the savings are absurdly superfluous. Under the present plan they would amount to 47 billion dollars by 1980. They cannot be invested in business unless we decide to go in for more socialism than we yet appear to be ready to countenance. If they are invested in national debt created for the purpose the whole proposition becomes, as one expert put it, "just plain screwy."

A large part of the present poverty and distress can be attributed to pathetic attempts to save money, most of which will inevitably be lost either directly or by unemployment. Sooner or later we must recognize the support of old age as a direct charge on the current national income, to be paid in the form of old-age pensions financed by income taxation. Meanwhile we must expect that millions of families will deny themselves proper food, education, and medical care, to the detriment of their health and efficiency.

A striking feature of the population figures is the difference in birthrate at different economic levels, and in different localities. In the city there is a close—and unhappy—correlation between the intelligence quotient of school children and the number of children in the family. Families with brilliant children fail to maintain their number by about 12 per cent per generation; those containing one or more imbeciles are increasing about 9 per cent; the figures progress evenly down the scale. The total effect is a reduction of average I.Q. of about 4 points per generation.

Whether the I.Q. represents hereditary intelligence or only a scholastic aptitude compounded of hereditary and environmental factors, need not be determined. In any case, it is a fairly good measure of adaptability to civilized life in a technological era. The figures seem to indicate that as technology advances, city people at least are growing less capable of adapting themselves to its accompanying problems. This is human erosion in its most fundamental sense.

In rural areas there is little statistical

evidence of breeding down, partly because we have no accurate way of estimating the intrinsic qualities of extremely ignorant and impoverished people. Quite likely a sharecropper with hookworm is tenth cousin to a Northern university president, and of equal or superior biologic stock. But however good the stock the environmental factors are important for each particular generation. The highest birthrates are in the poorest rural families, and in the poorest rural counties where neither the family nor the county can provide good schools and public health services. These young people, brought up under severe disadvantages, with untrained minds and impaired health, migrate to the cities and become laborers with whom the industrial managers are going to have to sign labor-union contracts. How can we expect them to be "reasonable" when they see a chance to sit-down and get an immediate advantage over the boss? How can we expect them to be farsighted in respect to law and order and to the obtaining of rights and privileges by established democratic processes? They have a long score to settle with society.

A distinguished anthropologist pointed out recently the ominous relation between the starvation of European children during the World War and the growing insanity of European political life as those children grew to manhood. The quality of reasonableness, or horse sense, in human beings is not just an accident. You cannot expect reasonableness in a person if he has a history of poor health, malnutrition, physical inferiority, social humiliation, and the kind of economic insecurity in which the individual is helpless in the clutch of events. With negligible exceptions, a mass of people subjected to these circumstances over a long period will be tinder for the spark of a Hitler who promises to free them from inferiority and humiliation.

A democratic social order depends on the ability of the common people to think clearly and to use the powers of government to control all dangerous private

powers, whether of big business, of organized labor, or of the underworld. To allow a majority of the citizens to be brought up in urban or rural slums, with just grievances against society, with ill-nourished bodies, unnecessary diseases, and frustrated minds, is to wash away the foundations of democracy.

In still another direction we waste resources in pursuit of economy. By poverty and insecurity, and by economizing on education and on scientific research, we fail to call up and utilize the talents of our people. There is plenty of work to be done in the sciences, in the arts, and above all in government, and there are plenty of brains capable of doing the work; but too many good brains are wasted because there is no adequate system for finding them and giving them a chance.

Probably the most wasteful of all our economies is in the field of research. When Theodore Roosevelt was President Congress thriftily refused an appropriation of \$25,000 for the study of natural resources, and under Franklin D., Congress still shows no eagerness to appropriate funds for such investigations. All the scientific services of the Government are wastefully starved. The useful jobs actually performed are only indications of what could be done and is not being done. For instance, a few years ago in Utah, the snow survey of the Weather Bureau showed that there would be a deficiency of irrigation water for the following summer. Armed with this information, farmers saved enough money to have paid for all the needed snow surveys for the United States. But the service cannot be extended because the Treasury budget must be balanced. In every branch of water engineering inadequate and discontinuous records call for high costs of construction to cover the factor of ignorance, and sometimes lead to disastrous failures and losses of life and property.

We have only sketchy and disconnected information about the facts that should guide the formation of national policy

and the efficient expenditure of billions of dollars of public and private money. We know little of population movements, we can only guess at the number of the unemployed or the jobs they are fitted for. There are great gaps in our knowledge about business activity, natural resources, and technological progress and possibilities. For all these factors of ignorance we pay ten or a hundred or a thousand times the cost of finding out the facts. Patiently each year the scientists bring in their reports, showing the great profits of past research and the great wastes that may be prevented by further study, and each year they go back muttering to their dens with orders to keep down expenses. The Treasury budget must be balanced, and who cares what it may cost?

These are only a few examples from the mass of material that fills the reports of the National Resources Committee and other public agencies. They are enough to point the moral. The American people are living by wasting the patrimony handed down by the Fathers.

V

This is no new development. For 300 years we have never balanced our budget, nor even thought about it. The habit of living by wasting has become so familiar in three hundred years that it seems right and inevitable. What else could we do? Sufficient to the day, two centuries ago, was the problem of not being scalped by the Indians. What if the settler did have to cut and burn to make a clearing where he could raise his corn and defend his house against the savages? It was not his business to worry about the conservation of forest resources. Sufficient to the day in 1937, and more than sufficient, is the problem of employing Southern sharecroppers and Northern factory workers. We have no time to worry about posterity. In terms of the long run, there is no answer to be found in the common thought of the people in time of emergency. The answer must be

in some more fundamental aspect of our conception of America and its history.

A thousand years hence this first three centuries will be seen as the organizing period of the United States. During these three hundred years we had to take possession of the continent, build roads and cities, develop our manufacturing, and organize our productive powers. Like any new industry, we had to have a period of using up capital in the process of getting established. Any business man recognizes the necessity of going in the red for a time, building his factory, buying material and employing men, before he is ready to sell goods and balance his books. In the same way, we Americans had to live on an unbalanced budget until we could make expenses. Only because the organizing period of a business is limited to a few months or years, the management never forgets that it must get out of the red. Our organizing period of three centuries has permitted us to forget what we are supposed to be doing. We have grown so used to being in the red that it seems like a natural and permanent state of affairs.

If we can now put an end to our centuries of waste we need not reproach our ancestors or ourselves. Organizing this country was a tremendous job; it is not yet fully completed. The devastated cutover lands, the millions of gullied acres, the human casualties were not too much to pay if we can make America succeed. But the signs of the times, written across the face of the black dust storms, tell us that the time of success or failure is close at hand.

The crisis has been precipitated by technology. Without technology, we might still be ten or twenty million people living on farms, with the end of our resources a thousand years beyond the horizon. But by mechanical invention, by modern chemistry and biology, we have learned to increase our destruction of resources on a fast rising scale. So the National Resources Committee points out, where our ancestors destroyed with axe and plow, we devastate with steam

shovel and gold dredge, gang plow and hoisting engine. We have learned to use materials that a simpler culture left untouched in the ground.

In our hectic fits of prosperity we can use up raw materials at an accelerating speed. In our periods of depression, since the closing of the Western frontier, we can destroy increasing millions of our workers, leaving them crushed and pauperized.

The use of resources is accelerating along a curve that slopes upward ever more and more steeply. Such a curve cannot be contained forever in the bounds of any finite material world. Even in the highest tower one cannot forever escape the wolf by running faster and faster upstairs. Unless we can in some way detach the expansion of technology from the accelerating destruction of natural and human resources, we are never going to attain an economic balance. Much of our apparent plenty is merely the effect of misusing technology as an instrument for living on our capital at a faster rate. If that is the best we can do with science, we are only children who have found a case of explosives and are about to suffer the consequences.

But can we balance our economic budget? Is it an impossible ideal, after all? Is technology too strong for us? All these useful services of conservation are needed, to be sure, but the cost! Billions on billions, where can we find the money? It seems impossible, it seems that we can't afford to pay the bill.

Forget the billions for a minute and look at the realities. Here we have a productive plant that can give the whole population a fair living, if the products were efficiently distributed. More inventions are coming along all the time. With all these technical resources, we can dispense with human labor on a scale that will exceed any unemployment we have seen yet.

The other side of the picture is an immense job of rebuilding—from replanting forests to retraining workers for new jobs. Where shall we find the hands and brains

to do the work of maintaining our physical and human resources? By this same technology that supplies goods without supplying jobs. The unemployment caused by technology is the opportunity to divert labor into maintenance of the country. These are physical and human facts, with a validity of their own. They are real with the reality of trees and coal, of land and water and human muscle and brain. Dollars and billions of dollars have not the same kind of reality.

The dollars are marks on paper telling who owns or controls the real things and real people of the country. The Government has power to take dollars from those who have them and to use them to hire men for public purposes. The dollars are only the bookkeeping. If by any chance it should appear that an idle man may not be used to perform needed work because the dollars forbid, then the bookkeeping is wrong and should be erased and done over. As an individual you or I may have to die of a preventable disease because we have no dollars to buy medical service. But as a nation, having within our sovereignty practically all the dollars there are, we cannot be prevented from using any resource within our sovereignty, unless by ignorance or superstition.

There is no material law saying that America as a nation cannot afford to use her men and her machines. What we cannot afford is to let our real wealth slip away while we solemnly collect marks in a book, or painted tin boxes with nothing inside, or any other merely conventional sign.

The real danger is that money seems so real, and the "laws" of finance seem so like laws of nature, that we may not be able to untangle our minds and keep our eyes on the physical and human realities. Physically and humanly we have the means to make a success of our national economy, but that does not prove that we are mentally able to understand the job or morally courageous enough to carry it through. What can we do to arouse our

minds and bring our moral courage to the test?

This is essentially an engineering problem, for which there is a well established line of approach. To begin with, we should make a real survey that would provide a working estimate as to the size and nature of the job. For that estimate the Government and many industries have a vast mass of data, not yet coordinated into a single picture. No one knows in tons and acres, man-hours and dollars, the real condition of the national budget.

A few tentative estimates of the national wealth have been made, but they are in dollar values alone. According to the standard methods of accounting, as farm land is washed away, the remaining land goes up so fast in price as to show an increase in the total value. The less we have, the richer we are. That sort of a balance sheet has its uses in theoretical economics, but it tells us nothing about how our grandchildren are going to get food to eat. When we turn from the cloud castles of financial value to the realities of material wealth we can see at a glance that a part of our so-called national income is not really income at all, but only the dissipation of the national heritage. But how much? No answer. What needs to be done to stop this waste? No answer. What would it cost? No answer. Just how much of the pleasant fruits of modern science can we really afford to enjoy after we have provided for real maintenance of the national plant and personnel? No answer. We have not only failed to balance the national budget; we have never made a national budget. We cannot expect to get far toward balancing the books until we have some books.

Some authority, preferably a foundation, should make a compilation of the known facts, perhaps filling the gaps with some original research, and should publish, in however technical a form, a first estimate as to what our budgetary condition is. Then the Government should see to it that the main outline of how we are doing becomes known to every voter.

Once supplied with the general estimate, Congress and the people can have a chance to discuss intelligently the necessary policies to be adopted, so that the available labor will be suitably utilized, and the required technical improvements will be brought into play. As an operating job, that is mere engineering, in which Americans are proficient. As a job in political leadership, it is the greatest job in our history.

Yes, the Treasury budget must be balanced. But that is only child's play compared with our real budget. One of the main functions of Government, as we approach our maturity as a nation, is to design taxation policies and other institutions so that by direct public action and by the effect of private operations, combined, the country will maintain itself. That is the real budget. It has only a casual relation to the Treasury balance. When all necessary public services for maintenance of the nation are being efficiently provided, and when the costs are also being met out of tax revenues, then both kinds of budget will really be balanced on a sound basis.

VI

It is time for the American people to begin growing up, to begin remembering who we are, and why we came to this country. From an old, tired, and disillusioned civilization we came to this new land, not to destroy, but to fulfill the

dream of a better world. Here was to be a new birth of freedom, a sanctuary of strength and beauty, to endure forever. Through all the generations of waste and lawlessness and corruption, the American dream has never died. Does it sound silly and sentimental now? It had better not, for that dream of a land of freedom to endure forever is all that America means. Without that, we are only one of nature's ghastly jokes.

We have had a glorious childhood and adolescence; we have made mistakes, but never fatal ones; and now we have grown strong and well able to face the world. But from now on, what are we? The young fool who will soon be parted from his inheritance, or the wise and prudent man who will conserve and develop his estate from year to year? History gives scant respect to nations that fail to hold their own.

Our national life is only beginning. Just as an industrial concern begins its real career only after the organization period is over, so the real life of the nation as a thousand-year organism begins when the preliminary era of waste is ended, and it sets out on a steady progress with a balanced economy.

As the President said a year ago, this nation has a rendezvous with Destiny. When we meet that lady, she will ask: "Well, sir, are you grown up at last?" Neither the New Deal nor its opponents can look the lady in the eye quite yet.



SONS OF THE WOLF

BY ERNEST POOLE

ON AN April afternoon in Rome I was watching several hundred little Italian boys drill with guns—not toy guns but repeating rifles of small size made especially for them. "Fix bayonets!" There came the rattle of steel. I watched those rows of motionless eyes and wondered what they thought of it all.

I had been in Italy for several weeks and had seen clean cities and towns, fine new buildings, no more slums, a whole people apparently now prosperous. Into my ears had been poured enthusiastic accounts of mills and factories running full blast, the abolition of strikes, new roads and railroads, great malarial marshes drained and millions of acres of land reclaimed, the riches of Ethiopia and all the work being done over there, an army and navy and air force renewed, the need of speeding up all work to be ready, in case of another great war, to protect what the Duce had described as "the return of empire to the fated hills of Rome." I had read his prophecy that "Rome shall become such as to amaze the people of the world—vast, well ordered, powerful, as in the days of Augustus."

But I had come not to learn of this great machine with its grip on 43,000,000 lives but of its effect on the minds of its boys. And that is the story I am now to write.

They begin on a boy before he is born. The Duce decrees that Italy must have a population of at least 60,000,000 by 1950—17,000,000 more babies to be produced in thirteen years. Any single man after twenty-six is taxed each year more heavily

for his unpatriotic bachelorhood. Young couples are encouraged by government loans to marry early, and four babies repay the loan. There are other bonuses. In government service married men receive higher salaries and quicker promotions. The new babies must be strong, so school girls are taught about sex and trained to efficient motherhood. Infant mortality has been cut down and great inroads made on tuberculosis, malaria, and syphilis. Italian boys are precocious in sex life, often beginning at twelve or thirteen. To protect them none under sixteen are allowed in brothels, and, because this law is still evaded, prostitutes are inspected even more strictly than before. Italy must have strong boys, "soldiers in civilian clothes," so as Romulus and Remus were once suckled by the she-wolf, the government is the she-wolf now, nursing a boy from babyhood. At six he joins the Sons of the Wolf and from that organization he is passed on through a chain of others until "with body, mind, and conscience formed" he enters the army at twenty-one.

From six to eighteen, boys are trained by the Opera Balilla. Its successive divisions are Sons of the Wolf, Balilla, and Avanguardisti. I met the Commander of all three, Count Ricci, soon after I came to Rome, a fine-looking man about forty years old, the kind who is liked and admired by boys. I liked him too. Direct and honest about his big job, he works at it day and night.

"We give free lunches to 600,000 needy school children," he said. "We are build-

ing club houses all over the country, where school children come afternoons and week ends for sports, athletics, and military drill. We have 800,000 men and boys now skiing in the Apennines. This is of value in case of war, for that means for us mountain fighting. All our sports and athletics are aimed at making soldier-citizens. The boys, no longer idle, grow trim and hard-muscled and their minds are centered on one big ideal—service to their country.”

“How do you teach them that ideal?”

“By patriotic lectures and songs, broadcasts, films, summer camps, and excursions to battlefields. But the two greatest influences are, first, the speeches of the Duce—millions of excerpts go to the boys; and, second, the personal influence of the commander of each club, who is close to each boy and knows him well.”

“How do the boys take it?”

He smiled. “Look at these letters.” I picked some at random. They left no doubt that the writers had the big idea. “Many boys who die,” he said, “ask to be buried in uniform. But the main proof of their response is the fact that though our drills are hard and often last for many hours, they come to us as volunteers. Go and see for yourself,” he ended.

I did, for three long busy weeks that packed my mind with memories.

II

They did not look like soldiers at first. In a lovely old garden one day at noon some two hundred little boys and girls from five to ten years old were taking a deep breathing drill. Close behind reared the grim gray walls and arches of the Colosseum, and the children looked tiny against this background of Imperial Rome. Feeble, undernourished, or predisposed to tuberculosis, they were brought here in buses by the Balilla from the poorest parts of the town for feeding, sun baths, play, and drill. In cabins back under the trees they had been working with their schoolteachers. Now their Balilla commander, a woman, had

marched them out, each squad of twenty-five with its leader, wearing white hats and shorts and sandals. In open formation to the sound of a shrill whistle they went through their breathing and their exercise and then they were marched off to lunch in the Balilla clubhouse close by. When we entered, a sharp order rang out and up they leaped in the Fascist salute. At one end of the big room was a stage for plays and movies and talks. On the walls were drawings of the Duce in helmet, a cluster of spears and two rifles crossed over a book. These I saw in all Balilla clubs. Before luncheon a slim blonde little girl came shyly to the head of the room; and as all the children rose, she clasped her hands and recited this prayer:

“Our Father, we thank you for the bread and all the kind care you give us each day. Our Father, protect our dear Italy and the glorious soldiers that guard on land, on sea, in the air, the reborn Empire of Rome. Bless our King, his Royal family, protect the Duce and grant him a long life for the sake of our beloved Italy.”

She finished. All made the sign of the cross and sat down silently to their lunch, which consisted of huge portions of macaroni deliciously cooked with little bits of meat, and later an omelet and fresh fruit. Why were they kept so silent, I asked. Because it was good for their nerves, I was told. Would I like to talk to any? Yes. A seven-year-old boy was called up. He came quickly and stood at salute.

“What do you like best to do in school?” I asked him, and he said: “I like to command!” He was a leader of one of the squads. Then a six-year-old came. He wore a white smock. The director made him slip it off and beneath it was a little black shirt and shorts with broad white belt and shoulder straps, his uniform as a Son of the Wolf.

“It’s hard to make him take it off,” the director said with a smile. “He loves to wear it always ever since the day when he was kissed by the Duce. He can tell you not only the day but the hour. Now he will show you the photograph.” Eagerly

he ran off and brought back a big picture of himself with Mussolini kissing him. I glanced at it, then looked up and saw all the children watching breathless, as though this were a boy once kissed by God. As I left, up they leaped and gave again the Fascist salute. And I left them that way, citizen-soldiers in the bud.

The same afternoon, on a dirt field in a garden along the yellow Tiber, I watched fifty little Sons of the Wolf being drilled by an old Navy petty officer, for this was a Balilla Club for boys who meant to go in the Navy. All in tiny Navy suits, the six in front beating loudly on drums, with long high steps they came down the field, stamping at intervals to keep time, while the grizzled officer shook his finger at them and smiled as he shouted his commands. After the drill they broke up in groups and wig-wagged signals with small flags. Meanwhile some thirty older Balilla boys in Navy suits were being put through the manual with short marine rifles by an officer of the Navy Reserve. They finished and at a sharp command they swarmed up the rigging of a mast about eighty feet high, with a net stretched beneath. Out on to the top spars they went and gave three loud huzzahs for the King. Then came a competition in fast climbing up and down, while others in the field below practiced throwing long lines with weights attached, to reach open boats at sea. Five others were busy cleaning and oiling two big field guns, landing pieces. In the gun room of the clubhouse I was shown two Colt machine guns and a section of a torpedo. Next was the band room and close by was a wireless room with little desks where the boys were taught to take and send. To all these classes and drills the boys came of their own accord, but all must come on Saturday and all must learn to swim in a big pool not far away.

We went down to the boathouse and there I watched them tie all kinds of intricate knots. They raced one another at this task, and the race was won by a Son of the Wolf who was already a corporal.

"My father is a captain in Ethiopia," he said. "Some day I shall go there too!"

Meanwhile sixteen older boys slid the long barge out of the boathouse, then got their oars and took their places. The old petty officer stood up in the stern and bawled his orders. The huge oars dipped and, with backs bending to the strain, off they went up the turbulent stream.

Coming back on Saturday, I found about 400 boys of all ages from six to eighteen, Sons of the Wolf, Balilla, and Avanguardisti, with their own brass band, going through a three-hour drill, with a Balilla commander shouting orders through a megaphone. All the older boys had guns, but the Sons of the Wolf had oars instead. The oars were small but seemed immense compared to the boys. High stepping and stamping, they came down the field. With his free hand a wee six-year-old hid a large yawn as they came by.

Next Sunday morning I motored out to a town in the hills to the north of Rome. The Campagna is changed since last I was there. It is a rolling country of fields and olive groves and gardens, with huge new apartment buildings thrusting out from the edge of the city. Winding up through the hills we reached our town, and through crooked streets came to the Balilla clubhouse. Later I saw many clubs in other towns and villages, many of them poor affairs. This was new, in modernistic style, all tile and plaster. We were met by the director in a gray-green uniform. He showed us a fine gymnasium, a small medical clinic, a coat room and shower baths, a gun room, with fifty bicycles and several rows of small toy guns, discarded for real rifles now. On a big field at the rear, sixty boys from eight to twelve in Balilla uniforms—black shirts with red rifles on sleeves, blue kerchiefs and little black fez caps, green shorts and socks—were being put through the manual by a tall young commander in dark blue. The drill was snappy, for the boys were greatly excited about the new guns. After the manual they marched, singing

in shrill voices. When they broke ranks they started aimlessly kicking a couple of footballs about, but soon came back again to the guns, discussing and admiring. I asked if they played football. They did. The commander called them out on the field and they played soccer for a while, but they didn't seem to care for the game and soon went back to their guns.

About fifty Sons of the Wolf, 550 Balilla, and 200 Avanguardisti boys came here in groups of 60, I learned, because there were only 60 guns. Attendance was required on Saturday and Sunday but many came all through the week, afternoons and evenings, for drill and sports, gymnastics, cross-country hikes, and bicycle excursions. In winter ski squads went by bus eight miles to the Apennines; in summer large groups were taken to a boys' camp by the sea.

"We have not only drill and athletics here," the director said. "In co-operation with the school we do all we can to instill the Fascist culture. Speakers from the Party come, and there are radio broadcasts from Rome and patriotic plays and films. The boys soon learn the Fascist faith. They love to drill, and even in sports and athletics they mean business; they do it in order to grow strong and become soldier-citizens. There are many, ambitious for promotion, who come often for special drills."

He called one such boy from the ranks, a peasant's son with deep quiet eyes. He was fourteen and he lived in a village five miles away. After working in the fields from dawn, the boy rode over here on his bicycle late each day and often stayed into the evening, watching, listening, drinking it in and training to be a non-com. Already a fine skier, he hoped to serve later in an Alpini regiment, he said. I thought of his village home. What chance had it to hold a boy, when over here he had this clubhouse, sports and games, drill, songs and movies, plays and broadcasts, ski trips to the mountains and two weeks in a camp by the sea? And as though all this were not enough, he had heard last year

in Rome the Duce make a stirring address to some 50,000 boys. Patriotism dramatized.

In the next two weeks I saw thousands of boys in school yards and gardens and out on the streets, drilling and drilling, all over Rome. I remember about 200 Avanguardisti from twelve to sixteen drilling on a broad shady street, with an infantry barracks along one side. From the windows soldiers were looking down. About half the boys wore their uniforms—black shirts with white flashes on the collars, green shorts and jackets and Alpine hats. Others had come in their school clothes and some wore only jerseys and pants and marched bareheaded. Fat boys, thin boys, well to do, poor. Many looked tired. They had drilled for nearly three hours and were by no means finished yet. Putting pep into the drill were two Balilla leaders and three officers from the Blackshirt Militia. At the head of the column marched a little drum corps. The smallest drummer looked barely ten. The officers on either side kept shouting orders and every few moments a piercing whistle made them all stamp to keep in time. They went along with long swinging strides. We followed them till they came to a halt and then talked to one of the officers.

Field work and target practice came in camp in the summer, he said, and so did most of the sports and games. Drill now was not compulsory except at week ends; these boys were here because they had the Fascist ideal of service. Tired? Perhaps, but they didn't mind. The Avanguardisti, like the Balilla, were all organized in squads and these into centuries, cohorts, and legions. When on parade each squad bore a banner with the name of some Fascist hero fallen in Africa or the World War. I remembered then the story I'd heard of the Balilla boy of twelve who had persuaded a regiment to stow him away on their ship. As regimental mascot, he had taken part in active fighting in Ethiopia. When he came home, in a big review he was kissed by the Duce, who said:

"I embrace in you all the brave boys of Italy!"

A shrill whistle. Ranks were formed. Attention! Hands all stiff at sides, bodies rigid and eyes fixed. The drums beat and off they went with those long straining mannish strides. It was nearly six thirty now but I met still others marching on the way back to my hotel.

They learn more than drilling, for the government has them all week in school. In a big elementary school which I visited one day, in the first classroom we entered the teacher snapped out a command and twenty small boys from nine to eleven instantly rose in the Fascist salute. Over their ordinary clothes they wore blue smocks with broad white collars and big bow ties. All belonged to a Balilla club and drilled several times a week. The teacher himself was a captain in the Black Shirt Militia and commander of a legion of Balilla Riflemen consisting of boys from twelve to fourteen. In class that day they were writing essays on the founding of Rome. Each morning he read from a newspaper extracts interpreting the world news, and in that and in all lessons he tried to give them the Fascist point of view, he said. While he talked my eyes were on one wall half filled by a huge lurid picture of three steel-helmeted soldiers with rifles and fixed bayonets advancing on barbed wire in the battle that caused the Austrian collapse at the end of the World War. To make the picture more real to the boys, real barbed wire was strung on the wall.

The next room was in memory of a colonel in the air force, killed in Ethiopia. On the walls were large photographs of the hero with his plane, a big map of North Africa and a picture of his twelve-year-old son in Balilla uniform receiving in his father's place a decoration from the Duce. Beneath were these words from the Duce's speech:

"Our friend has fallen for a great ideal. His memory will be honored, his example held up through years to come."

In this room, too, the teacher was a Balilla officer, and he showed us an order

for drill at four thirty that afternoon. They were working at geography there, and in the next room at arithmetic, but they liked best to draw, I was told. I saw one boy's sketch book, filled with crude but cleverly drawn pictures of a knight killing a dragon, a battle in old Roman days, a modern transport filled with troops, and the Italian flag being raised in Ethiopia. In this and other classrooms men and women teachers alike told me they brought the Fascist culture into all courses wherever they could. On the walls in the hall outside were these mottoes by the Duce:

"In the Balilla we see the great hopes of to-morrow rising over the horizon like the dawn and sunrise of a new world." And this other: "Youth is beautiful. It has clear eyes with which it looks out on the vast and tumultuous panorama of the world. It is beautiful because it has a courageous heart that does not fear death."

About forty per cent of Italian boys leave school at twelve, the others go on to the *Gynasium* and to the *Lycee* after that. I visited one of the best in Rome, where *Gynasium* and *Lycee* were combined in one huge building done in ultra modern style, with large generous windows to let in plenty of sun and air. In our country I have seldom seen any public school building so well arranged, but there, too, the military influence made itself felt. In the courtyard was a bronze Cæsar and on the wall these words from the Duce in his dedication address:

"The Italian people have created with their blood the New Empire. They will fructify it by their work. They will defend it with their arms."

There were 1650 pupils, the Director said, about 600 of them girls. The ages were from twelve to eighteen. There were thirty to fifty in each class but he hoped soon to cut to a smaller size for more efficient teaching.

"All very well for the classics perhaps but we need close teaching and hard work in the sciences," he said, "for Italy needs more practical men, more efficient

chemists and engineers. We are cutting down on Latin and Greek and all history of the past to give more time for the sciences and Italian history of to-day, centering on the Fascist era. The Fascist culture permeates nearly all courses, especially those in ethics and modern history. For these we have a small special text book written by the Duce himself." Extracts from his speeches were also often read, I learned. Here is one for a history class: "Parliamentarism has never fallen so low as it is to-day and where it has not been abolished it is dying." Poor England, poor France, poor America!

"In economics the boys are taught our system of syndicates of employers and employed," continued the Director. "This year we have a new course showing the three types of economics prevalent in the world to-day—Communist, Liberal, and Fascist—stressing the advantages of our own. But it is in the sciences that we do the hardest work, for they mean most to the national life of Italy, both in war and peace."

When I asked if elementary military science was taught, he took me to a class of small boys. Their military course this year was given parallel to one on the history of Europe up to the Congress of Berlin, showing different methods of tactics used and how great battles were lost or won. The teacher was a Colonel of the Bersaglieri reserve and he was in uniform. He told of excursions made with the boys to the big airfield outside of Rome and to army barracks for first-hand study of artillery, heavy and light. In summer in the Balilla camps they had target practice, he said, and the older boys had practice, too, with machine guns and field artillery. I visited other classes that day in French, German, Italian history, chemistry, and mathematics. The last was of seniors, and there I talked with a boy who spoke slow stilted English.

"We used to like best the French Revolution in history," he told me, "but now we like better the Fascist Revolution of our own time. The Fascist system is very wide—it fits in almost every course and

makes everything quite clear. But it cannot make mathematics or physics or chemistry very clear. Those courses are awful, and we shall face the stiff examinations in all three of them next month. If we pass, some of us hope to go on to the University next fall."

The Italian universities have lost their old independence and are more and more controlled by the present government. The widely scattered buildings of the old University of Rome are being replaced by the new University City out on the edge of the town. Its buildings of marble or gray-brown brick, in the modernistic style, already house departments of Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Hygiene, Physiology, Psychology, Political Science, and Law. And there is, too, a large clubhouse there for the G.U.F., *Gruppo Universitario Fascista*, which is to universities what the Balilla is to the lower schools. It promotes Fascist propaganda, helps poor students, organizes Alpine sports and other athletics, and also helps train students, in two winter courses of three months each and two summer camps of three months each, for commissions in the army reserve.

III

But the government's influence on its sons is brought to bear not only in the schools and colleges. All through his education a boy gets his news of current events through a press under strict governmental control, and the same is true of news on the air, for the radio too is controlled from huge stations that broadcast news and propaganda not only throughout Italy but in foreign tongues to Europe, North and South America, and the Orient. At home, since many peasants have been slow to take up the Fascist faith, to remedy this in the next generation a special broadcast five days a week is given for children in village schools. Radio sets are sold at half price; and if the village school board cannot raise the money, the government, as fast as it can, is providing sets free of charge.

"Already in two years we've sent 12,000 sets to rural schools," said the director of this work. "We reach over two million children of ages from six to ten, and as fast as possible we shall go on to cover not only the lower but the higher schools all over the land. To help stop the movement of youth to the cities, promote better agriculture and so secure the increased food supplies needed both for war and in peace, there are broadcasts about practical ways of improving work and life on a farm. Historical subjects, military history, and the Fascist achievements and faith are dramatized here in dialogues somewhat like your March of Time."

To visualize for the children the scenes of all such dialogues, he showed me huge pictorial sheets sent out in advance to the schools, and I took down this list of the subjects portrayed: a model dairy farm, a day's work at the aircraft academy, a town bombarded by aircraft, life and death of our Saviour, "white coal," scenes from the early Roman Republic, a modern naval battle, a submarine in action, and other sheets that gave the words of patriotic songs to be sung in chorus round the radio. Supplementary to all this, in another building, I heard a broadcast given by fourteen little boys and girls, and their Fascist marching songs were rendered with a loud and shrill and enthusiastic vim that left no doubt as to their attitude toward the national fighting faith. Before I left I read this address of the Duce on these broadcasts:

"The air school now opening her maternal arms calls you in the name of your country to unite in your hearts two great events—our victory in the World War and the Fascist March on Rome. My small comrades, your new year of work begins in an atmosphere of glorious memorials, but the days sacred to Victory and to the March on Rome are not and must not be only history; they are and must be an ideal for the present and a sure sign for the future, and especially for you children, who must be faithful

guardians all your life of the new heroic civilization that Italy is building in works, discipline, and harmony."

In an enormous studio for full chorus and orchestra nearby was a big sketch of the Duce with his strong right hand on the microphone.

Even the radio is not all. For working boys and girls and adults there is a nationwide organization called the *Dopolavoro*, with clubs on the lines of our Y.M.C.A.—with gymnasiums, drill grounds, athletic sports, choruses, bands, libraries, films, broadcasts, and dramatic clubs. Through the *Dopolavoro* the government runs trade schools at night—and into these, too, there comes the military influence.

I went one night with an army colonel to an immense trade school in Rome, where evening classes were being held by a government department directing Pre-Military Training for working boys from eighteen to twenty-one. Upon one wall of the entrance hall was a huge laurel wreath tied with ribbons in the national colors, and over it this memorial tablet: "To Carlo Grella—Fascist Martyr." We went upstairs to a classroom where a score or more of boys rose at a sharp order and gave us the Fascist salute. Dressed in sweaters and working clothes, they sat at small tables with text books and note books filled with figures and diagrams. They were working on problems having to do with airplane motors, the teacher said. Two evenings a week they worked here in class and four evenings in the shops. We went down to lofty shadowy halls filled with anvils, forges, benches, and lathes. I remember one loud with the clank and din of hammers on steel. Along the sides were boys at work on broken-down lorries and cars, while in the center some thirty more were gathered round the motors of planes, cleaning and refitting parts.

Though most of these lads, the Colonel said, had been working all day on their feet in shops where they earned their living, they were glad to come here six nights a week for two hours more of hard

work like this, for the chance in the army to become drivers of lorries, tanks, or cars, or airplane mechanics or pilots. As though to increase their zeal, in the halls I found on the walls these mottoes from the Duce:

"In the shop of the Fascist Regime there is place, work, and glory for each one." And again: "Without effort, sacrifice, and blood nothing can be achieved in history."

These night-school classes are only a part of the pre-military training given to over a million boys. In the winter they work in classes at night and at week ends in drill and athletics, and in summer they spend from two to three weeks in army camps. Before taking this training the boy has passed from the Opera Balilla to the Junior Fascisti, where his political education is also attended to, so that at twenty-one he is prepared to join the Fascist Party and the regular army, to enter which he must take this oath:

"I swear to execute without discussion the orders of the Duce and to serve with all my strength and if necessary my blood the cause of the Fascist Revolution."

"It is all like a net," the Colonel said. "At six a boy joins the Sons of the Wolf, not because he has to; he wants to, he's a volunteer. Of the Balilla the same is true. But the net tightens every year, and it is hard for a boy to drop out. His friends would call him a coward and traitor. Parents objecting are summoned to court."

So he comes at last to the army. I went one afternoon in Rome to the barracks of the First Grenadiers and found the great gravelled yard inside filled with recruits who had entered the service three weeks before. Tall fine-looking boys in white shorts and gray-green shirts, they were busy by hundreds all over the yard, while bugle calls and the harsh voices of the drill sergeants were heard. While most of the squads were put through the manual or the setting-up drill, a group of fifty was engaged in a kind of obstacle race. Scrambling out of a deep trench, they all made for a ten-foot wall. Reach-

ing it with a running jump, the right foot found a crevice there, and the boy's momentum took him up till his hands could clutch the top of the wall, up which he climbed and tumbled over, to run on to the *Castello*, a great steel frame some thirty feet high. Up ropes and ladders swarmed the recruits to run along girders at the top. All this they must learn later to do with rifles and knapsacks, full equipment.

"It's training for mountain fighting," the colonel of the regiment said, "because war for us means war in the Alps. For this reason we train all summer up in the Apennines."

Before we left that afternoon all were lined up by bugle calls and, with officers leading them, the regiment sang the Hymn to Rome. As they sang I looked at these words of the Duce printed large upon a wall: "Believe, Obey, Fight." It took my mind back to the Balilla clubs, so I asked the Colonel if he had found any improvement in the recruits from the earlier training of boys by all the organizations I'd seen.

"Very decidedly," he replied, "not only in their physical strength and alertness, their knowledge of weapons and drill—it is more than that, it is spiritual. They come here already disciplined and patriotic. These boys make fine fighting men!"

IV

So at last the Duce's ideal of citizen-soldiers is achieved. But there is another organization which far back through the ages has directed the spiritual training of Italy's boys from the time of their birth. What has the Church thought of all this? Some time ago the Duce proclaimed:

"Education must be ours. These children must be brought up in our religious faith, but we need to complete this education. We must give these young people a sense of virility, of power, and of conquest. Above all we must transmit to them our faith and our hope."

To achieve this purpose they borrowed from the Church its technic acquired

in many centuries of experience in molding its children. As the Church had dramatized religion, the Fascisti dramatized patriotism. They set up Fascist martyrs too and Balilla leaders as father confessors. They closed the Catholic clubs for boys and took over the Catholic Boy Scouts. The Church did not like it and there ensued one conflict more in the long succession of struggles between the Vatican and the Italian government. A truce was made in 1929 but there came more dissension soon, so intense that in 1931 the Pope came out in print in vigorous terms, denouncing the present government for its attitude in the struggle for the control of the souls of Italy's sons.

The dissension waxed hot and strong until peace was at last worked out on these terms. Religious training, formerly confined to the elementary schools, is extended now to the higher schools; but where priests teach they must be approved by the government, which also controls the religious text books used. Moreover, the priest must fuse his religion with patriotism in talks with the boys. In the Opera Balilla now there is a chaplain for each legion.

Which will prevail in years to come? New priests are training in Rome today, priests of the new Fascist faith, training to be Balilla leaders to mold the boys of Italy. I went many times to watch them in the Fascist Academy out upon the edge of the town, in a lovely little valley between the Tiber and the hills. The main academy building is of dull Pompeian red. Through a long archway in the center one comes to the Mussolini Forum, a great sunken field with marble tiers and huge heroic statues of marble all the way round. Behind it are more athletic fields and to the left are gardens, an immense outdoor swimming pool, marble guest houses for visiting athletes, tennis courts and a still larger forum for the Olympian games soon to come.

As we entered the Academy we were stopped by a young sentinel with rifle

in dress uniform, and from a little room by the door came the "officer of the day," who snapped up his hand in the Fascist salute and, after reading the letter we had brought, went away and soon came back with the Chief of Staff, a lean fine-looking lad of about twenty-eight. He took us first to a fencing hall in a long low building nearby. A tumult of voices, gay and excited, came from sides and galleries, while on the *Pedanta*, roped off into a dozen lanes, boys of sixteen or thereabout in white jerseys, knickers, and masks, winners in local contests all over Italy, lunged and stamped in a contest here for the national championship. Army fencing-teachers and Academy students in dark-blue uniforms refereed, while a loud crackle of rifles came from the target-practice field outside. On the walls were these words from the Duce: "Live Dangerously"—and—"Believe, Obey, Fight."

"Why this fencing?" I asked our guide. "Swords are no use in modern war."

"None whatever," he replied. "But we use all such athletic sports to attract the youth of Italy and build them up for national service, both in war and peace."

To enter the Academy a student must have a *Lycee* certificate or its equivalent and all must be of the Fascist faith. It is hard to get in, for the competition becomes stronger every year. About 350 of ages from nineteen to twenty-four are in the Academy now. They have two years there and later one of apprenticeship in Balilla Clubs; and this begins even while they are students, for all summer they act as assistant leaders in camps for boys. The main classroom courses are in anatomy, physiology, child psychology, first aid, Italian literature, history, economics, chemistry, and military theory. Most of them are held from October to April. After that they give nearly all their time to athletics, sports, and drill. Their hours are from 5:30 A.M. to 9:30 at night when they go to bed, and except for half hours after meals they are kept busy all day long. Only ten days' vaca-

tion in the whole year and three hours off each week. No liquor, wine, or beer is allowed them and each day only three cigarettes.

I spent most of my time in the Forum and athletic fields nearby, for in those lovely days of spring students were constantly active there. In squads, in white shirts and shorts, they played soccer or basket ball, drilled with skis and Indian clubs, hurdled, pole-vaulted, threw the discus and *javelotte*, drilled in the manual and marched. Even at sports, I noticed, most of them kept their rifles close by. Watching them were nearly always groups of visitors from Rome, while younger boys of all ages, down to the tiny Sons of the Wolf, marched and drilled and exercised. At the end of the afternoon both Academy students and young boys took up their rifles large or small, or their skis or Indian clubs, and marched singing off the field. All round the great Forum their voices were heard. The students sang well—all in parts, for they're drilled to that—lively little marching songs of the Alpini regiments. The small boys did not sing so well, their voices sounded high and shrill, and they looked such tiny pigmies as they passed the huge marble statues there. All ordered, drilled, and disciplined. Suddenly one such afternoon, in a lovely big green pasture in the Farnese hills above, I saw a young colt who had broken loose and was kicking and tearing about, mad with the joy of just being young! He was a relief to me.

I had a good long talk one day with an Academy student who had been detailed to take us round. On duty and in dress

uniform, when I offered him a cigarette, he smiled and said it was not allowed; and though he had already been three or four hours on his feet, when I asked him to sit down, he shook his head and remained standing while we talked. In reply to my many questions, he gave a detailed account of his day at the Academy, in classrooms, at athletics and drill from 5:30 in the morning till he began his eight-hour sleep in his double-decker bunk. He liked it, he said, he liked it a lot. The drill was hard and the studies were hard, so hard that many students were dropped. But it was a wonderful place all the same, it made you feel so fit and fine.

"And there are two great things about the work we do," he said. "First, that here and in camp, you get such military training, both from books and in the field; and second, all the classroom work makes you so clearly understand why Fascism is better than Communism or Democracy."

A new priest for Italy, a maker of soldier-citizens strong in this new Fascist faith. He would spend his life molding boys from the time when they started to think. My thoughts ran back to the six-year-old high-stepping little Sons of the Wolf, marching to the beat of drums, and on over the whole teaching, training, drilling process I had seen. What kind of a nation will it build? Like Russia it has made a strong start—that much no fair-minded man can deny. But how strong will it prove in years to come?

All through our talk the crackle of rifles came from the target field nearby.



WHY BIRDS LEAVE HOME

BY GEORGE DOCK, JR.

FLOOD tide of the great autumn flight of the birds will soon be running. The night sky has already begun to fill with the thin piping of unseen thousands of travelers from lands as distant as the shores of Coronation Gulf and Labrador. During the next few weeks our own summer visitors will be winging their way after them. A mighty armada of the air is moving toward the winter feeding grounds that stretch from the Carolinas to the plains of Patagonia.

As the last trim thrush gives way to the jays and juncos and those masked gentry, the chickadees, that will brave our northern winter, we become more than ever aware of the vast, mysterious cycle of the birds. The daily press takes up the theme with such strange doings as the semi-annual warfare of the swifts and swallows at San Juan Capistrano, the fog-strayed petrels forced down on the sidewalks of New York, and exhausted land birds coming to rest on islands as far at sea as Bermuda. A hummingbird's celestial hitch-hiking too created a nationwide first-page flurry. In making easy work of his long autumnal flight to the south last year, he is said to have stowed away on the back of a migrant Canada goose, only to be killed by the shotgun charge that brought his giant transport crashing down with him into the headlines.

In ancient days that ingenious news story would have stirred no astonishment, for it was believed then that storks and geese made a custom of carrying numbers of smaller birds as happy passengers on

their spring and autumn flights. The Tartars suspected that even the corn crakes, birds similar to our weak-flighted clapper rail and more than a foot long, were able to leave their Siberian nesting marshes for the south only through the indulgence of the cranes in giving them a lift.

Behind such pleasantly nonsensical legends is the fact that most of the larger birds travel by day and are easily seen, while their smaller brethren suddenly appear in large numbers about our gardens and woodlots, and then vanish as by magic because they travel at night. In remote parts of Pennsylvania, even now, farmers maintain that it is the convention among chimney swifts to hibernate in the mud at the bottom of their ponds and dams—a logical explanation of the abrupt disappearance of the chittering October swarms. And even now no one knows just where the chimney swifts go after they disappear south of Panama in the late fall.

The mysteries of bird migration are as manifold as its myths and challenged mankind long before the time of Homer. The courage that can carry a warbler the size of your thumb 5000 miles from the jungles of Venezuela in January to the Yukon forests in June is itself an unceasing marvel to us who think twice before setting out on a leisurely week-end motor trip, facing no worse hazards than careless drivers and dubious roadside fare. Amazing too is the sense of direction that brings the same robin each spring to our dooryard, that enables the golden



(1) HOW ONE OF OUR WELL-KNOWN BIRDS—THE SCARLET TANAGER—SPENDS HIS YEAR

Notice how the tanagers are scattered over a region nineteen hundred miles wide in summer, but converge as they move south.

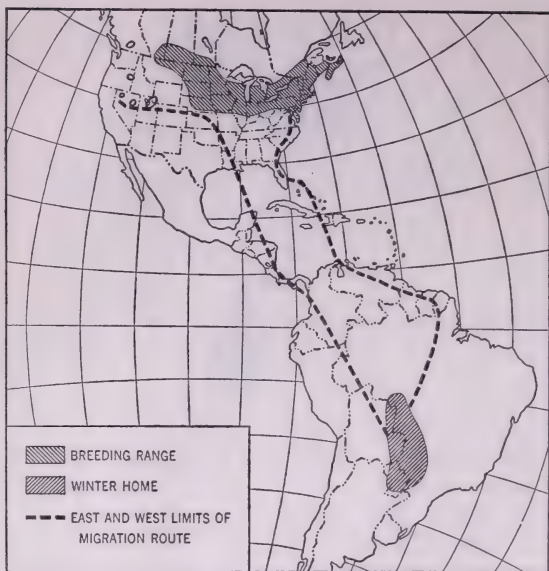
plover from Alaska to find the tiny land spots of Hawaii across 2000 miles of open ocean, and sends the Kirtland warbler from its summer home, restricted to just three counties in northern Michigan, to its winter resort on a single island in the Bahamas!

Most baffling of all is the very origin of these prodigious, dangerous flights by millions of birds of certain kinds, while many others either remain as year-round residents of the Arctic or the sub-tropics, or travel not half so far. Did migration begin with the last retreat of the ice sheet that still covered much of the Northern Hemisphere only 20,000 years ago, or did the long Glacial Epoch interrupt a far more ancient habit? Did increasingly severe winter force various birds to leave their former permanent ranges for seasonal flights towards the tropics? No one

knows. A score of plausible theories and countless fantastic notions have been advanced to account for the development of the migratory instinct. Science has been cautious in giving any of them its approval, granting only that, whatever its origin, migration has been a vital factor in the survival of hundreds of species of birds which would otherwise have succumbed long ago under the handicap of gradual changes in weather and food supply.

II

Why does the barn swallow fling himself across two continents, from southern Brazil to Alaska, when other swallows are content to live in Brazil the year round? Why does the little Arctic tern beat his wings the laborious length of the Atlantic from the ice that circles the South Pole to



(2) THE BOBOLINK GOES FAR SOUTH IN WINTER

Notice that he prefers crossing the sea to following the land-route through Mexico.

nest near the northern tip of Greenland, while sooty terns only range southward from the genial seas of Florida? Why do many tropical birds nest in all seasons, while our own have their young only from May to July? Why do the brown pelicans on the West Coast of Florida nest in the spring, while those on the East Coast have a nesting cycle of about ten months, and now lay their eggs in the autumn? Migration itself is not an unvarying movement, but differs enormously with the various kinds of birds.

Surprisingly, the Southern Hemisphere appears to offer only a shabby parallel to the vast bird flights so familiar to us in the spring and fall. Relatively few birds that spend the southern winter of June to September in the African or American tropics go south to Cape Colony or the Argentine to nest in December. Practically none of them come north in our

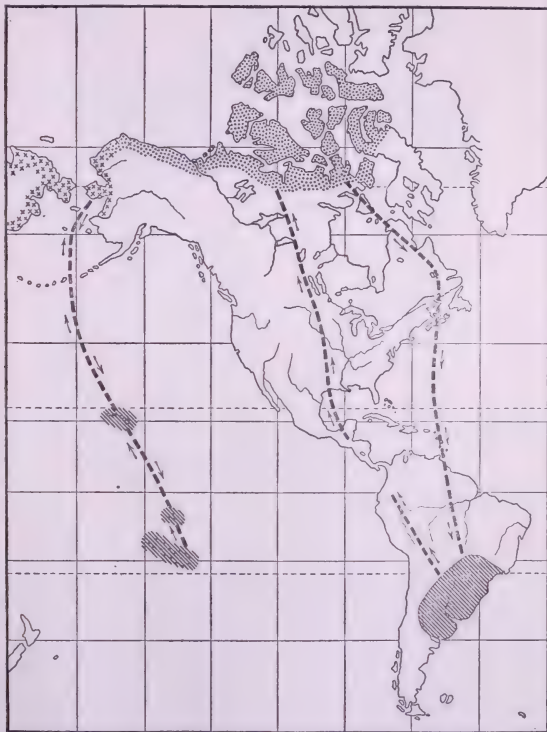
own summer to rest after the nesting season in the north temperate zone, reversing the voyage that millions of our own birds make when they move to the Southern Hemisphere in our winter. Such exceptions as the shearwaters, which nest in December on islands far off the South African coast, and spend the northern summer along the Atlantic seaboard of the United States and Canada, only emphasize the rule. The great waves of migration, across thousands of miles by hundreds of different species in the breeding season, take their direction only toward the north, whether in America or in Europe and Asia.

For all the birds that migrate south to Florida and beyond, there is the glorious privilege of reveling in two summers every year, and never seeing the white grasp of winter upon any land they know. Yet one thing is certain—birds that have

never encountered winter do not fly south merely to avoid it. There must be other causes than climatic changes in the higher latitudes for the persistence of the migratory instinct through uncounted thousands of generations. Temperature is not the answer, for regardless of the weather, you can safely count upon the arrival of the red-winged blackbird in the New York suburbs during the first week in March, the barn swallow about the middle of April, and the army of wood warblers, flycatchers, and thrushes in

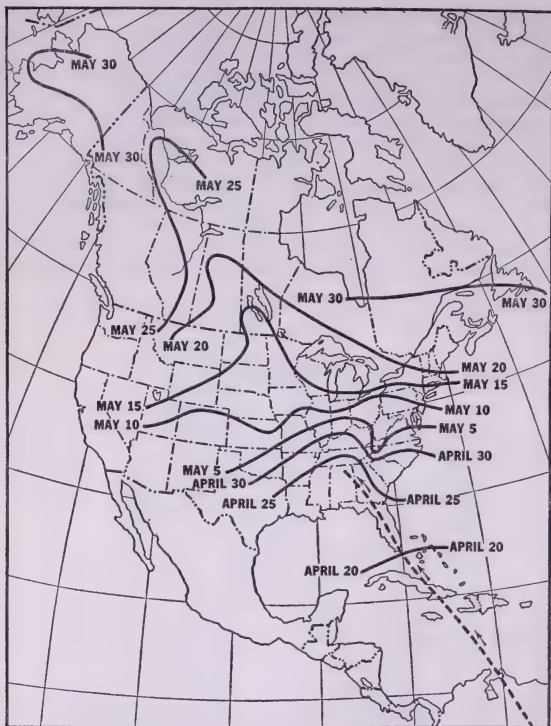
early May. It is the calendar, and not the thermometer, that sets their arrival so unfailingly as the sun climbs nearer to the zenith each day, and only the waterbirds cling close to the frost line.

Recent scientific research in the field and the laboratory suggests that the causes of bird migration are rooted in such widely distinct realms as astronomy, geography, and the reaction of the endocrine glands of birds to changing conditions, and the impact of these and other factors upon the perpetuation of any species.



(3) THE ASTONISHING MIGRATIONS OF THE GOLDEN PLOVER

He follows the western route from South America going north, the eastern going south—though it requires a non-stop flight from Canada to South America.



(4) HOW THE BLACKPOLL WARBLER MOVES NORTH

A study in speed variations. The wavy line shows where the birds arrive at the same time—the western ones going faster and faster.

The northern limit of any bird's range is not set by cold alone, but rather by the length of night, when the bird's resistance to low temperatures is reduced by its inability to move about and find food. In the far north even the short summer night is too severe for the less hardy species to withstand. A mockingbird that spent a winter near our home in Washington would fly to the top of a chimney on bitter days and hop about gratefully in the warmth of its lee side, between quick forays to feed-boxes in the

neighborhood. Not many birds are so sensitive, and the tiny golden-crowned kinglets which stay with us through sub-zero winters differ only in their food from many birds that fly to the tropics in October. Tree swallows that have raised their families in Labrador in June come part way south again early in July, and do not move to their winter range until October. Many shore birds quickly follow their example. Why do they return so soon from the north that they have come so far and at such deadly hazards to reach, when

there are still two pleasant months of summer in Labrador, and insects by the billions to devour?

Warmth is not the beacon that lures the birds across the Equator. The day-hunting snowy owl in certain years moves south to Long Island and even to Texas, not because of an uncommonly hard winter in his customary bailiwick above the Canadian boundary, but because some plague has temporarily cut down the supply of hares and rabbits which are his usual rations. Cross-bills seem to come farthest south in winters when there is a scarcity of fir seeds in the north. Macaws from the Equator are raucously able to bear the winter rigors of an outdoor cage in the Bronx Zoo.

Food supply is always paramount in limiting the range of any bird, but its effect upon the survival of those birds which launch themselves on migratory flights to reach their nesting grounds is probably not due to a risk of shortage of food in the tropics. Other fundamental aspects of raising a large and exacting brood exert an even stronger influence. One of those factors seems to deserve special emphasis, because it is borne out by many of the recent discoveries of science on the vital importance of light radiation to bird-nesting habits, and because it has never been fully explored.

A nestful of purple martins under observation on a single day from 4 o'clock in the morning until 8 o'clock at night demanded more than 200 visits from their parents to keep them supplied with insects, caught on as many flights at distances from a few yards up to a quarter-mile from the nest. It is clear that if the hunting day were only 12 hours long instead of 16 hours, either the parent birds would be hard put to it to deliver the daily quota of gnats to their young, or else some of the nestlings would starve to death. In this instance, perhaps, is a clue to one of the perplexities of bird movements—the possibility that the *time required by certain birds to catch sufficient food for their abnormally high*

needs in the nesting season is far more important than the mere abundance of food at any given place, in determining the perpetuation of the race. It is the species as a whole that must be considered, not the individual bird, for the summer range of many migrants extends from Mexico to British Columbia, and from Louisiana to Hudson's Bay.

The staggering number of insects that even one of the smaller birds must constantly consume in order to keep the fires of its own ceaseless activity stoked is suggested by the antics of a chickadee in finding and eating over 5500 cankerworm eggs daily. A larger insectivorous bird devours between 25 and 3000 victims each day, depending upon the size of the quarry and the bird species concerned. A catbird eats 30 grasshoppers in a day, a nighthawk 500 winged ants, a cuckoo 200 worms and 20 caterpillars, and a flicker, the incredible quantity of 3000 ants. These diet lists imply that even where food is abundant, the long hours that are needed to find and catch it allow no leisure, even for a bird which has only itself to support.

In the nesting season, this vital problem of the daily food supply must assume really formidable proportions for mated birds with young. A nest of four to eight birds means that each parent must catch *from three to five times* its own appalling quota of insects. Not only do fledglings eat even more food than a grown bird, but the adult's own need is greater in the breeding season, because of its intense activity in feeding and protecting its young. No wonder that among birds where only one of the parents feeds the nestlings there are seldom more than two eggs in a brood.

What, then, is the relation between a bird's super-active hunting and feeding habits in the nesting period, the number of eggs to the nest, and its migration far into northern latitudes?

At the Equator, the day is always just 12 hours long, and the tropic twilight too short for hunting before sunrise and after sunset. As you go north in the summer

of the northern hemisphere, of course, the length of day grows steadily until night disappears entirely at the Arctic Circle. In June, the sun is up for only 13 hours along a line running east and west through Southern Mexico, the Sudan, Arabia, India and Siam, on the 15th parallel of north latitude. But it is above the horizon for 15 hours on the 40th parallel, at New York and Salt Lake City, in Central Spain and across the middle of China. Still farther north, the 60th degree runs eastward through Alaska, the Yukon, and Labrador to Oslo, Leningrad, and the Siberian steppes. There, the time from sunrise to sunset is full 19 hours at the June solstice, and the brief night is a bright twilight. Between the 40th and 70th degrees of north latitude, the world around, the vast majority of migrant birds have their breeding grounds.

Bear in mind, too, that all three of the continents of the Northern Hemisphere attain in that zone, more than half way to the Pole, practically their greatest expanse as they reach northward from the tropics and fan far out into the Atlantic and the Pacific. Contrast the top half of the globe with the lay of the lands of the Southern Hemisphere, and the geographical incentive to northward migration in the nesting season appears still stronger.

South America tapers sharply to the south from its widest part, barely 10 degrees south of the Equator. The continent is hardly 600 miles broad even at Bahia Blanca, in southern Argentina, which corresponds to New York City in duration of summer daylight. The desolate fang of Tierra del Fuego itself is no farther from the Equator than the Scottish border, the Baltic Coast of Germany and the southern pouch of Hudson's Bay are in the North. Africa reaches its greatest span 800 miles north of the Line. Its final southern cape of Agulhas receives only as many hours of summer sunlight each day as our own cities of Los Angeles and Raleigh, or Gibraltar, Tunis, and Beirut—less than 15 hours, and a

short twilight. Similarly, the southernmost cape of Australia is less than half way from the Equator to the Pole.

The north temperate zone, moreover, embraces more than fifty times as large an area of land surface as the south temperate zone. This seems all the more significant in the development of the instinct of northward migration among innumerable millions of birds in the mating season, in view of bird censuses in this country and abroad which show the necessity of ample space for individual birds to seek their food. Observers in widely separated areas have found that an acre of uncultivated land supports only from one to four adult land birds on the average, the higher figure embracing wooded places, while open fields sustain a lesser number. Even the most favored covert land contains no more than twelve pairs of nesting birds to the acre.

Only in the few weeks of the nesting season do most birds ever seek a region where the sun is above the horizon more than 15 hours. Except for sea-birds, like the gulls and terns, no birds that nest north of Edmonton or Edinburgh or Moscow could find a southern haven where the sunlight lasts nearly as long, at any season. Only where prolonged daylight is available in the breeding period are certain birds able to secure the enormous amount of food necessary to the survival of their young. *Only at that season do they need long daylight*, when their nestlings gorge the equivalent of their own weight daily in insects, which are the standard infant's food even for seed-eating birds, and whose abundance in the northern lowlands will be familiar to anyone who has spent a summer swatting the flies and mosquitoes of the muskeg. In northern Alaska in June, a bird has nearly half again as much time each day to hunt and bring home the family food supply as it would have in New York, Madrid, or Melbourne, and *almost twice as much as in the tropics*, with their short span of sunlight and twilight.

Once the nesting season is over, however, and the young can shift for them-

selves, long daylight promptly loses its desirability for most birds, as shown by the early return of many species from their northern breeding grounds, two months or more before cold weather, waning daylight, and a decline in the insect population would impel migration. Perhaps they must recuperate in a zone of longer darkness after the fatigue of the nesting season, for usually it is the older birds which first turn south! All the more remarkable is the instinct that later takes the young birds unerringly along the travel route of their kind to the distant winter feeding grounds that they have never seen.

III

Geographical and astronomical considerations, however, fail to give a full perspective of the complex panorama of bird migration. Only within the past decade has scientific research in other directions helped to fill in some of the gaping blank spaces by throwing light upon many additional forces that have a bearing upon the movements of birds before and after the nesting season. Among the most important of these investigations have been those of Rowan, Bissonnette, Marshall, and others concerning the effect of natural daylight and artificial light upon juncos, crows, and starlings, and their study of the glands of birds under various conditions.

The important part played by the pituitary in accelerating the reproductive mechanism, under the influence of light transmitted through the eyes of birds, seems to have been established and, likewise, the necessity of ultra-violet rays as a condition for reproduction. The long northern sunlight is rich in ultra-violet.

Experiments with birds under ordinary electric light bulbs show that increased exposure to infra-red light, abundant in twilight, stimulates the reproductive systems of birds, and even alters their migratory instinct into conflict with the direction of their normal seasonal flights; for

several crows so treated in November flew north when released! A captive mourning dove which had laid its eggs at the same time each year for 5 years was prompted by artificial lengthening of daylight to lay her eggs 2 months earlier than usual. For similar seasons, modern poultry farmers turn on the electric lights in their coops long before dawn, and increase the egg output. Forced exercise, even in darkness, proved to have a definite effect in hastening the breeding period of juncos.

Strangest of all, northern birds such as British starlings, linnets, and thrushes, when introduced into New Zealand, promptly change their nesting season from May to October, conforming to the seasonal cycle of native New Zealand birds, and clearly proving the influence of such external factors as light. Such reversals of the nesting period are least marked among tropical birds carried across the Equator, and most striking among species from the far north or south, where seasonal changes in length of daylight are greatest.

One of the puzzles of bird life is the tendency of many species to have larger broods in the higher altitudes. Recent investigations demonstrate the influence of ultra-violet light in mobilizing lime for eggshells, thus permitting larger broods. Current research into the reaction of the glands to such stimuli as increased or decreased duration and intensity of light, changes of food, greater amount of exercise, the vitamins, terrestrial magnetism, and other factors, which vary with the range and the seasons for migrant birds, may help to clear up this shadowy point.

Such new experiments have opened a new gateway to the study of bird migration, and the explanation of why birds of the same or different kinds vary so widely in their migratory range, the size of their broods, and their movements at the close of the nesting season. Even now, it is not unreasonable to conclude that the long summer daylight of the north has had a threefold favorable bear-

ing on birds which nest in the high latitudes. The first of those factors is that the longer the span of daylight, the better able the parent birds are to feed and raise a large number of young, with the added advantage of an inexhaustible supply of insects. The second is the stimulus of an increasing length of daylight upon the reproductive mechanism itself, while the third is the effect of northern ranges in providing a relatively large brood. Offsetting these factors to some extent is the heavier mortality incident to long migratory flights.

Even so, countless paradoxes of flight and nesting habits among various kinds of birds remain to be solved through observation in the field, rather than in the laboratory. Only by studying the specific species throughout the year and throughout its range is it possible, for instance, to learn why many black ducks migrate nearly 2500 miles, from Louisiana to Labrador, while the almost identical Florida duck nests and remains throughout the year in the Everglade lagoons.

Bird-banding is among the most fruitful methods now being followed in this country and in Europe to unravel some of the perplexing problems of migration. Under the sponsorship of the U. S. Biological Survey, more than 2½ million birds of more than 400 American species have had a numbered hard aluminum band placed upon one leg, and have then been released. The banding is painless and harmless, usually performed after catching adult small birds in traps, or hawks and game birds in the nest. More than 150,000 banded birds have been found or re-trapped, often thousands of miles from where they were banded. Such birds are reported to the proper authorities in any nation where they are found. Incredible are some of the epics that those records tell.

A duck banded in England was shot on the Chesapeake Bay. A European gull from the Baltic Sea was found at Vera Cruz in Mexico, only six months later. A common tern tagged in a nesting col-

ony in Maine was picked up dead on the Niger River in West Africa four years afterward, and an Arctic tern banded in Labrador was found ten weeks later on the Bay of Biscay in France—4200 miles away. A white-throated sparrow was trapped in three different winters in the same Georgia garden, hundreds of miles from its nesting place in some northern State. A great blue heron, banded in northern Wisconsin during the nesting season, was found exactly a year later in Cuba, and a duck-hawk shot in Nebraska had been banded on the Hudson River less than three months before. A black duck banded at Jones Beach, Long Island, and a night heron banded on Cape Cod were recovered shortly in Ontario. Banding is giving dependable answers to the travel routes of birds, the age to which the various species live, the extreme limits of their northern and southern migratory ranges, and the extent of east-and-west flights by many kinds of birds.

IV

The main impulse behind the great waves of migration appears to be, not the fact that a certain pair of birds prefers long daylight to darkness, or cold to warmth, but the fact that their species as a whole must find enough food in the nesting season to supply themselves and their broods within the span of daylight at a given latitude. If they cannot find it, they must either nest farther north or crowd the more southern ranges, or else raise a smaller number of young or more broods each year—a clear instance of the survival of the fittest, with the alternative of eventual extinction for those birds which fail to reproduce rapidly enough to offset the normal heavy loss of life each year. Migration, like speed of flight and protective coloration, may well be one of the by-products of evolutionary pressure. By sudden mutation or slow development, it has staved off the extinction of species that are unable to adjust themselves to the year-round conditions of any given region, even though it involves

heavier mortality among those species than among non-migratory birds.

No single theory of bird migration meets all the tests that can be applied, because habits and ranges vary so widely that no general rule applies to more than a few species. Probably the instinct stems from many different causes, even for a single kind of bird. Nevertheless, a number of powerful geographical, astronomical and physiological influences, as we have seen, are closely linked to three of the most striking features of the drama of bird migration—the long northward flights just before the nesting season, the tendency of most individual migrant birds to nest at the northern limit of their flight, and their return to more temperate areas of shorter daylight promptly at the close of the breeding period.

Research has replaced mythology and

friarly meditation in seeking to answer the deeper mysteries of migration. Aluminum leg bands, the reaction of birds to light rays and various other stimuli, and expeditions to far parts of the world have revealed astounding secrets in recent years. But the origin of the instinct itself, and the secret of the marvelous sense of direction that the migrants display still remain the great challenges that the autumn travelers send down to us out of the darkness as they stream southward.

While scientists seek the answer in many a baffling field, we are stirred again by the same wonder that men felt in very ancient days, when the changing season brought the hawks and the swallows winging home from far skies or sped them once more into exile, moved by some imperative summons of the north that we may never know.

MATHEMATICIAN

BY EDWARD WEISMILLER

RUNNING upon the morning, with no sound,
The hawk inscribes geometry in air;
The curve he made ascending from the ground
Froze into space as it was plotted there.

Beneath the compass of his wings appear
Such fabulous designs as children make:
He wheels above the dark, untidy sphere
With arcs like sequins glittering in his wake.

All order is implicit in his flight;
This is the sketch from which all wonder grew.
He soars: the world spins down and out of sight;
And space is curved. But this he always knew.



ROOSEVELT: DEMOCRATIC OR DICTATORIAL?

BY STANLEY HIGH

MR. ROOSEVELT abhors *prima donnas*. His feeling in the matter is a result of his own experience. His entourage has had some—not too much—brilliance in it. It has almost always had too much temperament in it. That was particularly true during the early months of the first New Deal, when to keep his intellectuals together and functioning the President was obliged to spend some time out of almost every day smoothing the ruffled feathers of the young men who—without warning or apprenticeship—he had catapulted into places of importance. And some of the most easily ruffled feathers belonged, not to his young men, but to the members of his own Cabinet. In fact, one member of the Cabinet is said to have resigned so often that the process of persuading him to withdraw his resignation has become a part of the established White House routine.

Mr. Roosevelt, himself, is not temperamental—not, at least, in the ruffled-feather sense. He has what some of his close associates call “executive moods.” On these occasions—usually induced by some irritating circumstance such as an unfavorable decision from a stiff-necked Supreme Court—his pleasantries are less spontaneous, he is less readily diverted from what is strictly business, he makes no parenthetical wise-cracks himself, and does not respond to the wise-cracking of anybody else. In short, he is what—in most people—would be called exasperated.

That an “executive mood” seldom

reaches the exasperation point is due, I think, to the fact that his geniality is chronic and his sense of humor too acute to be long repressed. There are not many points at which Mr. Roosevelt resembles Calvin Coolidge. But the temper which he shows to the world is, on the special Roosevelt level, almost Coolidgean in its evenness.

But if the President’s feathers are not easily put out of place it is not for lack of temperament but because his temperament is more than skin deep. It operates well below the surface. It does not show up in small and superficial matters. It is neither easily aroused nor, conversely, easily suppressed. Like the temperament of Woodrow Wilson, however, it is ominous when it is aroused. And, again like Wilson’s, it is backed by a long memory.

Mr. Roosevelt’s philosophy accounts for what he is trying to do. His temperament explains, in large part, the way in which he is trying to do it. Most of the good and the evil in his philosophy can be credited or debited against his mind. The good and the evil in his tactics will have to be chiefly charged against his temperament.

Since the 1936 election, and particularly since the 1937 session of Congress, the conviction seems to have grown that the President’s philosophy is sounder than his tactics. In his second inaugural address he referred to the change in the “moral climate” of America. He had in mind, I think, the increased sensitivity of the average citizen, and of his govern-

ment, to the plight of the under-privileged and the dispossessed. That change has undoubtedly taken place. The Roosevelt philosophy has become the American philosophy. Or, rather, the Roosevelt leadership has revived a philosophy which had always been American and happened to be Mr. Roosevelt's. At any rate, except among the diminishing Die-Hards, Mr. Roosevelt—if he has not given the country a new philosophy—has at least led to a revival of faith in an old one. Most of his general aims have been put beyond dispute. The country—save for an occasional Tom Girdler—believes in them.

The remaining, and unresolved issue concerns tactics. If the President's tactics derived from the same source as his philosophy the issue would be an insignificant one. But they do not derive from the same source. As I have indicated, they are less a product of his mind than of his temperament. His temperament, in some particulars, is characteristically American. But its implications, so far as they affect the way in which the American government does business, are not characteristically American. At some points they do not appear to be in the American tradition at all.

II

What these implications are can, I think, be best understood after a summary of what the philosophy is. Mr. Roosevelt's gospel—and that of the New Deal—has been preached for a long time in the United States and preached and more extensively practiced in a good many other countries. The fact that many of its most effective preachers have been Socialists does not—contrary to the best reactionary opinion—make it socialistic. The Socialists are also for world peace and a considerable number of other good things. Many of the New Dealers, and certainly Mr. Roosevelt, believe that it will be possible to work out this philosophy inside the structure of capitalism. But it is fairly clear that to work it out to the end, however it leaves the private profit

system, will leave the government of the United States much farther to the left than it is to-day. I think Mr. Roosevelt would say that—with a rising intelligence at the lower economic level—only a government farther to the left will be a safe government.

There are three major points in the Roosevelt philosophy. The first of these is the belief that the place to measure and insure the health of our economic system is at the bottom, not at the top of it. The United States, in the past, has widely practiced what might be called the drip system of economics. That is, in government and in industry we have gone on the assumption that if we could insure prosperity at the top, enough of it would drip through to the bottom to satisfy the legitimate demands of the people who were lodged there and provide them with as much happiness as could be granted without seriously cutting in on the profits of those at the top or seriously upsetting the protective belief that those at the bottom deserved to be there. That is what is generally behind the references one hears about economics as "natural law." If industry, finance, and government combined to look after the man at the top, natural law would provide for the man at the bottom.

Mr. Roosevelt's economic philosophy is at exactly the opposite pole. He does not believe that in such a filtering economy the process is automatic or that the amount filtered is adequate. In his opinion the only kind of capitalism that can survive, or deserves to, is one in which our traditional economic thinking has been changed and our traditional economic practices reversed until we have a system designed, first of all, to insure prosperity at the bottom on the assumption that, then, a fair share of that prosperity will bubble through to the top. He is against leaving our system to the mercy of the rugged individualists because he has observed that rugged individualism leaves too many of our people to the mercy of the elements.

If what he proposes curtails the benefits

of our economic order for those at the top it is not because he wants to destroy the system but because he believes the only way to save it is to guarantee a larger cut-in for those at the bottom. He believes that this is not only sound justice but also sound economics. And he does not believe that this end can be achieved by the voluntary action of benevolent employers. Too large a minority is not benevolent enough.

It is my opinion that—with all his urge to balance the federal budget—the President goes more than half way with the La Follette conviction that the only way to get the country on a permanent and safely prosperous basis is to set out deliberately to raise the standard of living of America's under-privileged millions by federal spending. In fact, his present policy on relief constitutes a half-way endorsement of that conviction. Senator La Follette maintains that the policy is relatively ineffective because it is only half-way. The President's inclinations are too frugal to allow him to go farther than that. Nevertheless, in the abstract he would probably agree that, from the point of view not only of justice but also of economic sense, a federally subsidized boost to the standard of living, i.e. the purchasing power, of those at the bottom of the scale is sound doctrine.

The President's economic philosophy has a second, and corollary, conviction which has to do with what we have been inclined to regard as the paramount importance of property rights. I do not believe that the President looks upon the protection of property rights as an end in itself. He regards it, rather, as a means to an end. The end is the protection of personal rights and the betterment of people. Mr. Roosevelt would probably maintain that no other principle, passed down from our fathers, has been so distorted to serve ends that were vicious as this. Property rights have been—and among a happily diminishing group still are—the patriotic camouflage for a vast number of wholly unpatriotic practices.

That is why the President has never ex-

pressed any appreciable alarm over the accusation that his policies constitute an invasion of property rights and are, in consequence, the likely preface to a revolution. It seems to be his conviction that revolutions do not come as a result of carelessness about property rights; that they are far more apt to come as a result of carelessness about human rights. When the property-rights philosophy is expounded to the President I think his answer is something like this:

"All right, I'll whoop it up with the best of the conservatives about property rights if they will agree to whoop it up with me about human rights—about child labor and sharecroppers and decent wages and hours and housing. The trouble with the people who get excited about property rights is that those are usually the only rights they get excited about."

The third major conviction in the Roosevelt philosophy is one which serves to implement the first two. This is the belief that there is no area of activity in American life—political, economic, or social—which is necessarily beyond the concern and, if required, the intervention of the federal government. If this does not mean that Mr. Roosevelt proposes an unlimited extension of federal power, it does mean that he aims to have such an extension of power wherever, in any area or situation, the welfare of the American people is not being and, in his opinion, cannot readily be protected by any other authority—public or private.

Most of the legislative proposals in Mr. Roosevelt's first New Deal can be explained in the light of these three convictions. The N.R.A., in its long-run significance, was a government-sponsored effort—in areas where the government had not gone before and out of which the Supreme Court ejected it—to bring business and industry to abide by certain minimum standards of humanitarianism. Boiled down, the Triple A is an effort, backed by the United States Treasury, to establish and maintain prosperity among a class of our people whose depression began in 1921. The Social Security Act,

the Labor Relations Act, the Securities Exchange Act, the Bank Deposit Insurance Act, the Tennessee Valley Authority, the Home Owners Loan Association, the Resettlement Administration, and a long list of other laws and agencies are aimed, primarily, to build a more substantial undergirding for those who are lowest in the economic scale and to provide for them a larger share in the nation's income. If some of these laws and agencies involve competition with private business or an unprecedented curtailment of the freedom of private enterprise, and if they require heavy taxes in the upper brackets, Mr. Roosevelt would probably say:

"Better moderate concessions now, while our low-income citizens are in a mood for moderation, than the kind of an upheaval which will come when 'the long, long patience of the plundered poor' has been exhausted."

Now Mr. Roosevelt's philosophy, in so far as it is accepted and becomes the basis for the normal economic procedures of our government, clearly constitutes a departure from what some people have been pleased to call the American tradition.

It certainly writes *finis* to the *laissez-faire* chapter of American history. The area in which rugged individualists can be rugged will never again be as large as it was and even in that area their ruggedness will be subject to a government scrutiny that may modify their methods. Although somewhat discredited as a slogan, a planned economy is still a chief cornerstone of the Roosevelt program. Inside the plan men will continue to make money and lose it, to launch new enterprises and expand old ones, to succeed and fail and be rewarded according to their efforts, their ingenuity, and their luck. But boundaries will be fixed for the scope of their operations and rules established for the nature of their operations. The present senior partners in the system—having played a different game—may not like the new one. It is my guess that in ten years the junior partners will not only be adjusted to the new game; they will heartily approve it.

This philosophy likewise puts an end, in most important particulars, to the hoary doctrine of States' Rights. In his public declarations, Mr. Roosevelt—aware of what a hornet's nest has been built round this subject in the Democratic South—has walked with caution in its vicinity. But neither the attitude of the South, nor the more recent and obvious embracement of this principle by many Northern conservatives, has served to alter his program. It is obviously Mr. Roosevelt's belief that almost all of what goes on in an individual state—if it is of economic significance—is a national problem. He appears to be just as clearly of the opinion that the social conscience of the federal government is, in general, more sensitive than that of State governments; and that, if we are a nation, the welfare of the people in any particular geographical area is more important, nationally, than the preservation of the geographical sanctity of the area.

Expressed in terms of the alterations it involves in our system, it may be that the Roosevelt philosophy has not become, unqualifiedly, the national philosophy. But these alterations are not, specifically, what Mr. Roosevelt is trying to bring about. They are the consequences of what he is trying to bring about. Whatever the opinion may be on the consequences, I believe that the nation's moral climate has changed sufficiently to insure an overwhelming agreement on the objectives. Moreover, Mr. Roosevelt has brought about a sufficiently potent political articulation among those who stand to gain by these objectives to make it unlikely that any succeeding Administration will dare to abandon or, for that matter, seriously to curtail them.

III

Mr. Roosevelt, in his personal relationships, is whole-heartedly a democrat. His democracy, in fact, is of the genuine and uninhibited sort which sometimes appears in high-born people who have nothing to lose by friendliness and nothing to gain

by patronizing. Snobbish people are as much on his black list as prima donnas.

But that kind of democracy is not peculiar to democracies. Despots and dictators can be—and have been—that kind of a democrat. There is more to democracy than accessibility, friendliness, or even good will. It is more than a way in which any particular individual may do business. It is a way in which society may do business. And there is a qualitative difference between the two operations. Devotion to the practice of individual democracy does not necessarily involve a happy acceptance of the checks and balances, the curbs, the vetoes, and the compromises that the practice of political democracy always requires.

Moreover, democracy is more than a tool. It is not something that exists merely for the production of good things. For all believing democrats, it is *one* of the good things, the most important of them. Other forms of government, notably dictatorships, get some things done more expeditiously than democracies. Given a benevolent dictatorship, most of the so-called good things that democracies strive for could probably be achieved more expeditiously. Few people, I think, will defend democracies on the ground that they are either the quickest or the most efficient method by which a political society can do business.

The best defense of the democratic process is that the process itself has virtue, quite apart from any concrete thing which, at the particular moment, it may be achieving. That virtue springs from the fact that there is something to be gained when a people think and act for themselves which is over and above the specific and tangible things which their thinking and acting produce. A democratic government operates on the assumption that the state exists for man, not man for the state, and on the further assumption that there is no contribution by the state to man half so significant as that which makes both the speed and the nature of man's social progress dependent upon the growth and exercise of his own

free mind and the expansion of his own independent spirit.

A democratic mechanism—as such—has little enough in its favor. It is unspectacular, lumbering, and inefficient. But a democratic people have a good many things in their favor. And those things, it seems to me, indicate that there is more of value in the mechanism than the sum total of what, concretely, it turns out. The mechanism may not turn out good roads, adequate housing, and decent working conditions as rapidly as we should like. But it is worth saving anyway. In fact, it is so much worth saving that it is a part of the very essence of the democratic faith to believe that it is better to get these things slowly—by the democratic process—than to get them more rapidly any other way.

If it is true that some special virtue inheres in the democratic process, it is also true that the successful use of that process requires, in individuals and in a nation, certain definite characteristics. Taken together, these characteristics constitute what might be called the democratic temper. Individuals and nations possess the democratic temper in different degrees and its exercise varies with the times and the situations. Nevertheless, a democracy depends, for its working success, upon the extent to which the democratic temper has taken hold of and become habitual among a people.

Mr. Roosevelt undoubtedly has a great faith in democracy. But I am sure that he appraises democratic institutions almost exclusively in terms of the needful things that they are getting done. I do not believe that the idea occurs to him that some needful things might better be done more slowly if doing them faster would weaken the democratic process. The idea probably has not occurred to him because, in certain significant particulars, his temper is not the democratic temper.

IV

For one thing he is spectacular. Democracies have no lack of spectacular in-

dividuals in them who produce, in their particular fields of operation, spectacular results. But the democratic mechanism itself is not geared to spectacularism. Dictatorships can remake society by Five Year Plans and Four Year Plans. The democratic way is here a little and there a little. When there is government by edict it is possible to go a long way in a short time—or appear to. When the government is democratic that is not possible. Democracies move slowly because in a democracy so many things have to be taken into account before it is possible to move at all. In an emergency—a war or an economic catastrophe—democracies do speed up. But the resulting spectacularism is almost entirely in proportion to the degree to which democracy itself is suspended.

Mr. Roosevelt was obliged to be spectacular in the early days of his first Administration. The emergency required it. And all the parties to our political system agreed to the virtual suspension of the democratic process that resulted. But in his second Administration Mr. Roosevelt is no less spectacular than in his first. The Second New Deal calls for action as drastic and as rapid as the first. But in this case—and quite apart from the desirability of the stated objectives of the Second New Deal—no emergency exists.

Even then, Mr. Roosevelt may get his way. If he does get his way then we in the United States shall have demonstrated—so that even dictatorships can understand—how much in how short a time a democracy can achieve. But it will also be perfectly plain—as certain observers in dictator-ruled countries have already pointed out—that our achievements will be in part at least a result of the degree to which the democratic process has been short-cut.

I do not believe that Mr. Roosevelt is spectacular merely for the sake of the spectacle. He is spectacular because he loves action—not skirmishes, but big action. I think he is sincerely devoted to peace. But if war were wholly unavoidable, I am sure that no admiral of the

Navy would take to it with greater enthusiasm. He relishes action on that scale. The economic emergency, in the first Administration, was his war. Up to the present the emergency in his second Administration has been largely synthetic. But he is none the less pushing ahead on a war basis.

That, again, is not characteristically democratic. Democracies, customarily, do not keep a people in a continual state of psychological mobilization. Dictatorships do that because in a successful dictatorship it is necessary to find some substitute for the free employment of the minds of the people. In a democracy people have to have time to catch their breath in order to take their bearings. In a dictatorship they are not given as much time as that, for fear they may take their bearings.

Patience is also unquestionably a part of the democratic temper. Like most men of action Mr. Roosevelt is impatient. Incidentally, the patience required in a democracy is an exceedingly active virtue. This is due to the very nature of that kind of government. It is presumably impossible, in a democratic government, to get any important thing done until a majority of the people, or their elected representatives, are persuaded that it ought to be done. The process of doing things that way is a slow process for those who are in a hurry. A very high and very active order of patience is required if one is to persuade a majority of the people and to persist through the long pull until they are persuaded.

This, it seems to me, involves not only patience with those who are slow to be persuaded but, also, with those who cannot be persuaded at all. That is what democrats mean by respect for the rights of minorities. The rights of minorities should, but do not always, include the opinions of minorities. It is quite probable, for example, that a good many of the Democrats who opposed the President in the recent Supreme Court fight were honest. But the prevailing opinion in Administration circles seemed to be that

very few of them were honest. Whenever honesty is made synonymous with support for those in power, then democratic government will be on the way out.

Moreover, this patience which is a part of the democratic temper involves the willingness, not only to take the long and slow way round, but also to accept less than is asked for. It is only dictatorships which do not have to compromise. In democracies it is often healthier to compromise even when compromising is not necessary. There is some virtue in accepting a middle-of-the-road solution which an overwhelming majority of the people will approve instead of pressing for a more drastic solution which, even though it is adopted by a bare majority, will leave vast numbers of the people dissatisfied or uncertain. Whole loaves won by a narrow margin sometimes turn out to be less satisfying than half-loaves which have a more substantial approval.

The Supreme Court issue illustrates this point. The President, relatively early in that fight, could have had a compromise which—in all essentials—would have included his original proposal and, at the same time, would have won the backing of an overwhelming majority of the United States Senate. Quite apart from any effect which the final solution of that problem may have upon the judiciary, it seems to me that Mr. Roosevelt, in rejecting a compromise when compromising was easily possible, missed an opportunity to demonstrate the conviction that the democratic process is more than what can be jammed through it. His advisers declared that he was "in no mood for compromise." That was unfortunate. It was unfortunate because, in a democracy, the mood to compromise is indispensable. It may turn out to have been unfortunate for Mr. Roosevelt because, this being a democracy, it is necessary to take respectful account of those who disagree.

But the chief long-time political significance of the Supreme Court issue lies in the fact that Mr. Roosevelt's plan was a short-cutting of the democratic process.

Here was a question which clearly involved a basic alteration in the machinery by which the nation, in judicial matters, did business. The country had voted on the objectives which, by this alteration, were to be made constitutional. They had voted on the Roosevelt philosophy, and approved it. They had not voted on this particular Roosevelt tactic. They might have approved that, also, but it would have been by a narrower margin. The point is that they were not given a chance to vote.

Mr. Roosevelt's acute sense of immediacy, his impatience, his inclination to be stubborn—in short, his temperament—dictated another course. That course—whatever the measure of its immediate success—was not the democratic one.

The Administration arguments against submitting a Constitutional Amendment to the people were presumed to be arguments for the President's plan. In effect, however, they were arguments against the democratic process. It was the Administration's contention that a Constitutional Amendment is too slowly ratified, that one cannot be sure that it will ever be ratified at all, that a concentrated opposition in a minority of States can block any action. These things are unquestionably true. But if, being true, they are unfortunate, then the fault lies with the system and the arguments constitute attacks upon it.

The basic question at issue was not whether the President would have his way, but whether he was willing to run the risks involved in getting his way by the methods that democracy prescribes. He did not choose to get his way by these methods. Neither his failure to submit a Constitutional Amendment nor the coercive tactics used in the effort to force a bill through a reluctant Congress was a credit to democracy or, for that matter, in the democratic tradition at all.

And there is more involved in this than Mr. Roosevelt's temperament. His chief support for his Court measure came from the more aggressive wing of organized labor. Organized labor is out to get cer-

tain—and generally desirable—things for itself. Quite naturally, it values the immediate getting of those things above everything else. In the midst of its rapid drive for them there is very little desire or opportunity to inquire, too carefully, whether the tactics employed are democratic or otherwise. Organized labor does not feel itself—any more than organized business—to be the guardian of the democratic process. It is out to get what it can while the getting is good. The duty of the government, on the other hand, is to determine whether the getting methods are obnoxious or dangerous to our system, and to require some measure of conformity to traditional American practice. In this instance, however, it was the government which set the precedent for non-conformity.

Impatient labor leaders, like impatient business men and impatient politicians, undoubtedly feel that democracy is a slow way of achieving their objectives. In the Supreme Court issue the Administration agreed that democracy was slow—in fact, that it was too slow. The Administration did not seek to bring the impatience of labor within the moderating confines of

the democratic system. On the contrary, it put the seal of official approval upon that impatience by, itself, going outside the system. If the Administration had won, once, by a short-cut, it would have had much more difficulty, the next time, in persuading impatient groups who might be in power to take democracy's long way round. When, on basic questions, it becomes habitual to short-cut democracy, then we will have government, not by democracy, but by short-cuts.

It is for these reasons that the unresolved issue of the Second New Deal does not concern the President's philosophy and objectives so much as his temperament and his tactics. His philosophy and objectives concern economic changes which, as I have indicated, are generally acceptable to the people. His temper and his tactics concern political changes which are probably much less acceptable. And long after Mr. Roosevelt's temperament has ceased to be an active factor in the American scene, the precedent which those changes establish is likely to be a source of encouragement to men who are in too much of a hurry to be democratic.





A SAGEBRUSH BOOKSHELF

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

THE social historian practices the most precarious kind of history, and his job is at its most precarious when he tries to say something usable about literary culture, reading habits, and the conditions of literary taste. He ends by falling back on individual experience, hoping that many minute dots may sometime be brought together in a half-tone of the whole. One such dot is what I offer here. This is how one reader of books was formed, what one literary person read when he was young, the outline of a literary experience in the Far West shortly after the turn of the century. It cannot accurately tell much more than the individual experience; neither the section nor the era can be generalized on the basis of it; but people who lived through those years anywhere in America must find in it something familiar, and if anything in it is unfamiliar, that too must be taken into account before the period can be judged.

Ogden, Utah, between 1900 and the War, was passing through a transitional stage between the frontier and twentieth-century industrial organization. In 1900 it was a town of about eight thousand inhabitants; in 1920, a small city of about thirty thousand. The figures show a rapid growth in population; social changes moved more rapidly still. Frontier culture had broken down and, by 1920, was altogether gone, but habits of thought left over from it affected the whole period. Wealth grew enormously, and with it brought both interest in books and leisure to read them in. Almost by

the clock too, the schools and other social institutions of the East marched in to displace the indigenous ones. The historian encounters such a stage at every step he takes westward from the seaboard; the Rocky Mountain phase was almost, but not quite, the latest in time.

Political radicalism and social conservatism usually mark such a stage, and did mark it in Ogden. My political inheritance was the Populism of Middle-western farmers and Western silver miners; the back alcoves of my memory hold the shouting, dust clouds, and oratory of mass meetings that the seaboard was still calling anarchy, the organ voice of Bryan, the names of many of his allies that have vanished from history. "Coin" Harvey had lived in Ogden for a time, and I believe had edited one of his papers there; housewives still talked about Kelley's Army, the most robust of Coxey's reinforcements; Senator Cannon, who led the silver secession from the Republican convention of 1896 and was still fighting the same fight, lived a block from my house. The air had always carried the spores of rebellion and economic heresy. The town was heavily unionized and old-fashioned Fabians had me read dialectical pamphlets early in my boyhood, and treatises on Marx and Engels, and the endless literature of the Socialist Party. There were many of the more revolutionary type too, so that the ferment attending the rise of the Western Federation of Miners and the I.W.W. was commonplace to me. Facts, legends, and folklore about strikes in the mines and on

the railroads, about Bill Haywood and Mother Jones and other leaders, about the murder of Governor Steunenberg and other violence were an integral part of our everyday life. There was a strong Utopian strain too: embers of the United Order, a Mormon communism, and of similar experiments still showed red when the wind rose, and one of the first novels I ever read was a little blue-bound *Looking Backward*. With an appropriateness which I am sure was unintentional, it stood in my father's shelves next to *The Great Pyramid*, a once celebrated work which unraveled the prophecy hidden in the measurements of Cheops and predicted the future course of society so minutely and with such unanswerable logic that it may well reappear any day now in *The New Republic*. There were also several volumes of Henry George; they were simplified for me before I read them by advertisements of a cigar named after him which showed him looking sternly at the spectator above the legend, "I am for men."

In the town as it was in my early childhood there was little interest in books, no general literary taste, only such love of reading as was inherited in isolated families or might develop by itself. Such interests are usually imported into frontier communities by those who practice the professions there, and apart from lawyers, doctors, and ministers, these are likely to be eccentrics. There is an American conventional figure, the schoolmaster who opens an academy before the last fight with the Indians and has spread a love of poetry, oratory, and Spencerian-shaded capitals through the community before it has had time to close the fourth side of its cabins. To this type may have belonged the legendary "professor" who maintained the school to which my mother had walked four miles barefoot every morning; but he died long before I was born. More eccentric was the Heidelberg geologist who lived across the street from our house, a solitary who had probably come West to study the Wasatch mountains and who remained there in an alien

trade. He would leave the house in the morning roaring Heine's songs, his pockets were always full of German books, and the mail brought him learned periodicals; but no one ever knew him well enough to find out what they were. There was also an Italian who conducted the unlikeliest of businesses, an "art store." History cannot conceive what art he sold, except that as the small plutocracy began to emerge there was some demand for the materials of china painting and pyrography; but he read much. His arguments with my father over a bottle of the native wine which his sister had sent from Italy were the first literary discussions I ever heard. There was a barber who had read his way through nineteenth-century physics and biology and had formulated a gigantic theory about the climate and civilization of the Great Basin. There was a physician, a gloomy and possessed man, who read the Latin classics and wrote an epic poem; as a child I saw him correcting the proof sheets and years later I found a copy of it in the Harvard Library. It was dreadfully bad. There was a mining promoter who had had incredible adventures among the peaks and who wove them into scores of fantastic Poelike tales which never saw print.

Such individuals as these were the town's *litterati* during my childhood, when an educated class had hardly begun to emerge. My father, settling in Ogden at about 1880, brought the first college degree to town, so I have always understood, and only isolated ones followed it for a good many years. Boys less than ten years older than I were the first who went to college as a matter of course. It followed that, as on all frontiers, the lawyers were the intellectual aristocracy. It was they who had libraries. Most other people had books—a set of Dickens perhaps, a few volumes of Scott, less commonly, some of the New England classics, odd items of mid-nineteenth century sentiment, or a sprinkling of novels like *Under Two Flags* and *To Have and To Hold*. The lawyers' libraries I remem-

ber were amplified collections of the same sort of thing. There were volumes of orations (the tradition passes from American life with that generation), the nineteenth-century popular science that was so much better done than its twentieth-century equivalent, much mid-nineteenth century fiction, much romantic poetry. There was likely to be only Tennyson later than 1850, of Americans only Mark Twain and James Whitcomb Riley later than the New Englanders, and no European literature at all. Here and there you would find Ingersoll or Brann the Iconoclast, a volume of Ambrose Bierce or Frank Stockton, and a leather-bound classic as the Roycrofters began to crusade for deckle edges. But apart from popular fiction, those who read books in Ogden read the books of a generation or more before them. They had little curiosity about the literature of their own time.

II

The generalization held true in an extreme for my father. A gifted mathematician, he had taught for some years at his college, Notre Dame, before moving West, and he held no less than five degrees, whose sum represented as good a classical and scientific education as the era afforded. But long before I was of college age I saw that it had made him indifferent to anything later than the texts he had studied, and I, therefore, refused to go to the Jesuit institution he had picked out for me. Up to his death he was rejecting modern physics with postulates he had learned in the 'Seventies, and he assumed that there was no modern literature. An exact date could be set: literature stopped short with Lord Byron. He could quote Byron by the page, he had a more intimate knowledge of the earlier romantic poets than I ever needed as a college teacher of literature, and he liked Milton, Shakespeare, and especially Dryden. But his admiration was reserved for the Italian renaissance and the Greek and Latin classics.

His tastes were thus those of a school-

master in the Connecticut Valley in 1825 before the Newness had moved out from Boston. There must have been many like him scattered over the frontier, steeped in a culture which had been closed for almost a hundred years, sincerely disregarding everything else. The classics, the founding Fathers, Erasmus Darwin rather than Charles, Adam Smith, and the physics of Faraday—the ultimate history of frontier culture will steer its course by such names.

He taught me to read with Pope's "Iliad." It was not Chicken Little but Achilles and Athena whose adventures I first traced in print, and I could spout the battle passages hundreds of lines at a stretch. A tetrameter translation of the "Æneid" followed. Literature was largely epics for my father, and before I was ten I had got through Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, Pulci, Boiardo, and Camoëns. I read them again when I took Barrett Wendell's course at Harvard, where the assistant was surprised by my acquaintance with what I assumed everybody knew who read books at all; but since then I have gone back only to Dante. Dante has survived that violence, but the others mean nothing to me now and I think they meant little more than jingles and forced labor to me then. My father could delight me by reading "Jerusalem Delivered" aloud, but when I read it the knights seemed strangely silly. Yet the converse did not follow, for he put me through *Don Quixote* too, and I have come to share Mr. Cabell's opinion that it is the world's dullest book. I should rank somewhere near it *Gil Blas*, which my father gave me when I was about twelve; but I can thank Le Sage for some of the information I was denied in the volumes of Rabelais, Boccaccio, and Margaret of Navarre which were kept in a locked drawer.

He read these in translation; for though he had been sufficient of a linguist to learn Chinese, he lost his reading knowledge of the modern languages, and read only Greek and Latin in the original. If I failed him with the medieval

writers, I betrayed him with the classics. For years he forced Plutarch on me, and for years I could read just so much and no more, and till he died he considered me an ignoramus in consequence. But my failure may have been a belated repetition of a historical shift. The children of John Adams called Plutarch master, but the issue of Rutherford B. Hayes began to depart from him, and that degradation or advance marks a turning point in American taste. I had to labor with the other classical histories and with the epics, and after I was in high school and had begun to study Latin he forced Lucretius and Catullus and Horace on me. And from the beginning I frankly loathed them. How much of my rebellion was due to his making me read them, how much a mistake it was to expose me to them prematurely, I do not know. I studied just enough Latin to get into college and no Greek at all, and in my mature life no classical literature has meant anything to me except the Greek dramas which, significantly, he talked about but did not make me read. Conceivably, I might have been a more willing classicist if I had not had to read "The Battle of the Frogs and Mice" when I should have been reading *The Rover Boys*, if instead of Herodotus I had been allowed to read *Frank Merriwell*.

But the important thing was that he loved books and that from my earliest consciousness it seemed natural and inevitable to read them. A poor man, he was, nevertheless, always buying books, ordering them from Eastern catalogues, bringing back a suitcase full of them from second-hand stores when business took him to Denver or San Francisco. He had the disease of printed matter, for which there is no medicine. And I read the books he bought, especially those he did not urge me to. A pleasant reputation for pedantry which I have in certain academic circles rests on reading done before I was out of high school. I have not since then read Madame de Staël, for instance, or Gaboriau, or James Hogg, or Father Prout, or *The Mirror of Perfec-*

tion, or *Gesta Romanorum*. Scores of oddities and curiosities are still lively in my mind because my father had them on his shelves.

My strongest interest was produced in me so far back that I cannot date it. My father's reading in classical literature was supported by history, and though little in his library was later than Buckle, I came naturally by the feeling that literature is history which most students have to work hard for and many never get. And besides Rowlandson, Gibbon, Voltaire, Lecky, and Hume, there was a history of the United States in eight or ten volumes, probably a subscription set that represented a book agent's single victory over my father's Jesuit degrees. It was a thoroughly bad one, for when I came to study American history I found all my preconceptions wrong; but it was written with vigor and illustrated at the highest bent of the chromo-lithograph school. It was jingoistic and preposterous but it was fascinating, and it did the job. Its sentiments were corrected by some enormous books from which I got a basic lesson in history. These were bound volumes of *Puck* and *Judge* covering the 'Nineties and, what is more, covering the same ground from violently antagonistic points of view. I spent more hours with them than with any other books. They printed the light graceful poetry of the time, but mainly they filled my mind with cartoons of Cleveland, Bryan, Harrison, Hanna, McKinley, and many more, with the slogans and clichés of politics, with the oratory and passion of debate—and all shifting as I shifted books, so that a personal devil in *Judge* was an angel of light when I turned to *Puck*. Long before I knew any history I understood the relativity of historical judgment, and the humorous magazines that covered Bryan's first campaign provided a pediment for everything I have since found out about history and criticism.

My father cared nothing for fiction; I remember only Defoe among his books. His imagination was not dramatic. My mother's was: she could not complain

about the milkman's awkwardness without composing a one-act play. My father denounced her tastes, but bought the books she liked, *Michael Strogoff*, *Scottish Chiefs*, Bulwer Lytton, F. Marion Crawford, Anthony Hope, and many like them. I must have read them but I cannot remember what they were. I have written a good many stories that she told me of her frontier past but her literary taste has left no mark on me.

What creates a reader is the presence of books and association with people who read them. Ours was far from the largest collection in Ogden, for as the emergent millionaires began to build mansions they bought libraries in bulk—I remember one that should have been mentioned in *The Spenders*. But it was incomparably the most intelligent and the most read. Much of it was anachronistic and I was to repudiate the basic assumptions on which it rested. But it did the essential thing for me—it made reading as natural as baseball, and the problems and values of literature as fundamental a part of life as food or sleep. In all such towns as Ogden there must have been at least one like it, for it was the chronological successor of the hand-ful of classics that went into the school-master's saddlebag when he headed westward over the ridge.

III

Most children will read naturally and pleasurably if given access to books; at least eight out of ten college freshmen will not. Not all of this acquired distaste is due to the teaching of literature in the schools, for the mind changes as it matures; but by far the greater part of it results from the mayhem committed by teachers. The first task of the college teacher of literature is to repair the damage done by his predecessors—so far as he can. The teachers in private preparatory schools are the worst, for a deadly technic has been standardized for them; but the high school and primary school teachers have an infinitely wider field to

work in. If the grade schools taught hygiene as badly as they teach literature they would soon destroy the American race.

The Ogden schools, both parochial and public, were very bad. They improved rapidly after my time, but during it they were in a soggy transition between the little red schoolhouse and the fairly competent instrument of mass instructions of the more Eastern States. They gave us neither discipline nor interest, they neither taught us nor permitted us to learn; no intelligence or imagination went into their administration; they were wretchedly equipped and miserably staffed. From the nuns I learned some English grammar, from an intelligent high school teacher some Latin grammar, and I learned nothing else. Of literature, I remember only Adelaide Procter's poems and "The King of the Golden River" that I had not learned years before. When I reached high school I promptly became an insufferable prig, for I had much more knowledge and understanding of literature than all but one of my teachers. I suppose that the literary are foredestined prigs, but the schools might labor to restrain destiny with tolerable limits.

In the last quarter of the century the schools had regained much of the guardianship of literature, but they had lost it over wide areas of the country. It passed to the public libraries. Our intellectuals have a cliché which finds something essentially noble in the small public library which was formed by vote of town meeting in a period of hard times or endowed by a small-town boy who went to the big city and made his fortune—and finds something comic and absurd in the Carnegie library. This typical literary snobbery doubtless expresses a sentiment of the purest aspiration; but in fact the Carnegie libraries have performed incomparably the greatest service to our culture ever made by private benefaction. What social guilt Andrew Carnegie may have had on his soul I do not know, but it has educated more Americans than anyone else who ever lived. William

McGuffey may have taught his millions to read without moving their lips, and Noah Webster taught them to spell acceptably, but it was Carnegie who put books into the hands of millions—and good books into the hands of hundreds of thousands. The Carnegie library was a place where books were to be had, and it slaked the thirst for them of my generation all over America. One might almost say that in its shelves and reading rooms the tastes of this literary generation were formed.

What were they reading in the Carnegie libraries during their adolescence just before the War? If my experience is typical, they were reading things which they could get neither at school nor at home. Darwin, Haeckel, Eucken, Henri Bergson, De Leon, Veblen, John Spargo. Ibsen, Wilde, Hauptmann, Strindberg. Booth Tarkington, Harry Leon Wilson, Thomas Janvier, Joel Chandler Harris, Thomas Nelson Page, George Washington Cable, Jack London, Winston Churchill, O. Henry. Paul Laurence Dunbar, Ridgeley Torrence, Richard LeGallienne, Richard Hovey, Percy Mackaye, William Vaughan Moody. And especially the five who were our great preceptors, Shaw, Bennett, Wells, Chesterton, Galsworthy. Such lists suggest that the library was the bridge from the early nineteenth century to the twentieth. It shows too that contemporary literature, as the town broadened its reading, was what the East said it was—English literature. Contemporary literature was the five great Englishmen, and I am grateful enough that the town had grown up that far; but the insurgent Americans, then making their first appearance, did not exist for the library. It had LeGallienne, it did not have A. E. Robinson; I heard of him from Wilbert Snow, the year after I left high school. My father had subscribed to *Reedy's Mirror* for many years, and so I read the earliest appearance of *The Spoon River Anthology*, but it was not in the library and I did not see Harriet Monroe's *Poetry* till I got to Harvard.

Also informative is the fact that there was no local history except an Apostle's pious account of the Mormon Church. A. A. Kerr, the anthropologist, told me about the Spanish priests and the fur traders who were the first explorers of the Rocky Mountains. I could not find out about them at the library and I doubt whether, even as late as 1914, there were any Western Americana in Ogden except such disregarded ones as survived in attics. When I last visited Ogden the library had an excellent collection and numerous private collectors had appeared, but that development is wholly post-war. The Mormons annually celebrated July 24th, Pioneer Day, and in Salt Lake City they had an excellent historical museum. But the Historical Society was still in the folklore stage, and even in that stage had few supporters. This is the period of indifference to origins that maddens the historian, who finds it at approximately the same stage all over the country. Grandfather's journal is used to pack dishes with, and when you finally catch up with the first-hand eyewitness account of the Indian massacre it has been left in a gunny sack in the barn, where mice and mildew have attended to it.

The town was not to produce its first local antiquarian till some years later—the possessed physician wrote his classical epic, the literary mining promoter wrote tales like Poe's. That fact implies a great tragedy. Even in my adolescence there were many pioneers left, and many more had died during my childhood. There they were; their stories were a part of the tradition to which the West gave its liveliest lip-service; my own grandfather was a flowing spring of reminiscence. But mostly they were disregarded. No one took down what they had to say, sifted it, studied it, checked it, put it in its frame. They made speeches on Old Folks' Day, a few of them wrote fumbling letters to the newspaper, now and then one of them tried to write his memoirs—very badly and with no sense of values, as I found out when, later on, some of the

manuscripts came into my hands. The best of what they had to tell us is lost: the residuum, collected or set down when the town at last took thought of its heritage, is the less dependable and more superficial half. Veterans of the Oregon and Mormon emigrations, of the Indian wars, the handcart companies; miners, railroad builders, desert rats, prospectors, buffalo hunters, scouts, drovers, bullwhackers, cowmen—they were allowed to die without recording themselves; for no one was interested in what they had to say. It is a strange thing that my interest in Western history, which has been my most sustained study, was not thrust on me by the Western commonwealth. I got it in the United States Army and at Harvard College.

IV

The widening facilities of the library show how the town's reading had grown since my childhood. During my high school years it produced exactly three literary youths—adolescents, I mean, who were bookworms and had the genuine passion. There were a good many more girls, but we avoided them; we held that they were at best conventional and at worst "phoney." They read *T. Tembarom* because Mrs. F. told them to, we believed, and they also played the piano horribly from the same urge that made their mothers burn designs on leather. Whereas, we felt sure, our own reading of, well, say Ernest Dowson, marked us as the elect.

I wonder, as this generation of literary men begin to write their memoirs, that they can take this universal—and universally pompous—phase so solemnly. The basic illusion of the literary is that there is something at once virtuous and exquisite in having read a book—that to read a book, and still more to write one, marks you as more intelligent and far more sensitive and informed than the philistines who play cards instead. We had it in a virulent adolescent form. Of the three in Ogden High School, I must have belonged to the elect by the narrow-

est margin, for I have become a writer and so corrupted the amateur spirit with professionalism. Still there was no prophecy of that at the time. I expected to be a mineralogist till laboratory work proved that idea optimistic, and Harvard turned me toward psychiatry till the War made graduate study impossible.

Eddie and Fitz and I supplemented the library in a way that must have been characteristic of our type everywhere. An era of the national culture ended when Everyman's Library went to ninety cents. It was thirty-five cents in our day (with a leather edition at eighty cents, in which I sadly remember I owned *Sesame and Lilies* and *Travels with a Donkey*), and we ordered them singly through Spargo's Book Store; for there was no demand to justify their being stocked. One day the manager offered to buy any list we might select and let us have them piecemeal as we might afford them. We ordered something over fifty apiece and eventually managed to buy them all. I should be able to deduce something about the local culture from the titles but cannot, and of my own list remember chiefly that it was preposterously ambitious. It leaned heavily toward folklore and medieval chronicles, but it also soared toward the unreadable. I had the *Koran* so that I might appear learned in arguments about the Mormon metaphysics, and *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* for some reasons I cannot recover; but I never managed to get through either of them. At seventeen or short of it I proposed to read not only the *Kalevala* and the *Mabinogion* but the Indian epics as well, and several times charged into the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*, but never got very far. The defeat troubled me and for years I took the book about the country with me, then finally decided that I need no longer try to live up to my adolescence.

There were works like *The Social Contract*, Butler's *Analogy of Religion*, Galton's *Inquiry*, and Aristotle's *Politics*; there were Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, and even Leibnitz and Descartes. I

struggled with them more or less obstinately but eventually contented myself with the righteousness of owning them. There is another vice of the literary, who suppose that there is also something rare and fine in owning a book and that to know the name of one is equivalent to mastering it. But there were other items on my list which I read without affectation and to my permanent satisfaction: Emerson's essays, which did not exist for the high school; Herman Melville's three best books, which I thus discovered years before his centenary informed the literary that here was one of those martyrs to American materialism in whom the 'Twenties were oddly to specialize; Pepys' diary, which I read with a greater fascination than any book before it had produced.

My list—and those of my friend—differed in detail rather than in kind, reflected a sentiment from the nation at large and especially from the West, which at that exact moment was beginning to be self-conscious about its culture. Dr. Eliot had carelessly remarked that a five-foot shelf would hold enough books to give a man a liberal education, and publishers had immediately required him to name the books. The notion may certainly be called American, for such a list insures one against wasting time on what does not go directly to the point, and so appeals to the practical middle class. But that you can get education, culture, or virtue in a lump by observing a prescribed ritual is even more a literary notion. The literary always believe that there are certain authors, certain ideas, certain attitudes which lead to salvation, that toward any end there is one right path, that a certain sum of reading makes you a priest and lawgiver, that a certain book is the philosopher's stone and a certain pattern of beliefs the sum of knowledge and truth. I was never more a literary person than at seventeen when I believed that the *Koran* and the *Ramayana* would advance me beyond the vulgar and admit me to salvation. My soul must have been saved many times during those

years, for I have seen a good many of the books I read then selected by later revelation from on high to conduct the literary over into camp ground. At the moment it is Marx and Engels, whom we used to debate on the banks of a swimming hole in the Weber River at the foot of Twenty-Fifth Street when we were sophomores in 1912.

We must not forget one typical figure who was indigenous to the small town in that stage of culture all over the United States. She was either a high school teacher or a librarian and she was the pure amateur of books, a woman who lived for literature and waged a bitter warfare against the horny-minded who scorned it. Floyd Dell, Edgar Lee Masters, Burton Rascoe have described her, and most literary men of this generation must remember her. In fact, she must have made many of them into literary men; for when she found a youth who shared her passion, brought his ideas to her, and at last brought his sonnets too, it would be inevitable for her to serve literature by nurturing this strange blossom in the wasteland. At any rate, she was everywhere the first friend of literary adolescents. It was at her house, or her boarding house, that they found encouragement, a defensive alliance, the talk that they could find nowhere else. For the youth himself she was a fortress of strength and confirmation; she renewed his identity, armed him against scorn, coddled and mothered him, fiercely led him on to more discriminating taste. For the culture as a whole she was a focus of effective propaganda. Resented, derided, laughed at, she preached the gospel to the Philistines, and if the nation has a wider toleration of literature than it had fifty years ago, if there is a higher percentage of readers, then some thousands of her scattered from the Alleghenies to Puget Sound are one of the primary causes.

That deflected psychological energies were responsible for Mrs. F., and I have no doubt for many of the others, does not matter. Her mission to the Ogdinites

had lasted ten years when it reached me in my last year at high school. If I have come to see that her stories about literary people were pure phantasy or were taken direct from a reading wider than my own, nevertheless, they were the first ones I ever heard. It was not she but an English hostess who sat with Kipling in a tree, not she but a Chicago clubwoman who heard that tragic autobiography from James Whitcomb Riley's lips, not she but the daughter of a novelist to whom Paul Laurence Dunbar offered a gloved hand. But I and the bemused handful of my kind heard the anecdotes and for the first time writers were human beings in our minds. Mrs. F. had never learned how all too human they were, and I had to derive that from Bill Snow's stories the next year. But the human level was enough, and I walked with Mrs. F. in the foothills, sat late at her house, argued, declaimed, recited with her, and in her company literature was a natural way of life. I owe her little guidance for I had come a long way on my own by then, but she brought me the *fin de siècle* poetry, and the Irish revival, and a number of preciosities which served me also when I came to teach. Yeats, Fiona MacLeod, Ossian—that strain in particular. And the emancipated Wells, the stirrings of feminism, the decorous intrusion of sex into contemporary writing. And during my first year at college she wrote commanding me to read Ernest Poole's *The Harbor*. The literature of this age began for me with that novel. It must have begun there for many of my contemporaries.

But with Mrs. F. we have reached the last stage of the transition in Ogden. The other agencies of the new culture were beginning to work by this time. The town had grown larger and vulgarer, but it had also acquired a feeling that books were essential to the well-

ordered life. The first collector appeared, a man who bought by price alone and filled his shelves with a miscellany from advertised remainder sales. The frontier housewife had been metamorphosed into a charter member of the Ladies' Culture Club, the Home Culture Club; the Friday Afternoon Club, Sorosis, and the Drama League. A couple of hundred of them talked books now, several score bought them for the living room, a couple of dozen read them. The clubs too were to change and become a rather better implement of the intelligence—and in fact, to scorn them at all is a literary snobbery. For if they did not much understand books at least they tried to, and if they were unsophisticated at least they boosted royalty statements, and if in short they were not in the know, as the literary must be, at least they sent the literary to college on scholarships and supported them after they were out. So the literary turned to writing novels which showed how crude and uninformed these patient women were, and presently were telling them so to their faces at from fifty to two hundred dollars an afternoon. The Newness was here and, as with all Newnesses, the literary were whooping it up.

The Drama League was an unmistakable portent of the new age. And it was at that exact moment that I left Ogden, to return only for visits thereafter. My literary inheritance from the place was jumbled and crisscrossed and none of its colors matched—but all literary inheritances are chaotic. Doubtless the progressive schools do better by our children, when they permit them to read at all; but the most thoroughly Deweyized child in all America will get no greater enthusiasm from his project in Einstein and Max Weber than was freely available in the Wasatch peaks before projects and the Drama League were born of the same egg.



RADIO, AMERICAN STYLE

BY JASCHA HEIFETZ

WHEN broadcasting became a reality fifteen or sixteen years ago it was obvious at once that it offered a new means of communication of incalculable power. Because this was true the governments of most of the nations of the world promptly seized it for their own. The result is well known. The British Broadcasting Company, though nominally a privately owned enterprise, is highly susceptible to governmental suggestion, as we saw at the time of the abdication. Germany's hundred-odd stations are under strict post-office supervision. The stations of France are government-controlled, as are those of Italy, Austria, and Russia. Only little Holland can boast anything like our situation, and the likeness even so is remote. Holland's four broadcasting companies are operated respectively by the Catholic Church, the Netherland Christians, the Labor Party, and AVRO, a private organization. Hollanders do not pay a tax on their receiving sets as do most other citizens abroad, but support their stations by free-will private contributions. But only in the United States are the networks supported by advertisers buying time from the broadcasting companies. Only here is the air still free; or free, at least, to everyone but the sponsors.

The difference in underlying theory here and abroad, then, is apparent at once. Across the Atlantic the public is given what somebody thinks it ought to be given. Here, nominally at any rate, the public is given what the public wants.

I quite agree that our democratic

American procedure is the better of the two. Probably it leaves us less in danger of coercion and assures us a better chance of enjoying ourselves. And still our basic theory also has its weak point. I am thinking of that phrase, "what the public wants."

In order to give people what they want we must, after all, abide by the decision of someone who will tell us what they want, and the man who can tell us that is no ordinary, fallible mortal. The program directors of our studios and advertising agencies, who act for the advertiser, are mortal and fallible. They tell me that their lot has not been an enviable one. In the early days of radio nobody cared very much whether programs were good or bad. A receiving set was such a novelty in itself that we were willing to listen to almost anything it brought us. As transmitting stations multiplied and competition entered into the picture, however, it became evident that those stations which succeeded would be the ones which came the closest to giving the public what it wanted, and so our theory was born. What did the public want? Music? What sort of music? Jazz of course; but what else?

The more naïve sponsors said in effect: "I like the William Tell overture, therefore the public likes the William Tell overture." A few advertisers went at it in a more scientific spirit. They hired crews of door-to-door canvassers and sent them out to sample our national taste. The canvassers reported that the pieces of music most enjoyed by the greatest num-

ber of persons were, let us say, the "Ave Maria," "On Wings of Song," "The Dance of the Goblins," and the "Poet and Peasant" overture. The advertiser then developed his program simply by instructing his orchestra leader to play the titles which his research people had brought in to him.

What happened? Inevitably, other sponsors had sent out crews of research workers. They came back with the same report. Thus when Sponsor No. 1 launched his program he found that Sponsor No. 2, his bitter rival in business, was offering precisely the same selections. The air was full of poets and peasants. So the horrid realization dawned that where musical favorites were concerned it was impossible to give the public what it wanted for the good reason that the number of favorites was limited. Our musical taste was too undeveloped. There were not enough to go round. The theory, it appeared, must be expanded from the particular to the general. Further research was indicated. What did the public want in general?

Washington came to the rescue. Ten or twelve years ago a governmental bureau published a survey which revealed the mental age of the average radio listener as fourteen years. With the report in his hands the program director breathed a long sigh of relief. All he had to do, it seemed, was fashion his program to suit the least intelligent person who might happen to tune in on it, and everything would be satisfactory. This was done and again dissatisfaction promptly followed. What had happened of course was that the program director had misinterpreted the bureau's findings. He took—and in some instances still takes—them to mean that he must design his program hours for adults with fourteen-year-old minds. The fact of the matter was very different. In the determination of mental age in a psychological laboratory no tests have yet been developed which yield accurate indications above a figure of twenty or twenty-one. When we cannot say for certain that anybody

has a mental age greater than twenty-one, to say that the average radio listener has one of fourteen is merely to say that he is three-quarters as intelligent as the best minds yet examined in the laboratories. Thus the broadcasters have underestimated our intelligence for years and failed to understand why we consistently show a preference for more mature subject matter than that which they offer us.

As a matter of fact, any artist knows that the mental age of an audience has little or nothing to do with its appreciation of music, even supposing the program directors' misinterpretation to have been the correct interpretation. I have played many times before children. I do not ask well-developed musical taste of them or a store of musical erudition. And still, without exception, I find audiences of youngsters keenly alive to the musical content of anything I may choose to give them. Instinctively, if I may use the word loosely, they distinguish good music from bad. They do not have to be told that Beethoven is a greater composer than, let us say, Von Weber. They divine it. Why shouldn't they? Music is feeling. If it communicates thought it communicates it emotionally. Need one be mature to feel emotion? One need only think back to his own childhood for the answer to that.

To-day radio program directors no longer have to guess what the public wants. Exhaustive statistical surveys bring them tested facts each week. A statistical sheet lies before me as I write, and its figures must be mystifying indeed to anyone who believes that we are a nation of fourteen-year-olds. Among the hour programs the seven most popular are the five top-notch variety shows, built round popular personalities, and the Ford and General Motors symphony concerts with their superb orchestras and featured soloists. The variety shows offer good singers and instrumentalists in the field of serious music as well as guest artists. The conclusion one is forced to draw is inescapable. In Europe the broadcasters set out to instruct or improve

the public's taste. In America the public has improved the taste of the broadcasters.

II

We may justly be a little proud of ourselves, I think. In barely more than a decade of trial and error experimentation we have arrived at the virtues of the European system without having had to suffer its vices. But if we are proud we should not be smug; for our system too has grave faults which we are only beginning to perceive. They lie chiefly in our methods of presentation, it seems to me; and here we may well study the practice of other nations. If it is true that we give more great names, more Toscaninis and more Flagstads, a place on the air, it is equally true that the European stations maintain a higher level of performance year in and year out than ours do. We hear more great music, but the listeners on the other side of the water hear more good music, and it is presented to them with better taste and enhanced dignity.

In Germany and France, for instance, light and heavy programs are carefully separated. The Europeans have learned that the effect of an hour on the air is lost if it becomes a jumble. On a light, gay musical program a musical-comedy soprano may follow a comedian, perhaps; but that is the sharpest contrast permitted. A serious program is granted its own unity. It would be something in the nature of an international scandal if Madame Rethberg should be asked to sing along with xylophonists and black-face comedians.

We crowd a jazz orchestra, a comedian, a dramatic sketch, a policeman who has won a medal for bravery, advertising matter, and a grand-opera star into sixty minutes, even thirty minutes. It is vaudeville, a pot-pourri. The hope of course is that enough diverse material will be included to please everybody. But when a serious musical performer is included in the program I doubt whether the hope is fulfilled. The man who tunes

in to hear a favorite comedian may be displeased by the opera star; the man who tunes in to hear the opera star may likewise be displeased by the comedian. Such a program has neither unity nor coherence. It is both light and heavy. If a slap-stick comedian precedes a serious pianist in a program each destroys the mood and effect of the other's performance.

Again, I think we still have far too much talk on the air. The larger advertisers were quick to learn from their sales-psychologists that over-emphasis on their products only provoked an adverse reaction, but many a smaller advertiser to-day still counts that broadcast lost on which his shoe-blackening is not mentioned a score of times. Few of us like to have our head battered, I think. Few of us welcome the announcer who speaks to us in a cajoling, over-simplified prattle as though we were infants. Few of us are so deficient in a sense of fair play as to enjoy an announcement deliberately inserted in the middle of a piece of music to catch us off our guard. The trick is ruthless and so is our reaction to it. Then too, on a serious musical program I question the wisdom of the announcer who blandly tells us what to think. Upon the conclusion of an orchestral presentation I have heard more than one announcer say what amounted to: "Well, my friends, that wasn't a first-rate piece of music, but it was well played." John Jones, listening out in Nevada, may think that it is a good piece of music and that it was very badly played. And to my way of thinking John Jones has as much right to his opinion as the musical expert at the microphone. Aesthetically it is better that he should have it. For the quality of our programs will improve only as John Jones's taste improves and his taste will improve only as he learns for himself, as he becomes familiar with a larger musical literature.

Outside of the United States of course advertising on the air is virtually unknown. A little is broadcast in Germany in the mornings, and there are English manufacturers who buy advertising time

from the Luxembourg station, which is a favorite in England; but that about makes the total. The problem of what our advertisers shall say and how interminably and emphatically they shall say it is our particular riddle, therefore, and one which we shall need to solve for ourselves. But our announcers who fancy themselves as music critics might well study the technic of their brothers across the Atlantic.

They do not need to go quite so far in the direction of restraint as the British announcers. After the BBC announcers make their introductory comments, I am convinced, they go home, pack their bags, and set off on polar explorations. They are never heard from again. But on a musical program the Continental announcers chime in only to say, "You are hearing the Beethoven Seventh Symphony." They would no more dream of adding an opinion on the quality of the performance than they would dream of criticizing the color of the listener's necktie, and for the same reason. The listener would be insulted and angry. His opinion, like his tie, is his own business.

Every one of us to-day is a competent enough musical critic. Is it so surprising that we should be? Criticism is mere comparison—the ability to distinguish a better piece of music from a worse and a proficient artist from one less proficient. Critical perception comes to us as a result of prolonged contact with music. With radio immersing us willy-nilly in something like four million hours of music a year, we all of us have acquired standards for comparison. We cannot have helped but acquire them. We have no need of musical oracles.

Then I believe there is room for improvement in our grim construction of programs to fit the clock. The American's preoccupation with time is an enigma to every European. Why, I find myself asking, must a program run for precisely a quarter-hour, precisely a half-hour, precisely an hour? The answer is not that the networks sell their time in quarter-hour blocks. Many a time a

symphony is chopped short when no paid program follows it, and the ensuing fifteen minutes which might be given to the conclusion of the symphony are filled with the lugubrious strains of "Stardust," played by a studio organist. If the symphony requires an hour and twelve minutes, why not let it run over and finish with three minutes of "Stardust"? In Europe as a rule a symphony or an opera is broadcast from start to finish, a matter of two or three hours. Music, not time, is their concern. The announcer, coming on the air with his station identification, speaks not at the quarter or half hour but during normal intermissions in the music.

Under this same category I think we might improve our broadcasts, when we hire an instrumentalist for a program, by letting him play. We engage a famous instrumentalist or vocalist and then see to it that he is on the air for not more than ten or twenty minutes. I confess it is still a little disconcerting to me to be offered a generous fee for an hour's work and then find that I am to play two numbers lasting ten minutes apiece while the orchestra takes over the remaining forty minutes. Recently Madame Lotte Lehmann engaged for an hour in New York was told that she was to sing only one song. At the last minute the third verse of her song was deleted. The public which wished to hear her was rewarded with approximately four minutes of Madame Lehmann, who would have been delighted to offer a full hour program in return for the sum she had been paid. Two-thirds of an aria is not the aria.

I should like to see studio audiences restricted. Of late a few European studios, following our lead, have begun to let people come into the studios and listen to broadcasts in the presence of the performing artists, but they do not carry out the practice to anything like the extent we carry it. A broadcasting studio is not a concert hall. It has insulated walls designed to deaden sound; it is specifically constructed to focus the music

on the suspended microphones. Thus a studio audience never hears an artist at his best. But that is only half of it. With the microphone before him and a studio audience sitting beyond the microphone the artist must perforce make a choice. Unconsciously if not consciously, since he cannot play for both of them, he will concentrate upon one audience or the other. If he performs for the thousand people in the studio his seven or eight million listeners on the air will fail to hear him at his best, while if he concentrates upon the microphone the studio audience will find him deficient. The microphone, Heaven knows, is difficult enough to deal with as it is. Never shall I forget my first panicstricken experience with it! At the rehearsal they kept telling me, "Now, don't forget there's a microphone in front of you." That was the very thing I was trying to forget.

III

There is no doubt in my mind that bright days for radio lie ahead. We are nearly out of the "Poet and Peasant" age. With the old favorites long since exhausted we must manufacture new favorites, and even the less acute program directors see to-day that the way to accomplish this is simply to broadcast music—all kinds of music. For the entire library of music from Palestrina to Stravinsky is barely sufficient to supply the incessant demand of the microphones. As someone has said, the audience for Beethoven's quartets was created by Beethoven's quartets. From now on we shall hear more music, better music, and music written by living composers; composers such as Ravel, Castelnuova-Tedesco, Prokofieff, Shostakovitch, William Walton, Joseph Achron, Ernesto Halffter, Arnold Bax, and Roy Harris. Those who find modern music displeasing find it so, in most cases, merely because it is unfamiliar to them. Radio is rapidly making it familiar to all of us, and we shall shortly have our old favorites, I am convinced, among the most modern of composers.

Radio will be forced to bring us fresh music in increasing quantity from now on.

Indeed it looks very much as though we are about to experience a considerable musical revival. As a concert artist I am aware that the demand for concerts is greater than it has ever been. Mr. John Tasker Howard in a recent article in *HARPER'S*, estimates that there were 3,900 concerts given in the United States by traveling soloists and organizations in 1936-37 as against 3,750 in 1929-30. Dr. Damrosch's school programs are heard in sixty thousand classrooms. We have hundreds of thousands of new musical listeners. Civic symphony orchestras are springing up everywhere. The ushers at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York say they are seeing faces they have never seen before in the audience. Between October of 1935 and December of 1936—I quote again from Mr. Howard—the musicians of the Federal music projects gave 57,000 concerts. They could not have given them if there were not people willing to listen to them. Fifty million people listened to them. All of this we owe in great part to radio. For years we artists have prayed for a wide, musically alert audience.

Radio has created the audience but, in creating it, it has created also an obligation for itself. We have in the United States to-day twenty-four and a half million radio families. As nearly as can be determined, a major program reaches between seven and thirteen million listeners. They have unmistakably indicated their preference for good music. The statistics say so. Radio has introduced them to good music, radio has taught them to like it, and now radio must see to it that they continue to get it, and get more of it. Twenty-four and a half million families constitute a vast plowed field ready for sowing. Every musical note which falls upon the field is a seed, a seed from which will grow the musical taste of the future. If the seed is cheap and mediocre so will our growing taste be cheap and mediocre. If the seed is fine and vital so will our growing taste be fine and vital.

And here, please, one last word:

In Europe an artist selects his material and submits it to the broadcasting station. If he intends to play the "Habañera" and someone else on the program ahead of him has just played it, he may be asked to substitute another number; but that is the most the station asks of him in the way of alteration. Anything further would be regarded as effrontery. Good manners alone forbid it; for the artist is an expert in his field and it is assumed that he knows his business.

In the United States the artist is shown into a luxurious suite and a contract is handed across the desk for his signature. Then he is asked: "What are you going to play?"

He mentions three or four pieces of music in which for weeks past he has been rigorously drilling himself.

"Oh, no," he is told. "They won't do at all."

"They won't?" he asks in bewilderment.

"We have to give the public what it wants, you see."

At this point the artist, whose name, we shall say, is Petrov, relapses into sober thought. He must give the public what it wants. What does the public want?

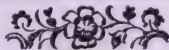
Does the public want Petrov? There is reason to believe it does, since Petrov is the feature of the program under question. Certainly those who dial in the program specifically to hear Petrov must want Petrov, at any rate. Then is he not entitled to suppose they wish to hear the music Petrov is equipped to play for them? He tries to convey this to the advertising executive.

"Oh, now, you mustn't feel that way about it, Mr. Petrov," he is deftly placated. "You see, you don't know radio. We're radio experts; we know what the public wants."

Whereupon Petrov reflects a little wistfully that radio is barely fifteen years old. He has been pleasing the public for twenty, perhaps thirty years. He would not think of telling the technicians in the control booth how to adjust their dials. He would not think of telling the advertising expert at the desk how to prepare a layout. Yet no one has any compunction about telling him how to please the public with his music, the thing in which he has a special and expert proficiency.

I have played—quite recently—in Italy, Germany and Russia. I had to come to the United States to find a dictatorship.





KOREA FROM A NUNNERY WINDOW

BY WILLARD PRICE

THOSE who wish to get a glimpse of the trend of future events in Asia should not neglect to study that vivid object lesson—Korea.

We sat in a nunnery on a mountainside and looked out over the Korean landscape. We ate pine nuts and talked politics.

"You now see before you a terrible example," said the wise old abbess who had known the world and rejected it. Her young feet had even trod Piccadilly. Her old feet preferred the paths among the pines. In this ancient temple there were no phonographs, radios, telephones, electric lights. But there was a Buddha to give one peace, a heated floor to comfort one's bones, and a few books in English and German nudging the sutras on the shelf. And, although the abbess had refused an invitation to lecture at an American college, she took delight in haranguing the travelers who stopped to spend the night at the convent.

"If you want to know what the Japanese will do in Manchuria and North China . . . look! Here it lies before you. Poor little farms, houses like cowsheds. The Japanese have been in Korea now for three decades. They have had an opportunity to show what they could do. And to-day the farmers—and that means eighty-three per cent of the people of Korea—are worse off than they were before."

The Japanese officer drew in his breath apologetically.

"That is quite true," he said. He evidently knew that the only possible way to

win an elderly lady to a new point of view is to agree to her old one. "We have not done very well with Korea. It was our first real experiment in colonization. Yes—Formosa—but that was a small matter compared with this. And our mistakes bear down most heavily upon the farmers. See how the stock manipulators lower the price of rice just before the farmer sells his crop, and raise it just after he sells. And the government can't, or won't, stop it. Cheap manufactured goods take the place of the things the farmer used to make by hand. He spends for rubber shoes instead of making his own out of rawhide or straw."

"Ah, but," said the abbess, "I wouldn't go without my rubber shoes. They keep my feet dry. The old ones never did."

"The farmer has been changed from a maker to a buyer," went on the Japanese, "and since he has no money to buy with, his lot becomes worse every year."

The American suggested that this condition was not peculiar to Korea. In many countries the status of the farmer has been growing steadily worse as industrialization progresses. He always seems to be in the backwash of civilization. And the stronger the current the stronger the backwash.

"But is the current so strong in Korea?" the officer asked with an air of great discouragement.

"Of course it is," the abbess admitted. "Your people have done wonders here. Wonders! Look at that railroad line in the valley. Those fine roads. Those telegraph and telephone lines. Electric-

power lines. Dikes along that river—it used to break loose like a demon every spring; but no more. Thousands of trees planted on that mountain.”

The Japanese officer sat on his hands which were pressed against the heated floor. He could now safely leave the defense of Japan to the sense of justice of the abbess. She talked on while dusk deepened, while the little bean-oil lamps were being lighted (for though the blessings of civilization were wonderful for the valley and for Korea, they would never be admitted to the convent), and while we drew up to a foot-high circular table in the center of which was a vast bowl of steaming rice girdled by small bowls each containing a pickle—pickled mushrooms, pickled seaweed, pickled cabbage, pickled beans, pickled pine nuts, pickled millet seeds, and pickled maple leaves. She paused only long enough to ask grace beautifully and simply by bowing the head and striking an ancient bronze bell with a deer's horn. The bell had hardly completed its message of prayer echoing out of the past ages before the abbess burst forth again about tractors, trams, and bank deposits. Blessed with an active mind and many visitors, she knew what was going on.

II

And, if we supplement her observations with facts obtained from many other sources during rather extensive travels through the peninsula, the credit side of Japan's ledger in Korea may be briefly summarized as follows:

Life has been made safer. Epidemics are now rare, smallpox is almost gone; asylums house lepers who formerly roamed abroad; pure water is provided in cities. The witches and magicians who were formerly the only practitioners of medicine are giving way to licensed physicians. There is now one physician to every eight thousand people. That seems scanty provision but it is much better than none.

With the drain of disease curbed, the

population now grows rapidly. Japan established a protectorate over Korea in 1905 and annexed the country in 1910. The population, thirteen million in 1910, is now twenty-two million. The rate of increase exceeds even that of Japan, whose own rate is sufficient to bewilder the government and distress the world. China's rate falls far below—for although she gives birth to more, she buries more. Rapid increase is by no means a certain blessing, but it at least indicates that living conditions have improved.

What of mental progress? Outside of the excellent institutions conducted by missionaries, there were formerly no schools except those teaching Chinese classics. Japan introduced such subjects as arithmetic, geography, Japanese language, and practical agriculture. While there were only one hundred common schools in 1910, they now number more than two thousand, with half a million students. This is an excellent record as compared with Britain's in India or America's in the Philippines, but it still leaves much to be accomplished. Two million Korean children of school age are without schools.

There is romance in the story of the development of Korean transportation. The hermit kingdom yielded only with difficulty to violations by roads and rails.

The first electric car line in the capital of Korea was built by an American. The long-skirted conductors on the cars used coin registers made in Chicago. When this tram line was first put into operation a drought occurred. The sky blazed and the earth rolled up clouds of dust. Day followed day with no sign of rain and the paddy fields were parched. Farmers flocked to the geomancers and ground-prophets. The verdict of these seers was: "The devil that runs the thunder and lightning wagons has caused the drought."

Mobs attacked the tram cars, rolled one over, set fire to another and exploded the tracks. Then rain fell, and men smiled at one another, well satisfied that they had given the tram-devil a terrible fright.

The American who introduced the elec-

tric car went on to build the first fine road in Korea. He also built the first railway. All the glass in the first coaches was soon broken by excited passengers who thrust out their heads without first raising the window. The Koreans knew nothing of glass. A material so invisible that one could see through it, and yet so solid that it would bruise one's head, was beyond their comprehension.

At last the same expedient which had been adopted in near-by Japan was repeated here. A white strip was painted at eye-level across each window in order that the Korean might have a constant reminder of the reality of the unseen! It protected both glass and passengers.

A more serious difficulty was the propensity of Koreans for lying down between the tracks at night. Since the stone road-bed was exactly as comfortable as the Korean stone bed, and the iron rail was the exact height and width of the Korean pillow, travelers on warm summer evenings would save the cost of a room at the inn by dropping down upon this luxurious outdoor couch to spend the night. They knew that trains rarely ran at night. But occasionally a special would be sent out, and the task of the engineer was a harrowing one as he peered anxiously ahead, watching for a white form across the track and a head lopping backward over the rail. The bell must be kept going and the whistle blowing lustily to awaken the slumberers, who would sit up and rub their eyes in the glare of the headlights, while the train, with grinding brakes, came to a heavy stop within a few yards of them. Sometimes the slumberer did not awake and the train could not stop.

But the hermit people became accustomed to the devil-carriages and were soon to be found in them, not under them. When I first visited Korea in 1915, only five years after annexation, I saw stations thronged by would-be travelers in white or baby-blue gowns with ventilated hats tied under the chin; they boarded cars made in Wilmington, Delaware, drawn by locomotives made in Philadelphia over

steel rails from South Chicago, lolled upon cushioned seats, wielded very large knives and forks in the diner, ate American ice-cream, and looked out with blasé air upon the forty-miles-an-hour panorama as if they had been used to this sort of thing all their lives. At every later visit I found the crowds increasing and the American equipment diminishing. To-day all rolling stock is Japan-made. There are two thousand miles of railroad in Korea. The number of passengers has grown from two million in 1911 to an estimated twenty-eight million in 1937.

Travel has taught Korea that her old map of the world is out of date—the map which showed Korea as the center of creation surrounded by the kingdom of the Three-Headed People, the Land of Fire-Eaters, the Fork-Tongued People, and the Round-Eyed Cyclops Kingdom.

With travel has come trade. Korea's foreign trade has increased seventeen times since 1910. Before annexation the annual trade was about fifty million yen; now it is a billion yen. Korea in 1912 imported three times as much as she exported. Now the tables are turned and she exports more than she imports. However, America has fared particularly well and sells to Korea ten times as much as she buys from her. Accepting Korean goods to the value of half a million yen, the United States sells five million yen worth of American goods to Korea.

Of course this five million is a bagatelle compared with the sales of Japan proper to Korea which amount to four hundred million yen a year. But Japan reciprocates by buying almost as much from Korea as she sells to her. It would appear that America, while getting very little business in Korea, is getting ten times as much as she deserves. Britain also has been buying very little—and it is, therefore, not surprising that her sales to Korea have been sliding steadily toward the vanishing point.

After all, the "open door" of Asia is a revolving door. It opens inward only as much and as fast as it opens outward. The secret of Japan's economic success in

Asia is that she takes as much as she gives. Her trade with China rests upon a fairly even keel—a balance of exports and imports. The same is true of her trade with Manchukuo—and with Korea. Fundamentally it is not the Japanese army which is merging Japan and the Asiatic continent, but the fact that each needs what the other has. Soldiers, who imagine themselves the pilots of destiny, are but chips on the economic tide.

Korea's resources are made to order for Japan. Every year about forty million yen worth of gold is mined, ten million of coal, twelve million of iron, and the largest production of graphite in the world. Korea is believed to be as richly mineralized as Mexico. Many mines are operated by Americans. Their concessions, granted in 1896, somehow survived the change in government. Industrial production in Korea has increased nineteen times since annexation. Bank deposits are twenty times as large.

"Now, that is all splendid," said the abbess after recounting such facts as the foregoing, minus the figures. "But where has this new wealth gone? It has gone to enrich the rich. The great men of the cities become richer and the small men of the country become poorer. You say it's because this is an industrialized age . . . the same thing is happening all over the world. In America, in England, in Japan too the farmers are in trouble. Perhaps . . . but you come with me down to the farms to-morrow morning and tell me whether you have ever seen suffering like this."

III

I accepted the invitation, and we went to our rest, if it can be called rest to lie on a stone floor with a wooden block as a pillow. Fortunately the floor was heated, but there was nothing to mitigate the harshness of that pillow. It was not even made of soft wood. Every hour it became firmer, impressing itself more deeply upon the skull and memory, so that the night remains unforgettable.

Buddhism, so ornamental in some lands, has in Korea become as plain and hard as that pillow. The priests and nuns were long ago demoted by Korean rulers who feared their political power. They now live as hermits, in unadorned temples, on the edge of poverty, giving nothing to the world and taking little from it. Our abbess was somewhat unusual—most of the clergy have become ignorant and shiftless, flotsam of a former glory. Half a million Koreans have become Christians. The rest of the twenty-two million are inclined to rely upon the abracadabra of their animistic wizards and witches rather than upon the rites of Buddhism.

To-day Buddhist priests are being sent from Japan in an effort to regenerate Korean Buddhism. The newcomers have ideals—but perhaps not quite so much the ideals of Gautama Buddha as the ideals of Yamato Damashii, the spirit of devotion to the divine Emperor. Buddhism as well as Shinto in Japan has been bent to the national purpose. Japanese priests, who are more Japanese than priests, can hardly meet their Korean brothers on a common platform of belief, therefore their work is hard.

Moonlight filtered through the translucent paper windows into the altar room which served also as a guest room. It illuminated the huge drum which, suspended from the ceiling, seemed to float in midair. It picked out highlights on the polished brass candlesticks and the brass incense bowl on the altar. It gave an even more remote air than usual to the face of the little gilt Buddha who sat above the altar shelf, immune from the distress and dust of this world, in a glass case. It made the great wooden pillars which supported the heavy thatch roof seem like misty columns of incense.

Then dawn hardened everything into reality, the pigs which the nuns are too pious to eat but not too pious to raise for sale to sinners began to grunt, wooden bowls began to rattle and firewood to crackle in the kitchen.

The Japanese rose and greeted the

morn with a pæan of hawking and gargling. The abbess achieved slight competition with the recitation of a sutra, but did better when she attacked the great drum. Pounding it with one drumstick and a small floor-drum with another, she stirringly proclaimed to the peasants of the valleys beneath that Buddha was still on his lotus flower and all was right with the world. Perhaps there was a minor message to the effect that it might be well to set aside a penny or two for the nuns who might come later in the day to collect alms.

After the pickled breakfast the abbess donned her overcoat and beaver hat. She put on her Japanese rubber shoes. She brought out a London-made brief case which had won admittance to this retreat only because it was such a convenient receptacle for alms in cash or kind.

We descended to the farms. Where the steep path met the plain, we came upon a white-clad farmer prying pieces of bark from a tree trunk.

"His breakfast," said the abbess.

She spoke to him and we went with him to his house. He was a large-boned man, perhaps in his thirties, but he walked so deliberately that even the old abbess had difficulty in slowing her pace to match his. We came to a forlorn little beehive of a house—a beehive in appearance only, not in any air of activity. There was a pig-pen but no pig. A chicken coop but no chickens. A scrawny courtyard with nothing in it except a large empty jar which had once held the winter's store of pickle, now exhausted. The house had mud walls, mud-and-straw roof, and mud floors. Outside the house was a mud stove in which some pine needles were smoldering. The heat passed through a mud conduit to the space beneath the floors and the smoke came out of a mud chimney which rose from the ground four feet outside the opposite wall of the house.

We entered. A woman was ironing—beating with two clubs a white garment, slightly moistened, laid across a flat stone. She ceased her tattoo and came to greet

the abbess. She took some of the bark, dropped down beside a small feverish form that lay on a pallet and began to feed the bark to her son. The child's stomach was a great bloated mound. A sign, not of plenty, but of poisoning.

"These people are fortunate," said the abbess. "Their landlord has not turned them out. I could show you much worse 'spring suffering' than this."

The season most rhapsodized by poets is known to Korean tenant farmers as the time of "spring suffering." And most farmers are tenant farmers. Only four per cent of the farming families own their land (as against fourteen per cent in Japan and vastly higher percentages in Europe and the United States). Tenants must pay half of their crop as rental. This payment is made in the autumn immediately after harvest. Out of the other half the tenant must make his landlord an additional "present," pay the taxes, buy seed and fertilizer, and pay interest charges on old debts. Very little of the crop is left to feed the family through the year. The supply gives out in midwinter or early spring. Then comes "spring suffering." For the majority of the tenant population the time of most desperate need is from March to June inclusive. Then bark, roots, acorns, grass, weeds become food and thousands die of malnutrition, poisoning, or downright starvation. In desperate straits, the tenant settles himself still farther into the mire by borrowing more money from the usurers—if he can get it.

"They will not lend me any money," our host told the abbess.

"Perhaps that is just as well for you," replied the abbess cheerfully. "How much do you owe now?"

"About ninety yen."

"What interest do you have to pay?"

"They knew my father—so I got a low rate. Three per cent."

But that means three per cent a month. Thirty-six per cent a year. He was comparatively lucky, since four per cent a month, forty-eight per cent a year, is not unusual.

"But whatever made you borrow so much as ninety yen?"

"I didn't. I borrowed ten yen. That was long ago. In good years I paid the interest and in bad years I couldn't. Altogether I have paid seventy yen in interest. And I have ninety left to pay."

Thus a trivial debt of ten yen (\$3 U. S.) multiplies itself endlessly and is sometimes passed down from generation to generation, always rolling larger. Of course if the farmer has any land or other possessions they are confiscated to pay the debt. Thus, in the words of the official Report on Administration of Chosen (as Korea is officially called), "seizure of land from defenseless owners in Chosen has been the habit." The land has passed into the hands of men who do not work it—in fact, many of them live far from their property and do nothing but collect. Half of the cultivable land of the whole country is owned by twenty thousand absentee landlords.

It is taken for granted that a farmer will be in debt. Eighty per cent of the farming community of Korea, according to the official Japan Year Book, has debts bearing interest at three per cent or four per cent a month.

There was nothing surprising to the abbess in the condition of this family. Her only surprise was indicated in her next question:

"How did it happen that you borrowed only once?"

"We had two girls we could use."

The abbess, translating his answer to me, explained that he was euphemistically stating that he had sold two of his daughters.

"Did they become dancing girls?" she inquired.

"No, no," the man laughed. "They had no talent. They could only do what any woman can do." One had been taken by a house of prostitution. The other was drudge in a landlord's kitchen.

Both had been sold outright. The proceeds had served to keep the rest of the family alive—and the girls were fed. Slavery seemed better than starvation.

Slaves rarely try to escape, since there is nothing better to which they may escape. Moreover, they would be promptly returned to their owners. Japanese law does not hold them bound. But custom does. And in a primitive and ignorant society, custom is stronger than law. The Japanese, fearing to stir up unnecessary trouble, do not flout Korean custom, except where it is to their industrial or political advantage to do so. Their stand against slavery is further weakened by the fact that in Japan itself the merchandising of daughters by destitute farmers is not uncommon.

We went on to other houses. The net impression was one of abject resignation. The people did nothing because it seemed hopeless, and their lot was hopeless because they did nothing. The Koreans have had long training in doing nothing. Not that they are more lazy than many other races, but they have learned by long experience that their toil merely fills the purses of landlords and politicians. Particularly in the old Korea prosperity was dangerous. There was a saying that the amassing of wealth was the beginning of disaster. Corrupt officials immediately swooped upon savings and if they were not freely given up, punishment followed, torture, imprisonment, and even the death penalty. There was no justice to be had. Now there is, but the ignorant farmer does not know how to take advantage of it.

We saw twenty Koreans sitting in a sort of jaw-hung trance watching one Japanese saw a log. In a field five Koreans were shoveling—with one shovel! One man guided the handle; the other four lifted the shovel by means of ropes attached to the blade.

The Korean farmer has more land than the farmer in Japan but does less work upon it. The density of population in Korea averages 82 per square kilometer less than in Japan proper. Cultivated land per family averages four acres, almost double the size of the Japanese farm. This advantage is cancelled by the fact that the yield per acre is only half that in

Japan. The Korean farmer works on his land from 70 to 100 days a year, the Japanese farmer from 200 to 250.

Another difference is that the Korean has not learned to use his mountain sides. Japanese mountains, for example in the neighborhood of Hiroshima, are cultivated to an altitude of 3000 feet above sea level.

Graves litter Korean farms. The government in 1912 ordered the use of public cemeteries. Superstitious opposition was so strong that the order was rescinded in 1919.

In Japan both men and women work in the fields. In Korea the female half of the population is busy washing clothes. Korea's greatest extravagance is white clothing. White was originally the mourning color, worn for thirty years after the death of an Emperor. But Emperors died in such rapid succession that the populace found itself always in white—and the habit became fixed.

A white-clad tiller of the soil does not stay white long. Hence the women are slaves to the washing stone and ironing stone. They occupy odd moments with taking garments apart and putting them together again; for a robe, especially if padded, must be ripped apart and sewed up again each time it is laundered. The statisticians have estimated that Korean women spend three billion hours a year washing, ironing, and sewing.

The government, impressed with this waste of productive power, has recently ordered the wearing of black. The edict is on the books but the people still wear white.

Of course the donning of snow-white linen does not put a man in the right mental attitude for grubbing in the soil. He is prone to excuse himself for staying indoors by the fact that it will save his wife work. He is also dissuaded from too much exertion by the numbing delights of a heated floor. The Korean floor is the most comfortable in the world. The Japanese floor of *tatami* or straw slabs is delightful in summer; but in cold weather it is a grill through which the chill vapors

rise from beneath. Who shall say to what extent the Japanese urge to be up and doing is due to the impossibility of relaxation upon a frigid floor in a drafty room heated only by a few coals in a *hibachi* full of ashes? There are only two ways to get warm: step into the hot bath; go out and work in the fields. Therefore the Japanese are the best-bathed people on earth and among the most industrious. Work is an escape. One cannot understand how men and their wives can cheerfully wade barefoot in the near-freezing water and mud of the paddies until one realizes how much more agreeable this vigorous motion is than sitting still in a Japanese house while winter winds swirl up through the sievelike floor. I am prepared to believe that much of the greatness of Japan is due to the cult of discomfort. Spartan endurance is inculcated from childhood. The poverty of pleasures is such that the greatest pleasure is work.

Often the only sign of life about a Korean house will be the crackling of fire in the stove which heats the floors. These are sometimes so hot that they blister the bodies of sleepers. Here the Korean is inclined to hibernate two-thirds of the year. He makes brief sallies for fuel, stripping his mountains and causing despair to the reforestation experts who can hardly keep pace with him even by the maintenance of 338 seeding stations and the planting of 4,687,000,000 trees in the past twenty years.

The degradation of the peasant is increased by ignorance and superstition.

Screams of agony issuing from a little mole of a house drew us thither. We entered without ceremony, but immediate protests from the inmates caused the male visitor to retire in confusion. Yet he had seen enough to leave a permanent scar on memory. A woman in labor lay on the floor. Across her abdomen had been placed a board and upon either end of it sat a girl, see-sawing to force delivery, while the unhappy woman shrieked with pain. A dirty midwife stood by, directing the proceedings.

Other phases of native medical practice are as primitive. Extensive use is made of acupuncture and cauterization, with rarely beneficial results. Too often the needle carries infection and the fire-ball deranges organs and nerves.

In the village visited with the abbess was a small hill crowned by a "devil-house." From it came the sound of drumming and chanting. The abbess was willing that I should satisfy a natural curiosity, but would not go with me. Professional ethics forbade. The Buddhist nun could not politely intrude into the shrine of the devil-priestess. I climbed to the devil-house, one side of which was thrown open. A baby lay on the floor, eyes closed. Over it bent a woman, probably its mother, and several relatives, watching for any movement. A *mudan* or sorceress beat a drum, another danced, with much mystic waving of hands. Both chanted incessantly. The baby did not stir and I rejoined the abbess.

She showed me happily the contents of her brief case—two potatoes, some pickles, a live and lively chicken (the latter acceptable only to a Buddhist of liberal mind). She was ready to return to the convent.

Buddhism in Korea does nothing to lift the pall of medical superstition and suffering. Japanese doctors and health services are doing much. The work of American mission doctors has been brilliant. But perhaps the greatest credit of all is due to the young Korean doctors of the new school, for they alone have climbed steeply from an abyss. The fathers of some of them are old-time practitioners. Nearly five hundred modern doctors have been graduated from the great missionary institution, Severance Union Medical College, at Seoul. Others have been trained in the medical colleges of Japan. They are the medical hope of Korea—because mission doctors are few and Japanese doctors cannot be persuaded to bury themselves in the villages where most of Korea lives. The young Korean doctors are passionately devoted to their

country and their people—as the visitor finds out when they protest against his photographing primitive practices because they fear that the publicizing of superstition and ignorance will discredit their country. They fail to realize that credit comes not by concealing what is but by building what is to be.

IV

The plain truth is that Korea, while it has made a splendid beginning, is still in a pitiable plight. Millions have no doctors, no hospitals, no schools, and, worst of all, no reason for ambition. Effort seems to get them nowhere. While pushing forward they go backward.

"The most unfortunate aspect," admits the *Japan Times*, "has been the decline of the status of the farming population which has taken place hand in hand with increase in production of agricultural produce and even with increased investments and general raising of the land wealth of the country. . . . We thus witness in Chosen a development which has taken place to a degree in Japan also, namely the welfare of the agrarians being sacrificed for progress in the urban centers."

It would be unfair not to mention the splendid "Self-Help Movement" which is bringing relief to some farm communities. It was inaugurated by the government of Korea in 1933. Since the idea has somehow got round the world that everything takes five years to do, no more, no less, this also is a "five-year plan." The idea is to develop model villages which will serve as examples to surrounding villages. Forty-six hundred villages in all parts of Korea were selected and their transformation begun under Japanese advisers.

The motto of the movement is "Work!" Bells control the working day, ringing at six, at noon, an hour after noon and at six, with a retiring bell at ten. Relatives who come to visit may stay one day, then if they do not work they must go home. The labor supply on the land is doubled

by enlisting the women. Black is worn by ninety-five per cent of the 125,000 families involved in this experiment. Improved farming methods are taught. The yield has increased amazingly. For most of these families there is no more "spring suffering."

The Japanese talent for organization and compulsion brought prompt results. Even within the first year in the 99 model communities of South Chusei Province the land cultivated increased by 200 acres, the rice crop by 60,000 bushels, the cotton crop by 125,000 pounds, the oxen by 160. The number of chickens doubled, sericulture increased by a third, debts were reduced by 54,000 yen. Housewives, when measuring the rice for cooking, learned to put away a certain amount as savings. Also every family was expected to put 20 sen a month (6 cents U. S.) in a savings account.

Home industries occupy the winter hours. Instead of buying rubber shoes from Japan, the people are encouraged to make their own straw sandals. They weave mats for their own use and for sale—and these are carried to market by the women, not by the men, who would spend all the proceeds on drink on the way home. The model villagers themselves are dry or at least temperate. Liquors are out, lectures are in. Adult instruction emphasizes good citizenship and tries especially to give spiritual training, which it does with difficulty since it has no god to call upon. Christianity enrolls but a small percentage of the population and Buddhism has no grip. In Japan spiritual training centers upon the divine person of the Emperor. This imperative loses much of its force in the Korean mind, and ethics must do its best without mystic aid. Nevertheless, it does well, and a remarkable spirit of self-respect and co-operation for the common good has been built up in the model villages.

It would be hard to overestimate the value of the Self-Help Movement. But note well that it is *self-help*. Japan has learned from the West how to make the farmer hold up the state though he groan

under the burden. This is not a colonial policy but is applied also to farmers in the Japanese homeland. "Actual relief lies not so much in financial grants from the Treasury, but in the spirit of initiative on the part of the farming population," said Premier Okada in 1935. The next year he barely escaped assassination at the hands of young army officers, self-appointed champions of the farmers. Viscount Saito, when starving farmers appealed for help, sent them a sample of his handwriting as an inspiration. This was received with a profound show of appreciation. A few months later the donor was assassinated. Even the great, liberal-minded Finance Minister Takahashi, in his New Year's message in 1936 said, "I shall be gratified to see the farming community rise to prosperity through its own efforts." That was in January—he was assassinated in February. Agrarian resentment was not the only cause for these assassinations but it was one of the chief.

But Japan is used to all this. For a Japanese statesman to fall at the hand of an assassin is to die a natural death. Japan calmly continues to tax the farmer to raise money to pay out in large grants to industries, especially those industries which gird Japan for the coming test of war strength in the Far East.

Korea is an economic burden to Japan. More than a quarter century under Japanese administration, it still requires financial help. It is a luxury. The only way to get it out of the luxury class is by industrial development. The eighty-three per cent must wait until this is accomplished. So reasons Japan, and she will reason in the same way in Manchukuo, North China, and any other Oriental lands in which she may later become concerned. Japan has many enemies. A ring of steel must be erected round the Japanese Empire. All human sinews must be taxed to the utmost to provide the sinews of war. War sinews include iron, coal, oil, transportation, strong banks, active export trade in manufactured goods to pay for the things Japan

needs from abroad. Of course food is also necessary; but the urge of starvation is trusted to impel the farmers, or the farmers' wives and children after the men have gone to the front, to supply enough food.

In the operation of this plan no comfort lies ahead for Eastern Asia. Comfort is the last consideration; consolidation of the imperial power is the first. Japan means to use the agrarian 80 per cent of the 122,000,000 people of Korea, Manchukuo, and North China to subsidize industry and "defense." We may expect to see the suffering of the many become more intense, the wealth of the few greater, the banks stronger, money sounder, roads and railroads better, mines deeper, cities larger, Japanese advisers more numerous, native sons in high posts fewer, mechani-

cal education wider, and academic education narrower, the average life poorer, the state richer.

Some day when the objectives of national ambition have been reached, the multitude may come to have a share in the painfully acquired prosperity of the Empire,—but that time is far distant.

I returned to the convent with the abbess. We dined upon the chicken she had brought up in her brief case. We seemed far removed from the noise and misery of the valley.

"Now you have seen what 'civilization' can do for Asia," remarked the abbess. "Oh, I suppose the world must progress. But it is all so painful. I prefer this."

Her glance took in the old altar room and the Buddha in the glass case.

MAN MOVING WEST

BY GILBERT MAXWELL

I SAW you to-day in the great swarm moving west,
*A threadbare stranger shielded less than I;
 For you were a man undressed,
 Walking ashamed in the gaze of the passer-by.
 They had left of the cloak of your pride not even a shred.
 Your fear itself was outworn; your waste eyes said:
 Look at me—once I was shy
 And decently reticent
 As men have been before.
 But that was before my prime and my money went.
 Now I am no way secret any more.
 I walk here openly ill and underfed,
 A man not even death will take for friend;
 And I would the flesh that covers my bones were shed,
 And the bones themselves too brittle to break and mend.*



THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS

A STORY

BY JOHN STEINBECK

THE high gray-flannel fog of winter closed the Salinas Valley from the sky and from all the rest of the world. On every side it sat like a lid on the mountains and made of the great valley a closed pot. On the broad, level land floor the gang plows bit deep and left the black earth shining like metal where the shares had cut. On the foot-hill ranches across the Salinas River the yellow stubble fields seemed to be bathed in pale cold sunshine; but there was no sunshine in the valley now in December. The thick willow scrub along the river flamed with sharp and positive yellow leaves.

It was a time of quiet and of waiting. The air was cold and tender. A light wind blew up from the southwest so that the farmers were mildly hopeful of a good rain before long; but fog and rain do not go together.

Across the river, on Henry Allen's foot-hill ranch there was little work to be done, for the hay was cut and stored and the orchards were plowed up to receive the rain deeply when it should come. The cattle on the higher slopes were becoming shaggy and rough-coated.

Elisa Allen, working in her flower garden, looked down across the yard and saw Henry, her husband, talking to two men in business suits. The three of them stood by the tractor shed, each man with one foot on the side of the Little Fordson. They smoked cigarettes and studied the machine as they talked.

Elisa watched them for a moment and

then went back to her work. She was thirty-five. Her face was lean and strong and her eyes were as clear as water. Her figure looked blocked and heavy in her gardening costume, a man's black hat pulled low down over her eyes, clodhopper shoes, a figured print dress almost completely covered by a big corduroy apron with four big pockets to hold the snips, the trowel and scratcher, the seeds and the knife she worked with. She wore heavy leather gloves to protect her hands while she worked.

She was cutting down the old year's chrysanthemum stalks with a pair of short and powerful scissors. She looked down toward the men by the tractor shed now and then. Her face was eager and mature and handsome; even her work with the scissors was over-eager, over-powerful. The chrysanthemum stems seemed too small and easy for her energy.

She brushed a cloud of hair out of her eyes with the back of her glove, and left a smudge of earth on her cheek in doing it. Behind her stood the neat white farmhouse with red geraniums close-banked round it as high as the windows. It was a hard-swept looking little house, with hard-polished windows, and a clean mat on the front steps.

Elisa cast another glance toward the tractor shed. The stranger men were getting into their Ford Coupé. She took off a glove and put her strong fingers down into the forest of new green chrysanthemum sprouts that were growing round

the old roots. She spread the leaves and looked down among the close-growing stems. No aphids were there, no sow bugs nor snails nor cut worms. Her terrier fingers destroyed such pests before they could get started.

Elisa started at the sound of her husband's voice. He had come near quietly and he leaned over the wire fence that protected her flower garden from cattle and dogs and chickens.

"At it again," he said. "You've got a strong new crop coming."

Elisa straightened her back and pulled on the gardening glove again. "Yes. They'll be strong this coming year." In her tone and on her face there was a little smugness.

"You've got a gift with things," Henry observed. "Some of those yellow chrysanthemums you had last year were ten inches across. I wish you'd work out in the orchard and raise some apples that big."

Her eyes sharpened. "Maybe I could do it too. I've a gift with things all right. My mother had it. She could stick anything in the ground and make it grow. She said it was having planters' hands that knew how to do it."

"Well, it sure works with flowers," he said.

"Henry, who were those men you were talking to?"

"Why, sure, that's what I came to tell you. They were from the Western Meat Company. I sold those thirty head of three-year-old steers. Got nearly my own price too."

"Good," she said. "Good for you."

"And I thought," he continued, "I thought how it's Saturday afternoon, and we might go into Salinas for dinner at a restaurant and then to a picture show—to celebrate, you see."

"Good," she repeated. "Oh, yes. That will be good."

Henry put on his joking tone. "There's fights to-night. How'd you like to go to the fights?"

"Oh, no," she said breathlessly. "No, I wouldn't like fights."

"Just fooling, Elisa. We'll go to a movie. Let's see. It's two now. I'm going to take Scotty and bring down those steers from the hill. It'll take us maybe two hours. We'll go in town about five and have dinner at the Cominos Hotel. Like that?"

"Of course I'll like it. It's good to eat away from home."

"All right then. I'll go get up a couple of horses."

She said, "I'll have plenty of time to transplant some of these sets, I guess."

She heard her husband calling Scotty down by the barn. And a little later she saw the two men ride up the pale-yellow hillside in search of the steers.

There was a little square sandy bed kept for rooting the chrysanthemums. With her trowel she turned the soil over and over and smoothed it and patted it firm. Then she dug ten parallel trenches to receive the sets. Back at the chrysanthemum bed she pulled out the little crisp shoots, trimmed off the leaves of each one with her scissors, and laid it on a small orderly pile.

A squeak of wheels and plod of hoofs came from the road. Elisa looked up. The country road ran along the dense bank of willows and cottonwoods that bordered the river, and up this road came a curious vehicle, curiously drawn. It was an old spring-wagon, with a round canvas top on it like the cover of a prairie schooner. It was drawn by an old bay horse and a little gray-and-white burro. A big stubble-bearded man sat between the cover flaps and drove the crawling team. Underneath the wagon, between the hind wheels, a lean and rangy mongrel dog walked sedately. Words were painted on the canvas in clumsy, crooked letters. "Pots, pans, knives, scissors, lawn mowers, Fixed." Two rows of articles, and the triumphantly definitive "Fixed" below. The black paint had run down in little sharp points beneath each letter.

Elisa, squatting on the ground, watched to see the crazy loose-jointed wagon pass by. But it didn't pass. It turned into

the farm road in front of her house, crooked old wheels skirling and squeaking. The rangy dog darted from beneath the wheels and ran ahead. Instantly the two ranch shepherds flew out at him. Then all three stopped, and with stiff and quivering tails, with taut straight legs, with ambassadorial dignity, they slowly circled, sniffing daintily. The caravan pulled up to Elisa's wire fence and stopped. Now the newcomer dog, feeling outnumbered, lowered his tail and retired under the wagon with raised hackles and bared teeth.

The man on the wagon seat called out, "That's a bad dog in a fight when he gets started."

Elisa laughed. "I see he is. How soon does he generally get started?"

The man caught up her laughter and echoed it heartily. "Sometimes not for weeks and weeks," he said. He climbed stiffly down over the wheel. The horse and the donkey dropped like unwatered flowers.

Elisa saw that he was a very big man. Although his hair and beard were graying, he did not look old. His worn black suit was wrinkled and spotted with grease. The laughter had disappeared from his face and eyes the moment his laughing voice ceased. His eyes were dark and they were full of the brooding that gets in the eyes of teamsters and of sailors. The calloused hands he rested on the fence were cracked, and every crack was a black line. He took off his battered hat.

"I'm off my general road, ma'am," he said. "Does this dirt road cut over across the river to the Los Angeles highway?"

Elisa stood up and shoved the thick scissors in her apron pocket. "Well, yes, it does, but it winds around and then fords the river. I don't think your team could pull through the sand."

He replied with some asperity, "It might surprise you what them beasts can pull through."

"When they get started?" she asked.

He smiled for a second. "Yes. When they get started."

"Well," said Elisa, "I think you'll save

time if you go back to the Salinas road and pick up the highway there."

He drew a big finger down the chicken wire and made it sing. "I ain't in any hurry, ma'am. I go from Seattle to San Diego and back every year. Takes all my time. About six months each way. I aim to follow nice weather."

Elisa took off her gloves and stuffed them in the apron pocket with the scissors. She touched the under edge of her man's hat, searching for fugitive hairs. "That sounds like a nice kind of a way to live," she said.

He leaned confidentially over the fence. "Maybe you noticed the writing on my wagon. I mend pots and sharpen knives and scissors. You got any of them things to do?"

"Oh, no," she said quickly. "Nothing like that." Her eyes hardened with resistance.

"Scissors is the worst thing," he explained. "Most people just ruin scissors trying to sharpen 'em, but I know how. I got a special tool. It's a little bobbit kind of thing and patented. But it sure does the trick."

"No. My scissors are all sharp."

"All right then. Take a pot," he continued earnestly, "a bent pot or a pot with a hole. I can make it like new so you don't have to buy no new ones. That's a saving for you."

"No," she said shortly. "I tell you I have nothing like that for you to do."

His face fell to an exaggerated sadness. His voice took on a whining undertone. "I ain't had a thing to do to-day. Maybe I won't have no supper to-night. You see I'm off my regular road. I know folks on the highway clear from Seattle to San Diego. They save their things for me to sharpen up because they know I do it so good and save them money."

"I'm sorry," Elisa said irritably. "I haven't anything for you to do."

His eyes left her face and fell to searching the ground. They roamed about until they came to the chrysanthemum bed where she had been working. "What's them plants, ma'am?"

The irritation and resistance melted from Elisa's face. "Oh, those are chrysanthemums, giant whites and yellows. I raise them every year, bigger than anybody around here."

"Kind of a long-stemmed flower? Looks like a quick puff of colored smoke?" he asked.

"That's it. What a nice way to describe them."

"They smell kind of nasty till you get used to them," he said.

"It's a good bitter smell," she retorted, "not nasty at all."

He changed his tone quickly. "I like the smell myself."

"I had ten-inch blooms this year," she said.

The man leaned farther over the fence. "Look. I know a lady down the road a piece has got the nicest garden you ever seen. Got nearly every kind of flower but no chrysanthemums. Last time I was mending a copper-bottom wash tub for her (that's a hard job but I do it good), she said to me, 'If you ever run across some nice chrysanthemums I wish you'd try to get me a few seeds.' That's what she told me."

Elisa's eyes grew alert and eager. "She couldn't have known much about chrysanthemums. You *can* raise them from seed, but it's much easier to root the little sprouts you see there."

"Oh," he said. "I s'pose I can't take none to her then."

"Why yes, you can," Elisa cried. "I can put some in damp sand, and you can carry them right along with you. They'll take root in the pot if you keep them damp. And then she can transplant them."

"She'd sure like to have some, ma'am. You say they're nice ones?"

"Beautiful," she said. "Oh, beautiful." Her eyes shone. She tore off the battered hat and shook out her dark pretty hair. "I'll put them in a flower pot, and you can take them right with you. Come into the yard."

While the man came through the picket gate Elisa ran excitedly along the

geranium-bordered path to the back of the house. And she returned carrying a big red flower pot. The gloves were forgotten now. She knelt on the ground by the starting bed and dug up the sandy soil with her fingers and scooped it into the bright new flower pot. Then she picked up the little pile of shoots she had prepared. With her strong fingers she pressed them into the sand and tamped round them with her knuckles. The man stood over her. "I'll tell you what to do," she said. "You remember so you can tell the lady."

"Yes, I'll try to remember."

"Well, look. These will take root in about a month. Then she must set them out, about a foot apart in good rich earth like this, see?" She lifted a handful of dark soil for him to look at. "They'll grow fast and tall. Now remember this. In July tell her to cut them down, about eight inches from the ground."

"Before they bloom?" he asked.

"Yes, before they bloom." Her face was tight with eagerness. "They'll grow right up again. About the last of September the buds will start."

She stopped and seemed perplexed. "It's the budding that takes the most care," she said hesitantly. "I don't know how to tell you." She looked deep into his eyes searchingly. Her mouth opened a little, and she seemed to be listening. "I'll try to tell you," she said. "Did you ever hear of planting hands?"

"Can't say I have, ma'am."

"Well, I can only tell you what it feels like. It's when you're picking off the buds you don't want. Everything goes right down into your fingertips. You watch your fingers work. They do it themselves. You can feel how it is. They pick and pick the buds. They never make a mistake. They're with the plant. Do you see? Your fingers and the plant. You can feel that, right up your arm. They know. They never make a mistake. You can feel it. When you're like that you can't do anything wrong. Do you see that? Can you understand that?"

She was kneeling on the ground looking up at him. Her breast swelled passionately.

The man's eyes narrowed. He looked away self-consciously. "Maybe I know," he said. "Sometimes in the night in the wagon there—"

Elisa's voice grew husky. She broke in on him, "I've never lived as you do, but I know what you mean. When the night is dark—the stars are sharp-pointed, and there's quiet. Why, you rise up and up!"

Kneeling there, her hand went out toward his legs in the greasy black trousers. Her hesitant fingers almost touched the cloth. Then her hand dropped to the ground.

He said, "It's nice, just like you say. Only when you don't have no dinner it ain't."

She stood up then, very straight, and her face was ashamed. She held the flower pot out to him and placed it gently in his arms. "Here. Put it in your wagon, on the seat, where you can watch it. Maybe I can find something for you to do."

At the back of the house she dug in the can pile and found two old and battered aluminum sauce pans. She carried them back and gave them to him. "Here, maybe you can fix these."

His manner changed. He became professional. "Good as new I can fix them." At the back of his wagon he set a little anvil, and out of an oily tool box dug a small machine hammer. Elisa came through the gate to watch him while he pounded out the dents in the kettles. His mouth grew sure and knowing. At a difficult part of the work he sucked his under-lip.

"You sleep right in the wagon?" Elisa asked.

"Right in the wagon, ma'am. Rain or shine I'm dry as a cow in there."

"It must be nice," she said. "It must be very nice. I wish women could do such things."

"It ain't the right kind of a life for a woman."

Her upper lip raised a little, showing

her teeth. "How do you know? How can you tell?" she said.

"I don't know, ma'am," he protested. "Of course I don't know. Now here's your kettles, done. You don't have to buy no new ones."

"How much?"

"Oh, fifty cents'll do. I keep my prices down and my work good. That's why I have all them satisfied customers up and down the highway."

Elisa brought him a fifty-cent piece from the house and dropped it in his hand. "You might be surprised to have a rival sometime. I can sharpen scissors too. And I can beat the dents out of little pots. I could show you what a woman might do."

He put his hammer back in the oily box and shoved the little anvil out of sight. "It would be a lonely life for a woman, ma'am, and a scary life, too, with animals creeping under the wagon all night." He climbed over the singletree, steadying himself with a hand on the burro's white rump. He settled himself in the seat, picked up the lines. "Thank you kindly, ma'am," he said. "I'll do like you told me; I'll go back and catch the Salinas road."

"Mind," she called, "if you're long in getting there, keep the sand damp."

"Sand, ma'am?—Sand? Oh, sure. You mean around the chrysanthemums. Sure I will." He clucked his tongue. The beasts leaned luxuriously into their collars. The mongrel dog took his place between the back wheels. The wagon turned and crawled out the entrance road and back the way it had come, along the river.

Elisa stood in front of her wire fence watching the slow progress of the caravan. Her shoulders were straight, her head thrown back, her eyes half-closed, so that the scene came vaguely into them. Her lips moved silently, forming the words "Good-by—good-by." Then she whispered, "That's a bright direction. There's a glowing there." The sound of her whisper startled her. She shook herself free and looked about to see

whether anyone had been listening. Only the dogs had heard. They lifted their heads toward her from their sleeping in the dust, and then stretched out their chins and settled asleep again. Elisa turned and ran hurriedly into the house.

In the kitchen she reached behind the stove and felt the water tank. It was full of hot water from the noonday cooking. In the bathroom she tore off her soiled clothes and flung them into the corner. And then she scrubbed herself with a little block of pumice, legs and thighs, loins and chest and arms, until her skin was scratched and red. When she had dried herself she stood in front of a mirror in her bedroom and looked at her body. She tightened her stomach and threw out her chest. She turned and looked over her shoulder at her back.

After a while she began to dress slowly. She put on her newest underclothing and her nicest stockings and the dress which was the symbol of her prettiness. She worked carefully on her hair, pencilled her eyebrows, and rouged her lips.

Before she was finished she heard the little thunder of hoofs and the shouts of Henry and his helper as they drove the red steers into the corral. She heard the gate bang shut and set herself for Henry's arrival.

His step sounded on the porch. He entered the house calling, "Elisa, where are you?"

"In my room, dressing. I'm not ready. There's hot water for your bath. Hurry up. It's getting late."

When she heard him splashing in the tub, Elisa laid his dark suit on the bed, and shirt and socks and tie beside it. She stood his polished shoes on the floor beside the bed. Then she went to the porch and sat primly and stiffly down. She looked toward the river road where the willow-line was still yellow with frosted leaves so that under the high gray fog they seemed a thin band of sunshine. This was the only color in the gray afternoon. She sat unmoving for a long time.

Henry came banging out of the door, shoving his tie inside his vest as he came. Elisa stiffened and her face grew tight. Henry stopped short and looked at her. "Why—why, Elisa. You look so nice!" "Nice? You think I look nice? What do you mean by 'nice'?"

Henry blundered on. "I don't know. I mean you look different, strong and happy."

"I am strong? Yes, strong. What do you mean 'strong'?"

He looked bewildered. "You're playing some kind of a game," he said helplessly. "It's a kind of a play. You look strong enough to break a calf over your knee, happy enough to eat it like a watermelon."

For a second she lost her rigidity. "Henry! Don't talk like that. You didn't know what you said." She grew complete again. "I am strong," she boasted. "I never knew before how strong."

Henry looked down toward the tractor shed, and when he brought his eyes back to her, they were his own again. "I'll get out the car. You can put on your coat while I'm starting."

Elisa went into the house. She heard him drive to the gate and idle down his motor, and then she took a long time to put on her hat. She pulled it here and pressed it there. When Henry turned the motor off she slipped into her coat and went out.

The little roadster bounced along on the dirt road by the river, raising the birds and driving the rabbits into the brush. Two cranes flapped heavily over the willow-line and dropped into the river-bed.

Far ahead on the road Elisa saw a dark speck in the dust. She suddenly felt empty. She did not hear Henry's talk. She tried not to look; she did not want to see the little heap of sand and green shoots, but she could not help herself. The chrysanthemums lay in the road close to the wagon tracks. But not the pot; he had kept that. As the car passed them she remembered the good bitter

smell, and a little shudder went through her. She felt ashamed of her strong planter's hands, that were no use, lying palms up in her lap.

The roadster turned a bend and she saw the caravan ahead. She swung full round toward her husband so that she could not see the little covered wagon and the mismatched team as the car passed.

In a moment they had left behind them the man who had not known or needed to know what she said, the bargainer. She did not look back.

To Henry she said loudly, to be heard above the motor, "It will be good, to-night, a good dinner."

"Now you're changed again," Henry complained. He took one hand from the wheel and patted her knee. "I ought to take you in to dinner oftener. It would be good for both of us. We get so heavy out on the ranch."

"Henry," she asked, "could we have wine at dinner?"

"Sure. Say! That will be fine."

She was silent for a while; then she

said, "Henry, at those prize fights do the men hurt each other very much?"

"Sometimes a little, not often. Why?"

"Well, I've read how they break noses, and blood runs down their chests. I've read how the fighting gloves get heavy and soggy with blood."

He looked round at her. "What's the matter, Elisa? I didn't know you read things like that." He brought the car to a stop, then turned to the right over the Salinas River bridge.

"Do any women ever go to the fights?" she asked.

"Oh, sure, some. What's the matter, Elisa? Do you want to go? I don't think you'd like it, but I'll take you if you really want to go."

She relaxed limply in the seat. "Oh, no. No. I don't want to go. I'm sure I don't." Her face was turned away from him. "It will be enough if we can have wine. It will be plenty." She turned up her coat collar so he could not see that she was crying weakly—like an old woman.





POEMS ON THE WAR

BY EDWARD AMES RICHARDS

DINNER PARTY

THE war is swallowed with the steak and fish.
The blood is flavored with madame's bouquet.
These well-fed people have a well-fed way
Of eating what calamity they wish:
That is a thigh-bone in the silver dish,
This a hand with fingers cured away,
Try some of this breast, fresh-killed but yesterday.
And hear wine gurgle and the taffeta swish.
Fill you and gird for most delicious war
And swell your veins with the most glorious dead
Born and unborn, now before the start:
Bite what your appetite is reaching for.
Be not amazed when horror twirls your head
Nor when the poisoned year has burst your heart.

II

AT LAST CIVILIZED

And when the poisoned year has burst your heart
Then proudly recollect how all the graces
Bedecked your carcass, how of all proud races
Yours the proudest, and no height of art,
No depth of knowing, hidden from the dart
Of your tight-strung mind. You searched out all the places
Where men could live with light upon their faces
And marked how soft, how simply blown apart.
For all your bursted heart, what epic wit!
To know the whole world yours, but for the taking;
To see the whole race whole, but for the blasting—
None of the centuries can equal it—
The golden centuries you praise by breaking,
The golden times you prove not everlasting.



A WEEK IN PARADISE

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

IN THE very center of the Gulf of California a long threatened storm caught up with us and developed into the worst full gale of the year. The mirror of the gulf was breathed upon and fogged over by ripples which changed to waves, increasing swells, and finally spume-borne whistling winds. These in turn gave place to raging blasts and a blinding uproar which almost effaced the boundary between sea and air. Bubbles and foam commingled in a roaring mass—spindrift striving to become cloud, air-filled lather of wave-tops threatening to turn the whole Gulf into snow-white foam.

Snug below decks we held our dishes in our hands and, braced between bunk and walls, attempted no more than intermittent reading and sleeping, waiting for the captain *cum* compass *cum* chart to bring us to some stable haven if such still remained in this tossing world. Some time on Sunday I crept up and looked astern at the maelstrom which was our wake, and there, blown about like helpless motes, was a small company of storm petrels—all perfectly at home and safe amid the turmoil—using the very might of the gale to provide support for their tiny pinions, their only worry the scarcity of scraps available from our scanty meals.

After a day and a half of unceasing rolling among enormous waves we neared the high red cliffs which marked the harbor of Guaymas. In the very teeth of the lashing wind skeins of pelicans and boobies met us, while individual frigate-birds and black-headed gulls searched the air for eddies or crevices in the gale

through which they could make headway. A Mexican pilot was more or less washed aboard and took us into the deep winding harbor.

We were the twenty-fourth expedition of our department of tropical research of the New York Zoological Society, the yacht was the *Zaca*, and its owner and our *deus ex machina* was Templeton Crocker. Fish were our first concern, but were never to cloud our vital interest in ecology, or shall we say the interrelationships of the creatures sharing Earth with us.

Some of the most wonderful discoveries have been made by accident or inadvertence; one often gets the most penetrating visions by an oblique glance; and it was pure hunch which made me select the Bay of Santa Inez in which to spend the forthcoming week. Having raced to this Mexican port half way up the Gulf of California in the forefront of the gale, we now waited for the spindrift over the sea and the choking clouds of dust on land to settle, and meanwhile studied our charts.

My eye caught a cozy indentation in the coast straight across the Gulf, offering perfect shelter from another such storm, and the *West Coast Pilot* had paragraphs of beaches, undercut cliffs, shallows, reefs, and other formations dreaded by mariners but haunted by all manner of underwater creatures. And I like the name Santa Inez. In all this region one could not land on island or cape, enter bay or stream, touch at a point, cross plain or climb mountain without having to call them by one or another member of the saintly hierarchy. The early priests who

accompanied the conquistadores must have been aware that more lasting than altars or monasteries, more permanent than converts or conquests was geographical nomenclature. Now and then we can imagine one of these amazing holy men running out of godly names, for occasionally we find a group of islands otherwise dubbed in sheer desperation, "Todos Santos," or, again, "Las Virgenes." Here were point, bay, hill, and islands all consecrated to Santa Inez.

So it was that on the eighth of April we set forth from Guaymas and steered straight across the three hundred miles of what should rightly be called the Gulf of Cortez. Nowhere in the world have I ever known a storm to pass, to be completely and utterly obliterated as rapidly as here. Yesterday the water had been a mass of the smother of which I have written; to-day there was not a ripple on the expanse of the Gulf which could not be traced to bird, fish, or the *Zaca*; there was nothing with which to compare the calm but the wornout simile of mirror, and I almost thought to hear it crack as our bow broke through. Yet before we left Guaymas rumors had come to us of the terrible toll taken by the storm; a half dozen tuna boats had not been heard from and a steamer was on the rocks on the ocean side.

After drifting slowly all night about thirty miles off shore, we steamed in to an anchorage at daylight. The dead calm still prevailed and a man kept busy at the line and feather jig astern; first a gold-spotted cero mackerel, then skipjack after skipjack came in fighting. One of the latter had its right pectoral fin bitten off, but the only visible effect was the presence of more parasitic copepods than usual.

Pelicans dived in every direction, but rather languidly, being already probably quite stuffed with fish. Here the black-headed gulls hunted for themselves, racing toward every school of fry driven to the surface by unseen submarine enemies. Boobies sped past in twos and threes at full speed on urgent booby business; in the distance near shore long lines of

cormorants passed close to the water, having some excellent reason for fishing in thousands instead of singly or in trios. Scaup ducks endeavored to escape from our path, but could only flip helplessly along the surface, there being no wind upon which they could climb. We slowed up, the anchor rattled down, a great triggerfish came up on an eager fisherman's line, a big hammerhead shark completely encircled us, and we were at Inez.

II

We lay halfway between Santa Inez Island and Santa Inez Point which formed the northern boundary of the great Santa Inez Bay. And as the constant reiteration of the calendar of saints on this trip was getting on our nerves, we assumed an intimacy with the lady and called her and all her varied geographic features "Inez." When we rowed ashore we saw the blunt cape resolve into three sandy beaches and four rocky headlands. Behind them the dry desert, dotted with weird candelabra cacti, rose slope upon slope until they broke the skyline by profiles of crumpled purple mountains, with El Puro Ano rising a mile above the sea. In the center of the nearest headland was a long, narrow ebony stream of ancient lava, frozen hard in the midst of its headlong flow into the sea. It may have been two hundred or two thousand years since this river actually appeared from the depths of Mother Earth, but to-day, as far as appearance went, it needed only that indescribable but unforgettable flame-scarlet of molten rock to have poured forth overnight.

Alternating with these black, petrified rivers were others creamy white, composed of grains as fine as drops—streams of sand which filled to the brim all the valleys between the lava. The latter owed its origin and flow to terrific heat; the sand had been gathered and moved by high winds which had shifted it gradually into perfect water form.

The sand deltas which spread out into beaches renewed my shattered boyhood

faith in old tropical tales. All my life I had been disappointed in equatorial beaches, which seemed only in books of adventure to teem with life or to be covered with beautiful shells. But here was a conchologist's paradise, an aesthete's valhalla; for there appeared windrow upon windrow of perfect shells, of amazing size and of a host of species. Elongate, pure white spindles measuring full eight inches from tip to tip; conchs of various colors but always with saffron yellow as a base; great cockles like deep-ribbed, exquisitely molded cups shining golden in the sunlight; spiny murices with mouths of rich, warm rose; tall mitres running half the spectrum from pale green to deep, dark chestnut; pectens or scallops such as I had never imagined, "larger than life," one valve deep enough for any draught of thirsty pilgrim, the other flat as a medallion but more beautiful, all in shaded tones of wine. There were cones of beauty sufficient to hold a lover of shells speechless, palest pink with scrolls and strange, almost translatable characters etched in deep red; olive shells with mosaics of nameless browns, cowries such as made all of *Swiss Family Robinson* credible. We needed no excuse to begin to pick and pick eagerly until sheer weight of loot made us discard and choose more carefully. Tubs and bags were brought into use and filled to the brim on our next trip ashore. After the larger shells had been gleaned we went down on hands and knees and found a lesser world of equal joy and still more delicate sculpture and architecture.

I am truly sorry for anyone, be he technical conchologist or casual naturalist who, for some brief time, has never forgotten all science, all studied objectives, in a wild orgy over unadulterated beauty.

Round the next little indentation to the north, crossing two more streams, one of lava and the other of sand, I came suddenly upon a contemporary kitchen midden where Indians had recently been feasting—piles of edible mollusk shells and the remains of giant groupers. Eight skeletons of these huge fish were scattered

about in an unearthly assemblage of death, the half-open skulls grinning at us through serrated teeth. All trace of man was gone, but the recent tracks of coyotes showed that even desiccated bones wholly destitute of nourishment were loadstones to these ever-hungry wild creatures. As we examined the skeletons a pair of ravens flew croaking overhead, perhaps in the hope that one of us was a grouper in disguise who might by chance join the stranded relics.

Any visitor to the Bay of Santa Inez would be conscious only of a most perfect whole. Whatever came to the eye formed a harmonious quintet—air, water, earth, day, and night, and each was so calm, or so without breeze or ripple, moving dust, or disturbing change at dawn and evening that the entirety appeared unseamed and inseparable. But the peace and calm of the inorganic was permeated by swift life and swifter death; by ten thousand births every second and an equal number of lives snuffed out for all eternity.

We looked around and saw bay and land and sky in three dimensions, but the creatures which called these home had established their haunts in half a score as truly dimensional to them, as height, breadth, and depth to us.

The air close to the surface of the bay differed in no way, to our eyes, from that high in the heavens, but to the flyingfish it was a very special dimension—a temporary but vital sanctuary from onrushing death; likewise the hot atmosphere over and round the desert plants afforded support to the gray hummingbirds who hung upon nothing for so much of their lives. Not to labor this theme too much, let us quickly ascend, spiralling higher and higher until the bay changes to a tide-pool and the desert's edge to a handful of sand grains. Here, high over the land, swung the vultures, focussing with telescopic vision from ever-changing circles, upon death or the threat of death. A live jack-rabbit had no interest for them, but an ailing bird or a dead grasshopper was worth a descent. Over the bay floated other feathered motes, angular frigate-

birds who patiently watched for successful fishing boobies, from the same motive which inspires a marauding Arab on the lookout for a richly laden caravan.

We roamed at will over the mountains and tablelands without worry save for heat, drought, and thorns; but at the threshold of the water-world our human limitations required delicate readjustments and alterations in order to assure an acquaintance with life beneath the surface. The tide-pools of Inez offered few difficulties; water-glasses smoothed out all ripples aroused by our violent progress, and we reached and gleaned at will. The stones of Santa Inez offered sanctuary to many creatures, especially uncounted serpent stars and occasional living cowries. Sunstars, like fallen constellations, were scattered about, some with as many as thirteen to twenty arms—achieving success in life no better and no worse, as far as I could see, than their more conventional pentagonal cousins.

Through the pools there floated traceries of oblique emerald lines, joined with angles of orange and yellow; they slipped from under stones, mobile, chromatic designs. When captured, these peripatetic patterns proved to be external engravings upon shrimps—and shrimps so transparent that no part but the painted framework cast a shadow. Nudibranchs, the nudists of the snail world, were abundant, with soft flesh flaunting orange, black, turquoise, gold, and orchid hues, apparently proclaiming inedibility. We were not the only tide-pool fishers and now and then we frightened great white herons, great blues, and American egrets from their watchful waiting.

At a fathom's depth human impotence demands a diving helmet, and I found this coast a difficult one to navigate and explore. The giant boulders and the fissures in the lava half hidden by draped sargassum weed made it necessary to feel ahead at every step. Although the date was mid-April, the warm southern waters had still to make their way up the gulf and the cold at any considerable depth was cruel. Braced across a mammoth

crevice, I longed for prehensile toes and a curling tail to help maintain my position.

On this particular day when thus precariously balanced between heaven and the black depths at the outer edge of a submarine lava flow, a rare yellow-bellied blenny came suddenly from nowhere and peered into my helmet glass. By superhuman exertions I frightened him far enough away to line up and explode my bang-bang. An unexpected rush of waters threw me back and downward and I had to bring into play my arms, legs, and shoulders to keep from drifting out and far down. Then my net washed loose, sank to the deepest angle of my rocky fissure, and required five minutes of searching about with my feet before I retrieved it. Half clambering and half being rolled over the nearest ledge, I looked down and saw my stunned blenny disappearing into the mouth of a golden grouper, who was far too canny to come near enough to be shot in turn. These lovely fish were not rare in Santa Inez: I saw three at one time. Like black leopards, they are sports or color variations of their more common mottled brethren. Never to be forgotten is the apparition of one of these fish—sheer gold, seemingly self-luminous among the dark weed and black rocks.

III

Frank Taiga, the Samoan sailor, kept hinting in his gentle insistent way that spearing fish at night by electric light was exciting and would yield rare specimens. So one evening three of us started out in the dory and were towed to the nearest shore on the west side of the bay. The water was smooth as silk and the afterglow was dying down into the brief twilight of this temperate tropic zone. Before we reached shallow water the light of day had gone and the stars were out in full strength. There was not a breath of wind and the temperature was so perfect that it never occurred to us to think whether we were hot or cold.

We had two acetylene lamps and two strong flashlights, and, after experimenting, I hooked one of the former over the bow and curled up into a ball in the very prow, while Frank took up his position directly over me. No box or front row center ever afforded a better view than this. The light suspended below me gave a good general illumination, and when necessary I swung round the giant flash to light up some particular spot. The boat seemed to be floating upon air, or rather midway *in* the air; to our eyes the water simply did not exist. From the sand, with roots hidden and anchored on some concealed rock or great shell, rose the long strands of sargassum weed. Sometimes we passed through great masses, the last upper foot or yard of the stems floating upon the surface, showing delicate foliage and inconspicuous berries.

A faint white circle now and then moved gently over the sand, whereupon our harpoonsman would make a beautiful throw and bring up a sting ray, perhaps pale creamy white with a dozen black spots on the back, or again one which had concentric lines of dark color round the rim of the disk. Once a huge long-tailed ray flew past and we missed, but later a smaller one was harpooned. Large girellas or opal-eyes clung to the edges of overhanging rocks and we had to wait and catch them when they showed for a moment. They appeared dark green in the flashlight with four conspicuous light spots along the back near the dorsal fin. Now and then I caught a glimpse of a sand-white wrasse, or gars half a yard long shot past. Halfbeaks occasionally bothered us by skittering and leaping at my light, thus shattering the mirror of the waters and making it difficult to see the bottom. But for the most part even the sand grains and the minute details of the rock ledges were distinct.

Once while my attention was directed to the left, a strike was made to the right and immediately a great flood of jet-black ink diffused through the water. The pole was almost wrenched out of his hand

and, steadying it, Frank leaped overboard in about eight feet of water. Working down the pole he struggled blindly at the rock and beneath it. Twice he had to climb up and twist his head out for air, but after a single gasp he went down again. Three times he submerged, the last period seeming to run into minutes. I was quite out of breath in sympathy when he came up at last with a great octopus twisting round his arm. It was a beautiful deep shade of green, but shifted color to a creamy white almost as rapidly as it changed holds. When we flicked it off the barbs it fled up the side of the pail and found lodgment in the water beneath the floor boards of the dory.

The most interesting feature of the whole evening was the sleeping postures of the fish. Some of the groupers rested flat on the sand, on even keel or listing to port, but absolutely quiet even when the light struck full upon them. Several rockfish, one of which we speared, were leaning against rocks or lying on their sides fast asleep. Most amusing of all were the puffers, who reminded me of old gentlemen asleep in their chairs at the club. Several times we met single ones drifting slowly near the surface, paying no attention to the flash and apparently asleep on their fins. These somnolent drifters were most brilliantly colored, with circles and bands bright yellow and the background jet black. On the sand in the shallows near shore we passed over hundreds upon hundreds of puffers clustered close together. Two or three occasionally were piled half over one another, while five or six would sometimes be lying head to tail or side by side. At one place we counted sixty within range of the light, sleeping right side up, not buried but nearly all with a thin coating of sand thrown over their backs. This in no way disguised them, and from their conspicuousness and fearlessness they seemed to have little dread of attack. Once when we frightened a good-sized sting ray it swam swiftly over the sleeping fish, close to the sand, and twenty or thirty startled puffers woke up and rushed

about in all directions, banking blindly into the rocks and weed.

One reason for the slumber of the puffers and the wakefulness of the rays was to be found in their respective diets. The former were feeding almost exclusively on mollusks, whose shells they crushed, thus swallowing both animal and shell. This food could be found and secured in the daytime, but the rays and skates had to search through the night for their amazing diet of polychaete worms, chiefly those with sharp, stinging spicules, creatures which never dared to leave their hiding places in the light of day.

Almost the last fish to be taken on our night spearing expedition was a large brown eel and when, on the deck of the *Zaca*, we examined his stomach we found that the immunity of the puffers was not as complete as we had thought, for the eel had swallowed one of these fish, eight inches in length and quite whole.

In order to include in our study every type of area in the bay, on the third day of our stay we weighed anchor and made four dredge hauls in thirty to fifty fathoms on the verge of the outer deep. Every haul was different. One was heavy with black gravel, almost lava sand, and contained shells in large numbers, mostly empty of original owners but full of active hermit crabs. In another dredge were seventy-seven great, yellow-green sea cucumbers with a double row of black ventral spots. We set aside several for preservation and found they were a new species which was later named *Holothuria zaca*.

With a sharp knife Pemasa went through the remainder with true Samoan patience, slitting each one and searching for possible guests. None was found until from almost the last individual a silvery form slipped out and we had our first pearlfish or *Fierasfer*.

This was an elongate, slender, eel-like being of whose life we know little except that it seems to spend most of its days and nights in the black interior of these sea cucumbers or, what would seem more

pleasant accommodations, within the shells of pearl oysters. Some of the characters of the pearlfish seemed reasonably connected with their peculiar living quarters, such as the thin, papery skulls—heavy bones being useless—and the transparent skin through which the backbone and blood-vessels showed plainly. The pectoral fins were fleshy, more serviceable in pushing about among the various internal organs of their host than in swimming in the open sea. But it was difficult to explain why the lips and the interior of the mouth should be jet black and the body cavity silvery nor why the eyes on the flattened head were so arranged that their normal gaze was upward. In full sunlight the color of the fish was a blazing intermingling of iridescent silver, bronze, and blue, obviously a by-product and a complete antithesis to their dark abode. It is this superficial glory which has given them the name of *Fierasfer*.

The commonest habit of sea cucumbers when annoyed is to discard practically all their internal organs, then to wait patiently until time has regenerated a new set, so that they can eat, drink, and bring about whatever a holothurian can in the way of merriment. It must be bad enough, in our biased opinion, to have to spend one's life in such depressing surroundings, in such a completely unattractive environment; but think of the added dismay and humiliation to a pearlfish of being dispossessed at the whim of a landlord and finding himself homeless in some street of the deep sea!

As the air to a bird, the ground to a mole, the north to the needle, so is an island to me. I had rejoiced at the two tiny islets on the outer rim of Inez Bay when we had first passed them on our way to anchorage, and a few days later, on Easter Sunday, we set out to visit them with launch and dinghy. Just before we started four Mexicans appeared suddenly from nowhere in a leaky dugout with oval-bladed Indian paddles. They said they lived some distance to the north but at present were trapping lobsters and

catching turtles off the same Inez Island toward which we were headed.

When we reached the shallow water off the west side of the island we found the bottom sandy with scattered but very dense growths of fine-leaved sargassum weed. Pushing through it, we landed in a diminutive bay with a sandy beach and found there the camp of the Mexican turtlers whom we had left at the *Zaca*. It was interesting to see how all the needs of these men could be satisfied with the least common multiple of possessions. A pitiful little boat was drawn up with two sails so porous and small that they seemed hardly worth while. The sails were stretched against a bit of rocky bank shading a pair of large green turtles lying on their backs and trussed motionless by having their front flippers tied together across their shells. Nearby beneath the same shelter was the only sign of food, if such it could be called—a pile of salted but odorous and fly-covered chubs. Scattered about were the rest of their possessions, several thin serapes and still thinner pillows held down by a turtle shell, and a small keg of fresh water protected from the sun by another of these useful shells. Huge tin spoons and small tin dishes composed their plate, a bag of salt and a bottle of oil their condiments, while a hollowed shell filled with turtle oil provided their only source of illumination. Since the island was destitute of firewood, a small bundle had been brought from the mainland. At the upper rim of the beach was a small, burned-out fire with a half-broiled chub on it. A pair of ravens and several gulls wrangled over another fish at the water's edge, but did not dare to go under the sheltering sail and disturb the salted provisions. Here was an epitome of the household lares and penates of the Mexican fishers.

About the beach lay dozens of weathered and whitened skulls and shells of turtles and tails of sharks, marking captures of other years and recalling certain Galapagos landscapes. While we were examining the cache of the Mexicans, one of us wading about in the sargassum,

spearred four eels, three of which were vicious green morays and the fourth the painted species, gay with its row of yellow spots. I found the water colder even than that five fathoms down beneath the *Zaca*.

We made a circuit of the island, photographing and collecting. It proved to be a mere speck of land raised above the water on the rim of the bay, and on the brink of the sheer drop into the depths of the outer gulf. It was a mile long and a third as wide, and its greatest height was all of thirty feet. Yet every moment of our stay was so full of discoveries that I longed for a solid week on it, when the lesser struggles for existence and the more perfect adaptations to this small cosmos would begin to be apparent.

The bird life was the most conspicuous. The south end frayed out into a diminutive archipelago of rocks and all the pelicans which could find room to perch had come and done so. The cormorants preferred the opposite end. On the island were five living ospreys, two of them mated, and a sixth dead bird. Seven old nests were deserted although still forming lopsided but compact piles of rubbish in spite of the blasts of winter storms. Two newly built nests with fresh lining marked the extreme east and west shores, and the owners were much worried about the human intruders, and also about a pair of ravens which followed us everywhere. High in the air frigatebirds and vultures soared, eyeing us hopefully, praying for some miracle of fish or other manna.

The composition of the nests of the fish-hawks was almost museumlike—dozens of red and yellow sea-fans, sticks, feathers, skeletons of fish, desiccated bushes, sea-shells, turtle skulls, starfish, and even the dried skin of a grebe which had been turned inside out by some taxidermic ornithologist and then lost. Close to one nest, as if dragged thither, was the amazingly lifelike shape of a young mummified sea-lion.

On the east side we found insects in uncounted hosts, all of one species, a little, pale-brown flower beetle. Near the shore

they covered everything—plants, stranded sargassum, rocks, cacti, one's clothes and face—and hundreds flew uncertainly about in the air and dusted the water for yards. I found they were a most important item in the ecology of Inez Island, forming the chief food of other insects, lizards, crabs, fish, and birds. As a matter of routine I collected a dozen of the beetles, thinking they must be of some widespread, abundant form. Instead they proved to be a new species, which all unconsciously has now been burdened with the name of *Monoxia beebei*.

The strangest thing about the island was two graves placed on the skyline with a wooden cross over each. Above the landing beach a stone wall had been built with great expense of energy, in this climate, in the shape of a right angle about forty feet long. It had no reason to be that we could see, and the shell of a mighty turtle braced upright at the inner angle did nothing to clarify its use. From this altar, or whatever it was, a wide lane of large, isolated stones led to the two graves. These were three-by-ten-foot rectangles of stones, ornamented with pearl shells, but giving no hint of whether they were of Indian or Mexican origin.

As we left the island there occurred one of those amazing occasional concentrations of life in and above the water. When we pushed off there was nothing unusual to be seen, but suddenly, like the unnoticed onrush of a squall, the whole surface of the gulf nearby was churned into a mass of foam and splashing waters. Unbelievable myriads of silver fry leaped in solid sheets and waves, rushing headlong toward us and the shore, pursued and driven into the air by innumerable fish. The air was filled with screaming, fluttering black-headed gulls, while pelicans and boobies dived in all directions around us, close to the boat like an unending barrage. The sound of the striking and rising birds and the thrashing fish was like the roar of some great rapid or waterfall. We shut off the engine and floated quietly, and the maelstrom approached and passed, the water

around and beneath us filled for a time with dark, swift-moving forms in addition to those leaping forth in a mighty circle around the boat. Before five more minutes had passed the last fish and bird had vanished, the former diving to at least temporary safety, the latter already far away, on their path to nest or roosting place. The gulf was again a mirror, the throb of our engine the only sound.

IV

On the evening of the sixteenth of April, our last in Inez Bay, I sat in a deck chair and watched the spreading glory of the sunset cool itself on the distant purple mountains. The darkness was not so much an active shutting down as we usually think of it, as it was a withdrawing of light. And in Inez Bay such fine distinctions are important, even if born of mental rather than physical stimulus.

I thought over our memorable week and the aspect of humanlessness came first to mind. Twice only had we seen any signs of mankind, once when four Indians floated past in their canoe, watching us, and again when we had brief intercourse with the Mexican turtles. In both cases no one seemed to have watched them go. The Indians had sent a bloodcurdling yell at us and paddled northward with all their might; the Mexicans, with a gentle "*Adios, Señores,*" pushed off from the *Zaca's* side. But after that no one saw them again. It was part of the magic of Inez; they had appeared from nowhere and then simply dematerialized like fish at a distance to a diver's eye—they vanished down no road, by no compass.

Once in the desert I had come upon a ghost trail with whitened stone markers, and cactus pretending to be telegraph poles. It was said to go on until it came to a place called Mulegè, where the *Coast Pilot* absurdly located people—dozens of them—and sweet-water springs and such long-forgotten growths as palms, oranges, and bananas. We knew that such things had no substance near Inez; we were the

only beings left in the world. We even read of a date, 1705, when a mission was established at this mythical town. But while we mouthed some such statement as that we had been here for eight days, yet it had no real significance; time, like the days and nights, were for us at Inez scarcely observable illusions.

Another characteristic making for this unreality was the silence of the bay, combined with an unbelievable sensitiveness to sound. As I sat on deck the darkness brought nothing to my ears but an occasional sigh from porpoise or dolphin, schools of both coming at night to have a look at us. On other evenings the excited shouts and calls of the harpooning party over some capture came clearly from a mile away, and as instantly died out. In the desert the songs of birds had attentively to be listened for, to separate them from the all-pervading quiet; the wings of a hummingbird made a very audible whirlpool of sound in the hot air. Throughout our stay there had not been enough breeze for the least sigh of foliage, nor sufficient restlessness of water for the sound of lapping. The gentle movement of the surface, the shifting haze on the distant mountains, the heavy dew at night—all came and passed in silence.

After the tearing dust storms and raging waves at Guaymas the Inez region left us feeling that we had spent this part of our lives in a great room. Our Zacian life, troubled with so few clothes, our eating and working on deck contributed to this. Sleep had been so sound that our cabins came to mean little more than a larger darkness than that enclosed beneath our eyelids. The sky was always clear, wholly free from clouds, or with only those mists which materialized like the Indians, casting no definite shadows, and for lack of even a breath of air failing to attract any attention from movement. The only shadows from the heavens were those of vultures and frigatebirds, or the black arrow of a diving pelican rushing headlong to meet its substance at the surface. The light, while strong and bril-

liant, never disturbed our eyes. No one used dark glasses, and only the glory of the morning and the evening of Earth's quiet revolutions made us conscious of the sun. The sky was the domed ceiling of our room at Inez, reaching down to the peaks and islands, which in turn formed a rose and buff moulding in the distance, rising high into walls above our heads when we came close to them. The quietness and solidity of the water of the bay made a boat seem needless; often it would have required only a very slight accretion of Faith to have made of me a successful St. Peter. And in the center of it all the *Zaca* was a focus of comfort, providing laboratory, library, bed, food, drink.

To one of the gods looking down from high overhead we must have presented an amusing sight: Creeping forth like ants at the tinkling of seven bells, clambering into tiny affairs of hollowed wood and scurrying over the face of the waters in all directions; some to cast out a long length of coarse fabric, draw it in to shore and eagerly gather minute silvery motes entangled therein; others to incase their heads in a queer metal contrivance and sink for a short space of time beneath the surface, there to produce a sharp sound and come up, grasping one or more silvery specks. Various threads dangled from the edge of the central aquatic nest or hive, and now and then these were pulled up with wriggling beings at the ends. After dark, large brown men fiercely thrust slivers of steel beneath the water in the path of a small light, impaling more submarine creatures. And so throughout the days and far into every night.

Strangely enough we were almost satisfied with the scientific work we had accomplished—work of no immediate use to mankind, of no political or cash value, but as far as it went, a thorough and accurate study of the lives of some of the inhabitants of Inez—creatures whose residence went far back of the lava flows, to be reckoned in millions of years. These "oldest inhabitants" had filled our week with the vital interest which only naturalists know.



MORE LETTERS OF JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

EDITED BY M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

LETTERS of John Jay Chapman already printed in this magazine will have given its readers some taste of his unique qualities and gifts. They are printed, however, not so much for this purpose as for their own virtue in provocative and entertaining comment on persons, books, and affairs.

Through a lifetime of more than seventy years, which ended less than four years ago, Chapman was in a fortunate position to observe many characteristic phases of the closing nineteenth and opening twentieth century in America—and that with a vision which made his observations worth heeding. In the September HARPER's these had to do chiefly with the earlier time. Now he comes, in letters of the present century, nearer to our own day. Inalienably American as he was, his contacts with Europe were close and frequent. In the following selections from his correspondence it has, therefore, seemed well to give considerable space to letters from Europe and to Europeans. The mischievous boy and the ageless prophet, equally imperishable in him, held their way, side by side, throughout his life.

TO ELIZABETH CHANLER CHAPMAN

Munich
April 14, 1908

... I like the Bavarian women—I saw four thousand of them at the music. Of course it is an exaggeration—but I will say that I never saw a Bavarian woman that I wouldn't willingly marry before sunset.

But I am old. Why should I talk of

these things? Candor compels me to question their mode of dress. They are not ashamed of the body. They have never reflected that the average female is not physically beautiful. When very young she is skinny. In middle life she is baggy—in later life she is bulgy. The Bavarian women accept all this, and simply wind or lay thin stuffs against the body—nothing stiff, nothing pleated—in youth they lay them on up and down; in later life round and round, but always thin. The stomach appears as a stomach—the breast as a breast. They are completely unconscious and simple. I like them better than any women I ever saw anywhere. They are educated—equal to men? no—but clever and nice. The most, best womanly women in the world. They are like Eve. All of them are so. The old and the young. . . .

TO THE SAME

[While the Chapmans were abroad in the winter of 1911 Chapman left his wife for a few days at Naples, to visit their lifelong friend Etta Dunham, married to Count Antonio de Viti de Marco in Rome. Two letters to Naples recount a warm-hearted reunion and the splendors of Roman society. The following gay passages are, however, the most characteristic.]

Saturday

P.S. I am having some gold fringe put on my pants and I have assumed the title of Monsignore. It is amazing how easily gentility sits on me. I believe some people are just naturally swells—you know what I mean—and fit well in palaces and eat good food naturally and without effort. I remember the first royal palace

I saw—seemed to me—gave me a feeling—just like the old homestead. I often think that Grandma Jones used to say, "the Chapmans were once Kings." Dear old Grandpa, with his old cotton socks, wouldn't he be proud if he could see me he-hawing and chaw-chawing with Roman princes!

Sunday morning
Feb. 12, 1911

I begin the day with breakfast in bed—as I know the Vitis don't get up early and I feel as if this were more restful to the household, I am so unselfish in small matters. Also—the second man-servant began talking about *my bath* as soon as I arrived yesterday, and whether I would like it wet or dry or hot or on toast, and that he would prepare it. He began again at dawn. Well, I did a very mean thing to that man. I took my bath and never told him about it till afterward. But I can't help feeling that *by taking breakfast in bed* I regained his respect and love.

I am reading old Florentine lyrics in the book I got at Spithövers—and may rake up a Theocritus—though S. didn't have any. I didn't spill any egg in the bed—(or very little) and to show how one ill act leads to another, I ate my eggs out of my coffee cup—so had to drink my coffee out of the water glass by my bedside—so, now that they have taken the tray away—I have to drink out of the water bottle all day—And every drink I take, I say this shows! Let this be a lesson to you! . . .

TO WILLIAM (NOW SIR WILLIAM)
ROTHENSTEIN

March 8, 1913

MY DEAR ROTHENSTEIN,

I have been so very busy that I've not had time to drop you a line to say that I saw Tagore and was most interested in him; and I would have heard him lecture, but was telegraphed back to New York from Cambridge (where I happened to be staying at the time of Tagore's lecture) by the news of my wife's sudden seizure and operation for appendicitis. (This

was three weeks ago—and she is doing finely and has had a model recovery.)

I went to see Tagore with reluctance.* He telephoned me with reluctance. He doesn't want to see *anyone*, and I don't want to see a man whose seclusion is so self-conscious and who is a little *afraid*. But both of us "done noble" for the sake of Rothenstein, and came together, and bore with each other for half an hour—and I am extremely delighted to have looked at him, and profoundly moved with the reality of his power and his relationship to the unseen. He is a little unhealthy. His voice is falsetto and his moral being, *hot house*. I speak as a fool, of course; because what do I know?

Abdul Baha—if that is the right name, the Persian—happened to be here in the autumn and by some accident I went to see him. (It's a funny business to be in—visiting prophets—and was accident in both cases.) Well, I liked Abdul the better of the two. He could sit in the sun and talk to children. He reminded me of the Book of Job—one of Job's counsellors, the sort of old man that has always been sitting about in Syria and the land of Uz. A great and good man. But this Indian was *specialized*, and corresponded so wonderfully with everything I ever heard about India, or read, or dreamed. It's a land of special powers—special controls, special miracles, insights, tricks, illuminations, divinities, devilries, and special learnings. I looked upon him with wonder and enthusiasm, but with a little repulsion too—not that either, but rather as one feels toward a very luxurious invalid.

We have had a mixed up winter, owing to my mother's long and serious illness, my brother's death, some new sociological experiments of our own, and the unquietness of the Universe which will not let us alone; but keeps thrusting itself in and booming and banging. It never leaves the room without banging the door, or enters except by falling into the center of the room and raising a howl.

* Rothenstein had provided Tagore with a letter of introduction to Chapman.

My wife sends you her affectionate regards. She says that Chanler's picture is a constant source of happiness to her.

Very sincerely always

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

TO SAMUEL S. DRURY

May 18, 1914

O THOU SCHOOLMASTER!

—I never got a mark higher than 75 per cent in my life; and I have a strong prejudice against any boy who can get such marks. It means low ambitions. An endeavor to please the elders is at the bottom of high marks and of mediocre careers.

I know that distorted natures are needed by the world. Society requires them. The schoolmaster, the editor, the picture-dealer, the perambulant Jew who buys calves and broken horseshoes, all are useful in the operations of cosmic force. And great mother nature puts forth also anti-toxins against them—poets, parents, artists, and men of heart.

J. J. C.

TO HIS MOTHER (MRS. HENRY G. CHAPMAN)

On Board the *Provence*

June 21, 1914

DEAR MAMA,

I never enjoyed a voyage so much; and I think the French are the only people who understand ocean travel. The arrangements, customs, food, and service are infinitely better than on the swinish German steamers or the brutal Britons. I'd rather go to the bottom with the French than float about eternally with the beastly Teutons. Although the ship is or *must be* so full, it doesn't seem crowded. The stewards and stewardesses are polite and efficient. The sea is calm—that's a great point and much to the credit of the French. Scarcely anyone drinks anything. When I consider the cork-popping on the German line—the hours over swilling tables of odious food—the gross salutations and imprecations from unwiped lips—calling a blessing upon the indulgence—I shudder. The boys are ex-

tremely happy and do lots of work every day. I have taken the time to read Bright's *Life* with more care than I should have given on land. It gives me the best glimpse into English politics that I've ever had. Bright himself was so bored with the fictitious character of the English system—the fact that it is all a *game*. But I think he was the greatest figure of the century in English politics so far as enduring interest goes. The rest are so mad about ephemeral details that one forgets and confuses them. Bright has always in mind something that *remains true*. Just now the Jingoers are on top and it may be a long time—before the little-England point of view comes to the front again. One would think from reading this life of Bright that Disraeli had made a failure. But if you go to England you find Bright forgotten and Disraeli their *great man*—their George Washington. I say this to their shame: for I think Dizzy was a humbug and quite properly stands for *all the humbug* in British life—which under the present Imperialism is particularly rampant. . . .

I shall go so far as to encourage their industries by purchasing two or three light flannel suits later in the summer and perhaps a tweed sporting suit. The absurd fondness for sport has this good in it that it produces wonderful men's clothes. At the sacrifice of all reason art is produced—as usual. Umbrellas too are good. I shall call on the Laugels and Ferays of course—and immediately—as we hope to leave Paris almost at once.

Your affectionate son

JACK

TO MRS. HENRY COPLEY GREENE

[*The Coatesville incident to which this letter refers was a remarkable incident in Chapman's life—his holding a prayer meeting in Coatesville, Pennsylvania, on the first anniversary of the lynching of a Negro in that town.*]

325 W. 82 St., N. Y.

Feb. 21, 1918

MY DEAR MRS. GREENE,

. . . The Fourth of July religious celebration is a splendid idea—though just

what to attempt, and what scale to do it on, and what part to do, is a separate problem for each person. There are managers and propagandists and I don't think one can control what they shall do. The thing must be a growth—and the people must appear out of the times and do it.

My own instinct, I mean so far as what I do myself, is to keep out of the organizing part of things. I don't want to bother you with talk about myself; but I want you to understand. After a good many years of organizing clubs, meetings, demonstrations, etc. I retired from this kind of work. I had a temptation at the time of the Coatesville incident—to get up a vast, national annual prayer meeting at Coatesville—to which every town should send suppliants—a sort of penitential pilgrimage. The country had been so shocked by the episode that I felt as if the whole country would respond to an appeal if made by a group of leading men and women of all sorts—perhaps build a chapel at Coatesville and have the name come to signify *expiation*. Well, I ended by seeing that the thing to do was to go there alone—and my wife, who had fears for my life—which, by the way, were quite fantastic—insisted on my taking a friend. I asked one man, and he wouldn't go—so a very remarkable woman, sort of healing priestess of the New Thought kind, went with me. So you see prayers on a small scale and in a back room seem to me the way to begin—and without waiting for the Fourth of July. Though if some Fourth of July ceremonies come out of it—very well.

I am not saying any of this as advice or suggestion to you or to anybody. There are so many kinds of people and modes in which they require expression that one ought not to try to direct them—least of all to repress them. The thing at the bottom of the desire—must and will create its own machinery. It's an invisible thing. . . .

TO ELIZABETH CHANLER CHAPMAN

[This was written after a diatribe, in a letter of the day before, against a sermon to

schoolboys, a sermon "of the O-you-boy-are-you-religious? variety—and O-boy-do-you-love-God—and you just better—that's all we want you to do."]

Rochester

Feb. 25, 1918

. . . P.S. The matter with the clergy is perhaps that they profess to *teach Christ*. Can you imagine anyone being such an ass? They think they have got the thing and that they can hand it round. I know this illusion goes back to Christ's words—"preach the Gospel." But Christ meant preach to the people who didn't have it. He surely never intended to set those robustious fellows bellowing at the world *forever*.

At any rate the *preaching* of the gospel is played out or at any rate over done. Do you know I sort of wish that Christ had never made the suggestion. Suppose he had said—Be ye my Gospel, but preach not often. Something that was *humane*—(for of course they'd bust if they didn't preach) and yet a curb. Strange fact: piety without intellect doesn't make a good preacher; and intellect without piety sometimes does. . . .

TO SAMUEL S. DRURY

325 W. 82 St., N. Y.

Feb. 17, 1919

DEAR DR. DRURY,

It seems to me on second thoughts rather absurd for me to write to a lot of the trustees; for I only have one thing to say, and I will write it to you and you can tell as much as you like of it to the trustees, or nothing.

During the last half century all American schools, charities, and churches have constantly needed more money, and the tendency has been to put business men on their boards—successful, practical, and if possible, rich business men. The result is that such men preponderate in the management of our spiritual affairs.

There is a free-masonry among them which makes them trust their own kind and distrust men who don't understand money, and men who haven't got money, because they regard such men as unsafe.

This process has brought Harvard University to a standstill. I don't know what is going to become of it during the next twenty-five years. Its management is today a pile of corn-cobs and this is sure to be found out. It has happened innocently. No one is to blame.

Now in looking over the list of Trustees of St. Paul's they seem to me to be a strong lot of men to run a bank, just as the Harvard Corporation is a strong lot of men to run a bank; but the purely intellectual or spiritual element is weak. And I know that if you try to put on a man whose fitness is purely moral—such a man, for instance, as Prescott Evarts was thirty years ago (for he's too old now)—you'll find that it can't be done without a cleaver. No one is to blame for this: it's the universal condition in America.

If Harvard had made it a rule to keep one man of purely intellectual pursuits—and one of their biggest men, Royce, James, Palmer—on their board of Corporators the College would never have got into its present shape. William Lawrence won't do. He's too rich and not an intellectual.

Now a schoolmaster is the whole school in one sense, but not in another; and no matter what you do for the school you can't protect it against the future—entirely. But it seems to me that you've got to regard the Board of Trustees as part of your charge, and introduce some tradition of pure spirit among them. . . . It crosses my mind that someone may suggest me. But I haven't gone on any board for twenty years. It means suffering for everyone; and I shall never go on another. . . .

TO MRS. WILLIAM ASTOR CHANLER

[*A bust of Chapman had just been made by the Russian sculptor, Seraphin Sondbinin.*]

SYLVANIA

BARRYTOWN-ON-HUDSON

July 3, 1923

DEAR BEATRICE,

Elizabeth and I went to see the bust. It is in Scott and Fowles' strong room and

no eye is to view it till the great moment. It is undoubtedly the finest bust of modern times. It is rather more like Michael Angelo than like me—and where it leaves off resembling Michael Angelo it moves on to John Brown, Brahms, Victor Hugo, Euripides—(only better looking). The trouble is that people will say, "But where are the *works* of this man?" I am having an inscription in archaic Greek incised on the neck—saying "The works of this man perished in the Eruption of Vesuvius." Think of poor old *père de famille* Sondbinin having done a thing like that! I must *do* something for Sondbinin—mention him in my book about Russia. . . .

TO THE SAME

SYLVANIA

BARRYTOWN-ON-HUDSON

Saturday

Oct. 12 (about), 1923

DEAR BEATRICE,

Sometimes I lie awake at night and think about my bust. I don't suppose enough people will ever see it. I think there ought to be a few copies made for museums and public parks, and perhaps here and there a rotunda with a copy in it.

Do you suppose—but don't repeat this—I mean do you suppose it is a little theatrical and that in seven or eight hundred years and during some period of very reticent classic taste somebody may think it *exaggerated*, and suggest that I didn't really look like that?—That is what keeps me awake sometimes. Don't *write* me about this but tell me when you see me. For in writing you might say something that *hurt* me, and then I couldn't get it explained without waiting *several days*. I took somebody to see the bust the other day—I forget who it was. I forgot all about him when the store man carted the bust in (they ought to have two men)—lugged it in—and there it raged and stormed and radiated and dominated every thing like—John the Baptist or Michael Angelo or Victor Hugo in Hades.

Your affectionate

JACK

TO ROBERT NICHOLS

Barrytown, N. Y.
Nov. 12, 1923

DEAR ROBERT,

A very beautiful copy of your *Fantastica* has come from Chatto and Windus—really, I should say, a perfect book—lovely thin paper, lovely print, and a truly appropriate red mottled smooth cover. I envy any one's having such a book and especially the author. Now in a calmer mood and soothed by all these external appeals I am going from time to time to try again to understand the *sort* of appeal the inner art essays to make upon the mind. I will read in it lying down, leaning on a sun dial, over a dying fire, with toast and muffins, in church, at the races, after Goethe, before Hobbes. I will conceal it under a copy of Thomas Aquinas and then peep into it as if I were a monk and it were stolen sweets—or put it with the new popular essays about the colored perils and general over-population of the world so as to strike into it unexpectedly. It is a humorous book—I can see that—humor of the metaphysical Gargantuan type—perhaps like Swift or Carlyle—perhaps like Sterne—or Lucian—I must give it a show, you know. My mind is destroyed by having read too many things and read too carefully. Still that is a regulation type of mind and the book ought to mean something even to them, that kind.

We want to know about your plans and whereabouts. I still believe you are most needed in an American College—any college—male or female—just to flash some vitality into them and stir up the faculty and students. You are the element they need—except that you are still so young that you may have become modified even as I write. Perhaps I ought to *see* you again before I indorse you. Japan is a strange unknown influence—and so are earthquakes.

This summer I wrote quite a ponderous essay on Carlyle—to clear my mind. He's a rabid chimera, *bombinans in vacuo*—and I can't be sure that I've got him snapped. He was once a popular writer,

a being regarded by contemporaries as a classic—that's the key to him somehow. Of course no one cares a rap for him today—except perhaps a few gnarled veterans who can't get over their youth. One would have to dig them out in order to knock them on the head and say "Ho! you there! I'm going to write about Carlyle." Incidentally your friend Goethe comes in for a little gentle tapping and arranging of his hair.

Do write us a line and give my kindest thoughts to Mrs. Robert.

Yours affectionately

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

TO ÉMILE LEGOUIS

[*M. Legouis published "Wordsworth and Annette Vallon" in 1922, and in 1923 a lecture, "Wordsworth in a New Light"—each dealing with the poet's early love-affair in France.*]

325 W. 82 St., N. Y.

Nov. 18, 1923

MY DEAR LEGOUIS,

Your latest on Wordsworth is the best thing that has been written in French since Pascal. I sent my copy to Professor Palmer—very reluctantly—torn by the conflicting thoughts of losing it and the desire to *tease* him. For he is shipwrecked, you know—having for 56 years taught classes and written essays about the moral greatness of our friend W. W. Palmer once told me that Wordsworth was "the fashioner of his soul." It's no joke to find out at the age of 92 that your soul has been fashioned all wrong. (I laugh at nights over him.) As for you, the case is not so serious; though your endeavors in the earlier book to save the master and let him go down with his shirtfront in decent order and some expression of gravity on his brow were manful. O, the intellectual is hard to recover. A shock disturbs him like a fine watch—whereas a \$3 watch can be heaved at a cat without damage. The man in the street saw at once that the Statue had had a fall, which no adjustments of lighting and drapery could ever conceal. But, in my regrets over the apparent triumph of mid-Victorian respect-

ability, I console myself with reflecting that the peccadillos of his early days undoubtedly caused W. W. infinitely more suffering than if he had had the thing out and borne the brunt of it—for he was in a funk all his life. His poetry too would have been improved—and supplied with just what it lacks if he had played the man. Hurray for the French Archives! But the moral is: travel in Italy. (E.g. Suppose Goethe had gone on a *Franzoesische Reise!*—Devilish sharp fellow, Goethe. Another moral:—Avoid Crabs and Robinsons: Crabs cling and Robinsons keep diaries. They make notches on sticks—if you deprive them of pen and paper.)

An Englishman once said to me, when talking about the inevitable partisanship of mankind, that it was well known in London that when two busses collided the people on top of each bus took the side of their own driver with fervor. This has become a family fable with us; and while I was reading your paper aloud to my wife she exclaimed—"He's on the French bus now!" . . .

Yours affectionately

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

TO ELIZABETH CHANLER CHAPMAN

[It was before making the visit to Yale to which this letter relates that Chapman wrote to his friend, George D. Seymour, who had arranged a masculine dinner-party for him: "You know the stone which the builders rejected never enjoyed its place on the corner and regretted the old peaceful days of the stoneyard at the back of the building, where it could crack jokes about the whole enterprise. It always said to the summer visitors and globe-trotters, 'That's enough! Now move on, do' and it really was a little ashamed of some black stains that just wouldn't come out, caused by some plow-chains [that] had been left on it for twelve years or so. I am studying the list of personnel like a royalty who takes a list from his chamberlain." On this visit to New Haven Chapman read his translations of the *Philoctetes* and the *Medea* at two Bromley Lectures.]

New Haven

Feb. 10, 1925

at George Seymour's

The *Philoctetes* went off finely—the au-

dience not large, but intent. It really was a go. The dinner before it began at 6:15 and went on till 8, a pleasant room, long table, 22 men, good food, particularly so—onion soup in casseroles, magnificent roast beef and potatoes, very good ice cream—coffee—that's all—and it couldn't have been better. I made half an hour's rambling, familiar talk—expounded the Boston Harvard situation and read scraps of old skits. I began with a lecture on *Taboo* and how all the questions were but parts of a single elemental *taboo* or mental paralysis of the American people. The only cure for the trouble was to make *men talk*—this led me up to Yale, and her secret societies (they almost fell off their chairs) for I wound into it gradually—Yale the inventor and practiser of a system that recalled Torquemada and Loyola and, considering that there were neither bayonets nor *auto-da-fé* behind it, was the marvel of all historic taboos—a system of torture to which our youth gladly submitted amid the religious acclaim of their families, and which, being endured for years during their formative period, entered in to their blood, qualified their physique, changed the shape of the brain for life—and left a deformation in the *Bones of the Skull*—and hence its name. I said that during the Great War in cases of exploding mines and collapsing dugouts—where hundreds of men were often buried at once—the Yale bodies could be pulled out and identified instantly through this deformation in the skull—and—strangest fact of all! the deformation was exactly the same whether the sufferer had been one of the *ins* or of the *outs* of the system.

Angell, who was sitting opposite me, humorously suggested when I was entering the subject that he and I ought to leave the room, and I impart my talk to him alone—we being the only two non-Yalers. Now of course there was on the whole but faint response to my general invitation to every one to speak out—though the group was much warmer and talkativer than a similar group at Cam-

bridge would have been.* One or two of them remarked afterward that the conduct of the dinner-table illustrated my thesis. But on the whole it was a very good occasion and valuable. Seymour says there's only *one* come-outer in New Haven—(who was there). Angell introduced me at the lecture in a witty and very clever speech. . . .

TO GEORGE DUDLEY SEYMOUR

ARTILLERY MANSIONS HOTEL
LONDON

Aug. 20, 1925

DEAR GEORGE,

Your splendid letter reached me some time ago, but I haven't had a moment in which I could write. Now I'm alone—and lonesome, as Elizabeth has gone for a night or two to an old schoolmate's—and I do my kind of sightseeing—which is odd streets and small shops and tea rooms where you get just the same for 5d.—same excellent bread and butter, same slops (most wholesome) for tea, that you pay 2/6 for at hotels—and I take rides on the busses—for 4d. You can go at the rate of 10 m. per hour for half an hour. These things recall London—and student days. The cheap things give one most pleasure—when one is old and rich like me. I look by the half-hour at cigars that cost 3/apiece—and pipes at £5.10 with amber mouthpieces (which I despise for they never are as good as the 3/6 kind) all of which is expounded by Mr. Wordsworth in his ode on the intimations, etc. I had a nasty illness and cold for two weeks and all plans had to be dropped while I was taken to the Trossachs to shake it off by sitting in the sun and reading—or mostly being read to—out of *The Lady of the Lake* with all the sites mentioned in view. It's the way to read Scott. Curiously enough the rage began at *once* on the publication in 1810—tourists rushed—and have never stopped. We went to Auchinleck in a taxi from Glasgow—divine afternoon, noble old estate—a ruin of the castle

—a ravine below—150 feet down—two streams meeting, and the whole gash filled with trees and tree tops—and a wonderful old garden on the brink—yews some hundred years old, roses of all sorts. The present Col. Boswell and his wife are mad about gardening. The maid at the mansion (which dates from just *later* than Johnson's visit—according to the Colonel's calculations) insisted that the family were just round the corner and would be glad to see us. They did welcome us in a noble and beautiful way—two fine children half-grown—and the Colonel drove us in his open small car 200 yards to the ruin and garden part—and on our return gave us more varieties of cake and tea than you can imagine. Neither he nor his spouse had ever heard of Tinker—and the spouse had a very vague idea of Johnson and had found the Life "dry." They are most darling people, and the place—not a gem—but a majestic, retired manse, about the most perfect countryhouse and place I ever saw. The family tradition is that James B.'s widow neglected, sold, or destroyed and distributed the papers—and I can't help thinking that they may turn up in Ireland or elsewhere.* A man I met on the steamer told me that a man he knew had been a tenant of the estate—name MacCabe or Mac Something—and had carried away a pile of papers from the cellar. But I suspected my informant of gassing. We sent Colonel Boswell a copy of Tinker's book and some time Tinker ought to go to see these Boswells, who are the most typical Scotch county-people in existence, with all the solidity of English people—and with Scotch accessibility on top. . . .

Yours affectionately ever

JACK

TO ROBERT NICHOLS

Barrytown, N. Y.

April 20, 1926

. . . If I were going to worry—I should worry about the *yeoman*—the man born on a farm or small country place—who as a boy has to live small and work hard—

* As they did, in 1927, at Malahide Castle.

* Writing to Mr. Seymour, nearly a year later, about this dinner Chapman said, "The whole occasion was splendid—or fine, and would have been splendid—if the men had not been shy. They should have thrown the dishes at me—with railleury."

the son of the country parson or squire. I can't see how the world can thrive without this man, and yet everything is being organized to extinguish him. Canned goods and Ford cars extinguish him. Tall buildings and big business extinguish him. The movies and the press iron him out of existence before he is born. Science precludes him. Materialism will have none of him.

The Scotch, the Danes, the Dutch, the Norwegians, the Swiss—peoples that live under hard-scrabble conditions—and learn to do something that no one else can do—are the firmest fixed on the earth. The roamers and speculators and seizers of rich soils are destroyed by the ease of acquisition. See how the French people multiplied under the old Régime where everything was taken from them as soon as it was grown. Now they have the richest land in Europe and won't multiply for fear of penury. So of the Americans. Same thing: *crescit sub pondere virtus*. People only grow while they suffer. All this nobody's fault: just human nature, you know. If this view be the true one you must by this time be about as big a saint as any in the Roman Calendar. . . .

TO ELIZABETH CHANLER CHAPMAN

Dec. 19, 1931

Don Giovanni—good seat, full house,

and immensely enthusiastic. It is the acme of the human genius for joy—the buffooners of the Mediterranean and the purity of the Teutons—one continuous volcano of happiness. The strains from the under world—or blasts—in the last scene anticipate Wagner's dissonances and are not crude, Gothic, and horrid like his.

When one thinks of Mozart with a quill pen sitting down before some ruled lines—and this outcome! It is about the most divine outcome of Humanity—and somehow the traditions of how to give it have been preserved thus far. I was in a seat all but above the stage and with a first rate view of it—and music comes up. I feel as if I had taken a bath in Elysium. "How can I seek the empty world again?" . . .

It is well that this varied selection from Chapman's letters should end on the note of music, for music was one of his intense, unflinching, lifelong interests. So was education; so was religion. It were futile in any such selection as this to attempt an adequate array, even through suggestion, of all his manifestations. If something of the man himself, various in shapes and hues as a flame of fire, has appeared behind his letters, it is enough.



CRIPPLED IN THE TONGUE

BY AVIS D. CARLSON

ONE OF the minor embarrassments of life is the effort to converse with people whose speech is defective. The air of polite unconcern one is called upon to assume in the presence of a stutterer or one afflicted with cleft palate trying to express himself is a genuine test of one's composure. But the strain on the listener is nothing compared to that on the unfortunate who is trying to speak. He is lucky if he finds life only an embarrassment. It is likely to be also one long series of humiliations and frustrations.

Hence it is glad news to learn, as I have been learning in the past two years, that at last something can really be done about defective speech; that scattered here and there over the country are laboratories and clinics where to-morrow's speech disorders may be cleared away. When my little daughter failed to emerge from baby talk at the appointed age and I had to join the groups of mothers in the waiting-room of one of these laboratories, I was at first inclined to regret the drain on my time. But as I began to listen to the stories the mothers told and to watch the children develop from month to month, I realized that I had come upon an Experience. Something exciting was happening under my eyes. It is a drama in slow tempo but, nevertheless, drama when a small deaf-mute is changed from a screaming little animal to a happy child beginning to talk, or when a speechless, shambling spastic paralytic begins to lose his haunting air of distress and to take on pounds and words. And these are only two types of the (dare I use the

word?) miracle-working which went on round us as we sat and knitted or gossiped.

Now speech disorders are neither new nor unimportant. Back on the fringes of history Moses faltered long before his mission because he was "slow of speech and of a slow tongue." Much later Demosthenes declaimed against the sea with pebbles in his mouth to overcome his "stoppage of speech." To-day in the United States alone there are at least nine million people whose personalities have been or will be limited by their failure to develop flexible, socially acceptable speech. A million of these are stutterers and a half million deaf-mutes. One new mother in every 2,200 weeps inconsolably because her baby has a cleft palate. No one knows the number of speechless individuals, because they do not get into the school systems where the studies are made, and frequently are not even reported to census enumerators by their ashamed parents.

Numbers like these are appalling. But they are not the worst of the matter. The child with a speech disorder or defect is almost certain to develop personality problems. He feels queer and different. Other children laugh at him. Even adults imperfectly conceal their amusement or their revulsion. He cannot compete on anything like an equal footing at school. In his efforts to adjust he is practically certain to become either a pert and unruly show-off or a shy and self-distrusting introvert. Sometimes he alternates between the two

capacity until he has speech. To revert to the figure used above, speech "connects" him to his environment. Until he has it he connects imperfectly and can never do well on any intelligence test yet devised. On a careful study involving a large number of children Dr. Sara Stinchfield Hawk found that their so-called intelligence quotients had come up ten per cent after speech training.

It has been my fortune to watch the development of a boy who had cerebral meningitis when about a year old. At three years he could not walk. At nine he was carried into the laboratory, unable to say an intelligible word, his head lolling, one side of his tongue showing definite shriveling. He drooled excessively and paid no attention to anything that went on. He was about the size of a three-year-old. He was apparently a hopelessly afflicted child. At the end of two years of motor and speech training he was a normal-sized eleven-year-old and had begun to read. He may never reach a "normal" I.Q. rating, but he will be self-supporting and able to live with satisfaction to himself.

Cases like these point to a revolutionary concept in the handling of mentally handicapped children. Hitherto it has been generally assumed that if a child with "defective intelligence" also had a speech defect not much could be done with his speech. Now the scientists begin to think that until a child has speech it is nonsense to accept the results of an intelligence test as final or accurate. Moreover, as science steadily explores nutrition and the mysterious world of the endocrines, it continues to whittle away various types of mental deficiency formerly considered hopeless.

It is now common knowledge that the administration of thyroid extract, for instance, transforms a young cretin into a normal individual both physically and mentally. Not so many people are aware, however, that treatment with pituitrin and thyroid extract in combination with speech training is often effective even with the baffling type of amentia

known as mongolism (because the afflicted individual bears some superficial facial resemblances to a Mongolian). It occurs in every race and on every social level. Through the centuries an astounding variety of explanations have been offered for it. It was once thought to be a throw-back to an old ancestral strain, occurring in families which at some time had an infusion of Mongolian blood. That theory is now definitely exploded. Others have held that the condition is caused by syphilitic inheritance, by the mother's ill health during pregnancy, by the parents being too old or too young, or by a brain lesion due to abnormal pressure during the embryonic stage. Most students are now inclined to believe that the pituitary gland is involved. At any rate the mongol with his short, broad skull, oblique eyes, drooling mouth and protruding tongue, squat and depressed nose, stumpy hands, shambling gait, and thick, barely intelligible speech is very much with us. According to Dr. A. F. Tredgold, the English authority, 25 per cent of all children diagnosed as mentally deficient before they reach five years of age are mongols. He estimates that in England about 5 per cent of all the mentally deficient are mongols.

Until a few years ago the condition was considered hopeless. The victims usually seemed happy enough, and because they possessed a high degree of imitative ability could be taught to do simple routine tasks. But it was thought foolish to attempt much in the way of training. To-day that attitude is giving way to active experimentation in both the medical and educational fields.

Here is the case of a mongol boy brought to the laboratory by his fine-looking young mother. He was seven years old and practically speechless. His eyesight was poor. He did not recognize common objects, not even his own home, so that he had to be under constant supervision. A thorough physical examination showed that the growth zones of the skeleton had failed to close and that the thyroid and pituitary glands were func-

tioning imperfectly. That was two and a half years ago. Since then he has had constant treatment for the glandular deficiency, along with a speech training which began at the four-month level and worked forward. As he acquired speech a special education has been carried forward. He is now so nearly normal in appearance that a casual observer would hardly notice anything unusual about him. His mouth is closed, his head has lengthened, and his eyes have lost most of the characteristic mongol appearance. He talks almost perfectly, with the vocabulary of a five-year-old. He is about half through the first grade and continues to make progress at a slow normal rate. There is every reason to believe that he will be able to take at least a third-grade education with the vocational training which will make him economically independent. The laboratory at the University of Michigan has carried this program long enough to see a mongol reach the seventh grade—which according to the famous Army intelligence tests of 1917-18 puts him pretty well up the American scale!

III

Another type of seriously handicapped child who may benefit greatly from speech training is the one with spastic paralysis or, in medical parlance, Little's disease. This, too, is an affliction which until very recently seemed almost hopeless. To-day, if the patient gets expert help soon enough there is a good chance that he may respond excellently. During this past spring I happened to be in the laboratory when a little eight-year-old girl, though only the size of an average four-year-old and with pitifully thin little arms and legs, was brought in. She could neither walk nor stand alone and was quite speechless, for the paralysis had affected all four extremities and her tongue. Her eyes were also slightly involved. So severe was the paralysis that she could not make her wants known even by head movements. She certainly was

not promising looking material. But after a month of training in the co-ordination of the large and fine muscles and in speech beginning with the birth cry, that little girl could walk alone, make several vowel sounds, handle objects, and express herself through simple sounds and movements. She had also begun to gain weight, always an indication that the spastic is responding to treatment. Above all she had demonstrated that she is highly educable. At the end of a year she will probably be talking quite well and beginning to read. She will have begun to take her place in the world as a *person*, instead of an afflicted creature cruelly and unnecessarily doomed to physical pain and dependence and to utter inability to make herself part of the great web of interchanged thought and activity which is society.

Since the spastic is one of the commonest and least understood types of "afflicted child," it may be worth while to dwell upon his trouble a little. It is the result of an injury to the brain, which may have occurred at or before birth or as a result of a disease or accident during the early months of the victim's life. Whatever the cause, the condition itself presents an unpleasant picture, for the spastic lacks normal muscular control and balance. His muscles move spasmodically and without relation to his desires. They may alternately contract and relax in the drawn, convulsive movements called clonic spasms; they may contract in the steady and prolonged rigidity of the tonic spasm; or they may exhibit slow, crawling, twisting movements known as the athetoid spasm. There is a general lack of co-ordination, with sometimes tremors, sometimes random movements following a volitional movement. One child may be rigid from top to toe, another may have a wilted, drooping head and rigid arms and legs. Sometimes the breathing is irregular.

In about half the cases the speech mechanism is affected. If the sufferer has managed to acquire speech it is likely to be unpleasant and inaccurate with

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In about half the cases the speech mechanism is affected. If the sufferer has managed to acquire speech it is likely to be unpleasant and inaccurate with

tense or tremulous tones resulting from the tautness of the muscles involved, and often with bad speech blocking. Frequently, though not always, the spastic is emotionally unstable with fierce outbursts of temper, rapid swings from one emotional extreme to another, and perhaps compulsion neuroses.

Training for the spastic means first of all whatever orthopedic correction can be done, and then a program of education for motor co-ordination. Attendants put the child whom I mentioned above into an adaptation of the old treadmill and very, very slowly trained her legs into the motor pattern of walking. As she got a little control they stood her between them and "walked" her, slowly and rhythmically. Patiently they built up her ability to use her hands to point at objects or seize them. Over and over she was led to attempt sounds—for talking too is a muscular co-ordination. They were indeed lucky in her case for she is only eight years old.

An extraordinarily intelligent girl in the same laboratory is making slower progress and has not nearly the chance for complete recovery because she was nineteen when training was begun. A boy of fourteen, however, made excellent progress. He had the vocabulary of a two-year-old, very poor articulation with a considerable amount of stuttering, and had been in the first grade six years. At the end of two years of training, he had a normal vocabulary and nearly normal articulation with no trace of stuttering, was in the fifth grade, and had made up his mind to be a preacher!

Since it is impossible to tell by looking at a spastic paralytic how much damage has been done to the cerebrum, it is impossible to predict results in training. But the age of the sufferer is so important a factor in response, that one longs for the day when every case of spastic paralysis will be diagnosed early and submitted to the help which is now available and which so often makes possible an entirely normal life.

IV

Space forbids the discussion of all the different types of speech defects that appear for correction, but there may be some value in merely naming them, so as to give an idea of the scope of the field that is developing. First of all comes cluttering, or running the words together in a rapid, "cluttered" volley that approaches if it does not reach intelligibility. The preliminary studies which have been made seem to indicate that in many such cases a short auditory memory span or inability to remember a series of sounds is at least one of the chief causative factors. Whatever its cause, it is a frightful handicap in the development of a normal social relationship and effectiveness. So is dysphasia, the technical term for inability to interpret the auditory sensations. And so, of course, is deafness, particularly the congenital deafness which always keeps its victim shut away from life unless he has a very skilful training. Even "baby-talk" and a marked deviation of the accepted norms of pitch constitute definite handicaps which society cannot afford to permit individuals to have.

One of the important, because one of the common defects, is that of the harelip and his cousin, the cleft palate. In such cases time is a vital factor. If a cleft palate is repaired in infancy, the individual will probably acquire perfectly normal speech by himself. If later, he will almost certainly have to have special training. If the repair work is not done until adulthood, he will have to have expert help, and even then will probably not acquire good speech. How many thousands of people through the years since the technic for this operation has been known have suffered bitter disappointment when it did not automatically produce normal speech! It ought to be common knowledge that the oral surgeon may need to be followed by the speech clinician. When both the operative and the speech-correction technics have been brought to their present stage of excellence, it is little short of criminal for society to allow any

child, no matter how poor, to grow up burdened with the cleft palate speech.

And now we come to the stutterer, that sensitive wretch whose trouble is so real to himself and so apt to be rather funny to others. When a million persons in the United States alone are daily made miserable over something about themselves, the wonder is that science has not long ago determined the cause of the condition. Always and always some people have stuttered and other people have tried to find out why they did it. A vast literature has grown up on the subject and new studies are constantly being made. Hundreds of devices, most of them only temporarily effective or at best the means of adding new unpleasant speech mannerisms to the stutterer's already large collection, have been invented for the "cure" of stuttering. But even to-day there is no general agreement as to what actually causes it.

Once it was thought to be only a bad habit, and still earlier a form of "possession." After the Freudian psychology became popular, some students considered stuttering to be purely a psycho-neurosis. When certain cases showed a definite relationship to a "changed" handedness, that was thought to be the cause. Dr. C. S. Bluemel, the English writer, believes that speech is a conditioned response, and that stuttering results when some emotional shock sets up an inhibition to conflict with that response. Dr. Lee Travis of the University of Iowa believes it to be the result of a conflict between upper and lower neural levels. Other students hold that it is caused by an instability of the nervous system, and that this in turn is due to some obscure physiological factor not now understood. Some recent studies have shown that stutterers as a group have a ratio between the various components of the blood stream to one another which is different from that in other individuals. In general, stuttering seems to be caused by any condition which interferes with the normal development of

control over a complicated mechanism like speech.

But whatever the cause or causes of stuttering, the symptoms, which after all are what distress the person affected, can be successfully treated if he is taken in time. As Dr. Smiley Blanton sensibly remarks, "Fortunately it is not necessary that we all agree as to the causes of stuttering before reaching some common ground for the treatment of this most baffling disorder."

Here is the case of an eight-year-old boy with a bad case of what the speech correctionists call secondary tonic stuttering. His words blocked so badly that his facial muscles and even his arms contracted in his effort to speak. I know of a girl who once went into a block which lasted fifteen minutes on the recording machine. This boy was not so bad as that, but bad enough to be a sore trial to himself and everyone who had to listen to him. All the handedness tests showed him to be left-handed although he had always used his right hand. He was "transferred" to the left hand and given speech drill. In a short time he showed complete correction, and he has had no relapses in the three years since his treatment.

His was one of the easy cases. Not so a little girl, also eight, with a bad secondary clonic stuttering, irregular and shallow breathing, low basal metabolism, husky voice, and some signs of childhood myxoedema. She had to have medical treatment and her breathing movements had to be completely re-educated along with her training for voice quality and control. But all the same she was rid of her stuttering within eight months and has had no relapses in the four years she has now been under observation.

V

Over and over like an insistent refrain these cases have sounded the relentlessness of time. It is a feeling one gets about a laboratory. Here as in the other corrective sciences time is precious. It is

a sad moment for the speech clinician when he must say, "It is too late to offer much improvement. If I could have had you fifteen or even ten years ago, it probably would have been simple." But it is an infinitely worse moment for the people most nearly involved.

When so many people are prevented from reaching their maximum powers by one or another of the speech disorders, the problem is, as I have said, social in its scope. But the suffering is done by individuals and the chance for relief depends upon some individual recognizing the problem and early securing competent help in solving it. For that reason a discussion like this, written not by an expert but by the mother of a child who suffered deeply because an articulation difficulty was not cleared up before school days arrived, must conclude with a warning against allowing the months to pile up and the years slip by on the supposition that "he'll outgrow it."

No matter what their economic or intellectual level, parents hang over a basinet with anxious solicitude. Their concern has always given rise to much amusement and tolerant ridicule. But it is based on a sound racial instinct. Almost always, of course, the infant develops with reassuring speed and normality. But occasionally one doesn't. The baby may look like any other and still be deaf. Or he may have suffered an intra-cranial hemorrhage at birth or even be afflicted with mongolism. None of these conditions can be detected at first by the parents and any of them may be overlooked even by a pediatrician. They happen rarely, but they do happen and they are no respecter of families. The cultivated, economically comfortable family is quite as likely to be touched as one in the poorest district in town.

At the first sign that their little scrap

of new humanity is lagging in any phase of his development, parents feel a stab of anxiety. If the lag continues, the pain deepens and widens. Too often, however, they waste time in futile worry. A well-intentioned neighbor says, "Oh, don't worry. My Jimmy didn't walk until he was nearly two years old, and look at him now." The parents snatch at the comfort without considering that her Jimmy may have had a mild case of rickets, while their own child perhaps has a touch of spastic paralysis. Or a friend looks up from his bridge hand to laugh, "Nobody but my mother could understand me when I first went to school," and they fail to reflect that this is no indication that their own child will be so lucky.

Well-meant remarks like these dull the anxiety, but they are dangerous because they may lead to a delay in training. It is true that some perfectly normal children are slow to learn to talk. Perhaps their efforts are laughed at and a negativism sets in. Perhaps they just do not get started and have been subject to no social pressure to get started. At any rate I know a boy who at three and a half had never said a word, and then one day when his mother stepped on an insect he casually remarked, "There's no more bug." Everyone has heard stories of children who take such freakish learning patterns in their acquisition of language. But it is dangerous to assume that the speechless child or the child who contents himself over-long with a lingo of baby-talk is going suddenly and miraculously to blossom out with speech some day. Particularly if there are any signs of imperfect hearing or vision or any lag in motor development should parents abandon the futility of mere worry.

And they should make sure that the help they secure is really expert.



PROFESSORS' FREEDOM

BY DONALD SLESINGER

ONCE or twice a year a professor or a college president is fired and a sense of insecurity spreads itself over the academic world. The real issue is the violation of the sacred tradition of security of tenure; but that issue is too purely economic to provide a rallying ground for public opinion. If the professor wants outside support he knows he will have to seek it for nobler reasons than mere self-interest. So he shouts the slogan Academic Freedom; but his aim is not so much to save the poor devil who has been singled out as an enemy of society as to protect the guild from further decimation. He protests timidly, the American Association of University Professors backs him up with a report condemning, the press views with alarm, and everyone breathes a sigh of relief when the decision is made and the martyr is out of the way. Of the professors who protest none ever resigns (Charles Beard is the notable exception that proves the rule); and the forthright report of the Association committee induces no other faculty to engage the man who has been forced out of a job. Dana, Cattell, Nearing, Watson, all had to find other means of livelihood. I can't recall offhand a single professor dropped from a major university who ever succeeded in getting appointed to another one. Meiklejohn went to Wisconsin, but he was a deposed president, not an errant professor.

I tried once in my more innocent days to secure a place on a faculty, of which I was a member in good standing, for a distinguished scientist who had been dis-

missed from his university a decade before. Since his most important contributions had been made during his ten years at liberty, it seemed reasonable to suppose that scientific considerations would outweigh social ones. Furthermore, he was generally considered to have been a victim of war hysteria. I do not know what the president or the board of trustees would have done, for my proposal never reached them. My independent colleagues refused to endanger their jobs by recommending the appointment. As one of them put it, the administration was bound to turn it down, and the only result of the recommendation, therefore, would have been the creation of an attitude of suspicion on the part of the board toward a faculty that had been unusually free of administrative scrutiny for a long time.

I accepted the verdict of my colleagues as a superior wisdom based on experience and let the matter drop. But as I became more closely acquainted with the academic mind and watched it function in a variety of situations I found myself reluctantly driven to another point of view. The plain conclusion my own experience forced on me was this: that, with few exceptions, the professors themselves were the greatest enemies of academic freedom. In places where it was irrelevant they used the slogan precisely as the Republicans used the Constitution in the last campaign, as a weapon of reaction; where it was relatively unimportant they gave it lip service but no cash; and where it really mattered their opposition was open and bitter and unscrupulous.

The first time the issue of academic freedom was raised during my university career it was used by a department, which had been a closed corporation for years, against a president who tried to pry off the lid. In some way departmental autonomy, which meant departmental oppression, was bound up with academic freedom, and a violation of one was a violation of both. The president had no wish to muzzle or fire anybody; all he desired was to give another voice a chance to be heard. That he lost his poise and handled the opposition badly is beside the point; what is important is that the professors advanced an argument for preserving the *status quo* that was expressly designed to prepare for its orderly disruption. An instrument of growth was made into an instrument of stagnation.

In the political and economic spheres academic freedom has been useful in preserving a modicum of independence, but in those spheres it is relatively unimportant. Since the first ten amendments to the Constitution give freedom to all American citizens, there is no necessity for the professors to claim it as a special privilege. It isn't only Jerome Davis who may go to Russia or Glenn Frank who may vote Republican. You and I may do either with impunity, and if we lose our jobs as a result of our convictions we deserve as much support from public opinion as they do. Academic freedom need not be invoked to protect a right that is guaranteed to everyone, regardless of race, color, or present condition of servitude.

That the professors look upon their freedom as a genteel right more honored in the breach is obvious to any follower of the fortunes of the American Association of University Professors, or to anyone who has seen his institution through a threat to its independence. At the December meeting of the Association, for example, a proposal to affiliate with the American Federation of Labor, hardly a left-wing organization, was turned down, and one of the arguments of the opposition was that the affiliation would jeop-

ardize academic freedom. But that was not what really caused the defeat of the proposal. There was fear, all right, and there was jeopardy, but tenure was the object of both the fright and the danger. Membership in a labor federation might carry with it the obligation to support, as well as the privilege of being supported, and that was what the majority couldn't face. In addition to the economic hurdle there was a psychological one. Affiliation would have interfered with a cherished illusion—the identification of the professor with the ruling classes. Don't trustees graciously invite professors and their wives to dinner; and don't they treat them as social equals when they are decked out in white ties, tails, and satin? Who ever heard of John L. Lewis or David Dubinsky being asked to attend an intimate gathering at the home of a Sloan or a Du Pont?

It is that mistaken identification that makes it difficult to present a united front against even the most flagrant and stupid of abuses. The Walgreen episode at the University of Chicago ended, it is true, in a complete victory for freedom; but the battle was won in spite of the half-hearted and ambivalent support the faculty gave the president. If Mr. Gallup had taken a poll a week or two after the story broke I am confident that a clear majority would have favored the sacrifice of the professors under fire. The members of the staff who dined out most persistently conveyed that impression so definitely to the Gold Coast that the president had a hard time swinging the trustees to the support of his unequivocal position. At the faculty club Hearst and Walgreen were denounced, but so were the professors of the social sciences who were mixed up with such dubious organizations as the U. S. Treasury Department and the Society for Cultural Relations with Soviet Russia.

The board of strategy directing the defense tried at first to throw its strength to the reaction as a matter of prudence. Instead of proclaiming the professors' right to their convictions, they wanted to build

up an impressive case proving that they had no convictions. Faculty association with the Republican party, the Chicago Rotary Club, and the Christian Church was to be played up while anything that smelled of left of center was not to be suppressed but voluntarily enjoined. What the right-wing section of the strategists wanted was the passage of a self-denying ordinance by the liberal and radical instructors and students to cease and desist for the duration. One of the conservatives went so far as to request, unofficially of course, the indefinite postponement of a conference of experts on Russia on which months had been spent in preparation and to which thousands of dollars had been committed. The point was not pressed when the group in charge of the conference flatly refused to call it off.

Eventually there was a public hearing, and the excellent showing of the university won the acclaim even of the pusillanimous. But that showing was due to the persistence of the president and the backing he received from such men as Charles E. Merriam, who admitted that the university was progressive, and was willing to take his full share of the responsibility for making it so; and Robert Morss Lovett, who knew that pacifists went to jail but insisted on remaining one. The victory was not over Hearst and Walgreen alone, but over the weak-kneed conformists of one of the most independent faculties of the country.

II

To understand the attitude of American professors toward political freedom and the much more important intellectual freedom it is necessary to understand the kind of man and woman that make up the rank and file of our university faculties. The statistical picture tells most of the story. In 1930 there were almost five times as many teachers in our colleges and universities as there were in 1900. In a single generation the number giving academic and graduate instruc-

tion rose from 11,097 to 54,195. The increase was due to a demand for teachers that could, by no stretch of the imagination, have been reflected in that period of time in the supply of first-rate, trained personnel. Higher education became popular to such a startling extent that teacher-training facilities could meet the need only by going on a three-shift basis and relaxing standards all along the line. Summer courses, extension courses, and night work were instituted, and degrees were awarded for studies of methods of dishwashing and analyses of janitor service in elementary schools. Practically anyone with a master's degree was assured of a job somewhere. By 1930 university work was no longer a way of life; it was one of the easier methods of earning a living. The pursuit of truth became a search for security.

Naturally in that generation of rapid expansion a new type of worker was drawn to the academic career. There were no fortunes to be made, but the pay was steady, and in major institutions there was the probability of a pension in one's old age. Then too there was a certain amount of genteel prestige attached, and there were long summer vacations. Our graduate schools and summer institutes were and are filled with earnest, hardworking, dull folk who look forward to a comfortable routine tempered with the excitement of occasional academic processions in cap, gown, and hood, and the sense of power induced by petty tyranny over immature minds. By the time the student has had the insignia of his profession conferred upon him he has acquired the mental attitude of a philatelist. He can collect and classify what he has been told are facts and is willing to swap them for a few dollars a month and the honor of being called professor. He has no interest in discovery, no capacity for thought. With a little more energy and drive he could qualify as a department-store executive or a molasses-company vice-president.

Such men and women have been brought up in conformity and live stead-

fastly by it. Nervous daughters of the American Revolution to the contrary notwithstanding, there are no more stodgy defenders of the *status quo* than our university faculties. The word academic has come to have a derogatory connotation when applied to the arts, and the same connotation is appropriate to the academic intellectual life. Most of the professors in America are engaged in a tiresome elaboration of the obvious and fiercely resent any innovation of method or content.

Those who are not attracted to the profession because of its respectability nor beaten to a pulp of submission by the period of training have another hurdle to face. A large section of the public expects every professor to do his duty by being a model to the young, even though the young may be graduate students with wives and babies. In a progressive town it might be a bad example to ride round in a Lincoln car; in a conservative one, to be found in a doubtful resort with an undoubted companion. Of course professors ride in Lincolns and go to resorts about as frequently as doctors or editors. But when doctors or editors are caught it is not news. There is an apocryphal and probably untrue story of a president who arose one morning to find the story of a sinful colleague all over the front page of the local paper. He had known of the colleague's sinfulness for a long time but he knew his scientific integrity as well. On that morning, however, he strode into his office and said to his snickering vice-president, "It's in the papers. We'll have to let him go." Many of the few who survive the training period succumb to that scrutiny.

Social conservatism could be condoned if it were due to or accompanied by an absorption in the eternal verities. Even an atheist would not object to the fact that Arthur Compton was a devout Christian, because he is also a great physicist. But with the realization that in most teachers social conservatism is a symptom of intellectual and scientific standpatism, the public may very well

lose interest in the preservation of academic freedom.

As an administrative officer, I must confess that I was less concerned with the political than with the intellectual freedom of my colleagues. I knew the liberal press could be counted on to come to the rescue of the former, while no one but the professors themselves could guarantee the latter. I knew also that the historic battle for academic freedom was waged, not so much to give the scientist the right to vote, as to give him the right to dissent in his own field. The advancement of science depends on the power of independent thought and the denial of authority. Unless the scientist considers it his duty to doubt all the hallowed traditions of his discipline, the discovery of truth becomes an accidental by-product of the passing on of a closed system.

III

Where does the academic profession stand on the obligation to exercise that vital aspect of academic freedom? It took me a long time to find out, but I think I know now. Whatever its public expression, it is strenuously opposed to the carrying out of the obligation, partly because of mental laziness and partly because of the fear that the free expression of dissent may adversely affect the one important academic tradition—security of tenure.

When I first sat with the other deans and department chairmen who formed a court of last resort I naïvely expected to participate in some discussions of education or science. There was some reason for the expectation; the university was in the throes of an educational reorganization that was important not only locally but to the entire educational world. Instead of what I hoped for, there was endless talk of the effect of the new plan on student enrolment, and hence, since this took place during the worst of the depression, on tenure and salary; of university prestige and class attendance; of tuition and teaching load; and of student

petitions to be reëxamined, or to drop one course and add another. The climax came when talent costing the university well over a hundred thousand dollars a year spent three mornings in solemn debate over the request of a student, who had met all the requirements for his doctor's degree with distinction, to receive it *in absentia* because he lived seven hundred miles away and his wife expected a baby during convocation week.

The frame of mind that considered such a request an instance of *lèse majesté* easily produced heresy-hunting among the staff. And the worst example of the violation of professorial freedom came as the result of one of these hunts. The battle was entirely internal, it cost two men their jobs, freedom of the mind was beaten within an inch of its life; yet, as far as I am aware, the press didn't even know what was going on.


What happened was this. The director of the research branch of the medical school, in the interest of rounding out the scientific program, engaged, with the approval of the president and the board of trustees, an eminent psychoanalyst. The director was not a Freudian—his specialty was physiology—but he felt the need of a candid examination of a new theory and the facts that produced it. He felt also that the place for such an examination was in the calm atmosphere of a research medical institution where assistance and criticism could be had from scholars in related disciplines. He was careful in the selection of the psychoanalyst, and chose one who had not been mixed up in doctrinaire disputes and who had distinguished himself as a bio-chemist before going into psychiatry.

The storm broke with the announcement of the appointment, and redoubled in fury when the doctor arrived on the campus in the autumn. In academic life there are no Marquis of Queensberry


rules, so all the blows were struck below the belt. When the doctor tried to present his views the medico-biologists who didn't want to hear them accused him of fee-splitting; when he asked for a hearing among disinterested students he was accused of the unethical practice of stealing patients from other members of the staff. The head of the department of pediatrics was the only man willing to give the psychoanalyst office space; the professors of social science, the only ones who opened their lecture halls freely. The bitter narrow-mindedness of the scientists brought the director as well as the analyst into the fight, and the upshot of the whole matter was that both lost their jobs. (Both have better ones now.)

I submit that academic freedom covers that sort of oppression of thought, or it covers none at all. And I submit also that the public has more of a stake in the exercise of intellectual freedom than in the professors' right to vote.

The battle for freedom must be waged on all fronts, for a defeat anywhere is an opening wedge for reaction all along the line. But it is not the fight for a theoretical right, the expression of which is to be held in abeyance. The public should continue to support the independence of its professors to the last ditch, but it may properly demand something in return. In the political and economic spheres the professor as citizen must show good faith by joining in the fight for civil liberties wherever they are violated. And the intellectual freedom of professors is so bound up with the public interest that citizens should have no hesitation in insisting on their right to interfere in order to enforce free dissension. The professor is paid to discover and teach the truth, and complete freedom of thought is essential to the performance of his duty. That freedom must be protected, even from the professor himself.



The Lion's Mouth



READING BY EAR

BY EVELYN MILLER CROWELL

"OH, I love book reviews! They make it possible for me to keep up with all of the new books without having to read any of them."

That, in the words of a devotee, explains the amazing growth and popularity of a new business or profession or industry (it is still too new to have been classified) which is flourishing in various parts of the country, furnishing a substantial source of revenue to scores of feminine reviewers, and entertainment and dinner-table conversation for thousands of American housewives. I refer to the new type of oral book review, which differs drastically from the usual written book review.

The traditional purpose of book reviews has been to direct the potential reader to what is most worth his attention in the annual crop of books. With the ever-lengthening list of publications, the reports of professional reviewers who undertake this weeding-out task are valuable to the general public, regardless of individual disagreement with their verdicts. Certainly a primary purpose of book reviewing has been to stimulate reading.

This is most emphatically not the purpose of the new type of oral book review. The idea is to tell the story down to the last period and to dramatize the telling in a new medium of art which is a cross between a Cornelia Otis Skinner monologue and the old-fashioned elocutionary performance in which one person assumed several roles. The elapsed time for such entertainment is usually an hour, which leaves ample time for tea before the feminine audience disperses, happily conscious that they can now discuss a popular novel or biography or success formula

without going to the trouble of reading it.

I understand from publishers and booksellers that my native city of Dallas, Texas, is an outstanding example of the popularity of this new type of oral book review. When I returned there a few months ago, after an absence of several years in Washington, I found Dallas in the throes of a book-review boom. The population, including Negroes and Mexicans, is about 300,000. A local Sunday newspaper recently listed 43 oral book reviews scheduled for the coming week.

From October to June dozens of local clubs meet monthly or semi-monthly or even weekly, with book reviews at each session. Church societies and charitable organizations sponsor book reviews, with a small admission charge, as a means of raising funds. So popular have they become that two of the leading department stores present weekly book reviews, free of charge to the public, as a promotion feature. When one of these stores announced the first free review of *Gone With the Wind* the jam which ensued reached riot proportions and police reserves had to be called out. The auditorium was completely filled more than an hour before the time set for the review and thereafter about 1,000 women tried to force their way into a room which seats 400. The same review had to be repeated eleven times at the same store before those desiring to hear it could be accommodated, and the same reviewer has given the same review 79 times in Dallas and surrounding towns. During the same period, every other reviewer in Dallas was reviewing *Gone With the Wind* to capacity crowds. Such enthusiastic reports of this diverting new short-cut to culture were carried home to husbands that some of the men's luncheon clubs have invited

feminine reviewers to appear before them. And as a crowning achievement one reviewer was presented before the annual convention of the Cotton Seed Crushers' Association.

The fact that a review may be repeated numerous times is one of the prime reasons why oral book reviewing is such a profitable undertaking, even if the preparation of a review takes several days—they are usually memorized, with delivery and gestures carefully rehearsed. The average price for these oral book reviews is \$15; a few of the reviewers with proven drawing power get as much as \$25 or even \$50. When the reviewer has as many as three engagements a week—and some of the more popular have as many as five or six—the return is not bad when you remember that the outlay involves only the purchase of a book. However, an elaborate wardrobe appears to be a great asset. At least one reviewer has added a musical accompaniment to her book reviews where she considers it suitable. But these capital expenditures are amply covered by increased demand for engagements.

The local booksellers have come to view this book-reviewing activity with concern. I have interviewed the proprietors of various book shops on the subject and the invariable reply has been "It's bad for us." As more and more women hear books, instead of reading them, fewer and fewer buy them, or even get them from rental libraries, so the booksellers report. Publishers have long depended upon women to absorb the major proportion of their annual output. If a reviewer can buy one copy of a book and one hundred women are content to get it by ear from her without reading it, the outlook is not too cheery for the publishers. When asked whether the women who go to these reviews would buy books otherwise, the booksellers insist that a certain proportion would, in order to be able to discuss them with the Joneses, if for no other reason. Incidentally, in some of these reviews which I have attended the name of the author was mentioned only once—

during the introduction of the reviewer—and then completely ignored.

The reason for this spurt of interest in the spoken rather than the printed story offers inviting possibilities for research. My own guess is that the radio has had a great deal to do with it. As a nation we are becoming adjusted, with amazing rapidity, to getting our information by ear. As you move about the country you find that everyone from little Jessie, aged six, to grandma, aged seventy, has a favorite radio serial for which she waits eagerly each day. News, music, tabloid versions of plays and stories, instruction in spelling or Spanish, may all be had by turning a dial and placing the ears in a receptive attitude. A member of the information service staff of the Social Security Board told me that it is almost impossible to get people to read pamphlets explaining the various provisions of the Social Security Act; that when it is necessary to reach the public they find it advisable to send out speakers or to arrange for them to talk over the radio. It is generally agreed that the radio has revolutionized political campaigning. If we recognize this trend toward our becoming a nation of inveterate listeners, it is not surprising to find women being drawn in droves to hear, rather than to read, books which have attracted national attention.

While I hold strongly to the belief that information received orally is usually less satisfactory than information taken in by the eye, it is still possible to concede that an oral book review might fulfill the traditional purpose of the written book review as outlined earlier. William Lyon Phelps has been directing attention to books in this fashion for years; and probably no one in the country has stimulated more people to read than Alexander Woollcott in his popular radio talks. But the women who demand that their reading be done for them never seem to realize what they get—and miss. An example of both is the story of the woman who reviewed Charles Morgan's novel, *The Fountain*, before an ultra-conservative church group. When a

well-read acquaintance commented that the description of the love affair, about which the entire story revolves, must have presented a ticklish task, the reviewer replied airily: "Oh, I just left that out and told the story without it." As for giving an impression of what the author was trying to tell, or the way in which he had told it—which constitutes at least ninety per cent of the distinction of the novel—she might as well have reviewed "Little Red Riding Hood." Even if the reviewer who undertakes to make reading unnecessary is able and conscientious, the best that she can give her listeners is a shoddy tabloid substitute for the delights accessible only to those who have really learned to read.

DEATH AND THE CANARIES

BY GUSTAV ECKSTEIN

TO DIE in the open air, no one staring at you, no black box, no beautiful tormenting music, no well-meant heavy words, but just rain and wind and the ground and nothing more—would not that make of death a different thing?

It is the way they die—the great unburied hosts of nature.

Unburied, but where are the bodies? No doubt you have heard that question asked before. No doubt you have heard the answer: "Oh, they go into a hole to die." Myriads go so? Possibly. But that myriads die, that fact we know because of the myriads more that are born. And still the surface of the earth, except for man's hospitals, man's funeral pageants, his wars, his murders, his slaughter houses—whether it be a clear day or a misty, February or July, and even on a long melancholy autumn walk—seldom appears what it is, nature's stupendous charnel-house.

After a cyclone I have seen strewn about the dead bodies of birds. I have seen dead rats come up out of a flood, dead cockroaches emerge from a fumigation, dead fish left high on the sand after a storm. I have seen a squirrel struck by one automobile, then flattened into a

mere design of itself by the six or seven automobiles that followed. But each of these is a death by violence, the dying caught before it could draw away. These are the rarer deaths. Where, indeed, are the uncountable, the dead we do not see? Draw away they must. Why?

Some sidelight on this "why" I may be able to offer you. For fifteen years I have lived in a laboratory surrounded by free-flying birds. Canaries. Generations on generations. It has been a life mostly happy, mostly song-lit, every one of us striving to stay on this earth forever, not even ready to go to bed, prompt to rise with the dawn. Yet something of death we have had to learn.

I conduct a roll-call at midnight, a silent one. The ceiling lamps usually have been off for hours. All birds have gone to their perches and been asleep for hours. There is one shaded lamp where I work, enough for me to see, but not enough for them to fly. And if you complete the picture by realizing that each bird unless confused is apt each night to return to his own bed, my roll-call, you can see, is a simple matter. I merely look. Is one bed empty? Thus, at that late hour at intervals I have had to learn that there has been another death.

I have found the small quiet body, often only after a search, tucked away in some dark corner under a cabinet where the animal went, as we say, to die. A corner not exposed—that has been the rule. True, once it was on the concrete floor, but close in against the trunk of the tree that I had brought for them. Once on the marble slab over the radiator, but close in against the wall. Once under the radiator, but close in against the wall. Twice death has dropped out of the air a few feet from me. Twice the tiny flame went out while I held the feathered embodiment in my hand.

Unmistakable, then, that the disposition of the animal is to shrink away if it have the chance, to hide itself, to disappear. But the reason may be something less vague and strange than we sometimes think. Follow me.

I have seen many a sick bird. A sick bird takes very sensible care of itself. It goes where there are no drafts. It goes where there is warmth. But especially it goes where it will not be disturbed. Cloudy was the name of one of them. Cloudy had spells over years, and always when the spell would come she would go to the far corner of the table where I feed them, to the spot closest in against the wall and closest to the radiator. String, when she felt worst would keep underneath the table, close to the wall, close to the radiator. Hinge, old and rheumatic, seventy-five years in our terms, still every evening makes for the top of the book-closet, lands at whatever point of it he has the luck to reach, and from that point feels his way to that most remote corner where, pressed tight in against the north wall, he risks at last falling asleep.

Is not that the light on the "why"? The animal does not draw apart to die alone, but draws apart to be ill alone. The ill animal could not want every few minutes to be disturbed. It must want, and indeed it requires protection from annoyance, so it seeks out that secluded spot where, should death overtake it, man's wandering eye might pass quite near and never note the cold body.

But death itself—how does the animal see ahead to that?

We cannot know. Possibly it is different with different animals. Very likely all see ahead not too much. Almost certainly none with that tincture of philosophy of man. Yet, even to this difficult question I should like to present some frail evidence from things that have occurred.

Crusty lived here seven years. She was not born here but came from the outside, was a year old, I believe. While here she had numerous nests and numerous babies, and to-day all over this community her children and great-grandchildren give testimony not only to her pretty crested head but to her oddly independent ways. Early she had a lover. That lover deserted his wife for her, but when

he had given her a nest of babies, returned to his wife. Thereupon Crusty—I like to imagine it was because she had been fooled—took two lovers, Hinge and One Twin. Those two remained faithful to her year on year.

From the day she arrived I thought her delicate. By the end of a year I was fairly sure she was not well. In another year I was convinced. She stood about too much, had some trouble with her breathing, took swallow after swallow after swallow of water. Through the last two years I saw inescapably that she was going downhill. So it did not too much surprise me when I came one morning and found her trying to rise to a perch high up over the window and able to get only to the top of my laboratory bench. At the edge of the bench she swayed, back and forth, back and forth, was profoundly exhausted, finally dropped off to sleep and slept right through the middle of a noisy, sunny, stimulating day.

There was something touching that day. One Twin for some time then had been the more ambitious of the two lovers. Hinge was very old. Again and again One Twin came where Crusty was sleeping, settled himself beside her, was meaning, I think, to keep very still, but would grow too restless to control himself, soon would be looking where Crusty's head was tucked down under the blanket of her own feathers, and with his bill would tap her exactly in the middle of her tiny shaven skull. Each time she would briskly bring out the head, look round her, see it was only he, tuck her head back in again.

After that she got weaker. The next night I put her alone. She did not eat, and when she drank the swallows were slow, labored, incomplete. By morning she was dead. The body I took out into the open air; laid it on a stone in the rain and the wind.

Up to then I had thought One Twin a gay fellow full of reckless health. Maybe I was not so right about the health. Anyway, one week later while we were clean-

ing, stark in front of me, One Twin fell. He lay on his back when I reached him, was still alive, but dying. A number of the others had flown over, amazed or just curious, stood close by watching him in his agony. Poor little One Twin was bleeding at the mouth. I took him quickly to the open window, and three followed me even there, and there with all of us round him his little life passed out.

That I thus dwell on his death means, of course, that I think he might not have died if Crusty had not died before him. It means that I believe he died because he grieved over his loss. It means that I suspect that illness, always lurking about us, snatched him when he did not care too much and cut him off.

Finally, let me illustrate with something rather different from the history of a very different bird. Billie was her name. Billie's story I have told over and over. Billie was lame nine years, could not fly, had to climb to get where she wanted, might fall after she reached a place, might land on her back, have the hardest time struggling to her feet. Or she might merely trip into a wet sink and slump there miserable till I came and fished her out. One mishap like that after another, and yet years of such mishaps she survived. I began to count on that vitality. I began to take it for granted that she must just live on and on. So when, after briefest illness, I arrived one morning and found her dead, that death seemed cruel and unannounced.

It was a Sunday morning. I do not mind admitting that it pained me to think of carrying also this slim body out into the rain and the wind. I delayed a bit. I put the body on my work table in front of me. I reviewed, as one naturally would, the thousand ingenuities by which she had overcome her handicap. But then an arresting thing occurred. A


male flew over—seemed to want to visit Billie.

A bird does not look as transformed by death as does a man, not that hideous transformation that makes every human corpse a sin and a shame. The feathers are the reason for this. They wither so slowly. But that position of the dead bird—can anything in nature look more wrong than that? All its life we have seen it either on one foot, or on the other, or on both, or flashing head-up through the air—now over on its side, like a beached ship. No, it was impossible—that male could not have flown over to visit Billie. He could not have come to my table thinking that there was waiting for him his slender, living friend. It must have been to view the dead body. But then another male came! And another! At last there were four. Four mystified males, I thought. Only—only, just at this point one of the four burst into song! A love song!

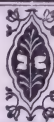
Yes, a love song! About that there can be no doubt.

I could only conclude that it is the dead body these birds do not comprehend.

But if not, the absence that is death they comprehend very well. All that Sunday Puck did not sing. And he did not sing all Monday, Puck who never missed a day since he was grown-up. Puck had been Billie's mate, but belonged a little to all the ladies, sang to all. He was rather famous for his love songs, yet for two days now he did not sing. What made this still more moving was that he spent hour after hour in the empty drawer space of the food-table—the very space where Billie had slept alone every night, and where she had passed a part of every day. Hour after hour the songless Puck stood there on one foot, and three separate times when I went up to him he did not stir. He did not see me. He was looking so hard at what he bore inside him that it blurred his outer sight.



The Easy Chair



DESERTION FROM THE NEW DEAL

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

ON THE day after the Senate killed the Supreme Court bill the Easy Chair went round to see Eli Potter. Eli was the one political commentator who, on its announcement, had declared that the bill would be killed and who had stuck to that prediction through all the whoops and screams of the ensuing months. Furthermore, there was a rumor that Eli had resigned from the New Deal and that, if true, was news. Eli was practically the only intellectual in America not employed by the New Deal who had not already departed either to the right or to the left. He had clung firmly to the baggage-car roof with his ears full of cinders, and if he had now got off the train the Easy Chair wanted to know why.

Eli parried our question with another one. What, he said, is a communist? A communist is an American who thinks they have communism in Russia. You have observed the tempests and whirlpools set up in the communist psyche by the events of the past year in Russia, and you have noticed that the conflict thus generated has begun to make our leftist brethren ask one another a question that none of them like. Why, they are driven to ask, why do revolutions always end in Thermidor? The events of the past eight months in the United States will soon be impelling the Arthur Brisbane strain of our native stock to ask an equally uncomfortable question. Why, they will soon want to know, why do humanitarian Administrations always end in suicide?

That seemed an evasion and we repeated our question. Eli answered that he had got off the train and that he imagined a lot of other people had unloaded at about the same time. But that, he said, wasn't the important thing. The important thing was that, for the time being anyway, there was no other train for them to get aboard. The Administration had a Congress that had slipped its lead and a reaction coming which it might have cushioned, partly averted, and partly defeated if its social planning had been willing to begin with the here and now instead of concentrating on the Kingdom of God. The country was plunged into the most dangerous situation its political system can encounter, an impaired leadership midway through the second term, plus a discredited Administration with a deficit. And people like Eli, people who wanted to do what was possible to adjust the social system to the developing necessities of the modern world, would have to mark time for two, six, ten years.

We already face our worst licking since Roosevelt the First lost his nerve in 1904, Eli said, and it will be a lot worse before it's over. Roosevelt II has all but disembowelled us. While there's life there's always political adrenalin, but at the moment it looks hopeless. What are we to do? Turn Republican? Join the literary feebs in expecting the nation to pull off a communist revolution on or before Thanksgiving Day, when the greatest hope of the practicing communists is that

they may be able within fifty years to join together the farmers and the laborers whom God has forever put asunder? Or maybe link arms with Jack Garner?

No President ever learns anything during his second term . . . all right, Eli said; you name one who did. What President Roosevelt ought to have learned from the Supreme Court fight is that neither he nor the kitchen cabinet's logic can buck a living sentiment. The national sentiment which favors separation of powers and an independent judiciary may be divinely inspired or it may be just so much Piltdown rubbish left over to clutter the great dawn of the Corcoran era, but there it is. It may be right or it may be wrong or it may have nothing to do with rightness or wrongness, but there it is. The fact was that the remodeled judiciary was not going to be independent and so the sentiment knocked it cold. And when the bill was killed, the President's second Administration was killed too, for second terms aren't educable.

The President ought also to have learned that the nation doesn't like government by ruse. Up to a point the bleachers will applaud political slickness, but the moment that point is passed they always start throwing pop bottles. If he had remembered what happened to the master ruse-makers of Congress in 1910 he might not have tried to reform the Court with hot dice. Unquestionably the country was willing to inform the Court by any means within the framework of our system that this is the twentieth century. If Mr. Roosevelt had been content to try what was possible he could have got more than he needed. But he made a blithe cast for the impossible and got nothing. Someone should have told the kitchen cabinet what happens when a jury gets a notion that the railroad lawyer is being too smart.

What an educable kitchen cabinet would have learned, Eli said, is that living sentiments still exist in this outworn republic which, they have persuaded the boss, is now going down for the third

time. Maybe it is; maybe the republic has developed Cheyne-Stokes breathing. But it had sound enough reflexes left to torpedo the Supreme Court bill. It may be dying but it has more life than the kitchen cabinet's Thoroughly Rational State, and its survival makes a lot better bet than their blueprints and syllogisms.

Here Eli reminded us of what he had said when the Supreme Court bill was announced: that it was worse than a crime, sire; it was a blunder. He had opposed the bill not because he thought it could be passed but because the mere proposal was certain to endanger the Administration's whole program. But he had stayed aboard the train until it appeared that the whole program was changed—till those glittering bits of happy-dust improvisation, the government reorganization bills, came along. They proved what the Supreme Court bill had intimated: that the first Roosevelt Administration had been abandoned, that the President now thought he could do the impossible, and that he wasn't concerned about what happens when you try to do the impossible and fail.

Those bills won't pass, Eli said, so don't run a temperature. They will be killed outright or they will be amended till what began with blueprints for a new Parthenon will end in an extension to the hen-house for which the carpenter hardly needs a diagram. But the state of mind they reveal is terrifying.

For one thing they terrify those of us who think that something, not much but something, can be done with social planning. Some of what the Administration has tried looked pretty good, notably TVA, which had a good many years of work done on it by experts before the kitchen police took hold. More of it looked like the phantasies a man might entertain himself with on a train ride when he didn't have a magazine—let us not forget that the Administration proposed to end droughts forever by growing a transcontinental belt of trees where almighty God had failed to grow them. But now we get the real thing, the ma-

tured vision of the rational minds, and social planning turns out to be a set of sketches made between the soup and the entrée on the back of an old envelope. Sketches made, furthermore, by someone who had had enough cocktails to feel reckless and indifferent. Improvisations, bravura extemporizations in dynamite. Well, you can't improvise a national government and, though our liberal editors believe otherwise, you can't improvise a revolution either. The net effect is to discredit planning, and the Administration would have done better to postpone the Wholly Rational State and make some plans about the fiscal year. But it never strains at gnats, though a President named Roosevelt once told us that what hamstring liberal governments is ignoring the fiscal year.

But the worst is, the bills prove that the Administration has sniffed some "happy dust" and gone millennial. There are just two ways in which you can transform a government which has been shaped by a century and a half of working effectiveness and is still functioning vigorously. You can do it a step at a time over several generations, pretty small steps modified by the forces they engage with, and adding up in the end to something quite different from what you started to transform but, because of opposition and the intrusion of unforeseen circumstances, also quite different from what you started to transform it to. Or you can do it by armed force and the military subjugation of the nation. There are no other ways, and the Administration will not invoke either of these two, so it is licked before it starts. But the start shows that it has lost touch with realities—and appallingly shows also that it doesn't give a damn.

The bills assume that our present form of government is ineffective and played out. It isn't. They assume that you can instantaneously destroy not only the forms of political action but also the habits and beliefs that sanction them. You can't. They assume that there is a "mandate" to alter the ways of living and conducting their affairs to which the

Americans are accustomed. There is not. They assume that we are on the brink of dissolution and armed revolt. We aren't. They assume that hostile interests, economic and social, will relinquish their power when asked to. They won't. They assume that you can change social energies with a wave of a hand and regenerate the human race with tricks and some centralization. It has been tried before.

They mean, in short, that the Administration has given up the possible and is committed to the impossible. If you doubt it, look at its guarantors. Every intellectual in America who for years has been screaming that we must not unbar the gate to the totalitarian state is rapturously applauding this program, which would destroy all the effective barriers to totalitarianism that exist. They and the Administration are stampeding down a steep place to the sea, cockily indifferent to the fact that when you try to do the impossible you must fail, and when you fail in such circumstances as these you fail catastrophically. The Administration has cut its own throat from motives of the purest idealism. It has sold out to the millennial vision and, Eli said, it has sold out us, its supporters, to whim and chance and despair.

There must be quite a few of us, he said. There must be enough of us to have swung the last election. On the whole we approved of the first Administration and we voted to have it continue. We had had to take a lot of hooey and hosannas, but that was all right for we recognized them as political lubricants. We had to watch a lot of fruitless experiments and ghastly waste, but that was all right for both the times and the stakes justified it. We had to accept a vast impairment of our proved system: an immensely multiplied bureaucracy that would never be reduced, a dreadful increase of expenditure that would never be lessened, a centralizing of demagogic control that would never be loosened, an implementation of graft that would never be cut down. But, if a steep price, all

that was in the legitimate bill and we were willing to pay it. For though we didn't believe that the Roosevelt government or any other could solve all the problems or remake society, we knew that something had to be done, that something could be done, and that on the way to it more must be tried than could succeed. We stood, and we had found an Administration that stood, for human interests above property interests. We accepted the implications, all of them, and we wanted everything done that could be done.

That was the whole point. We wanted the possible done. We didn't want it bludgeoned and gutted by a genial effort to do the impossible. There was plenty to gratify us in that first Administration—its emergency measures during the first weeks, its magnificent restoration of the national morale, its financial measures and the SEC and related reforms, the handling of relief in spite of its astronomical cost. We liked the organization of agriculture, even if its cost too was up among the light years. We liked the encouragement of labor, and when encouragement became bias we remembered that it could go a long way farther before the historic precedent was compensated. We liked the conservation measures—when they didn't betray conservationism. . . . There was plenty we didn't like, but this was the way we wanted to move—to move as far as possible while the chance was there.

Well, Eli said, the chance has gone, and the Administration perishes not even by act of God but by its own hand. The door is open wide to a reaction that could have been haltered and hobbled but is now certain to be severe and may prove to be savage. The liberal government dies of an overdose of idealism, arrogance, and miracles. And we have

been sold out. We wanted something more done, and now nothing more is going to be done but much of what has been done is going to be lost—and both reckonings must be paid in cash. All this because the Administration got an idea it could do everything. It is toughest on us who hoped most. There is no place for us to go to except the cyclone cellar, while the New Deal disintegrates into the slick politics it has inadvertently implemented. We can, of course, watch and pray.

The republic, he added, will survive the defeat of a liberal Administration. It will survive the reaction, and the post-reaction will have to do what this Administration might have done. But these are bad times to have your system undermined by an avoidable infection. And some day it would be pleasant to understand why a liberal government always ends by becoming the thing it sets out to destroy.

Eli mused. Back in 1934, he said, the smart boys who were in the know used to say that Roosevelt was the Kerensky of the American revolution. Wrong again. He turns out to have been not Kerensky but Trotsky. You begin with Trotsky, an idealogue who has his vision and his book of rules, and who has to do what the book says in the way it says to, who will have the whole or none at all. You end with somebody else who has to pick up the pieces. The pieces always have to be picked up, but in the process somebody always gets roughly used, and it is always Trotsky. Well, Eli said, we're watching and beginning to pray. Our first prayer is that when the Stalin comes along to pick up the pieces, fit them together, and make the contraption work, there will be not too many of such reprisals as Jim Farley handsomely promised to avoid.

For information concerning the contributors in this issue, see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages.



Harpers Magazine

THE TYRANNY OF WORDS

BY STUART CHASE

I HAVE written several books and many articles, but only lately have I begun to inquire into the nature of the tools I use. This is a curious oversight when one stops to consider it. Carpenters, masons, and engineers who give no thought to their tools and instruments are not likely to erect very durable structures. Yet I follow a procedure common to most writers, for few of us look to our tools. We sometimes study synonyms, derivations, rhythm, style, but we rarely explore the nature of words themselves. We do not ask if they are adequate instruments for building a durable structure of human communication.

Language, whether English, French, or Chinese, is taken for granted, a basic datum. Writers search their memories for a better word to use in a given context, but are no more in the habit of questioning language than of questioning the weather. There it is. We assume that we know exactly what we mean and that readers who do not understand us should polish their wits.

Years ago I read a little book by Allen

Upward, called *The New Word*. It was an attempt to get at the meaning of "idealism" as used in the terms of the Nobel Prize award—an award for "the most distinguished work of an idealist tendency." Upward began his quest—which was ultimately to lead him over the living world and back to the dawn of written history—by asking a number of his friends to give a personal interpretation of the term "idealism." He received the following replies:

fanatical
altruistic
not practical
exact

poetical
intangible
sentimental
true

what cannot be proved
opposite of materialism
something to do with
imaginative powers

This gave me pause. I thought I knew what "idealism" meant and had used it many times with confidence. Obviously, on the basis of Upward's study, what I meant was rarely, if at all, communicated to the hearer. Indeed, on examining my own mental processes, I had some difficulty in determining what I did mean by this lofty word. Thereafter I was unable to escape an uneasy feeling, slight but persistent, like a mouse heard

in the wall of a room, that something was wrong.

This feeling was strengthened when I stumbled upon a little brochure by H. G. Wells, written I believe for the Fabian Society, which dealt with what he termed "a criticism of the instrument." The forceps of the mind, he said, were clumsy forceps and crushed the truth a little when grasping it.

Another matter which distressed me was that I found it almost impossible to read philosophy. The great words went round and round in my head until I became dizzy. Sometimes they made pleasant music, but I could rarely effect passage between them and the real world of experience. William James I could usually translate, but the great classics had almost literally no meaning to me—just a haughty parade of Truth, Substance, Infinite, Absolute, Over-soul, the Universal, the Nominal, the Eternal. As these works had been acclaimed for centuries as part of the priceless cultural heritage of mankind, it seemed obvious that something in my intellectual equipment was seriously deficient. I strove to understand Plato, Aristotle, Spinoza, Kant, Hegel, Herbert Spencer, Schopenhauer. The harder I wrestled the more the solemn procession of verbal ghosts circled through my brain, mocking my ignorance. Why was this? Was I alone at fault or was there something in the structure of language itself which checked communication?

Meanwhile I had long been aware of the alarming futility of most of the literature dedicated to economic and social reform. As a young reformer I had organized meetings, written pamphlets, prepared lectures, concocted programs, spread publicity with enthusiasm. Those already inclined to my point of view attended the meetings, read the pamphlets, listened to the lectures, adopted the programs, but the apathy of the unconverted was as colossal as it was baffling. As the years went by it became apparent that I was largely wasting my time. The message—and I still believe it was a hu-

man and kindly message—had not got through; communication was blocked. What we reformers meant was not what our hearers thought we meant. Too often it was clear that we were not heard at all; noises came through but no meaning. Why? Why did Mr. Wilson's dubious "war for democracy" go over with a roar while our carefully reasoned appeals drifted listlessly down empty alleys?

Was there a way to make language a better vehicle for communicating ideas? One found in daily life a distrust of words reflected in such phrases as "all generalizations are false, including this one," "campaign oratory," "empty verbalisms," "slogans," "taking the word for the deed," "just hot air." But the distrust was seldom profound; it was usually employed to score off an opponent. Language itself needed to be taken into the laboratory for competent investigation.

For a long time I have been puzzled and uneasy about my tools, but only in the past two years have I followed a few hardy pioneers into the laboratory. As Malisoff has said: "It is a dreadful thing—with no easy escape—to struggle Lao-coön-wise with language."

II

The first pioneer to help me was Count Alfred Korzybski, a Polish mathematician. In his book *Science and Sanity*, published in 1934, he explored the possibility of formulating a genuine science of communication. The term which is coming into use for such studies is *semantics*, matters having to do with signification or meaning. You had best get used to this term, for I think we are going to hear it with increasing frequency in the years before us.

Science and Sanity was harder reading than all the philosophers combined, but it connected with my world of experience. The words no longer went round and round. Korzybski had spent ten years on the book, raiding nearly every branch of science from neurology to the

quantum theory in a stubborn attempt to find how words behave and why meaning is so often frustrated. As I read it, slowly, painfully, but with growing eagerness, I looked for the first time into the awful depths of language itself; depths into which the grammarian and the lexicographer have seldom peered, for theirs is a different business. Grammar, syntax, dictionary derivations are to semantics as a history of the coinage is to the operations going on in a large modern bank.

I went on to *The Meaning of Meaning* by C. K. Ogden and I. A. Richards. The title sounded like more philosophy. On the contrary, philosophers were harried from pillar to post. "The ablest logicians are precisely those who are led to evolve the most fantastic systems by the aid of their verbal technic." The book encouraged me to believe that the trouble had lain not so much with me as with the philosophers. With the tools of semantic analysis, the authors laid in ruin the towering edifice of classical philosophy from Aristotle to Hegel. Psychology (pre-Freudian) emerged in little better repair. Large sections of sociology, economics, the law, politics, even medicine, were as cities after an earthquake.

These three investigators—Korzybski, Ogden, and Richards—agree broadly that the two besetting sins of language are the indentification of *words* with *things*, and the misuse of abstract words. "This is a dog." Is it? The thing that is called "dog" is a non-verbal object in space-time. It can be observed by the senses, it can be described, and then, for convenience, the label "dog" can be attached to it, or the label *hund* or *chien* or *perro*. *But the label is not the animal.*

We are aware of this when we stop to think about it. Trouble comes when we do not stop to think about it. We are continually confusing the label with the non-verbal object, and so giving a spurious validity to the word, as something alive and barking in its own right. When this tendency to identify expands from dogs to higher abstractions such as Liberty, Justice, the Eternal, and imputes

living, breathing entity to them, almost nobody knows what anybody else means. If we are *conscious* of abstracting, well and good; we can handle these high terms as an expert tamer handles a lion. If we are not conscious of doing so we are extremely likely to get into trouble. The identification of word with thing is well illustrated in the child's remark: "Pigs are rightly named, since they are such dirty animals."

Ogden and Richards contribute a technical term, the "referent," by which they mean the object or situation in the real world to which the word or label refers. A beam of light comes from a moving animal to my optic nerve. The animal, which I recognize through prior experience with similar animals, is the referent. Presently I add the label and say, "That's a nice dog." Like the term "semantics," I shall use the term "referent" frequently in the following pages. Indeed the goal of semantics might be stated as *find the referent*. When people can agree on the thing to which their words refer, minds meet; the communication line is cleared.

Labels as names for things may be roughly divided into three classes on an ascending scale:

1. Labels for common objects such as dog, chair, pencil. Here difficulty is at a minimum.

2. Labels for clusters and collections of things, such as mankind, consumers' goods, Germany, the white race, the courts. These are abstractions of a higher order, and confusion in their use is widespread. There is no entity "white race" in the world outside our heads, but only some millions of individuals with skins of an obvious or dubious whiteness.

3. Labels for essences and qualities—the Sublime, Freedom, Value, Individualism, Truth. For such terms there are no discoverable referents in the outside world, and by mistaking them for substantial entities somewhere at large in the environment we create a fantastic Wonderland. This zone is the especial domain of philosophy, politics, and economics.

We normally beg the hard question of finding referents and proceed learnedly to define the term by giving another dictionary abstraction—defining liberty by freedom—"thus peopling the universe with spurious entities, mistaking symbolic machinery for referents." We seldom come down to earth, but allow our language forms or symbolic machinery to fashion a demonology of Absolutes and high-order abstractions, in which we come to believe as firmly as Calvin believed in the Devil.

You doubt this? Let me ask you a question: *Does Communism threaten the world?* Unless you are conscious of the dangers lying in the use of abstract terms you may take this question seriously. You may personify Communism as a real thing, advancing physically over the several continents as a kind of beast or angel, depending on your politics. You may give a careful, weighted answer or an excited, passionate answer to my question. But you have identified the word with the thing and, furthermore, you would be very hard put to it to find lower-order referents for the term. I have been searching for them for years. *The question as it stands is without meaning.* I might about as well ask you: Does Omniscience threaten the world? or Does Blumpism threaten the world? If we can agree—if sane men generally can agree—on a series of things in the real world, that may properly be summarized by the label Communism, then the question has meaning, and we can proceed intelligently to its discussion. Otherwise not. Can you and I and Jones come to an agreement about what is meant by Communism? Try it sometime with Jones. Until agreement is reached the question can liberate plenty of emotion, but no meaning. *A* will follow his meaning and *B* his, and be damned to you.

In Bridgman's *The Logic of Modern Physics* I found a similar criticism of language. "The true meaning of a term is to be found by observing what a man does with it, not by what he says about it." Scientists, through observing, meas-

uring, and performing a physical *operation* which another scientist can repeat, reach the solid ground of agreement and of meaning. They find the referents. "If a question has meaning, it must be possible to find an operation by which an answer may be given to it. It will be noted in many cases that the operation cannot exist and the question has no meaning." See them fall, the Great Questions of pre-Einstein science! It is impossible as yet to perform any kind of experiment or operation with which to test them, and so, until such operation be discovered, they remain without meaning.

May time have a beginning and an end?
May space be bounded?
Are there parts of nature forever beyond our detection?
Was there a time when matter did not exist?
May space or time be discontinuous?
Why does negative electricity attract positive?
Can we be sure that our logical processes are valid?

I breathe a sigh of relief and I trust the reader joins me. One can talk until the cows come home—such talk has already filled many volumes—about these questions, but without operations they are meaningless, and our talk is no more rewarding than a discussion in a lunatic asylum. "Many of the questions asked about social and philosophical subjects will be found to be meaningless when examined from the point of view of operations." Bridgman cites no samples, but we can find plenty on every hand.

Is heredity more important than environment?
What is truth?
What is economic value?
Is the soul more important than the body?
Is there a life after death?
What is national honor?
What is a classless society?
Does labor create all surplus value?
Is the Aryan race superior to the Jewish race?
Is art more important than science?

I read Thurman Arnold's *The Symbols of Government* and looked at language from another unsettling but illuminating angle. I read E. T. Bell, Lancelot Hogben, Henshaw Ward, Jeremy Bentham,

E. S. Robinson, H. R. Huse, Malinowski, Wittgenstein, parts of Pareto, Charles A. Beard on the discussion of human affairs, and F. C. S. Schiller's superb destruction of formal logic. I read everything I could get my hands on that dealt with semantics and meaning.

At last I began to know a little about the tools of my craft. Not much, for semantics is still the tenderest of sciences, but something. It proved to be knowledge of the most appalling character. I had hit upon a trail high, steep, and terrible, a trail which profoundly affects and to a degree explains the often tragic failure of men to come to terms with their environment. Most creatures take the world outside as they find it and instinctively become partners with the environment. Man is the one creature who can alter himself and his surroundings, yet he is perhaps the most seriously maladjusted of all living creatures. (Some of the fishes, I understand, are badly adapted to-day.) He is the one creature who is able to accumulate verifiable knowledge about himself and his environment, and yet he is the one who is habitually deluded. No other animal produces verbal monsters in his head and projects them on the world outside his head. Language is apparently a sword which cuts both ways. With its help man can conquer the unknown; with it he can grievously wound himself.

On the level of simple directions, commands, descriptions, the difficulty is not great. When the words mean: "Look out!" or "There is your food" or "Go to the next white house and turn left"—communication is clear. But when we hear words on the level of ideas and generalizations we cheer loudly, we grow angry, we storm the barricades—and often we do not know what the other man is saying. When a Russian speaks to an Englishman unacquainted with Slavic nothing comes through. The Britisher shrugs his shoulders and both comprehend that communication is nil. When an Englishman speaks to an Englishman about ideas—political, economic, social—

the communication is often equally blank, but the hearer thinks he understands, and sometimes proceeds to riotous action.

The trail to which my reading and observation led me was unexpected. I was trying to learn how to write, and found myself, for the first time in my life, learning how to read, how to listen, how to interpret language. I was looking for means to communicate ideas about correcting what seemed to me certain economic disorders, and I found that greater disorders were constantly arising from defective communication. At least this is the conclusion to which the evidence points. If communication can be bettered we not only have a vastly improved tool to help people get what they want, but we escape many of the disasters which now plague us collectively. Of course a high and mighty disdain for all discussions of abstract ideas is simply another form of stupidity; one must know how to apply the tests.

For the individual, as I can testify, a brief grounding in semantics, besides making philosophy unreadable, makes unreadable most political speeches, classical economic theory, after-dinner oratory, diplomatic notes, newspaper editorials, treatises on pedagogics and education, expert financial comment, dissertations on money and credit, accounts of debates, and Great Thoughts from Great Thinkers in general. You would be surprised at the amount of time this saves.

III

There is no space here to develop the technic of the semantic discipline. In a book that I am writing I attempt to develop it at some length. But perhaps this introductory glimpse may be enough to put us on our guard against the effects of bad language in the contemporary scene. Let us look at some of them.

If original sin is an assumption without meaning (and I am afraid Dr. Bridgman would be unable to find an operation to validate it); if people such as one meets—

Mr. Brown and Mrs. Smith—are, in overwhelming proportions, kindly and peaceful folk—and so I find them; and if the human brain is an instrument of remarkable power and capacity—as the physiologists assure us—there must be some reason, some untoward crossing of wires, at the bottom of our inability to order our lives more happily and to adapt ourselves and our actions to our environment.

Nobody in his senses wants airplanes dropping bombs and poison gases upon his head; nobody in his senses wants slums, Tobacco Roads, and undernourished, ragged school children in a land of potential economic plenty; but bombs are killing babies in Spain and China to-day, and more than one-third of the people in America are underfed, inadequately housed, and shoddily clothed. Nobody wants men and women to be unemployed; but in Western Civilization from twenty to thirty million are, or have recently been, without work, and many of those who have recovered their jobs are making munitions of war. In brief, with a dreadful irony, we are acting to produce precisely the kinds of things and situations which we do not want. It is as though a hungry farmer, with rich soil, and good wheat seed in his barn, could raise nothing but thistles. The tendency of organisms is strongly toward survival, not against it. Something has perverted human survival behavior. I assume that it is a temporary perversion, that it is bound up to some extent with an unconscious misuse of man's most human attributes, thinking and its tool, language.

Failure of mental communication is painfully in evidence nearly everywhere we choose to look. Pick up any magazine or newspaper, and you will find many of the articles devoted to sound and fury from politicians, editors, leaders of industry, and diplomats. You will find the text of the advertising sections devoted almost solidly to a skilful attempt to make words mean something different to the reader from what the facts warrant. Most of us are aware of the chronic inability of school children to understand

what is taught them; their examination papers are familiar exhibits in communication failure. Let me put a question to my fellow-authors in the fields of economics, politics, and sociology: How many book reviewers show by their reviews that they know what you are talking about? One in ten? That is about my ratio. Yet most of them assert that I am relatively lucid, if ignorant. How many arguments arrive anywhere? "A controversy," says Richards, "is normally an exploitation of a set of misunderstandings for warlike purposes." Have you ever listened to a debate in the Senate? A case being argued before the Supreme Court? This is not frail humanity strapped upon an eternal rack. This is a reparable defect in the mechanism. When the physicists began to clear up their language, especially after Einstein, one mighty citadel after another was taken in the quest for knowledge. Is inadequate housing a more difficult study than counting electrons? Strictly speaking, this may be a meaningless question, but you get my point.

IV

It is too late to eliminate the factor of sheer verbalism in the already blazing war between "fascism" and "communism." That war may end Europe as a viable continent for decades. To say that it is a battle of words alone is contrary to the facts, for there are important differences between the so-called fascist and communist states. But the words themselves, and the dialectic which accompanies them, have kindled emotional fires which far transcend the differences in fact. Abstract terms are personified to become burning, fighting realities. Yet if the knowledge of semantics were general, and men were on guard for communication failure, the conflagration could hardly start. There would be honest differences of opinion, there might be a sharp political struggle, but not this windy clash of rival metaphysical notions.

If one is attacked and cornered one

fight. This reaction is shared by men with other animals and is a sound survival mechanism. In modern times, however, this natural action comes *after* the conflict has been set in motion by propaganda. Bad language is now the mightiest weapon in the arsenal of despots and demagogues. Witness Dr. Goebbels. Indeed it is doubtful if a people learned in semantics would tolerate any sort of supreme political dictator. Ukases would be met with a flat *no comprehendendo* or with roars of laughter. A typical speech by an aspiring Hitler would be translated into its intrinsic meaning, if any. Abstract words and phrases without discoverable referents would register a semantic blank, noises without meaning. For instance:

The Aryan Fatherland which has nursed the souls of heroes, calls upon you for the supreme sacrifice which you, in whom flows heroic blood, will not fail, and which will echo forever down the corridors of history.

would be translated:

The blab blab which has nursed the blabs of blabs, calls upon you for the blab blab which you, in whom flows blab blab, will not fail, and which will echo blab down the blabs of blab.

The "blab" is not an attempt to be funny; it is a semantic blank. Nothing comes through. The hearer, versed in reducing high-order abstractions to either nil or a series of roughly similar events in the real world of experience, and protected from emotive associations with such words, simply hears nothing comprehensible. The demagogues might as well have used Sanskrit.

If, however, a political leader says: "Every adult in the geographical area called Germany will receive not more than two loaves of bread per week for the next six months," there is little possibility of communication failure. There is not a blab in a carload of such talk. If popular action is taken it will be on the facts. This statement is susceptible to Dr. Bridgman's operational approach.

Another sad performance, closer to home, is the fabric of bad language which

entangled the names of Rexford Guy Tugwell and Alfred M. Landon in the presidential campaign of 1936. The objective of the spinners—the publishers of the majority of American newspapers—was to create a devil of the first and a god of the second. With vast enthusiasm they plunged to the task. Round the word "Tugwell" were woven emotive abstractions of the general order of: long-haired professor, impractical visionary, public spendthrift, and presently, agent of Moscow, red, home destroyer, Constitution wrecker. Round the word "Landon" were woven abstractions of the opposite emotional order—practical, honest business man, meeter of payrolls, home lover, early riser, good neighbor, budget balancer, Constitution defender; good, homely, folksy stuff. The real characteristics of both men were swept away in this hail of verbiage, and citizens were asked in effect to choose between Lucifer and the Angel Gabriel.

Endless political and economic difficulties in America have arisen and thrived on bad language. The Supreme Court crisis of 1937 was due chiefly to the creation by judges and lawyers of verbal monsters in the interpretation of the Constitution. They gave objective, rigid values to vague phrases like "due process" and "interstate commerce." Once these monsters get into the zoo no one knows how to get them out again, and they proceed to eat us out of house and home.

Judges and lawyers furthermore have granted to a legal abstraction the rights, privileges, and protection vouchsafed to a living, breathing human being. It is thus that corporations, as well as you or I, are entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It would surely be a rollicking sight to see the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey in pursuit of happiness at a dance hall. It would be a sight to see United States Smelting, Refining and Mining being brought back to consciousness by a squad of coast guardsmen armed with a respirator, to see the Atlas Corporation enjoying its constitutional freedom at a nudist camp.

This gross animism has permitted a relatively small number of individuals to throw the economic mechanism seriously out of gear. By economic mechanism I mean the operation of factories, stores, machines whereby men, women and children are fed, sheltered, and clothed. If people were armed with semantic understanding such fabulous concepts could not arise. Corporations would not be interpreted as tender persons.

V

Corporations fill but one cage in a large menagerie. Let us glance at some of the other queer creatures created by personifying abstractions in America. Here in the center is a vast figure called the Nation—majestic, and wrapped in the Flag. When it sternly raises its arm we are ready to die for it. Close behind rears a sinister shape, the Government. Following it is one even more sinister, Bureaucracy. Both are festooned with the writhing serpents of Red Tape. High in the heavens is the Constitution, a kind of chalice like the Holy Grail, suffused with ethereal light. It must never be joggled. Below floats the Supreme Court, a black-robed priesthood tending the eternal fire. The Supreme Court must be addressed with respect or it will neglect the fire and the Constitution will go out. This is synonymous with the end of the world. Somewhere above the Rocky Mountains are lodged the vast stone tablets of The Law. We are governed not by men but by these tablets. Near them, in satin breeches and silver buckles, pose the stern figures of our Forefathers, contemplating glumly the Nation they brought to birth. The onion-shaped demon cowering behind the Constitution is Private Property. Higher than Court, Flag, or The Law, close to the sun itself and almost as bright, is Progress, the ultimate God of America.

Looming along the coasts are two horrid monsters, with scaly paws outstretched: Fascism and Communism. Confronting them, shield in hand and

a little crosseyed from trying to watch both at once, is the colossal figure of Democracy. Will he fend them off? We wring our hands in supplication, while admonishing the young that governments, especially democratic governments, are incapable of sensible action. From Atlantic to Pacific a huge, corpulent shape entitled Business pursues a slim, elusive Confidence, with a singular lack of success. The little trembling ghost down in the corner of Massachusetts, enclosed in a barrel, is the Taxpayer. That long, grim figure with tight-set mouth, before whom bankers are prostrating themselves, is Thrift. A wild harriidan, gray hair flying, insane light in her eye, zooms along the river basins, but hovers especially over Southern California. She is known as the Lunatic Fringe. Liberty, in diaphanous draperies, leaps from cloud to cloud, lovely and unapproachable.

Here are the Masses, thick, black, and squirming. This demon must be firmly sat upon; if it gets up terrible things will happen; the Constitution may be joggled—anything. In the summer of 1937 Mr. John L. Lewis was held to be stirring up the Masses; and the fear and horror of our best people knew no bounds. Capital, her skirts above her knees, is preparing to leave the country at the drop of a hairpin, but never departs. Skulking from city to city goes Crime, a red, loathsome beast, upon which the Law is forever trying to drop a monolith, but its aim is poor. Crime continues rhythmically to Rear Its Ugly Head. Here is the dual shape of Labor—for some a vast, dirty, clutching hand; for others a Gala-had in armor. Pacing to and fro with remorseless tread are the Trusts and the Utilities, bloated, unclean monsters with enormous biceps. Here is Wall Street, a crouching dragon ready to spring upon assets not already nailed down in any other section of the country. The Consumer, a pathetic figure in a gray shawl, goes wearily to market. Capital and Labor each give her a kick as she passes, while Commercial Advertising,

a playful sprite, squirts perfume into her eyes.

From the rear, Sex is a foul creature, but when she turns, she becomes wildly alluring. Here is the Home, a bright fireplace in the stratosphere. The Economic Man strolls up and down, completely without vertebrae. He is followed by a shambling demon called the Law of Supply and Demand. Production, a giant with lightning in his fist, parades reluctantly with Distribution, a thin gaunt girl, given to fainting spells. Above the oceans the golden scales of a Favorable Balance of Trade occasionally glitter in the sun. When people see the glitter they throw their hats into the air. That column of smoke, ten miles high, looping like a hoop snake, is the Business Cycle. That clanking goblin, all gears and switchboards, is Technological Unemployment. The Rich, in full evening regalia, sit at a loaded banquet table, which they may never leave, gorging themselves forever amid the crystal and silver. . . .

Such, gentlemen, is the sort of world which our use of language fashions.

VI

The United States has no monopoly on menageries of this nature. Kingsley Martin, editor of the *New Statesman*, has recently devoted a book to the Crown, the greatest spook in the demonology of the British Empire. He calls it *The Magic of Monarchy*. It is a careful study in contemporary fetichism, tracing the growth, and pointing out the dangers, of that totem-and-taboo culture which has been substituted in the British Isles for the rites of the Druids and painting the body blue. Mr. Martin questions whether the labors of the shamans and witch doctors in creating the perfect "father image" have not been a little overdone. It will be hard now to build the new King into a god after the scandalously human behavior of Edward VIII.

Handicraft communities could handle

language without too seriously endangering their survival. They tortured and sometimes killed poor old ladies as "witched." They reduced their own efficiency in acquiring the necessities of life by elaborate rituals and superstitions. But while language was a handicap, it was not a major menace. There was not much reading or writing. Plenty of firsthand experience acted as a check on unprovable statements.

Power-age communities have grown far beyond the check of individual experience. They rely increasingly on printed matter, radio, communication at a distance. This has operated to enlarge the field for words, absolutely and relatively, and has created a paradise for fakers. A community of semantic illiterates, of persons unable to perceive the meaning of what they read and hear, is one of perilous equilibrium.

One wonders if modern methods of mass education promote as much knowledge in children's minds as they do confusion. Certainly in Germany, Italy, and Russia to-day attempt is being made to bind the minds of children as once the feet of Chinese gentlewomen were bound. Millions of mental cripples may result.

Fortunately there is nothing seriously the matter with our natural mental equipment. It might be improved, but the normal human brain, to quote Korzybski, has the possibility of making at least ten (10), with 2,783,000 zeros after it, different connections between nerve cells. People are not "dumb" because they lack mental equipment; they are dumb because they lack an adequate method for the use of that equipment. Those intellectuals whose pastime is to sit on high fences and deplore the innate stupidity of the herd are on a very shaky fence. Often, if they but knew it, they are more confused than the man on the street, for they deal in loftier abstractions. When I hear a man say: "We never can get anywhere because the masses are so stupid," I know that I am in the presence of a mythmaker, caught on his high perch behind the bars of a verbal prison.



SHALL MARRIAGE BE SUBSIDIZED?

BY GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

THE depression drove boy and girl tramps from home into box-cars and jungles and sent other young people home from their schools. Boys sold newspapers in the streets, not playing truant but trying to support families; while others came out of schools and colleges to find no one expecting them and no jobs waiting. The depression was a chasm opened in front of millions of young people.

We have already known and forgotten these scars of young flesh. Less dramatic, slower, and never quite healed, are the hurts of the young people who were and are yet kept from marriage.

Recently one of these offered me her story. When she was nineteen, she said, she became engaged to Stephen. One of the more fortunate, she had finished high school and business college and had a job. He was twenty-two and in his third year of college. Ahead of him were two more college years, four years of medical school, and another year as an interne.

They knew that they could not be married for some time, but hoped to be able to be so in two years when Eleanor—as we shall call her—would have saved something, and her salary and Stephen's allowance would be enough to run a home.

Within six months, her father, who worked in an insurance office, was let out. His salary had been large enough to support his family in comfort but not to put much aside. As Eleanor was the eldest of five children, and the others were still at school, she had to take over the financial care of the household. One year, then two, three, and four years went by.

Although one of her brothers had gone to work, she was still the family mainstay. Yet, since she had had two raises in salary, she could have been married if Stephen's father, a successful merchant, had been willing to continue his allowance. Stephen was an only son, but the father was not inclined to give this help though he approved of the engagement. He said that no one had helped him to marry and he was not going to weaken his son by making life too easy for him.

The medical college where Stephen was studying was in another part of the State and he came home only one week-end a month. The restraint the boy and girl had imposed upon themselves began to tell. Stephen, for the moment, lost interest in his career and spoke of giving up his studies and getting a job. Eleanor could not bear the thought of his doing so; she would not stand in the way of his future. And there were the numerous little fears and suspicions that creep into the minds of young people who are in love and cannot often see each other. She was taken ill; the diagnosis was a complete nervous breakdown brought on by tension and worry. Only then did Stephen's father help them to marry by continuing Stephen's college allowance.

They have now been married three years. Stephen's practice does not yet bring in an assured income large enough to run their home without Eleanor's salary. They have no children, but are planning to have one next year.

"We had hoped to have four," she told me. "But I am almost thirty and Stephen

is thirty-three. That means we should be in our middle forties by the time the fourth child arrived—there would be a long gap between us and our last born. We want to be young enough to understand our children's problems. So we're going to have only two.

"We are told," she went on, "that we should take the chance our parents took; that what was good enough for them is good enough for us. We don't think it *was* good enough for them. Nor have the wasted years, in which I was really paying the price of my parents' right to a home and children by denying the same right to myself, been good enough for me. Certainly I do not intend to impose any such sacrifice on my children." She added that among her friends were several couples who, for the same reasons as her own, were putting off having children or were cutting down on the number they had hoped to have.

Such cases are very numerous—more numerous probably than ever before in our national history. Yet hers was one of the happy endings. Psychologists are worried about the effect of this frustration upon the well-being of the individual. Sociologists fear it will retard progress. Eugenists see it as a menace to quality population. Doctors think it a widespread threat to health. They all generally agree that unless something is done about it the denials which our young men and women meet at the threshold of adult life will leave their mark on the race of to-morrow. Many of them have suggested that there ought to be some sort of subsidy to encourage early marriage and larger families for the fit and the able.

Some time ago at the National Conference of Social Work, Dr. Valeria H. Parker of the American Social Hygiene Association brought her audience to the edge of its chairs by an overt attack on conditions that keep young men and women single because they cannot afford to marry: "Naturally they resent the circumstances that frustrate the satisfactory development of their love life. . . . Postponement of marriage until the young

man can assume full responsibility too often results in making marriage impossible. . . . Unless society and parents make it both possible and tenable for the young by some kind of financial assistance, the next generation will pay the price of failure."

Professor Ellsworth Huntington of Yale University, President of the American Eugenics Society, has long advocated a selective subsidy by which, through the co-operation of private philanthropy and government, young people of superior physical and mental endowment would see their way clear to marry. Certain of the welfare agencies now favor three things: dowries and allowances to children who have come of age by parents who have means; a share-and-share-alike agreement between husband and wife, with the latter working outside of the home; or, where either of these measures is out of the question, premiums, by wage or by subsidy, on the part of industry and private or public philanthropy. And already a bill has been introduced in the New York Assembly by one of its members, Professor Fite of Vassar College, which proposes a money gift of seventy-five dollars to parents, irrespective of their class, of every child born in the State.

II

To a nation steeped in the pioneer tradition the very idea of subsidizing marriage seems at first thought outrageous. Most of us hold fast to the notion that a young man who contemplates marriage should not permit himself that indulgence unless he is able to bear its full financial burden, and that if he accepts aid from anybody else he is little less than a weakling.

There was a time when this notion, with its admirable insistence upon individual self-help, may have had some reason. In the days of our widening frontiers there was always work for willing and adventurous hands. Yet this is no longer true. Few young men nowadays can be their own economic masters,

building up their own little trades or businesses; we have come into an era of highly organized enterprise in which the vast majority of young men and women must depend for their living upon jobs offered by corporate employers or at least by the possessors of capital. Chronic unemployment depresses the market in which these jobs are sought. In facing the marriage problem we must look at facts as they are, not as they were, and adjust our traditional ideas to the needs which these facts imply.

Here are the cold figures:

In 1932, out of all the 4,860,180 males in the United States between the ages of twenty-five and twenty-nine, over 36 per cent were unmarried; while out of 4,561,786 whose ages ranged between thirty and thirty-four, nearly 20 per cent were bachelors. In a total of 5,553,863 women between the ages of twenty and twenty-four, over 45 per cent were single; of 4,972,428 between twenty-five and twenty-nine, nearly 22 per cent had not been married; and of 4,558,635 in the age group between thirty and thirty-four, over 13 per cent were still spinsters.

These figures, given out by the United States Census Bureau, do not of course indicate how many had remained single because they could not afford to marry. But compared with the census records of former years, they do show that in 1932 the country's marriage rate had reached its nadir. A special study and survey made by Dr. Samuel A. Stouffer, professor of sociology at the University of Chicago, with the aid of his associate, Lyle M. Spencer, discloses that there was at the end of 1935 "an accumulated depression deficit" of at least 748,000 marriages. Their report confronts us with two issues: a decrease in population through the reduction of fertility (the older the couples are when married the fewer children they are likely to have), and an increase in illegitimacy.

It is true that during the past two years the slack in the number of marriages has been taken up to some extent. But we have the authority of those who must deal

with conditions at close range and with practiced minds that the present run on the marriage-license bureaus is due to the easing up of economic conditions for those who already have had to defer their marriages, and that among the young the situation is still serious and promises to remain so.

Some of the welfare agencies maintain forums where young people are invited to state their case. The plaintiffs are not hand-picked, nor are they from any one locality or class. Some are college graduates. Others have been to business college or high school. Some are law or medical students. Some have jobs. A number are unemployed. With few exceptions marriage for them is a faroff dream which in some remote day may or may not materialize. In one such group of thirty girls between the ages of twenty-two and twenty-eight only four are married. The others are engaged without any idea of when their wedding day may be, or they have broken their engagements, or have refrained from getting engaged because the future appeared so hopeless. Out of twenty young men in the same age scale, six were married. In one case the husband had been able to set up a home without his wife's working on the outside. In another, only the wife had a job. The parents of two of the couples were helping out by paying the rent. In two cases both husbands and wives were working. All six couples were practicing birth-control until such time as they could see their way clear to starting a family. This same disconcerting ratio is reported throughout the field of social service. The causes? Unemployment, low wages, the necessity for young people to take care of their parents, or the neglect of well-to-do parents in encouraging the marriage of their grown children by helping them financially.

In some degree the same reasons are given for the increase in the number of children born out of wedlock. This figure jumped from 31.9 in every thousand live births in the year 1929, to 40.5 in every thousand in 1934. Here we must

take into consideration the fact that half the illegitimate births occur among the colored population. Yet it is the conviction of those who deal with the dilemma that the number of children born to white unmarried mothers is growing and that illegitimacy is spreading into the advantaged groups. I have been told on good authority that in some of the private institutions which place infants out for adoption those thus placed are born to unwed daughters from the better-class homes. "And they are not," says my informant, "as might be supposed, usually the result of escapade. More often than not the boy and girl concerned are in love and wish to marry but cannot do so for economic reasons. Either the young man is not earning enough or he is at college, and his parents—who are supporting him, sometimes to the point of indulgence—will not give a penny toward his marriage."

Long engagements are hazardous: on that fact there is an impressive agreement among the well-informed. In the words of Dr. Janet Nelson, National Secretary for Marriage Education in the Y.W.C.A.: "Marriage, to fulfill its purpose, must be a growing relationship maintained on a variety of levels—the intellectual, the social, the emotional, the spiritual, and the physical. It is on the last that the long engagement strikes a snag. Not that sex is synonymous with marriage, but that, as a basic function, it can wreck marriage on all other levels.

"For a couple who must delay their marriage indefinitely but two roads are open: a studied casualness toward a strong and growing urgency; expression of one kind or another." Each of these roads, according to Dr. Nelson, is lined with dangers. Self-control, as the more desirable course, may complicate the eventual sex-adjustment of the two concerned after they are married, by setting up habits which cannot easily be broken. If long continued, it may destroy the natural and vital spontaneity which is the cornerstone of marital happiness. Or it may make chastity seem a virtue in and of itself—a

condition that is often devastating when carried over into marriage; for the wedding ceremony, which is supposed to release the pressure automatically, may do no such thing.

The alternatives, according to Dr. Nelson, are no less precarious. "When two young people are in love and cannot marry, and they assume extra-marital relationships, they are heading for one of several pitfalls. If they seek satisfaction through what the psychologists call a 'fixation of sex hunger at a secondary level,' marriage for them may be anti-climactic. Honest experience may be far more decent and far less disintegrating to mind and body. Yet it too has its penalties. The hand of Convention falls heavily on its violators. The feeling of guilt and the constant maneuvering to ensure secrecy seldom fail to affect the delicate machinery of marriage. For the woman, since no contraceptive is a hundred per cent effective, there is the menace to health which comes from abortion. And for both there is the chance that, instead of being a part of a total community of interests, providing a strong and enduring foundation upon which to build a rich and fruitful family life, such a relationship may become a thing apart; instead of growing closer and closer together, the lives of the two involved are split up into many little pieces which no subsequent legalizing of their union can pull together again. Caught up in the economic undertow of to-day, more and more of our young are finding themselves in one or another of these predicaments."

Dr. Robert Latou Dickinson, who was the first physician to make a clarifying study of the physiology of marriage, and whose *A Thousand Marriages*, written with Lora Beam, is the accepted textbook on the subject, blames the long-drawn-out engagement for a high incidence of nervous disorders—complete breakdown, melancholia, insomnia, anemia, and co-relative digestive ailments. Admitting continence as the better way because of the forfeits which society exacts from those who defy her, he considers it a frequent

source of estrangement and divorce. Nor does he find much to commend in methods of escape. "Sublimation through other interests, such as sports, philanthropy, music, dancing, etc., may serve for a time," he says. "But over any lengthy interlude it loses its validity and leads to disaster. The young man, driven to experiment, may become promiscuous. The habit of denial may cause frigidity in the woman. Neither of these conditions prophesies a future rich in human or spiritual values.

"Illicit unions may easily cause a drifting away from marriage. A woman often comes to thinking of herself as attractive only in a physical way and thereby develops a sense of inferiority; the man, satisfied with things as they are, loses his inclination for a home and family; then one or the other suffers disillusionment. Then, too, a rift often comes through flaws in character indented by the long necessity for subterfuge. A knowledge of the technic of intrigue and deceit begets suspicion, jealousy, and recrimination. Or there is the situation where, because a child is on the way, a couple may be coerced into a marriage which, founded on fear, is not likely to last.

"If the standards of monogamy are to be upheld," concludes Dr. Dickinson, "there must be a program making it easier for the young to marry." If the home and family are to be saved they must be made available.

All of this may give the impression that too much emphasis is being placed on sex. But there is no denying that sex is a tremendously assertive instinct in young love and that, when ignored or rashly reckoned with, its retaliation is ruthless. Out of hundreds of case histories at hand, I select two which suggest what may happen. Both of them are of couples whose families were far better off financially than the average.

Joan and Henry, twenty-one and twenty-three, were engaged for two years. Joan lived at home, had her own car and a liberal clothes allowance. Henry had his college degree and was doing post-

graduate work in architecture on an allowance from his father. What they received together from their parents would have been more than enough to permit them to marry. The parents said that if they did so before Henry finished his course all allowances would stop. Up to this time they had practiced complete self-restraint. Then the tension gave way and they resorted to the "secondary levels" of satisfaction. At the end of six months Henry gave up his studies to take a job. Joan went to work. They were married. Marriage, emotionally, was an anti-climax, with a case of nerves on each side. Thinking there must be someone else in his life, she was jealous and suspicious. Resenting this, he grew more and more indifferent, finally twitting her bitterly with the sacrifice he had made in giving up his post-graduate work, which would have meant easier advancement for him in his profession. When they separated Joan felt that she had been discarded. Henry's life was damaged in two counts—a deficit in his education and the breaking-up of his home.

A story that destiny tells oftener than may be generally believed is that of Alice and Gregory, both of whom were working and living at home with parents in comfortable circumstances. When their engagement was announced in October they had set their wedding day for sometime in June. In April Gregory was let out of his job and Alice's salary was cut. Their parents knew how much in love they were but were indifferent about the postponement indefinitely of the marriage. Talking things over, the two young people decided that their love for each other was the only thing that mattered, and that since the ceremony was only a surface concession, they would be just as much married without benefit of clergy. In a few months Alice found she was going to be a mother. Both of them were panic-stricken and, with no one to confide in, they lost their heads. They went to a distant city and sought the services of an advertising doctor who was an abortionist. Alice died of septicemia.

Gregory took his own life. When he was dying the four parents hurried to his bedside. Their cry was, "Oh if we had only known!" It is not fair perhaps to place the entire blame on them. Yet if they had had a little more understanding the story's ending would not have been so bitter.

The eugenists call our attention to another danger, less personal but perhaps as vital in the long run. They are disturbed, not so much by the drop in the marriage rate as by the decrease in the size of better families, caused by deferred marriage or by the refusal of the young to have more children than they are now having through the fear that they may not be able to rear them in adequate surroundings. While the less fit, whose long heritage of squalor and want have robbed them of their dreams and whose incompetence is the burden of public and private charity, are marrying and procreating as haphazardly and as numerously as ever, the most able in all occupational groups, including the professions, are putting off getting married or are having smaller and smaller families.

In their *Dynamics of Population*, Frank Lorimer and Frederick Osborn report the lowest number of births in the families of architects, physicians, surgeons, dentists, artists, teachers, engineers, designers, draftsmen, and inventors; and the highest number in the lowest-income brackets or among those who have no income at all. In a house-to-house survey made in four cities—Baltimore, Cleveland, New York, and Syracuse—of the people who lived in low- or moderate-cost dwellings, the annual birth-rate was found to be 115 out of every thousand where the income was \$2500 or over; 145 out of a thousand where the income ranged from \$1200 to \$2000; and 176 out of a thousand where the income was below \$1200. That this was not due entirely to the depression is indicated by similar surveys made prior to 1929. In Cleveland, for instance, in 1928, for every thousand women between the ages of fifteen and forty-four, there

were about 75 live infants born in the poorest districts; 60 in areas where the economic status was a little better; and from 45 to 54 among the comfortable and well-to-do.

It would of course be absurd to argue that one's prosperity is a fair measure of one's quality. Yet Dr. Lewis Terman of Stanford University, an accepted authority on the measurement of human intelligence, has found that gifted children, those with Intelligence Quotients which place them in a superior category and to whom the future must look for its leaders, are usually the offspring of parents who are in the professional and higher occupational groups. If you make it difficult for them to marry and rear families, while the irresponsible are multiplying anyhow, you are slowly lowering the quality of the race.

III

What should be done? A small part of the answer may be found in Dr. Valeria Parker's suggestion that parents who have sufficient means should help their sons and daughters to maintain a home until such time as they are able to do so themselves. "This help," she says, "should not be intermittent but regular and for as long as it is needed. There should be no strings attached to it. Nor should it be given grudgingly. Neither should it be permitted to contribute to idleness. The young couple should be allowed to budget and spend it themselves. In this way they will learn thrift through experience." This assistance, in Dr. Parker's mind, should extend even to college students. "Insurance statistics show that there is less sickness and death among the married than among the single. This is because the former are living normally, as Nature intended them to live. The psychological condition which comes with a happy marriage is a great contribution to health."

Whether college students should be encouraged to marry is debatable. Still, of a dozen or more educators who were asked about it, all were in favor of it with

the reservation that each case had to be taken on its own merits. Dr. Henry Pratt Fairchild, professor of sociology at New York University, declared that happy marriage is more important than a college education. Dr. Ernest Osborn of the Department of Parent Education at Columbia University has found that students who are in love are much better off married than single. The officials of the University of Iowa, where there are more than three hundred married couples, most of whom are living on allowances provided by their parents, are unanimous in saying the same thing. In a recent statement, Robert E. Reinow, Dean of Men, and Adelaide Burge, Dean of Women, at Iowa said: "Marriage has a settling influence on students. Nearly always their grades improve under it. The responsibility makes them dig harder. They have someone to make good for, someone who is pleased when their record is high, someone to sympathize with them and encourage them when things go wrong."

Many parents who are in a position to finance their children's marriages refrain from doing so—not because they are ungenerous or lacking in affection, but because they still look upon the financing of marriage as the young husband's duty, or because they are afraid of destroying the initiative and self-reliance of their sons and daughters. Making life too easy for the young does sometimes develop flaws in character. But there is a vast difference between overloading them with luxury and granting them that reasonable security so essential to successful marriage. If they have been trained during childhood to the full meaning of the family they will not be easily spoiled after they have reached maturity. There must have been something radically wrong with the early home life of a young man whose integrity is impaired because his father has given him a little money toward his marriage.

It may be noted here that the United States is the only civilized nation where custom does not dictate voluntary pa-

rental encouragement of early marriage through dowries for daughters and property gifts for sons. The French, who are realists as well as individualists, have perhaps the most effective system for a democracy. The family with them is a closely knit circle of mutual trust and affection. It is the center round which the whole beautiful pattern of their culture is drawn. They expect their children to marry young and they help them to do so. This is done not for the sake of being good to them but rather as a duty to society. In every class, except among the poorest industrial workers, the daughter has her *dot*, saved for or set aside from the day she is born. Among the peasants the son is given a piece of land. The merchants, great or small, give him an interest in the business or get him started in whatever calling he has chosen. In return he and his wife are expected to be diligent and thrifty and to raise a family. (It is worth noting that the French divorce rate is less than a third of that in this country.) Recently, because of the economic crisis, the French government has stepped in and is providing dowries of ten thousand francs for girls whose parents are unable to give them any. To be eligible for this *dot* the girl must be between twenty-one and thirty years of age, of good character, and have proven her capacity for holding a job.

IV

But to argue for voluntary aid by parents is to touch only the surface of the larger problem. Few American parents to-day—probably not more than a tenth of them—are able to contribute decisively toward financing their children's marriages. What about the rest, including the immense number of marriageable young people who can receive no aid at all from their parents and who remain single because of unemployment or meager wages or because they must support their parents or at least help out at home? Here we reach the core of the problem.

A large number of direct answers to it

have been suggested, some of them valuable, some not so valuable.

To begin with the worst catch-penny proposals: a government dole, on its very face, would be likely to do more harm than good. In a democracy a subsidy could not be selective. It would place a premium on indiscriminate childbearing. Particularly so as it would be humiliating to the self-respecting, who might not care to accept it. The same applies to the attempt, by legislative enactment, to give a subsidy of seventy-five dollars to the parents of each child born within any given State. Except in the smaller towns and in some of the rural districts, this sum would not cover the costs of confinement and it would be a bait by which the naïve and unwary would be trapped into adding to the already staggering, overburdened, public relief budget. And to give it to those who do not need it would be a subordination of irresponsibility.

From one of the social agencies comes the suggestion of a subsidy on the German plan, by which couples intending to marry may borrow a thousand marks from the government. To qualify for this subsidy in Germany they must take a three months' course in marriage education, their genealogy must be satisfactory—that is, preponderantly "Aryan," there must be no evidence of organic disorders in the family health histories, and they must pass an exacting intelligence test. Of this subsidy, which is called a "loan," a quarter is "forgiven" on the birth of each child until the fourth, when the indebtedness is erased from the books. Anything so deeply dyed in the mash of race prejudice and militarism would obviously be repugnant to Americans. Nor is it easy to conceive of any definition of fitness for a selective subsidy which would be more compatible with liberal democratic ideals and not be open to grave abuse.

Another possibility—which has its good points—is the creation of a fund by the richly endowed foundations to provide allowances for a given number of young couples annually. But even this could operate over only an exclusive area and

it would have its humiliations unless there were some chance of return through work or study. And as there would have to be a time limit on each dispensation, it would promise nothing in eventual security.

A less ambitious but more immediately practical measure would be to remove, one by one, the present bars to "married partnerships"—to the wife's holding a job outside the home when her husband's income is not large enough to meet expenses. In such partnerships of course there is nothing new. Since industry and mass production no longer give full play to women's homemaking talents, thereby raising the cost of living, millions of wives have found that they must busy themselves on the outside if the family budget is to be balanced. But many barriers have been set in their way. The National Economy Act, through Clause 213 (now happily repealed) has for many years placed the ban on government jobs for married women whose husbands were also in Federal employ. Some States, following the example thus set, have applied a similar proscription to married teachers and clerks, whether or not both husband and wife hold public positions. In many industries and mercantile establishments it is the policy that girls must automatically give up their jobs when they marry. Remove these arbitrary regulations, and the door to marriage will be opened to many young couples.

For those who must forego marriage in order to maintain a home for their parents, Mrs. Harper Sibley, chairman of the National Women's Committee of the Mobilization for Human Needs, proposes a form of social insurance to which parents would contribute during their working years. "This," she says, "would carry no stigma of dependence with it. Rather would it be commendable, as it would remove an unfair handicap from the path of the young who have had no advantages in life and whose way is hard. Society seems to forget that children do not ask to be born. Nor can they choose their own environment. If their parents have

done the best they can for them, a duty is owed, but it should not be so onerous nor so prolonged that it stands in the way of their own dream of a home and a family." Lest there be a mistaken idea that the Social Security Act already serves this purpose, we must call to mind the fact that the benefits of Old Age Insurance and Assistance are available only to persons of sixty-five years and over; that Old Age Insurance does not begin until 1942; and that individual States may rule—as some already have—that the pension act does not apply to parents whose sons and daughters are working, no matter what the individual circumstances.

Of all the programs formulated for a direct solution of the problem, that of the American Eugenic Society, in its logic and its chances of eventual attainment, seems to me to offer the best promise. The Society offers a list of carefully considered measures. One, the good effects of which could be instant wherever it was put into effect, is a sliding wage-scale with a raise in pay upon marriage and with each successive child. A few colleges and the Presbyterian Mission schools have for some time adopted it, as have some industries. The Eugenic Society hopes that all forms of employment will gradually come into line. In this case, there would, for the sake of justice, have to be an equalizing fund among industries engaged in the same type of manufacture; otherwise enlightened employers who conformed would suffer competition from those who were not so socially minded.

The Society also recommends a number of other palliatives, such as city housing projects with low rentals, nursery schools, and pre-schools where working mothers can take their children to be looked after during the day; the extension of child-welfare activities over a wider area; the education of mothers in the underprivileged classes toward birth control; an increase in the number of scholarships in schools and colleges; doing away with the limitation on higher fellowships and opening them up to those who are married; and a reduction in existing gift and

income taxes corresponding more to the actual cost of rearing each child to maturity.

V

There they are, the proposed direct answers to the problem. Some could do incalculable damage, some would probably offer little real benefit, at a burdensome cost to society at large, some would be of minor value as piecemeal measures, some might prove really useful in time but would be of little advantage in the immediate future. One and all they are inadequate.

Let Dr. Fairchild speak his mind:

"It is ghastly in a country like this, where we have sufficient human and natural resources to give everyone work and a comfortable living, to realize that a large number of our girls and boys cannot marry because they can't afford to. Moreover, it is socially inefficient to place the entire burden of support in marriage immediately upon the shoulders of the young people themselves. It may have been reasonable to do so twenty-five years ago. Then, if a man did not succeed, it may have been his own fault, since there were still free land and untouched opportunities. Since this is no longer true, there is a growing accumulation of wasted talent. College graduates no longer find it easy to get jobs equal to their abilities and training. Young architects, engineers, and teachers must, in many instances, be content with running elevators, counter-jumping, or soda-jerking. Of course they can't marry. But they're not going to be helped by expeditients which are only dodging the real issue. A subsidy, unless carefully administered, might easily be disgenic. The problem cannot be taken up piecemeal. It must be treated as an aspect of a social and economic system which needs revising so that it can meet the demands of the changed world in which we are living."

Dr. Fairchild in his statement goes on to call for "a correct attitude toward marriage by which it is seen not as a purely

biological factor but as equally sociological, and a collectivized economy in which jobs adapted to their abilities are available for all. This," he says, "can come only through a complete reorganization of society."

I do not propose in this article to argue for a collectivized economy. Regardless of its merits, that is an economic and political proposal outside the scope of the present discussion. I do propose, however, to underline what seems to me the irresistible conclusion of our survey:

Unless something is done to remove or limit the barriers to early marriage, great numbers of the present generation of young people will remain in a predicament bitter to themselves and harmful both to themselves and to society. Though a new attitude on the part of

well-to-do parents—based on an understanding of the fact that changing conditions demand changing conceptions of personal responsibility—will help some of these young people, and various forms of marriage aid may help others, the only sure solution of the problem will come through a rise in the general standard of living, a wider diffusion of prosperity. How this is to be attained is debatable. But that it is overwhelmingly needed is not debatable. Strange, that when the examination of problem after problem of American society leads us inevitably to this answer, there are men and women so complacent and so blind that they will not see that the raising of the general standard of living by the spread of employment at a decent living wage is the paramount issue in American life to-day!

SURPLUS

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

THERE'S more than April in an April flower
And more than sweetness lies in caves of honey.
Be sure of this: in Love's delirious hour
There's more than in a miser's golden money.

Unmeasured is the shining wealth of youth,
Uncountable the wonders in a wood;
Yet secret voices speak the shining truth
To those who, listening, have understood.



"THE WHITE HOUSE IS CALLING"

BY STANLEY HIGH

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has a great many intimates, few close friends, and no cronies. He does not have cronies because, with all his sure-fire and sometimes hilarious geniality, he is not "chummy." His gregariousness is due to the fact that he wants diversion, entertainment, or help, not because he wants companionship. Most of his close friends date from Harvard and Hyde Park and figure largely as pleasant recollections. But his intimates are probably more numerous than those of any President before him, their influence is greater and the speed of their turn-over more rapid.

His intimates serve many useful purposes. They are foils for his mind and a stimulus to it. Some of them run his confidential errands and some of them help him to write his speeches. But all of them have this in common: they see him at those informal interludes in the Presidential day when the bars are down, no one is on parade, frankness is possible and, most important, ideas are readily sold. It is not the men who see the President during working hours but those who see him afterward who are the clue to what is on his mind. The vigilant corps of newspaper men who keep their eagle eyes on the front door of the White House offices would do well to post at least one watchman at the basement entrance. The men who slip in there and up the back-stairs to the private office of Marguerite LeHand, which adjoins that of the President, are frequently bigger news than the reputedly bigger men for whom the correspondents, in the up-

per lobby, keep their pencils sharpened.

In fact, amazing as it is to observe how much the Washington correspondents see, it is also sometimes amazing how much they miss. The Presidential counselor, for example, who is reliably reported to have seen Mr. Roosevelt oftener than any one else during the recent campaign had, perhaps, more influence on him than any other person and, on at least three occasions, lived for an entire week at the White House, only once had his comings and goings reported in the press. On that one occasion, since he was a guest on the President's yacht, obscurity was impossible. On other occasions, so the story goes, he kept out of sight by a very simple routine. He merely arrived at the White House before the correspondents went on beat in the morning, stayed indoors during the day or took his infrequent strolls along the covered walk that runs from the President's office past the swimming pool to the lower floor of the Mansion, and left, when the time came to leave, by an unfrequented side door. This successful anonymity explains, in part at least, why he has outlived several generations of the President's less obscure intimates and advisers.

The President, of course, does not expect anonymity from his secretariat. From them he expects caution and, on most occasions, gets it. Marvin McIntyre, who handles the appointments and shakes the hands that do not get to Mr. Roosevelt, is known to be inclined to the company of the embarrassingly rich. But the aftermath of one incipient

scandal in which McIntyre was caught at a utility lobbyist's cocktail party has had a restraining effect upon him. His sin, in that case, was not so much in his choice as in his timing. The utility holding company fight was right at full tilt. On any ordinary occasion utility cocktails would have been as acceptable as any others. McIntyre had simply neglected to look at the legislative calendar. The President, in his relations with his secretaries, or for that matter with his own family, is no proctor.

Both Marvin McIntyre and Steve Early, whose job is the press, see the President constantly. But on matters of state it can hardly be said that their contact with him is influential. McIntyre tries to put in an oar now and then, usually with indifferent results. Early seldom tries, unless in some way or other the press is involved. Then he is likely to jump in all over with a show of emotion which in someone other than a Southerner would be called a "frenzy." But he cools down as rapidly as he heats up, and I think the veteran newspaper men at the White House generally agree that, with him, they have had more forthright and squarer treatment than in several Presidential moons.

McIntyre, in many respects, has the more important post. He is the neck of the bottle leading to the President. The only people who get round him belong to that inside and unofficial family who know both Miss LeHand and the President well enough to make the approach through her. It is inevitable, since McIntyre is obliged to keep a great many important people from seeing the President, that a great many important people should dislike him thoroughly. And a great many such people do.

If there is anything on which a considerable number of this disgruntled host agree, it seems to be that McIntyre lets his personal feelings or his acquired patricianism play too large a part in his determination of those whom he marks for passage and those whom he bottles up. Whether or not the charge is justified, I

am very sure that no Presidential secretary ever had a greater loyalty to his chief than McIntyre or troubled his mind less about what his chief was driving at. In so far as he understands, he probably disapproves. Anywhere else than in the White House with Mr. Roosevelt, McIntyre, up to the limit of his financial and social capacity, would be a Bourbon.

It is not likely either that young James Roosevelt is much of an asset to his father on matters of public policy. Washington observers are still somewhat undecided as to whether in his present post he is an asset at all. No one denies that he has his father's looks and graciousness or that—when he speaks—his voice and manner of delivery are, either by chance or effort, almost exactly like those of the President. In fact, seeing young Jimmy Roosevelt turned out with so complete a set of his father's mannerisms brings not altogether favorably to mind the memory of another son of another Roosevelt who similarly modeled himself, without too great success.

There is no doubt that Jimmy Roosevelt takes his job seriously. Whereas Steve Early is not very socially inclined, and Marvin McIntyre's social circles are notably not New Deal, Jimmy Roosevelt gets about among the Administration's intelligentsia. He undoubtedly brings back a good deal of interesting and useful information.

His more or less official assignment of course is Capitol Hill. Almost everyone on Capitol Hill agrees, I think, that that assignment was a mistake. I do not mean that Jimmy Roosevelt has made any egregious blunders. Charlie West—the other official White House emissary at the Capitol—hovered solicitously over Jimmy's first ventures with Congress and kept him clear of the soft spots. But there has been nothing Charlie West could do about the fact that the young man is his father's son, and it is this fact which Capitol Hill has resented in Jimmy as a White House lobbyist.

This resentment, doubtless, was inevitable. The average Senator or Repre-

sentative, who may be in need of some word from the White House, feels that to send it by one of the President's own family puts the members of Congress at a disadvantage. This feeling has not been eased by Jimmy Roosevelt's reported practice of referring to Mr. Roosevelt, not as the President, but as "father." When the young man says "father wants this" or "father is against that" he is generally taken at his word. But the Democratic members of Congress do not like it. Moreover, the father-and-son emphasis has had unpleasant connotations. Jimmy Roosevelt may be the heir apparent at the White House. But at the Capitol the opinion seems to be that if he is, the less that is said about it—for the next ten years—the better. No one will deny that he has come to the right place for his political apprenticeship. But the agreement is general that the more he takes his lessons in obscurity the more likely he will be to profit by them later on.

In the White House secretariat, but also distinct from it, is Miss Marguerite LeHand. "Missy," officially, is the President's personal secretary. She is the one indispensable member of the secretarial entourage. She not only understands what the President is driving at—and approves of it—she understands the President. No one else breaks in on him with so little hesitation or knows so well when breaking in would not be judicious. No one talks up to him so frankly or understands when he is in what she calls one of his "executive moods" and talking up to him is not advisable.

It is difficult to reduce Miss LeHand's responsibilities to a single classification. Because she lives at the White House she attends many of the President's most important conferences and is a party to almost all of his important decisions. Her disapproval of a person or a course of action is more difficult to overcome than that of anyone else save only Mrs. Roosevelt. Her approval is almost the next best thing to a Presidential O.K. Miss LeHand, I think, has very little to say as to what—in matters of state—the President

ought to do. She does not lay any claim to economic learning or, despite her fifteen years' association with the President, to any particular political shrewdness. But whatever the President decides to do, Missy has a good deal to say as to the way in which he does it. Both in regard to individuals and in the President's relations with the public, she has an uncanny sense of what is fitting and what "just can't be done." Her arguments are not emotional. But she persists. And since the death of Louis Howe no other person close to the President has been so frequently right.

Beyond all this, however, Miss LeHand's understanding of Mr. Roosevelt and her deft handling of him and of the people with whom he is surrounded are the chief reasons why the business mechanism of the White House runs with a minimum of friction and the President gets through day after day of strain with a minimum of avoidable irritation.

In the main, however, the White House secretariat is devoted, moderately efficient, but not particularly influential in matters of public policy. A good many not too well-concealed hints have been dropped to the effect that the President would profit by a change. For some time there has been an undercover drive to "get Mac out." But the likelihood that McIntyre can be ousted is very small. Except for the death of Louis Howe and the appointment of James Roosevelt, there have been no changes in the secretariat since Mr. Roosevelt came to the White House. If any changes come now they are not likely to be by any suggestion from the President. Even if Mr. Roosevelt desired to make such a move, the fact that pressure has been put on would probably prevent it. So far as his official personnel is concerned, the President is not only unresponsive to pressure but pressure puts his back up.

II

Moving on the fringes of the secretariat, a political messenger and assessor of Congressional opinion is Charles West,

former Democratic Representative from Ohio, and, at present, Undersecretary of the Interior, a post he holds but does not fill. When Congress is in session Charlie West—with Early and McIntyre—generally meets Mr. Roosevelt every morning at the post-breakfast conference in the President's bedroom. His little white cards, which he holds together with a wide rubber band and carries in his vest pocket, have a wide variety of odds and ends scribbled on them. But they are all political. It is his business to listen to Capitol Hill's complaints, give ear to its requests, carry its current words of wisdom to the President and, in due course, bring back the President's reply.

He does this often thankless job with unflinching good humor. In fact, his unflinching good humor is probably one of his liabilities. Charlie West is a product of an evangelical tradition, he attended a small, denominational college in Ohio, he once served as a Y.M.C.A. secretary. As a result, he narrowly escaped being sanctimonious. Instead he has become what I suppose is Washington's leading example of sweetness and light. His friendliness is indiscriminate and his smile never diminishes. If he says "no"—which he tries not to do—it is with an affirmative emphasis.

In the first two years of the New Deal West was one of the most vigorous and effective of the President's spokesmen on the floor of the House. He gave up that post to run for the Democratic nomination for the Senate in Ohio as an Administration candidate against the lukewarm and, as it turned out, unbeatable Vic Donahey. His present post was a reward for that sacrifice. He has undoubtedly been useful to the President. If he has not been able to keep Congress in a continually happy frame of mind, it is safe to say that its discontent has not been fed by any indiscretions on his part.

His reports to Mr. Roosevelt on the state of the Congressional mind are undoubtedly important. But his influence on the President's policies is negligible. On important matters, he does what he is

told to do and seldom attempts to point out what ought to be done. I have never heard anyone in Washington say: "This is Charlie West's opinion." He, almost alone among the men who can be rated as advisers to the President, makes it a point not to have opinions or, at least, to keep whatever opinions he has to himself. He is a New Dealer, but without any private intellectual axe to grind. If he rolls up his sleeves it is to help Mr. Roosevelt and not to make America over.

The most seasoned and, strangely enough, the least battle-scarred of the men who have a major part in making up the President's mind is Samuel N. Rosenman, a justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York. Judge Rosenman—"Sammy the Rose" in White House parlance—was the legal aid to Mr. Roosevelt when he was Governor of New York. He got together the first Brain Trust in 1932. When, after the inauguration, the Brain Trust moved to Washington, Judge Rosenman stayed on in New York. That is one of a number of reasons why now—with his one-time associates scattered to the four political winds—he continues to come and go as much in the President's confidence as ever.

Judge Rosenman has successfully kept himself not only out of the limelight but well back in the shadows. When other less shrewd advisers stepped forth after Mr. Roosevelt's first election, Judge Rosenman stepped back. So far as I know none of the countless published photographs of the 1932 Brain Trust ever included his picture. And yet he not only originated the plan for such a group, but he passed on the qualifications of those who applied for inclusion in it. During the campaign of 1932 headquarters were established in New York at the Roosevelt Hotel—close, but not too close—to those of the Democratic National Committee at the Biltmore. No one got past the door or, if they did, stayed long inside without the approval of Judge Rosenman. He alone among the group knew the candidate, what he wanted, and the kind of personalities

he would welcome in his intimate circle. A number of other people have taken credit for the organization and effectiveness of the first Brain Trust. The President, however, gives the credit to Rosenman.

Another fact which helps to explain Judge Rosenman's longevity among Mr. Roosevelt's advisers is his unwillingness to come unless called for or to speak up unless spoken to. He, like Charlie West, has nothing to prove and no plan to put across. He is not committed to the evangelization of the world in this generation—unless Mr. Roosevelt is committed to it. In that case, and only if he is asked, he will go along with enthusiasm. But until he gets word that he is wanted he keeps well out from under foot. That is undoubtedly one reason why the President wants him so frequently.

Judge Rosenman is a Manhattan American. Most of what he knows about the country north of the Harlem River and west of the Hudson he has learned as a result of his association with Mr. Roosevelt. He never hurries and anyone who does hurry flusters him. He has, I should say, a more authentic sense of humor than any other of the President's close associates. He has a great respect for the office of President. But he is in no awe of Mr. Roosevelt. More, however, than anyone else, save Miss LeHand, he knows how to adjust his strategy to the President's moods.

In any economic classification of the President's advisers, Judge Rosenman would be rated as a liberal and not, in any sense, a radical. In fact, like some others, the Judge has probably gone farther left with Mr. Roosevelt than his own convictions and much farther than he would be willing to go with any other leader. He is not an economist or an historian even in the amateur sense. His value to the President—aside from his highly approved passion for anonymity—is due to his abundant supply of stable common sense, his ability to take an obscure document and, with a pencil and a few hours of solitude, inject some clarity

into it, and the fact that he can be neither hurried nor alarmed.

Of the other members of the first Brain Trust, Ray Moley, after a campaign effort to revive his wilted enthusiasm for the New Deal, has left it altogether. Rex Tugwell, who parted amicably with the President, had ceased to be an adviser long before the parting. Adolph Berle, one of the most brilliant of the lot, still drops in occasionally on the President—whom he calls by the half-affectionate, half-admonishing name of "Cæsar." But Fiorello La Guardia, the Mayor of New York, has supplanted his political first love. Hugh Johnson, who was an off-and-on Brain Truster, is still off and on. Charles Taussig, who made his way into the aggregation, is now, as President of the American Molasses Company, the immediate boss of Rex Tugwell, and, having won the favor of Mrs. Roosevelt, occasionally and generally after much effort sees the President.

III

Of the members of the Cabinet, I believe that only Henry Morgenthau, the Secretary of the Treasury, is on terms of accepted intimacy with the President. Henry Wallace, I think, is a little too serious, and Cordell Hull is much too serious. Homer Cummings is good company but he is not an intimate. Miss Perkins is Mrs. Roosevelt's protégée. "Uncle Dan" Roper is always amiable, but I do not believe he is often called on. Jim Farley is close to the President on matters of politics, but on questions of state he is not one of those who are asked to help to make the policies, and unless his advice is requested he never offers any.

Henry Morgenthau, however, pre-dates the Presidency. He is a Dutchess County neighbor of the Roosevelt family. He, like the President, enjoys the Dutchess County status of "country squire." His interest in farming is not that of an amateur, but of a business man. All of his interests—and particularly his policies at the Treasury—are those of a

business man. He keeps his farm in the black. The fact that he has not been able to keep the Treasury in the black is due to circumstances beyond his control and not to any lack of distaste for red ink. In this respect too he is like the President; for despite the present state of the Federal budget, the President has the greatest possible respect for "paying propositions."

Mr. Morgenthau—"Henry the Morgue"—is the one member of the Cabinet who drops in informally at the White House residence or who sees much of the President in other than business hours. He is not exactly entertaining. His touch is not quite light enough for that. I do not believe either that his influence in the Presidential circle can be called considerable. He is no more a New Dealer by nature than most of his Wall Street friends and his Dutchess County neighbors. The President keeps an eye and a hand on the Treasury Department as on no other.

Since the second inauguration Harry Hopkins has joined the little group of White House intimates. As head of the WPA, Harry Hopkins presides over the biggest administrative undertaking in the peace-time history of the American government. Barring unforeseen and unlikely scandals, he is due to leave it—when he finally takes his wife's advice—with a record that will match the size of the undertaking. The WPA has been widely hated and condemned. But the fact is that the best political sleuths in the country have tried for four long years to get something big on Hopkins and his administration. Their researches have netted exactly nothing. As a result it has slowly dawned on Washington that Hopkins is doing a colossal job almost miraculously well and both the organization and the man have risen rapidly, of late, in the esteem of the sharp-eyed gentlemen of both parties on Capitol Hill.

Hopkins is cynical, caustic, and excessively direct. Those qualities did not endear him to the politicians. That failed to bother him, a fact that subsequently

helped him with the politicians—who customarily have a great, if prudently concealed, respect for public officials who can't be bothered. And the fact that he says what he thinks even though—as is usually the case—it is bad news, has been an asset to him.

Like many cynics, Hopkins is a sentimentalist. His mouth is a bit twisted, but his eyes give him away. I do not recall that he was ever maudlin about the millions of out-of-work Americans in his charge. And he dislikes paternalism, but I am sure that he has a feeling of personal responsibility toward them. Some of them have gone a bit hay-wire. But the frequency with which he is forced to administer hard-boiled medicine to the lunatic fringe has not altered his belief in the decency, the industry, and the Americanism of the overwhelming majority of the millions who are carried on his rolls. That is a further reason why he does his job so well.

In point of view and temperament, Hopkins more closely resembles the President than any other important Administration leader. I think that Mr. Roosevelt is inclined to regard Harry as one of his boys. But there is, none the less, a deep bond between them. Unlike the relationship between the President and Mr. Morgenthau, the Secretary of the Treasury, Harry's status with Mr. Roosevelt is not due to social propinquity but to intellectual understanding.

Both the President and Mr. Hopkins like to think "in the large" and they both enjoy action on the grand scale. Both of them are stubborn. Both love a fight. They both enjoy brilliant people, but not profound ones. Harry is less affable and occasionally likes solitude. But, like the President, he is essentially gregarious. Like Mr. Roosevelt too, Harry believes that the government can make the world a better place to live in and he too is inclined to be evangelical about it.

There are two other men who are close to the President, whose part in helping him to make up his mind is considerable and whose influence is inclined to be con-

servative. The first of these is Frank C. Walker, a wealthy Montana Democrat living now in New York. Frank Walker, before the 1932 pre-convention drive got under way, heard Mr. Roosevelt speak at a New York luncheon. After the luncheon he met the Governor. They hit it off immediately. Walker, before night-fall of that day, is said to have sent a \$10,000 check to Jim Farley for campaign purposes. Ever since then he has been inside the charmed circle.

I should say that Frank Walker accepts the New Deals, first and second, with more genuine conviction and fewer reservations than any other substantial pro-Roosevelt business man. Joseph P. Kennedy—the present chairman of the Maritime Commission—is mercurial as to his convictions and a prima donna in his relationships. Jesse Jones, the veteran of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, has been close to the limelight for so long that his economic conservatism is tempered by his blossoming ambition for the Presidency. Sidney Weinberg, of Goldman-Sachs, who raised more money for the last campaign than any other man, is hardly a New Dealer despite the fact that during the campaign he kept his enthusiasm for Mr. Roosevelt alive in a most difficult environment.

Frank Walker, however, never wavers. If he has any doubts he keeps them strictly to himself. He was a member of the President's council of campaign advisers. When, and if, Jim Farley leaves the Cabinet, he could probably have that post but probably would not take it. The advice he gives the President, when his advice is asked for, is to keep going but to go slow. Unfortunately, except on matters of political finance and occasional appointments, his advice is not frequently asked for.

The second of the more or less conservative influences is Donald R. Richberg. In the declining days of the N.R.A., Richberg fell heir to the Hugh Johnson tornado. For a time, as head of the National Economic Council—the New Deal co-ordinating body—he was fre-

quently called "the assistant President," a designation which bothered him more than it did the President. Later he left the government service and returned to his Washington law practice. When Joe Davies, the hopeful Ambassador to Russia, entered on his diplomatic career he looked about for a lawyer of standing to take a partnership in his own highly successful firm. The story is told that he asked the President for nominations. The President is said to have named Donald Richberg. At any rate, he got the invitation and accepted it.

Richberg, among Presidential counselors, is no genius and no scintillator. But his judgment is probably sounder and his feet planted closer to reality than those of any other man who has a continuing place in Mr. Roosevelt's intimate circle. He knows the country and travels enough to keep his knowledge up to date. In the Presidential presence he does not push his own views and he is inclined to go along on some things that he probably has little liking for. He is no obstructionist, but he is one of the few brakes.

Richberg supported the President's Supreme Court proposal. I doubt if he had any great enthusiasm for it. An effort was made, at the time when the authors of the bill were seeking to get out from under, to pin the entire scheme on him. I happen to know that, however large a hand he may have had in helping with the President's two addresses on the subject, he never saw the actual proposal until it appeared in the newspapers. Richberg did have a plan whereby he believed the New Deal might be fitted into the Constitution. But that plan did not involve warping the Supreme Court to fit into the New Deal.

Richberg, like Frank Walker, makes no effort to maintain his status as a White House intimate. He does not make it a point to see the President every week. In fact, he seldom makes any effort to see him. He is often described in the press as the chief of Mr. Roosevelt's advisers, but his contacts are too infrequent to

give him that status. That, again, is unfortunate. If he were less occupied with his own business and had a greater ambition to have a hand in running the government of the United States he probably could be the President's chief adviser. The President, I think, would profit by it if he were.

IV

The role of chief adviser is undoubtedly held at present by Thomas Corcoran—"Tommy the Cork." It might be more accurate to say that it is held jointly by Corcoran and his even more anonymous associate Ben Cohen. The two of them constitute a shadowy, fantastic team entirely unique, I should say, in the annals of American government. No one would dare to predict how long they will last, but while they last most informed observers will agree that they exercise more influence at the White House and, through the White House, are more of a force throughout the entire reaches of the government than any pair of statesmen in Washington, in the Cabinet, in Congress, or anywhere else.

Both young men are lawyers. Corcoran is a counsel for the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. No one that I know of ever found him there. Ben is a counsel for the Department of the Interior. Because he frequently uses a desk, Ben is sometimes in his office. In general, however, these posts serve as places in which to keep a secretary and from which to draw a salary. When the President's reorganization plan goes through and he is given his six passionately anonymous assistants, both Corcoran and Cohen will probably move officially into the White House where, for some time now, they have maintained unofficial headquarters.

Neither man is married. In fact, Corcoran's point of view about marriage carries out the idea of the late Louis Howe, who once said that a law should be passed that an American citizen to be eligible for the office of the Presidency must be

both a bachelor and an orphan. Corcoran resents married men—particularly if he has to work with them. "Their interests," he says, "are divided."

Tom Corcoran and Ben Cohen suffer from no such division. Of the two Tom is the more entertaining and Ben the more dependable. If Ben were free to consult his own preferences—which, under Tom's unrelenting drive, he is not—he would probably jump at a chance to return to the quiet life of a bona fide government lawyer or get out of the government entirely. He has an extraordinarily good legal mind.

His ambition, I think, is to use his legal ability in the business of the law, undisturbed by the boisterousness and the risks of politics or the nocturnal brainstorms of his partner and room-mate. He belongs to the New Deal left wing but he is not a Frankfurter product. His law school was the University of Chicago. His radicalism, therefore, is less evangelical than Tom's. Left alone, Ben Cohen could probably circulate, unsuspected and with a free conscience, among the members of the Chevy Chase Club or enter a New York legal firm and find a considerable measure of satisfaction in the company of his conservative associates at the bar.

But it is not likely, so long as Tom Corcoran chooses to make Washington his Happy Hunting Ground, that Ben Cohen will be left alone. Tom is the salesman and Ben handles the production end of the business. Tom has ideas and Ben puts meat on them. Tom says a thing can be done and—if it is the sort of thing that has to be intelligibly reduced to paper—Ben does it. Tom would be scintillating without Ben but he would be much less useful.

Tom Corcoran first came to Washington as a secretary to the late Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. He has Holmes' sayings at the tip of his tongue for almost every occasion. His first government job was in the Reconstruction Finance Corporation in the Hoover Administration. His road to eminence in the New Deal was

opened for him by Felix Frankfurter. Corcoran is a graduate of the Harvard Law School and, while there, Frankfurter put his cross on him as he did on Jim Landis and a number of other subsequently important New Dealers. Unlike Landis—whose radicalism has been tempered by his successful effort to make the Securities Exchange Commission a judicial rather than a punitive body and whose status, among the Frankfurter liberals, has thereby been impaired—Corcoran has never departed from the Frankfurter pattern. He has probably improved on it.

It is impossible to know how much Frankfurter pulls the strings by which Corcoran dances. Certainly the two are very close. Corcoran, whose devotion to the technic of telephone conferences has become a Washington tradition, is said to have frequent, long-distance consultations with his Harvard patron. Frankfurter himself seldom shows up in Washington.

When, in the spring of 1933, the crusade was just getting under way and reforms were sprouting at every Washington lunch-table, Tom Corcoran and Ben Cohen undertook the preparation of the Securities Exchange Act. It is generally conceded that—bettering some of their subsequent efforts—they did a good job. Since then, they have had a hand in the preparation of many of the important New Deal measures, particularly those which have had to do with the regulation of business. It was as a natural result of this important activity that they finally made a place for themselves at the Presidential council-table. As a matter of fact, although both men made the place only Corcoran occupies it. Cohen seldom puts in an appearance at the White House.

Tom undoubtedly has "what it takes." For one thing, he is one of the most entertaining people in Washington. He is a talented pianist and an even more talented accordionist. In fact, his accordion is one of his major political assets. Its always acceptable use has frequently broken the ice and prepared the

way for him in situations where even his wit and wisdom might have failed. He sings while he plays, and his repertory of Irish folk songs and sea chanteys is almost inexhaustible. In every sense of the word, therefore, Corcoran is a social asset.

His quality of single-mindedness is another of his major assets. In all his waking hours—and his sleeping hours are few—Tom Corcoran moves with well-organized concentration. He believes in a planned economy and he practices it on himself. I once met him at a tea dance given by an official too high in the government to be ignored. He came in late, shook hands with the host and hostess, nodded to a few people, whispered in my ear: "This doesn't fit into my scheme," and disappeared.

Moreover, he knows the government as do few people in it. For four years he has been building up a miniature staff of subordinates which is ceasing to be miniature. The staff consists of able young men whom he has recruited from private life, indoctrinated with his ideas, and planted, strategically, through the various government departments and administrative agencies. They are said to report to him frequently on a variety of things, giving him an inside track not only to the facts about the various activities of the Administration but also to the gossip about the various administrators. He is the best single source of information in Washington.

Corcoran is probably a considerable distance to the left of the New Deal. When the setting makes it judicious, he is evangelical about it. I do not know, however, how long he would remain as far to the left as he seems to be, if the prevailing winds took a turn.

He once remarked to me that the great men of history were those who "fished in troubled waters." Those, unquestionably, are the kind of waters in which he is fishing. The opinion on Capitol Hill seems to be that he has even had something to do with troubling them. It may be that the criticism which his Supreme Court lobbying aroused may

impair his status. His subsequent emergence as the "goat" for all the anti-administration columnists and special writers has destroyed his anonymity and may curtail his usefulness. But in his case, as in that of other New Dealers whose heads have been demanded, the President is likely to resent the pressure. He undoubtedly recognizes—and Corcoran, I think, is already reconciled to the fact—that in an Administration which so bitterly antagonizes so many influential people, a "whipping boy" is almost a necessity. Having served in more pleasant capacities, Tom will probably consent to serve in this. On the other hand he may—as he often has threatened to do—go back to private life.

I do not think that Mr. Roosevelt's long-time objectives are subject to much change by his counselors. But his tactics are subject to a great deal of change. More, I believe, than most Presidents, Mr. Roosevelt's immediate moods and inclinations are influenced by those with whom he is in intimate, informal contact. And it is largely from his moods and inclinations that his tactics spring. At the time of his second inauguration the President unquestionably was inclined to put on the brakes, his mood was to go through with an Era of Good Feeling. That, subsequently, the Era of Good Feeling was abandoned and the brakes taken off was largely due to the fact that, at the time, he was chiefly surrounded by a group of brakes-off advisers.

From the standpoint of the President's advisers, there is this significant difference between the First and Second New Deals. The Moley-Tugwell-Berle combination which was most active at the White House at the launching of the First New Deal did not cut the President off from conservative counselors. In fact, a review of the first year of Mr. Roosevelt's first Administration would reveal that, day after day, a steady stream of moderately conservative business men came and went at the White House. Some of them came and went often enough to rate a quasi-ad-

visory status. They may not have agreed with the President and the President may have not been able, at all points, to persuade them. But, at least, he was not cut off from conservative counsel.

The Second New Deal, however, was launched without the benefit of such counsel. One of the most portentous facts about the first year of Mr. Roosevelt's second Administration is that he has been almost entirely cut off from conservative counselors. The line which was drawn in 1933 and thereafter between reactionaries and moderate conservatives apparently is drawn no longer. Moderate conservatives, apparently, are now no more welcome than reactionaries. It is not reactionary big business which has become *persona non grata* at the White House. It is big business. A blind spot has appeared which blankets the area in which a major part of the economic activity of the nation is carried on. It would be absurd to contend that that blind spot is a creation of the President's advisers. The inclination had to be there. But it is undoubtedly a fact that the President's Second New Deal advisers have been of a mind, not to curb the tendency, but to encourage it.

Meanwhile Mr. Roosevelt's counselors are not by any means his cronies. Most of them, socially, would not even be called his close friends. Their survival is dependent upon a number of things: their ability to entertain, their cleverness to converse, the usefulness of their particular stock of knowledge, their enthusiasm to go the way the President is going, their facility to adjust themselves to his moods. By whatever qualities they keep his favor, the President's dependence upon them has lifted their status to a place more potent than that held by any of their kind—with the possible exception of Colonel House—in any previous Administration. Not all of their telephone calls are prefaced by the magic formula: "The White House is calling." But the White House mark is on them and their comings and goings, their yeas and nays are not those of ordinary men.



I WAS ON THE HINDENBURG

BY MARGARET G. MATHER

IT HAD been my dream to fly across the gray stormy Atlantic. Swift airplanes had borne me over the Mediterranean, over Grecian islands, and through the Gulf of Corinth, over Italy and the Dolomites, over the high secrets of the Albanian mountains. I had flown through Germany and France and over the African deserts; but it seemed to be my fate to cross the Atlantic in increasingly luxurious steamers, whose lavish comfort and entertainment meant little to a sea-sick wretch.

But when at last and most unexpectedly, the way was made easy for me to travel by the *Hindenburg* from Frankfort to Lakehurst, a strange reluctance seized me. The *Hindenburg* was leaving just when I wanted to go, there was plenty of room on it, and by paying half the fare in registered marks, the price was within my means. Why, then, was I not elated, I who love the air? I tried to analyze my feeling. It wasn't fear—I had admired the great silver shape and longed to be aboard during its frequent trips to New York last summer. I decided that I was tired and let it go at that.

I arrived in Frankfort on the morning of May third, in a gentle rain. I saw the great hangar as we flew down, and asked if I might leave my luggage at the airport, but was told I must take it to the city, the official starting place, the Frankfurter Hof.

The bus did not leave at once, so I took a taxi and drove through ten kilometers or so of beech woods, most enchanting with their young green leaves. Why did

the thought come to me "what a beautiful farewell to earth"?

When the officials arrived at the hotel we had to show tickets and passports, and then the luggage examination began; it was courteous but thorough; every inch of my bags was searched, every box opened. I had to pay for fifteen kilos overweight, and tried to argue that point, as I weigh twenty kilos less than the average man, but I was told "it is the rule."

It was seven o'clock, I think, when the passengers were escorted to three great buses, and we were driven through the lovely beech woods to the airport. There by the hangar, tethered to the ground, was the great silver ship, and at the sight a wave of joy swept over me. Gone were all my doubts and reluctance; I felt all the elation and pleasure that had failed me until now. They had merely been delayed. We had to wait in the hangar for more passport inspection. I was surprised to see how few passengers there were and how few women among them.

It had rained on and off during the day, and was still drizzling as we crossed the brief space which separated the Zeppelin from the hangar. In spite of this there were many spectators, including a band of little boy Nazis who had been allowed to come quite near to inspect the ship.

I followed the other passengers up the narrow gangway and was taken to my cabin, which was very tiny but complete, with washstand and cupboards and a sloping window. After a hasty look I went above to watch the casting off.

I heard martial music and saw a brass band on the port side. The musicians were dressed in blue-and-yellow uniforms, and some of the instruments were decorated with streamers of the same colors. In the center was an instrument shaped like a huge lute, but filled with bells, instead of strings. It had yellow-and-blue horse tails hanging from it.

When the mooring ropes were loosed the band marched back a few yards, then turned and halted and the leader lifted his baton; but we drifted toward them and they had to retreat hastily. This happened several times, but at last the great ship began to rise and the band's final salute was "*Ein' feste Burg.*"

The little boy Nazis scurried over the field as we slowly rose. It was an indescribable feeling of lightness and buoyancy—a lift and pull upward, quite unlike the take off of an airplane.

As I leaned out of an open window to watch the receding earth, I heard short, jerky exclamations of: "*Mein Gott! Mein Gott!*" and saw near me a red-faced elderly man who had evidently been celebrating his departure with something stronger than Rhine wine, and whose excitement and enthusiasm found vent thus. His emotion was so intense that he seemed quite alone in it, it surrounded him like an aura, and isolated him; but suddenly he became aware of me and cried, "*Herrlich, nicht wahr?*" "I don't speak German," said I, thinking it more prudent to withdraw, but, "My God! Are you an American?" he cried; "So am I!" and he threw an enraptured arm about me.

All the passengers were hanging over the windows, trying to get a glimpse of the Rhine. We were sailing along rapidly through the dusk, guided by beacons, which flashed from hill to hill. We passed hamlets and villages gleaming jewel-like in the darkness, and came to a great spreading mass of lights, which someone said was Cologne, and suddenly we were looking down at the cathedral, beautifully clear and dark amid the glow.

At ten o'clock a supper of cold meats and salads was served. As the only un-

attached woman passenger, I was placed at the Captain's right, at a long table where twenty men were seated (married couples and families were given small separate tables).

Captain Pruss came in late and shook hands with me and with the men nearest. He ate a light supper, drank a glass or two of mineral water, and hurried back to his post. Throughout the trip he rarely ate more than one course and never drank wine or beer; he was courteous and genial, but very much on the job.

I was tired and glad to go to bed. My bunk was narrow but most comfortable and furnished with fine linen sheets and soft light blankets. The walls of my tiny cabin were covered with pearl-gray linen. It was charming, and I spent most of the following day there, glad to rest and to look through my sloping window at the angry waves, whitening the sea so far below.

We flew high above the storm, but a strong head wind buffeted and delayed us. It sounded like surf, but the ship sailed calmly through it. If one looked attentively at the horizon the slightest variation from the horizontal was perceptible, but there was no feeling of unsteadiness. I told Captain Pruss how much I was enjoying the trip, what a wretched sailor I was on the sea; he was pleased but assured me that it was one of the worst trips he had made. The wind grew stronger and the second night the captain did not go to bed at all, but still one felt no motion, though the wind beat like waves against the sides of the ship. It was almost uncanny.

I became acquainted with some of the passengers. There was an old couple from Hamburg, gentle old people who had been flying for twenty-five years and who loved the air so much that they were coming over for a week and were planning to return on the *Hindenburg's* next trip. An Englishman had been sent over to report on the trip; a number of young men had been vacationing or studying in Europe; my neighbor at table was a young lad from Chicago who had taken a

month's vacation to fly about Europe. When I asked him which country he liked best, he replied, "U.S.A., where you can drink plain water and there's no bother about passports." Just beyond him sat a merry young man who remonstrated with me for drinking only water while we were passing over so much water. "At least, have a dash of wine in it," he urged, and when I accepted he gave me a "dash" from his bottle at every meal, stilling my protests by assuring me that I was saving him from a drunkard's grave.

An American couple, Mr. and Mrs. — were returning from a brief business trip. He had flown on the *Hindenburg* last summer, and his wife had accompanied him this year in order to have the pleasure of flying back. I had after-dinner coffee with them, and sat with Mrs. — in the lounge, knitting or writing letters. There was a family of children, a girl and two boys, whom we liked to watch; they were so well-behaved and were enjoying the trip so much.

On the lounge wall was a great map of the world, painted in soft colors, showing the history of navigation, the routes and the ships of the first explorers, with their billowing sails, and the modern liners, and above them all the beautiful, silver *Hindenburg* sailing the great circle. All the chairs were made of aluminum and were light as feathers and most comfortable.

On the afternoon of the second day we sighted Newfoundland—the storms had abated, and we flew low and saw numerous icebergs, shining white against the stone-gray sea, with pools of vivid green in their depths and their forms spreading green under the pale water. Rainbows sprang from everywhere, and I watched one grow and grow till it completed a perfect circle beneath the ship.

That night I slept like a child and awoke in the morning with a feeling of well being and happiness such as one rarely experiences after youth has passed. No land was in sight and it was raining. I ate breakfast, joked with the young men, my messmates, who were always compar-

ing my appetite with theirs; I packed my few things, wrote a card or two, and suddenly we were flying over Boston.

A great elation seized me, joy that I had flown—that I had crossed the sea with none of the usual weariness and distress. "It is ridiculous to feel so happy," I said to the American, who replied that her delight was as great as mine.

All the ships in Boston harbor saluted us, and as we flew over the suburbs we saw cars draw up by the roadside and their occupants leap out to gaze at us. Airplanes circled about us and one or two accompanied us on our way. It was delightful to look down on the gardens. Yellow forsythia was in bloom, and some sort of trailing pink; the grass plots were vivid green, and we saw apple trees in blossom and woods full of dogwood and young green leaves. Our passing frightened the dogs, who rushed to their houses, and caused a great commotion in the barnyards—especially among the chickens and pigs; the latter rushed desperately to and fro, and seemed absolutely terrified, and the chickens fluttered and ran about in proverbial fashion. Cows and sheep did not notice us much.

We flew over Providence and recognized many villages, rivers, and bays. A young Yale graduate stood near me, a charming lad, who had studied aviation and was much interested in flying near his Alma Mater. Lunch was served early so that we might be free when we sighted New York. We cruised slowly along the sound and Mrs. — showed me the bay on Long Island where her home was and told me that her son was driving from there to Lakehurst to meet his parents.

New York swam into view. The rain had stopped, but there were black clouds behind the tall buildings. We flew over the Bronx and Harlem, then along Fifth Avenue, past Central Park, then we turned west and flew over the *Rex* and other big ships, down to the Battery. There we swung round to the East River, flew over two or three bridges, then across Times Square, and out to New Jersey.

The clouds were black and ominous as

we flew over Lakehurst. The landing crew was not there, and the weather was becoming worse instead of better, so we flew on to the coast and cruised up and down along the beach, sometimes flying out to sea. It was raining again, and there were flashes of lightning. "Not at all dangerous," somebody said. "A Zeppelin can cruise about indefinitely above the storms. It is not like a plane, which has to come down for fuel." Then somebody else told me how the *Graf-Zeppelin* had arrived over some South American country during a revolution and had circled about and waited a few days till the fighting ceased and it was safe to land.

We startled many deer in the sparse pine woods near the coast. They ran singly or in groups of two or three. Now and again we saw the hangar at Lakehurst through the driving rain, then we lost it for a time, and I blamed the American for not keeping watch over it. I was feeling foolish with happiness and didn't really care how long this cruising lasted. The ship was to start back at midnight, but of course we should not land before it was safe to do so.

We had had an early tea, and at sixty-three sandwiches were passed. I refused at first but took one when the steward told us that we might not land for an hour or two. All at once we were over Lakehurst. The ship made a quick swing about and I saw the mooring ropes thrown out. The landing crew drew back until the ropes touched the ground, then rushed forward to draw the ship down.

Mrs. ——— was standing beside me, but said she would go down to her cabin and fetch her coat. That was the last time I saw her.

I was leaning out of an open window in the dining saloon with many others, including the young aviator, who was taking photographs. He told me that he had taken eighty during the trip. When there were mysterious sounds from the engines I glanced at him for reassurance.

At that moment we heard the dull muffled sound of an explosion. I saw a look

of incredulous consternation on his face. Almost instantly the ship lurched and I was hurled a distance of fifteen or twenty feet against an end wall.

I was pinned against a projecting bench by several Germans who were thrown after me. I couldn't breathe, and thought I should die, suffocated, but they all jumped up.

Then the flames blew in, long tongues of flame, bright red and very beautiful.

My companions were leaping up and down amid the flames. The lurching of the ship threw them repeatedly against the furniture and the railing, where they cut their hands and faces against the metal trimmings. They were streaming with blood. I saw a number of men leap from the windows, but I sat just where I had fallen, holding the lapels of my coat over my face, feeling the flames light on my back, my hat, my hair, trying to beat them out, watching the horrified faces of my companions as they leaped up and down.

Just then a man—I think the man who had exclaimed "*Mein Gott!*" as we left the earth—detached himself from the leaping forms, and threw himself against a railing (arms and legs spread wide) with a loud terrible cry of "*Es ist das Ende.*"

I thought so too but I continued to protect my eyes. I was thinking that it was like a scene from a medieval picture of hell. I was waiting for the crash of landing.

Suddenly I heard a loud cry! "Come out, lady!" I looked, and we were on the ground. Two or three men were peering in, beckoning and calling to us. I got up incredulous and instinctively groped with my feet for my handbag, which had been jerked from me when I fell. "Aren't you coming?" called the man, and I rushed out over little low parts of the framework which were burning on the ground.

One of the passengers, the Englishman, rushed to me with a cry of, "Thank God, you are safe" as I was helped into a waiting car which was already filled with my shipmates. I squeezed in by the chauff-

feur, and asked him to put me down near the entrance so that I might find my family. "Can't do it. Orders are to take everyone to the First Aid Station." "But I am not asking you to go out of your way. Put me down at the nearest point. I'm not hurt!" "Look at your hands, lady." I looked, felt sick, and said no more.

We were among the first to arrive at the dressing station. I was taken into a room, where a doctor or a nurse put picric acid on my hands, which were beginning to feel as bad as they looked.

A terribly injured man was seated on a table near me—most of his clothes and his hair had been burned off. Someone told me he was Captain Lehmann.

More car loads of wounded came in. We heard howling and groaning, and our helpers rushed to succor them, leaving the bottle of picric acid with Captain Lehmann who sat steadily on the table, with a large piece of gauze in one hand and the bottle in the other, swabbing the acid on his burns.

During his infrequent appearances among the passengers he had worn a leather coat with fur lining, upturned collar, which partly hid his face. He always looked alert but genial, with keen blue eyes. Now his face was grave and calm, and not a groan escaped him as he sat there, wetting his burns. His mental anguish must have been as intense as his physical pains, but he gave no sign of either, and when my burns became intolerable and I would reach for the bottle he would hand it to me with grave courtesy, wait patiently while I wet my hands and receive it back with a murmured "*Danke schön.*" It was a strange, quiet interlude, almost as though we were having tea together. I was impressed by his stoic calm, but only when I learned of his death the next day did I realize his heroism.

Terribly wounded people flowed in from all sides, and I could not bear the sights and sounds. I went outside and saw an ambulance draw up. I waited to see if any of my acquaintances were in it.

When the doors were open I saw a number of men piled one upon another like fagots. Two or three were lifted out, one remained. All I could see of him were his legs, burned and stiff like charred pieces of wood. I felt sick and went out into the rain.

The Zeppelin was still burning and clouds of black smoke soared above it. I watched it with anguish. Even in the midst of human suffering and death I could not but regret the destruction of so beautiful a thing. I thought of the happiness it had given to me and to many others; of the icebergs and rainbows we had flown over; I thought of how gently it had landed.

Kind people standing near approached me, women whose husbands were stationed at the airport. They tried to lead me back into the dressing station, but I saw the little boy passengers carried in, screaming with pain and terror, and I walked farther away.

Whenever people asked what they could do for me I would tell them to communicate with my family—giving names and addresses—but I refused to be sent to a hospital, as I thought some of them might be waiting for me, and gladly accepted the offer of a lady to take me to the entrance in her car. I waited while she walked through the crowds calling out the names I had given her. When she had assured me that my people were not there she most kindly asked me to return to her house for the night, but I thought I would wait at the station in case any word came.

My hands were hurting terribly. I went in to have them dressed and was sent to another building where the women were housed, but there were no dressings there so I returned to the place to which I had been taken first. It was empty now. I saw the Englishman who had helped me into a car carried out on a stretcher with his leg bandaged.

I sat in one of the outer rooms, and someone brought me a glass of water. It was very quiet now. Most of the wounded had been taken away and most

of the dressings had been exhausted, but somebody found a tube of vaseline, squeezed it on my hands and wrapped them loosely with gauze.

I saw one of the stewards walking up and down. He looked absolutely unscathed, even his clothes were immaculate. He looked as though he might be going to pass sandwiches, as he had done an hour or two earlier.

At last someone in authority asked me where I should like to go; there was an ambulance free, and I was practically the last of the passengers. I could be taken to a hospital or to my brother's home.

It was easier to direct them to my niece's home in Princeton. I soon found myself wrapped in blankets on the hard ambulance stretcher, with two ex-service

men sitting beside me and two in front. They regaled me with tales of the horrors they had just seen, but they were most kind, propping up my aching hands, trying to avoid bumps in the road, and when the hard couch became too unyielding they helped me to sit up. One of the men put his hand at my back to support me, and exclaimed, "Do you know that your coat is all burned?" I had not known it. Indeed, aside from my burned hands, I was thinking that I was as immaculate as the steward whom I had seen.

We stopped frequently to inquire the way and the trip seemed endless, but at last I recognized the towers of Princeton and in a few more moments I was at my niece's door.

IN MEMORIAM: THIRD YPRES

JULY 31–NOVEMBER 4, 1917

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

THERE is one corner of a foreign hell
 That is forever England: Passchendaele;
 And men in ages yet to come will tell
 How Ignorance that bled an army pale
 Came at the end and cried, "Good God! Did we . . ."
 And shed belated tears, but quickly dried them
 Lest those, the few who yet survived, should see
 A Brass-Hat playing Niobe beside them.
 And calm was needed then at any cost,
 With cheerful talk of tactical success:
 Some yards of bog indubitably crossed!
 Enough. It is too late for bitterness;
 Nor grief nor bitterness gives life again
 To ninety thousand drowned and butchered men.



THE ORCHESTRA CONDUCTOR

BY JOHN TASKER HOWARD

IF YOU saw "The Big Broadcast of 1937" you may remember the close-up of Leopold Stokowski's hands, conducting Bach's "Ein' Feste Burg." You would not easily forget the subtle motions of those expressive palms and fingers, now extended, now drawn in, seeming to coax the glorious music from each choir of that magnificent orchestra. Here was a vivid illustration of the way in which a conductor plays upon the mightiest of musical instruments.

If, however, you have an inquiring mind, or are inclined to skepticism, you may have left the theater asking a few questions. Exactly how necessary is this dramatic gesturing (theatrical, if you wish) to the net musical result? How much of it is actually for the benefit of the musicians, and the music, and how much for its effect on the audience?

Musical laymen often ask what precisely the function of the conductor is. They see one director gesticulate, wave his arms, and go through all manner of bodily contortions, and then they see another who accomplishes equal results with a few restrained, well-timed motions. Naturally they suspect the spectacular conductor of being largely a symbol for the audience, to dramatize the music for its benefit, or maybe his own. Some people even wonder if the men in the orchestra could not play just as well without a conductor once they were properly rehearsed.

A few years ago a number of New York musicians banded together and quite unwittingly provided a negative answer to

this last question. These men felt that they were able to give not only competent but artistic performances without a magician waving his arms in front of them and thereby getting all the applause. So they formed a Conductorless Orchestra and appointed a committee on interpretation to work out the *tempi* as well as the shadings and expression of each composition to be played. These nuances were carefully practiced at rehearsal.

This valiant group endured for a couple of seasons, and its concerts attracted considerable interest. The experiment proved that an orchestra of skilled musicians can indeed play competently without a director wielding a baton at performances. Yet the Conductorless Orchestra failed to win enough public support to keep going, and the reason for its failure is quite apparent. Some of its members may have felt that it was because they lacked a conductor's personality as a box-office attraction; but it was also true that the music was not as colorfully played as it would have been under the baton of a sensitive conductor. Furthermore, the committee-system for working out interpretation was cumbersome and time-consuming. One can imagine what arguments must have occurred at committee meetings.

Of course conducting as we know it to-day is a comparatively recent development in the art of music. A century ago the conductor was rare if not almost unknown. When Ludwig Spohr visited England in 1820 he amazed the musicians of the Royal Philharmonic Society by tak-

ing from his pocket a small stick and directing them by waving it over their heads. Even at that recent date the conductor was considered chiefly a time-beater, or *Taktschläger*.

In Haydn's and Mozart's time (the latter eighteenth century) the actual conductor of the orchestra was the harpsichordist, who supplied the *continuo* or *ground-bass*, which was supplemented by a nod of the head or an abrupt movement of the body to mark the beat and tempo. Sometimes the players were kept together by both a time-beater at the harpsichord and a leader of the violins, who corresponded to the present-day concert-master. The conductor at the harpsichord would signal the beat with his head to the concert-master, who would in turn indicate it to his men with his violin or his bow.

This method was perhaps satisfactory for the comparatively simple, uninvolved music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; yet it is apparent from contemporary records that as music became more complex the performances were altogether slovenly, particularly when new music was performed. The première of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was preceded by only two brief rehearsals, and could hardly have compared in finish with those we hear to-day when players, already thoroughly familiar with the music, are given a whole week of preliminary rehearsals.

It was during the nineteenth century that the time-beater developed into a conductor, concerned not merely with keeping the musicians playing together and in time, but also with interpreting the music and indicating to the players, by gestures and motions, his most complicated as well as his simplest desires. The orchestra became his personal instrument, capable of carrying out his most subtle shading, and making the ability of the historic Mannheim orchestra to play *crescendo* and *diminuendo* a kindergarten exercise of the most elementary sort.

The power of the modern conductor has brought us performances our ancestors could never have dreamed of. It has

also focussed public attention so sharply on the conductor himself, and has brought to some conductors such rapturous acclaim from American audiences, that we have been accused of worshipping the conductor at the expense of music itself.

II

Much of the discussion about conductors, particularly among laymen, has shown a wide misunderstanding of what the director's job is, and what he must be in order to be successful. Some people think that his musical function is merely to beat time and to keep the men playing together, and that if he does more than that he is merely dramatizing himself, or the music, for the benefit of those who hear him or—more accurately—see him. They feel that his personality and his histrionic ability are exclusively box-office assets, even though they form the prime requisite for his success.

It is quite true that the conductor with a colorful personality, the man who puts on a good show, has a tremendous advantage over the man who seems to be merely a competent time-beater. It also helps if he knows how to get along with the various committees which administer the affairs of an orchestra and conduct the drives for guaranty funds. And if he can reach the newspaper headlines with his activities and his ideas, that ability will make him still more of an asset to his employers.

Leopold Stokowski has been one of the most spectacular conductors before the public; his motions are graceful and dramatic, and one gets the value of an admission ticket merely from watching him. And entirely apart from his performances, he has attracted attention for numerous matters considerably removed from music. Surely his golden hair and his Grecian profile have been factors to reckon with. Whatever he has said or done has been headline news, and his statements have been so varied and startling that city editors have welcomed them. When he felt that he did not have

the deciding voice in determining the policies of the Philadelphia Orchestra, he resigned so dramatically that newspapers far and wide featured his decision in headlines; and when the directors capitulated there was another story for the front pages.

One of his favorite diversions has been to scold his audiences, sometimes for not clapping and at other times for applauding at the wrong place. Once, it will be recalled, he reproved them for habitual late-coming by arranging a concert in which the first piece began with the playing of a single 'cellist and violinist, seated alone on the stage. Presently they were joined by other players, straggling in by twos and threes. Yet, in spite of his ability to attract attention, Stokowski's greatest asset has been his superb musicianship and the fact that he is actually one of the world's greatest conductors.

The same is true of Arturo Toscanini, who seemed to be so much the main attraction at the New York Philharmonic-Symphony concerts that many people wondered whether the crowds came really to hear music or to see Toscanini. His manner on the platform is quite different from Stokowski's, but he is fully as dramatic, and he has had a host of imitators. Afflicted with near-sightedness that approaches blindness and blessed with a phenomenal memory, Toscanini always conducts without the score of the music, at rehearsal as well as at concerts. This allows him freedom to give his entire attention to the orchestra and to direct all of his glances and motions at the players. It has also led to the idea that to be a conductor one must lead from memory—a practice which in some cases has brought dire results. But again, only the unthinking believe that Toscanini's visual dramatics are more than a side-show, and fail to realize that his pre-eminence rests on the unforgettably magnificent performances he has given.

It is hardly more than eighty years since America had its first glimpse of a "personality" conductor. That was in 1853, when Louis Antoine Jullien came to New

York, fresh from his triumphs in London. The United States had of course known orchestral music before; the New York Philharmonic had begun in a humble way to give its co-operative concerts in Dodworth Hall, and the valiant Germanians had fled the Central Europe revolutions to make their way in this country. Until Jullien came, however, Americans had never known virtuosity in ensemble or the spectacular in conducting. Jullien gave them both, and it is illuminating to read what the New York *Courier and Enquirer* had to say about the resulting show:

Other conductors use their batons to direct their orchestras. Not so with M. Jullien. His band is so well drilled at rehearsal that it conducts itself at performances, while he uses his baton to direct the audience. He does everything with that unhappy bit of wood, but put it to its legitimate purpose of beating time. The music is magnificent, and so is the humbug, as M. Jullien caps its climax by subsiding into his gilded throne, overwhelmed by his exertions, a used up man.

Jullien packed the customers in, at Castle Garden and the Crystal Palace, but do not suppose for a moment that he was not also an excellent musician who knew how to conduct an orchestra. In addition to giving his audiences a colorful show, Jullien gave them performances the like of which they had never heard before, both in precision and in interpretation. He was basically a sound musician, and so is every conductor who has succeeded in remaining before the public.

III

The conductor, to be even reasonably efficient, needs a more thorough equipment than any other type of musician. He must have a flawless sense of pitch and rhythm. While it is not essential that he himself be able to play all the instruments represented in the orchestra, he must be so familiar with them that he knows their capabilities and what may be expected of each. He must be able to read a complicated and lengthy score so accurately that he knows exactly what sounds should

come from each group, singly and in combination. And he must have such an accurate memory that he will know when to expect these sounds, whether he has the score in front of him or not.

In case you do not know what an orchestral score looks like, drop into the music room of one of the larger public libraries some day and ask to see one. Not one of the simpler Haydn or Mozart symphonies, nor even Beethoven; ask for one of the more modern works, a Strauss tone-poem or Honegger's "Pacific 231." This is what the conductor uses; the individual players have of course only their own parts, but the conductor must have a score which shows what all the players are doing simultaneously. In all places where the full orchestra is playing you will find an entire page devoted to a single line of music. Each individual line, or staff, is a single instrumental part. At the top of the page come the woodwinds; first the piccolo, then the flutes (usually two, but sometimes more). Next come the two oboes and sometimes the English horn; then the clarinets, the bass clarinet, and the bassoons (including the contra-bassoon).

Notice too that the music for the clarinets is not written in the same key as that of the other instruments. This is because the clarinet is a transposing instrument and is made in two varieties—one in B flat and the other in A. The reason for this is that the fingering for certain wind instruments is exceedingly difficult in some keys. Try to imagine a man who can play the piano readily only in the key of C. He provides himself with a shifting keyboard, and if he wants to play a piece in the key of D, all he has to do is to shift his keyboard upward one whole tone. Then he can play the same notes he would strike if he were playing in C, while the tones he renders will actually be in the key of D. George M. Cohan is said to have such a piano. Therefore, the conductor has to remember that if the composer has designated B flat clarinets the actual sound will be one whole-tone lower than that shown on the score;

and if A clarinets are used they will sound one whole-tone and a half-tone lower, or what is technically called a minor third.

Next in order, below the bassoons, come the French horns, generally four of them. These are also transposing instruments, nowadays mostly in F, sounding the interval of a fifth lower than written. Then come the trumpets, two or more, which transpose from keys identical with the clarinets. After the trumpets come the three trombones and the tuba (bass of the brass choir), which are not transposing instruments, but whose notes are written as they actually sound.

Below the wind instruments appears the percussion group. The drummers and the cymbal and triangle players have to have their rhythmic parts marked for them, even if their instruments are not capable of variations in pitch. And of course the kettle-drums, or *tympani*, sound actual pitch-tones.

Harps and piano (if they are included in the score) are inserted next, as are solo singers or chorus in the case of operas or symphonic works calling for vocalists. Then comes the string group—first and second violins, viola, 'cello, and bass. The string section is generally written on five lines (or staves), but in some scores, particularly in the more modern ones, each string part may be divided so that each group will play *divisi* (in several parts). Thus at one point in the last of Ravel's "Valse Nobles et Sentimentales" there are altogether eighteen separate lines for the strings alone—four for the first violins, four for the second violins, four for the violas, three for the 'cellos, and three for the double basses. And although the strings are not transposing instruments, but sound as written, they do not all employ the familiar treble and bass clefs. The viola uses one of the so-called "C" clefs, in which middle C appears on the middle of the five lines; and when the 'cello gets into its upper register, it changes from the bass clef to a "C" clef in which middle C is on the second line from the top of the five-lined staff.

All of this may seem absolute confusion

to the layman, but it has to be the simplest ABC to the conductor. He must know these things so thoroughly that when he hears a wrong note at rehearsal he will know exactly where it is coming from: not only that somewhere in the wood-wind section some offender is playing a wrong note, but that the second clarinetist is playing B flat instead of B natural (or, in other words, C instead of C sharp on his score if a B flat clarinet is being used). Toscanini is said to know, from the sound, when one of the sixty violins in his orchestra is bowing incorrectly, and to know exactly which player it is. He will also stop the orchestra at a rehearsal of a modern work at some thunderous climax because the flute-player may have failed to play his almost inaudible part clearly and precisely enough to suit him.

These things must be instinctive once the conductor has digested the score in hand. He must also be able to look at a score through both a figurative microscope and telescope. If he uses the microscope alone he may allow the details to obscure the larger design and content of a composition. He needs the telescope to look at a work from a distance so that he may preserve its unity of structure, its ultimate message.

IV

Some phases of the conductor's technic are fairly standardized; the motions of the right hand and arm for indicating the rhythm and beat are basically simple. In a two-beat measure the hand descends for the first beat and comes up for the second. In a four-beat measure the baton hand comes down for the first beat; to the left (or "in") for the second; to the right ("out") for the third; and up for the fourth. In triple rhythm the baton descends on the first beat; goes out (to the right) on the second, and rises for the third. Each of the multiple rhythms (six, nine, twelve) and the irregular five and seven, which modern composers often use, has its conducting pattern.

The conductor must be able to move each arm independently of the other; he must be a man who can pat his head with one hand and rub his abdomen with the other; for while his right hand is concerned with beating time, his left hand must signal expression indications to the players—*crescendo*, *diminuendo*, etc. One of his hands must also give the cues for entrance to instruments which have been silent for any length of time, to make sure that they come in at the right place. Each of the player's parts has a clear indication of the number of rests he may enjoy, but there is always a chance that he has counted incorrectly, and the conductor will do well to remind him of his entrance.

The conductor must indeed be ambidextrous, for while his left hand is concerned with a myriad of details, nothing must interfere with the firmness and the clarity of his time-beat. If that is not clear, particularly in retards and accelerations of tempo, the performances will be ragged, if not chaotic. And that is where some of the exaggerated gestures of the charlatan, even when they are graceful to behold, may be actually harmful as well as unnecessary. The pretty curves and curlicues of the baton may easily become confusing to the players who are trying to follow the beat.

These motions may seem complicated, but the gestures which the audience sees are only the mechanical features of the conductor's technic. There is also the subtle, almost psychic, bond that should exist between the leader and his men. It is this which determines whether the performance is merely a routine affair or an artistic achievement. As Olin Downes has written: "There is no field in which the invisible and incorporeal stuff of the spirit has such play." The conductor, with the orchestra, must be able to recreate into sound something which is merely a series of black and white marks on paper—a musical architect's blue-prints. But, unlike the material builder, who need merely follow the plans to the letter, the conductor is dealing with the elusive-

ness of sounds and musically poetic meaning. How he manages to recreate them so eloquently, so vividly, may in many cases be his own secret.

Concert-goers often wonder how the men manage to see the conductor when they are so busy with their own problems and are apparently keeping their eyes on their own copies of the music. The next time you go to an orchestral concert try to secure a seat where you can watch the conductor closely, in the front of the auditorium as far to either side as you can get. There you will be able to see the varying expressions of his face as well as the motions of his arms and hands. Sometimes you will see him almost talking to the men, hushing them with his lips, or stressing the emphasis of certain notes and phrases.

Then watch the players closely. You have already noticed how they are seated generally on a rising series of platforms, terraced not only for sound effects but also so that each player may have an unobstructed view of the conductor. You will observe that the players raise their eyes to the conductor as often as possible, sometimes once in a measure, and always whenever any change in tempo occurs. In addition, experienced orchestra men acquire the ability to see the conductor, and to be conscious of his motions, even though they do not look directly at him. They learn to "feel" him, and to be aware of his changing moods.

V

Much, and sometimes the greater part, of the conductor's real work is accomplished at rehearsal. Some conductors have their men so thoroughly drilled that their motions at performances are merely reminders of previous instructions. These men rarely, if ever, make any changes in the rehearsed interpretation of a work at an actual performance. There are conductors, however (Leopold Stokowski is one of them), who conceive new ideas on the spur of the moment, and demand of the players effects which they

have not rehearsed. As a result of this practice Stokowski made the Philadelphia Orchestra one of the most flexible instruments in existence.

If music-lovers could be permitted to attend at least one working rehearsal of an orchestra many of their questions regarding the conductor's true functions would be answered. Of course different conductors employ different methods. Some are meticulous for detail, others are less careful. Some are good-natured, and try to work out, companionably, the desired goal with the men; others are martinetts who scold and swear and rule through fear.

John Barbiroli, the young Englishman who conducted the New York Philharmonic-Symphony for ten weeks last season and is to be its permanent conductor for the next three years, is a man of the former type. At rehearsal he is so intensely interested in what he is doing that he forgets everything about him except his music and his players. He is a demon for detail and will make his men repeat short passages over and over again until he is satisfied. Often he jumps from his platform and runs over to the individual players to demonstrate what he wants. Sometimes he takes the instrument from a musician's hand and plays it himself.

When he is conducting at rehearsal his gestures are violent and extreme. He uses his whole body to express his idea of how the music should sound. Sometimes he holds both arms aloft as though he were a fancy diver, then brings them down as though doing a breathing exercise. Often he swings both arms from side to side in pendulum fashion. When he comes to performance his bodily gestures are comparatively restrained, thereby proving that he is no mere showman striving for visual effect.

The men in the orchestra grew very fond of him during his first season in New York. His reasonableness was no doubt a welcome contrast to Toscanini's violent outbursts and bludgeonings. Where Toscanini would shout at the men and tell them that what they were doing was

horrible, Barbirolli explains clearly what he wants and shows them how to give it to him.

Unfortunately, liking is not always paired with respect, and respect is something the conductor must have. Sometimes the conductors who enjoy the deep affection of their players do not exercise the control that the hard taskmaster may wield. Barbirolli, however, did win the respect as well as the liking of the Philharmonic-Symphony men. He has it for several reasons, but perhaps for one specific incident more than for any other. When the orchestra was rehearsing Debussy's "La Mer" Barbirolli's keen ear noticed a mistake in the printed viola parts, an error that all conductors who had played the piece with the orchestra had missed.

If the musicians of the orchestra do not have respect for the conductor's musicianship the unfortunate gentleman will do well to quit right at the start, for his career, as long as it lasts, will be a miserable one. When you consider that a major symphony orchestra numbers in its ranks anywhere from seventy-five to a hundred men who are virtuosi in their own right, you will understand that the conductor must know his business pretty thoroughly if these men are going to take his commands gracefully. Each of the men feels that he is fully equipped to conduct the orchestra himself; and woe unto the conductor who allows his men to feel that they can do it better than he can.

Once the men in the orchestra gather that the conductor does not know his business, they will subject him to a hazing which may be more subtle than a college or secondary school fraternity initiation, but which contains far more malice. A story is told of one conductor, who is probably not conducting any more, who was trying to drill the men in an unpublished work, in which the individual parts had been copied by hand. In a certain passage where the trumpets were scheduled to make their entrance, everything seemed confusion. The conductor stopped the orchestra and asked the players to start

again at a point a few measures back. The same chaos was repeated. The director asked the trumpeters what was wrong; why did they not come in at the right place? They mumbled inaudibly and offered no assistance. Again the passage was repeated, and once more there was utter confusion.

This stalemate might have continued indefinitely if a kindly bystander had not pointed out the fact that the trumpet parts were copied incorrectly, and brought these instruments in a measure too soon. The trumpet players knew what was wrong from the beginning, but would they set the conductor right? Indeed not; they were having too good a time watching his discomfiture.

VI

If conducting is so complicated and difficult and requires such superior musicianship, some may ask how it is that tyros and charlatans do actually manage to conduct orchestras. The answer is, they don't; the orchestras conduct them. Some orchestras are composed of such expert players, who have played together for so many years and are consequently so familiar with the standard repertoire, that they can give a respectable, though undistinguished, performance in spite of an inferior conductor. The men tacitly agree among themselves to let him wave his arms and gesticulate as he pleases while they proceed to play. If they need any beat to keep them together at crucial points, they watch the concert-master.

Perhaps you have seen certain conductors of dance orchestras and jazz bands who spend much of their time smiling at the dancers on the ball- or dining-room floor; and then, when they do wield their batons, actually succeed in beating out of time. Sometimes, even in symphonic music, you will find that the conductor is following, rather than leading, his men.

Do not suppose for an instant, however, that any of our modern major symphony orchestras have charlatans for conductors, even though their motions and

gesticulations may seem theatrical. There may be some mountebanks in minor positions throughout the country, imitators of the prima-donna conductors, but they do not succeed in holding important jobs for any length of time.

Nor must it be considered that the most spectacular of our conductors are entirely superficial in their gesturings. Conducting demands that a leader be able to convey his subtlest ideas to his men through gestures and facial expression, and it is clearly the conductor's business to inspire his audience too. It is therefore essential that during a performance he stimulate his men to the highest pitch of nervous excitement and emotional exaltation, and so long as his contortions do not obscure his beat, even his exaggerated gesturings may be entirely legitimate. The musician is after all an artist; why should he be required to conduct Wagner or Strauss with the air of a banker refusing a loan?

If, after reading these pages, you still believe that the conductor is not essential as an interpreter, that his performance is largely for visual effect, try listening to the same orchestra, playing the same composition, under two different conductors. The more familiar and standard the work the better for settling the argument; for even such a tried and true war-horse as Beethoven's Fifth Symphony can take on as many widely divergent moods and phases as there are conductors to interpret it.

Or take such a simple example as a Strauss waltz. Let it be played, even by a superlatively fine orchestra, but conducted by a man who does not quite catch its Viennese lilt. Then it's just a waltz in three-four time, and if you look round the audience, particularly an out-of-door summer audience, you'll see adults yawning and children squirming, if not running up and down the aisles.

But let it be conducted by someone who feels the spirit of Strauss and who instinctively accents the secondary beat as he should in a typically Viennese waltz, and the picture will be far different. The best description of the resulting

phenomenon that I know of is the late George P. Upton's account of Johann Strauss himself conducting the *Blue Danube* at the Boston Peace Jubilee in 1872:

With his left leg a little advanced, and his violin resting upon his knee, he gave the time for a bar or two very gracefully, also marking time with his right foot. He would then play with the orchestra, his whole body swaying to the rhythm of the waltz—only for a minute, however, for as a new phrase developed itself, his bow would be in the air, the violin resting again on his knee. He would turn to each part when he gave the signal to come in, sometimes developing whole bars, note by note, then abruptly pausing for a beat or two, anon electrically springing into the music—feet, arms, legs, even the features of his face, moving to the tempo. He impressed his individuality upon every player, and they moved as one in the intoxicating delirium of the waltz. The effect upon the audience was almost as marvelous. All over the great building thousands of heads—black, blonde and gray—were swaying in time. Children were fairly dancing. The heads of the singers were bobbing in time. The players yielded to the fascination and marked time with their bodies. And high above them all stood the presiding genius—the embodiment of the waltz rhythm.

VII

And now for the charge that we Americans have come to worship the conductor at the expense of music itself; that our star-system has made the personality conductor, the man of the prima-donna type, the chief attraction at concerts.

It is true that we are attracted by personalities, and even though Toscanini and Stokowski are artistically and musically among the greatest conductors of all time, it is altogether probable that their prominence and the attention paid them by the press, as well as their music, have provided considerable of their lure at the box-office. Yet, while it is obvious that the spectacular conductor is indeed a drawing-card, there are numerous concrete instances which show that sound musicianship, without the added attraction of super-showmanship, has met with gratifying rewards in high places.

To a past generation, Theodore

Thomas was the symbol of symphonic music in America. Strangely enough, it was from playing in Jullien's orchestra that Thomas gained his first idea of conducting a symphony orchestra. The antics of the French conductor disgusted him, but the experience gave him something to think about which later shaped his life-work. Thomas was the antithesis of Jullien; he became a sound but unspectacular conductor who brought symphonic music to cities and towns in America which had never heard it before, and it is largely because of the visits of Theodore Thomas and his orchestra that so many of our cities have resident symphony orchestras to-day.

One of the significant features of his great success is the fact that he was in no sense of the word a flashy showman. In appearance and dress he was an emphatic contradiction of the nineteenth-century belief that to be a real musician a man must wear long hair and flowing neckties. Perhaps to-day he would not be considered a great conductor, and it may be that he made his most important contribution as a missionary and pioneer. Nevertheless, he conducted the Chicago Symphony Orchestra from its founding in 1891 until his death in 1905, and since that time he has had only one successor, Frederick Stock, whom he himself had appointed his assistant conductor. Mr. Stock is very much of the Thomas tradition; sincere, musicianly, and not given to ostentation in performance. It is therefore important to observe that, outside of occasional troubles with the musicians' union and the periodic stress of general economic conditions, the Chicago orchestra has never been faced with a crisis.

And there are other, more recent, examples to show that orchestras can do very well indeed when they are bereft of what seemed to be their principal asset. For several years the New York Philharmonic-Symphony seemed to depend so heavily on Toscanini that the more thoughtful friends of the orchestra were alarmed about its future. If it was

Toscanini the crowds were coming to see, and Toscanini was apparently irreplaceable, what would happen when Toscanini decided to retire? Would the public continue to pay its money after he was gone, merely to hear music?

Toscanini himself helped to provide the answer in the Spring of 1936 by announcing his resignation, effective at the end of the current season. His departure also marked the close of a definite era in Philharmonic history. Since 1921 this great orchestra had known no single, permanent conductor. Following the resignation of Josef Stransky, it had been directed by a series of conductors each season, among them such world-famous figures as Willem Mengelberg, Wilhelm Fürtwangler, Bruno Walter, Otto Klemperer, and finally Toscanini. None of these men, not even Toscanini, conducted the orchestra for an entire season; each alternated with less spectacular colleagues. In recent years Toscanini's preëminence became so marked that the work of other conductors paled into insignificance and their concerts were poorly attended.

When Toscanini resigned the problem of replacing him was so difficult that the board of directors temporized for a season by appointing five conductors for 1936-37. One of them was the young Englishman, John Barbirolli, who was virtually unknown in this country, but had distinguished himself in London and various British cities.

Barbirolli conducted for the first ten weeks of the season. He appeared to be an extremely capable and likable conductor, sound musically. He was, however, distinctly not of the prima-donna type; he was no sensationalist nor one given to theatrical tricks of gesturing. In his methods of conducting, and as a personality, he was the direct opposite of Toscanini, on whose eminence the Society had depended for so many years.

It was, therefore, with considerable surprise that the public heard, after Barbirolli had been in New York for only a few weeks of his engagement, that the young Englishman had been appointed

sole conductor and musical director of the Philharmonic for three years, beginning in the fall of 1937. In other words, he was to occupy a position that had not existed for seventeen years.

Whether or not this means that the Philharmonic-Symphony has had enough of prima-donna conductors and has found that it can do quite well without them, is a question which only the directors can answer. But it is significant that the attendance actually increased last year, and that the deficit at the end of the season was actually about twenty per cent less than it had averaged in previous seasons. Does this indicate that an orchestra may be in a sounder position with a less eminent, and consequently less expensive, conductor, even though it may not gain the dizzy heights of artistic achievement it reached under a Toscanini?

VIII

It has been our practice in America to reward star-conductors liberally. The 1935-36 statement of the Philharmonic-Symphony shows that of \$720,700 expenditures, \$520,100 was paid to the men of the orchestra and the conductors; and even though it does not separate the amounts given to each group, it is possible to do a little figuring which should prove reasonably accurate, as far as Toscanini is concerned. It is generally said that he received \$2,000 per concert, plus the amount of his income taxes. During his last season with the Philharmonic-Symphony he conducted thirty-nine concerts, so it is not unfair to estimate that he received an amount approaching \$100,000, or very nearly one-fifth of the total sum paid to musicians, including his fellow-conductors. When he returns to America this season, to conduct ten radio concerts for the National Broadcasting Company, he will be paid \$4,000 per concert, in addition to the amount of his income taxes.

Even without the cost of conductors, the maintenance of symphony orchestras

is a mighty expensive business. None of our major symphony orchestras has as yet reached the place where the sale of subscriptions and single tickets will wholly defray its cost. According to figures assembled by Arthur J. Gaines, manager of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, the total cost of maintaining twelve major American orchestras for the season 1935-36 was \$3,989,800. The earned income of these organizations was \$2,629,300, leaving a total deficit of \$1,360,500 (or 34.1 per cent of their cost) to be defrayed by contributions, by maintenance funds, and by income from endowment funds. Altogether, the twelve orchestras played 1,082 concerts, which makes the average cost of each symphony concert \$3,687, against a box-office revenue of \$2,430. Each concert resulted in a loss of \$1,257, to be made up by philanthropists.

Analysis of the costs shows that 69.5 per cent of the total expenditures was paid to the men of the orchestras and to the conductors. The amount paid to conductors is unfortunately not separated from the total amount. It is fair to assume, however, that Toscanini's fees are the highest in the profession, and it is also apparent that as the veteran stars are replaced, the salaries of their successors are materially lower. It may be reported on good authority that the future salary scale for conductors in the largest cities will range between thirty and fifty thousand dollars a year; in the Class B cities, from fifteen to thirty thousand; and in the smaller or Class C cities, from five to ten thousand.

A glance at the roster of our major symphony orchestras shows that less than a half-dozen of them employ conductors who are sensationalists, and it looks as though the boards of directors are learning that the prima-donna conductor has been considered more of an asset than he needed to be; that the prestige he has brought is not always worth the huge deficits he has caused. We may admit that personality and showmanship are decided assets, but we have learned that musician-ship is the *sine qua non* of the profession.



ONE DAY IN HISTORY

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

HISTORY is a curious thing. Every day it is unfolding all about us, yet never can we measure its shape precisely. For with each new event that takes place, each new idea or opinion or prophecy that enters our minds, its dimensions seem to change. To understand any period of history—to say nothing of writing about it—is like trying to design a house to be made of blocks every one of which varies in size and weight and color with the temperament and experience of the builder, the place where he happens to be standing at the moment, and the passage of time.

To illustrate how history unfolds, I know of no better way than to examine the story of a single day—one far enough back to give us the advantage of considerable hindsight, but near enough to us to be within the scope of our own memories. For this purpose I choose Tuesday, September 3, 1929; partly because it is a convenient distance from us—a little more than eight years—and partly for reasons which will shortly be apparent.

Most of us, I suppose, have no definite unassisted recollection of what we ourselves were doing that day. We may recall, after some reflection, where we spent that summer or that month or even that week; we may even be able to make a reasonable guess as to how we occupied the hours; but if a district attorney should point a long finger at us and say, "What were you doing on September 3, 1929?" we should probably need to have our memories refreshed. Here, then, is some refreshment.

To begin with, it was a very hot day. In the Far West and the South, to be sure, the temperatures were moderate; but from the coast of Maine to the wheat-fields of Nebraska the sun shone down implacably.

The preceding day, Monday, had been Labor Day—the last Labor Day of Coolidge-Hoover prosperity. (The stock-market panic was to begin within seven weeks.) On Monday evening the suburban highways approaching the larger American cities had been nightmares of congestion as endless lines of cars full of sunburned and sweltering vacationists and week-enders crept cityward through the night, inch by angry inch. On the New Jersey highways leading to New York the tie-up had been so complete that people by the thousands, hopeless of reaching the Holland Tunnel for hours, had parked their cars in Newark or Hoboken and finished the journey to Manhattan by subway. To the men and women who returned to work on Tuesday morning in stifling offices and factories and shops, the day brought new discomfort. In New York the thermometer rose to its highest mark of the summer, 94.2°; in Detroit, Chicago, and Kansas City it reached 90°; in St. Louis, 92°; in Minneapolis, 94°; in Boston, 97°. Yes, the third of September was hot.

To judge by the headlines in the next day's New York papers, the most exciting and important events of September 3rd, aside from the heat and from purely local happenings, were a speech by the Prime

Minister of England, a golf tournament, and two incidents in aviation.

The Prime Minister was Ramsay MacDonald, and his speech was delivered before the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva. The reason why it made the front page in America—the *New York Times*, for example, giving it the righthand position with a three-column headline—was that MacDonald announced that negotiations between Great Britain and the United States for the limitation of naval armaments were progressing very favorably, and that complete agreement seemed near. (Does this statement perhaps fail to bring back to you very clearly the situation in 1929? Small wonder; for naval negotiations have been so frequent, both before then and after, that the particular ones to which Ramsay MacDonald so hopefully referred are quite lost for most of us in a vague haze of conferences and diplomatic frustrations. But you may recall what happened a few weeks later: the Prime Minister himself crossed the Atlantic to continue the conversations in person with President Hoover, and the two men sat and talked on a log by the Rapidan River near Hoover's rural camp.)

The golf tournament which appeared in the headlines was the National Amateur Championship at Pebble Beach, California. The play on September 3rd was remarkable, among other things, for a freak shot; the English golfer, Cyril Tolley, played an approach which was intended for the eighteenth green but landed instead in a pine tree—and the ball stayed there, sixty feet in the air, securely wedged between two branches. But it was remarkable also for the presence of a great champion. The incomparable Bobby Jones, on whom all eyes were fixed, tied for first place in the qualifying round with Gene Homans of Englewood, New Jersey. Would Jones go on through the match-play rounds to win his fifth American amateur title? This question undoubtedly interested more Americans than any problem raised by Ramsay MacDonald's address.

(Jones did not win, as it happened. The next day he was put out of the tournament by young Johnny Goodman, who in turn was shortly eliminated by a nineteen-year-old California boy just out of high school—a boy to whom the newspapers of September, 1929, paid very little attention but who in 1934 and 1935 was to come near rivaling Jones's prowess: W. Lawson Little, Jr. Johnny Goodman's turn as champion was to come in 1937.)

Of the two incidents in aviation, one was a triumph, the other a disaster. The *Graf Zeppelin*, having successfully circled the world, was on its way home across the Atlantic Ocean from Lakehurst to Friedrichshafen; by Tuesday evening it had completed the crossing. Observers in little Spanish towns saw it floating overhead, its cabins brilliantly lighted against the sky. When midnight brought September 3rd to a close, the ship was approaching Bordeaux, the worst of its long perils past.

The disaster was the crash of a Transcontinental Air Transport plane in New Mexico during a thunderstorm, with the loss of eight lives. The blow which this accident appeared to deal to American air transport was serious. Early in July the T.A.T., with Colonel Lindbergh as its adviser, had begun a pioneer coast-to-coast service in conjunction with the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Santa Fe. In newspaper advertisements you could see Lionel Barrymore as he alighted from the "Airway Limited," which had reduced the time from New York to Los Angeles to the record-breaking time of forty-eight hours. Passengers took a Pennsylvania sleeper from New York to Columbus, Ohio, flew by day from Columbus to Waynoke, Oklahoma, took a Santa Fe sleeper to Clovis, New Mexico, and continued by air to the coast. Every precaution for safety seemed to have been taken; no night flying was permitted. And now, before the end of the first summer, one of the big trimotor planes lay in ruin on the slope of Mount Taylor in New Mexico.

(Compare these two events in the

light of subsequent progress in aviation. The first of them was hopeful—yet during the next eight years no lighter-than-air ship crossed the North Atlantic except the *Graf Zeppelin* herself and the ill-fated *Hindenburg*, and meanwhile the United States Navy's experience with dirigibles was distinctly unhappy. The second event was ominous—yet overnight plane service between Los Angeles and New York has now become a scheduled commonplace. Still there are occasional airplane transport disasters; but by this time we know—or think we know—that they are but slight setbacks in an inevitable progress.)

Turn the pages of the newspaper and you will find a variety of other events of September 3rd. You will find that in North Carolina a jury was being chosen for the trial of sixteen strikers and alleged Communists for the killing of the Chief of Police in the cotton-mill town of Gastonia, where an ugly industrial conflict had been going on for months. You will find an echo of the oil scandals of the Harding Administration: Harry F. Sinclair, serving a term in the District of Columbia jail for contempt of the Senate, was informed that he would no longer be permitted to leave its walls on errands for the jail physician, to whom he had been assigned as "pharmaceutical assistant." You will find Commander Byrd—not yet an Admiral—waiting in the snows of Little America for his subsequent flight over the South Pole, and meanwhile passing the time by starting a radio impulse that drew the curtains from an enlarged picture of him at the National Radio Exposition at Los Angeles.

Babe Ruth, you will observe, made no home run on September 3rd, but his home-run score for the season was still the best in the American League; he had already made 40 homers in 1929, as against 31 for Jimmy Foxx and 29 for Lou Gehrig. That evening "Sweet Adeline" opened in New York—a musical show which exemplified a new tendency to return in nostalgic mood to the sentiments

and absurdities of the nineties. Eddie Cantor was appearing in "Whoopee"; "Street Scene" and "Journey's End" were in high favor with playgoers. New Yorkers who preferred the movies to the theater could take their choice between "Our Modern Maidens," with Joan Crawford and Rod laRocque; "The Lady Lies," with Claudette Colbert and Walter Huston; "Bulldog Drummond," with Ronald Colman; and "Say It With Songs," with Al Jolson. Those who stayed at home and turned the knobs of their radios could listen to the Fada Symphony Orchestra, the Pure Oil Band, Whiteman's Old Gold Orchestra, or the Freed Orchestrians.

From the social columns of the newspaper you may learn that ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith had wandered far enough from the sidewalks of New York to be the guest of honor at a luncheon at fashionable Southampton, where he spoke to the other guests about social service. Having been defeated by Herbert Hoover in the 1928 election, Smith was now preparing himself for a loftier if narrower presidency—that of the Empire State Building. But as yet this skyscraper was only a project on paper. At the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, where it was soon to rise, workmen were tearing down the old brick-and-brownstone Waldorf-Astoria Hotel to make room for it.

You will find in the newspaper other things, not presented as news at all, which now take on a significance quite different from that which they seemed to possess to the newspaper readers of September, 1929. The department-store advertisements, for example: then they looked quite natural; now they look curious indeed. They show girls in daytime dresses with deep V-necks and long waists, in which it is still apparently the desire of every woman to look as narrow and flat-fronted as possible. (Not yet had Mae West's curves become a national influence.) The evening dresses reach just below the knees in front, though on the sides they have panels

that reach the floor and presage the coming of the long dress of the early nineteen-thirties. And the hats are stranger still: helmets which fit tightly right down to the nape of the neck and flare out back of the ears, so that to the eyes of 1937 the young woman of fashion in 1929 would seem to be equipped for an open-cockpit airplane ride rather than for the street.

Or take a second glance at the list of current motion pictures. You will find some listed as "talking"; others—just about as many—as "silent." In September, 1929, the talking picture was still enough of a novelty for critics to be arguing about the difference in technic between it and the silent picture, and regarding it more or less as an awkward parvenu.

But the thing for which September 3, 1929, will probably be longest remembered you will not find recorded in the newspapers at all. Indeed, there could hardly be a better example of the contrast between the perspective of the newspaper and the perspective of history than the almost absent-minded way in which the daily papers set forth a phenomenon of great historical significance—the daily table of prices on the New York Stock Exchange.

The fact that September 3rd had brought the Dow-Jones averages to a new high mark was hardly news at all then. It commanded no staring headlines. Financial commentators remarked that bullish enthusiasm had resulted in "another in the long series of consecutive new high records established by the share market"; that was all. Newspaper editors do not whip themselves into frenzies over the usual. The editors had no way of knowing then that the mark which had been made upon the financial beach by this latest wave of speculative excitement would stand untouched for a long time to come.

Yet it was on September 3, 1929, that the big bull market reached its peak. Indeed, if we are to regard any single day as marking the climax of Coolidge-Hoover prosperity, the statistical evi-

dence would seem to be clear: September 3, 1929, was that day. It was then that the American people crossed the economic divide and began to go downhill into the great depression.

Of the historical significance of the figures on the financial pages you and I were then utterly unconscious. We had no idea that we were crossing a divide. Surely, we thought, there was higher ground just ahead. Yet at that very moment the path under our feet was turning downward.

II

Is it still difficult, from these scattered clues in the newspapers, to recapture the mood of that torrid late-summer day? Return to it and look about you.

Men and women from Portland to Portland—tens of thousands of them—are crowded in brokers' offices watching the trans-lux tape tell its story of the day's high prices: United States Steel surging up to an all-time high of 261¾ and closing at 257⅝; American Telephone closing at 302½; General Electric at 391 (the equivalent of 97¾ on the present shares); Radio at 98⅛; Consolidated Gas at 180¾; Westinghouse at 285⅞. Conversation about the stock market, about so-and-so's phenomenal winnings, about janitors and cowboys and nursemaids making fortunes in Montgomery Ward, is everywhere; one hears it at dinner parties, in street cars, on commuting trains.

Prohibition is another constant topic. The Eighteenth Amendment is in full force—and so are the bootleggers. Very few people believe that repeal of the Amendment is a reasonable possibility. Well-informed students of politics argue convincingly that a few dry States could block it indefinitely. Moralists are attributing the prevalence of crime to the dire influence of the speakeasy, and lamenting that even men and women of substance and influence insist upon presenting themselves of an evening at the door with the little barred window, to be given a careful appraisal by Tony or Mino before passing in to enjoy their Mar-

tinis. In New York, the man-about-town has in his wallet a collection of little autographed speakeasy cards, just in case he should wish to go where he is not already well known as a patron or as a "friend of Mr. Jones's."

President Hoover has appointed a commission to study the whole question of law enforcement, and this very day its chairman, George W. Wickersham, is traveling from New York to Washington and going over the agenda for to-morrow morning's meeting of the commission, at which he and the other members will decide whom to put in charge of various surveys. They are beginning surveys of the way in which the courts operate, of probation, of parole, of crime among the foreign-born, of lawlessness among government officials, and so on through a long list. Prohibition is only one of many matters which they propose to investigate; indeed, in five long pages of minutes of to-morrow's meeting, only two lines will deal with it. But to the general public nothing in their program but prohibition seems to matter. The wet-or-dry issue is the hottest one in American politics.

Colonel Lindbergh has just returned to Hicksville, Long Island, after doing some spectacular stunt flying with the "High Hat Squadron" of naval aviators at the Cleveland Air Races. The Colonel has been married now for several months. His wife made her first solo flight only a few days ago at Hicksville. Not till next year will Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., be born; not for two and a half years will tragedy descend upon their house.

Bill Tilden does not yet know whether he will succeed in winning his seventh American amateur tennis championship in the tournament which is to begin at Forest Hills next Saturday—but he will. It will be his last one, though. The sporting era of the unquestioned supremacy of Tilden and Jones and Ruth is drawing near its close.

All Quiet on the Western Front leads the list of best-selling books, running well ahead of Sinclair Lewis's *Dodsworth* and

Dimmet's *The Art of Thinking*. The first edition of Ernest Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms* is being bound; it will be published in a few weeks. . . . Al Capone is serving a year's sentence at the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia for carrying a pistol, but his name is still one to conjure with. . . . Look about you on the streets: notice the automobiles—all long horizontal lines, with hard right-angles to the windows; few curves, no pointed prows, no streamlined bulges anywhere. . . .

Among the names familiar to the general public, names which appear often in the press, are those of Bishop Cannon, Texas Guinan, Senator Heflin, Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Hugo Eckener, Dolly Gann, Mayor Jimmy Walker, "Doug and Mary," Legs Diamond. . . .

Prosperity is taken for granted. In Chicago, Samuel Insull is at the summit of his career; he is watching the stock of Insull Utilities Investments touch a high price for the day of 115—that stock which was delivered to him less than a year ago at less than 8. He is preparing to launch yet another super-super-corporation, and to witness the Civic Opera's first season in the mammoth building which he has provided for it. . . . In Detroit, big business men are discussing the movement to combine dozens of banks in huge groups. . . . In New York, the Chrysler Building is shooting upward, and the first cables have just been strung across the Hudson for what everybody calls the Hudson River Bridge but will later learn to call the George Washington Bridge. . . . Investors are wondering whether to turn in their blue-chip common stocks in exchange for shares in the new Blue Ridge investment trust. . . . The day's volume of trading on the Big Board is 4,438,910 shares; call money for speculators is at nine per cent; and a financial editor for one of the New York papers is hammering out his copy for to-morrow morning's edition: "Steel operations have declined, but Wall Street may be pardoned for not taking the development seriously, inasmuch as the seasonal summer decline has

been postponed till the end of the summer." Why not buy now, you may be saying to yourself, if you have money in the bank or can borrow it—why not buy "before the good stocks are all taken out of the market by these investment trusts"?

III

Historians can hardly help distorting. Even the most conscientious of them unwittingly present the past in an over-logical pattern.

Knowing what was to happen after the events which they are chronicling, they nearly always make it seem too inevitable. They make us feel that anybody with any sense ought to have been able to foresee it. They lead us to forget how heavily the path ahead is obscured by fog, how infinite are the number of directions which the course of events may take.

They also over-simplify. They can hardly help doing so. It is impossible to tell more than one story at a time without filling one's narrative with confusion. If one is telling what happened to the tariff, for instance, one cannot stop at every other sentence to remind the reader that even while the tariff struggle was taking place, statesmen had other problems to worry about, and citizens went right on being excited about the World's Series and the heat wave and the latest crime. The reader might thus be led to imagine that for a time nothing but the tariff interested anybody.

These two factors of hindsight and over-simplification sometimes give us an oddly misleading impression of the state of affairs at any moment in the past, and particularly of the atmosphere in which public leaders did their daily work and faced their daily problems. From some of the books which have recently been written about American neutrality from 1914 to 1917 one might gather that Woodrow Wilson could foresee that the war in Europe would continue until 1917, and that the Germans would undertake unlimited submarine warfare; and, fur-

thermore, one might gather that the question of neutrality was the only important question of policy which Wilson confronted. From some versions of more recent history one might gather the idea that Franklin Roosevelt, campaigning for the Presidency in 1932, must have foreseen the complete collapse of the banking system in 1933 and ought, therefore, to have explained that on the arrival of this disaster he would feel the need to do things which had not been included in the 1932 platform. And from other versions of recent history one might suppose that on the third of September, 1929, Herbert Hoover must have anticipated a panic which would lead to a prolonged depression, and that he had nothing much to do but decide how he would meet this emergency. One might forget how varied and pressing were the responsibilities of the Presidency, how complex was the scene, and how dense the fog ahead.

On that day President Hoover had just returned to the blinding heat of Washington from a week-end at his Rapidan camp. The Cabinet met with him from 10:30 till 12. He had only two other appointments: Representative Fort of New Jersey called at 10, former Secretary of State Kellogg called at noon. He spent most of the rest of the day engaged with his secretarial staff at the Executive Offices, answering an accumulation of mail and getting through the routine labor of the hardest job in the world. As guests at the White House the Hoovers had Dr. Hubert Work, who had been serving as the head of the Republican National Committee, and also Governor Green of Michigan and his wife.

Since the National Committee was soon to meet, we may assume that questions of party organization, of appointments, and of political strategy occupied at least some of the attention of the President and his guests at the White House. These questions were numerous and pressing. Of what the Cabinet discussed that morning we have no record; but we do know what were some of the problems which worried

its members and particularly the President.

There were the armament negotiations with Great Britain, with all their naval technicalities and diplomatic difficulties. Mr. Hoover had learned that three American shipbuilding companies had retained a "naval expert," one William B. Shearer, as an "observer" at a recent disarmament conference, presumably to try to block naval reduction; should he make an issue of this fact? (He did, three days later.) There was the thorny tariff question, on which a Senate committee was about to present a report to which Borah and a group of Progressives had just announced their opposition: here was another nest of technicalities, here were other problems of conciliation and adjustment. There was a danger that Russia and China might go to war over the Chinese Eastern Railroad in North Manchuria—a danger which we forget now because it was averted. There was prohibition, and farm relief, and Mexican policy, and so on through a long list.

It is characteristic of the temper of the time that when on September 4th the New York *Herald-Tribune* devoted a long editorial to a laudatory review of Hoover's first six months in office it cited many achievements and referred to many problems, but said not one word about the stock market, nor hinted in so much as a line that the President was responsible for the maintenance of economic stability. Such prosperity as the country had been enjoying—let it be repeated again—was taken for granted. A great many people thought the market was dangerously high and would some day break and cause a lot of trouble, and the President himself had been disturbed at the situation; but among all the storm clouds on the horizon few people saw an economic depression of major proportions. Exactly what went through Herbert Hoover's mind during those oppressive hours of September 3rd nobody else can possibly know and probably he himself could not now recall; but it may be that never once during the day did he turn

his attention to the general economic situation or experience any forebodings of economic collapse.

This conjecture is not set down either in defense of Hoover or in condemnation. I am simply trying to convey a suggestion of the way things looked in Washington on September 3, 1929. There was much to be done, there were problems and complexities and confusions; but the man in the White House, and those other men who walked slowly through the glaring sunlight of Washington to confer with him at the Cabinet meeting, were not aware that they too were at the crest of the divide. Even intelligent, well-informed, conscientious men do not know the shape of things to come.

IV

At any moment there are diminishing currents in the great stream of history, and there are also currents gaining in volume and strength. There are things ending, waves of popular excitement subsiding, men moving into the twilight of their careers; and there are also things beginning, future events being quietly prepared for, men walking about unknown who some day will move in a blaze of glory or of notoriety.

On that September 3rd the last surviving veteran of the Mexican War died. . . . It was sixteen and a half years since William H. Taft had ridden down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol with smiling President-elect Wilson by his side; now Taft was Chief Justice of the United States, but he was in declining health; he had but a few months more to live. . . . Thomas A. Edison was in his eighty-third year, and his achievements as an inventor were behind him; on this hot day he was convalescing from an attack of pneumonia, and he sat up in a chair and smoked cigars and declared that he expected to go out from Llewellyn Park to Dearborn in a few weeks for the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of his incandescent light. (His expectation was justified; when the celebration took place,

he was there; he had two full years still to live.) . . . Calvin Coolidge's life work was behind him too; the fierce light of publicity which beats upon the chief executive had turned from him to Hoover the preceding March, and he was living quietly in Northampton. . . .

Here and there, through the country, one might find surviving traces of popular movements which had once swept mightily across the land: men who believed as fervently as ever that the United States must at once join the League of Nations; churchmen to whom the Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy was as live as in the days of the Dayton trial; one-time Bull Moosers who had worshiped Theodore Roosevelt and could not yet think of the "Long, Long Trail" without a catch in their throats. . . . There were grizzled men who had marched upon Washington with Coxey's Army; elderly bankers who could tell you what it was like to pace the corridors of the Morgan Library while an old man sitting in a red-plush chair shuffled his solitaire cards and decided how to meet the panic of 1907; ex-Kleagles of the Ku Klux Klan whose white gowns were put away in boxes in their attics; Florida real-estate men who had hopefully laid out subdivisions in 1925 with beautiful concrete boulevards over which the crowding thickets already arched. . . . There were Red Granges, Sergeant Yorks, Gertrude Ederles, John Thomas Scopeses, Clarence Chamberlins, living more or less inconspicuously with their memories of front-page headlines or ticker-tape welcomes.

But it is more interesting, as we look back at 1929 from 1937, to glance at the slender beginnings of streams of influence or of popular excitement which were later to swell to turbulence.

On September 3, 1929, for example, Freeman Gosden and Charles J. Correll were taking a day off for rest after their first fortnight on the N.B.C. network as "Amos 'n' Andy." Until August they had had only a local audience for their broadcasts from station WMAQ in Chicago;

and even now that they were under contract at one hundred thousand dollars a year to be heard over the N.B.C. network, their program still came on at 11 o'clock Eastern Standard Time. The change to the 7 o'clock hour was still two months in the future, their phenomenal popularity was still in embryo. Did they imagine, one wonders, that by the following summer one would hardly be able to walk a block in an American town during the Amos 'n' Andy quarter-hour without hearing their voices issuing from open window after window?

That same day, Garnet Carter of Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, boarded a train to Miami to install in the Royal Palm Park the first Tom Thumb golf course in Florida. Some years earlier, Mr. Carter had built a miniature course by his hotel at Lookout Mountain, on the outskirts of Chattanooga. He had intended it for children, but had found that adults liked it even better. He decided that the game might have wider possibilities. In 1929 he found that two men in New York named Ledbetter and Delaney had been building courses something like his for indoor play; he found that another man named Robert McCarty, Jr., of El Paso, had patented the use of cottonseed hulls for putting greens; and thereupon he made arrangements with these other men which would give him the right to go ahead and promote the new game, cottonseed-hull greens and all. And now he was climbing aboard a train for Florida to begin his campaign in a land where people could play outdoor games all winter. Did he guess that within a year the highways of America would be lined with miniature golf courses?

Walt Disney had been producing Mickey Mouse pictures for a year or so, and had just brought out his first Silly Symphony, but not yet could he be sure that his years of bitter discouragement and want were quite over; the new pictures were going well, but his reputation was still of slender proportions, and the "Three Little Pigs" and the Big Bad

Wolf were still hidden by the fogs ahead. . . .

At the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, astronomers were engaged in the routine of searching for a planet whose discovery at the outer edge of the solar system had long been mathematically predicted. It was discouraging work, for the search had been going on intermittently at Flagstaff since 1905. On September 3rd, Clyde W. Tombaugh of the Observatory staff was oiling the driving clock of the 13-inch telescope, making out a series of observational notes, arranging the supply of plates in preparation for a fortnight's work of photographing a region of the sky where the supposed planet might be found. He could not know that this particular fortnight's search would be fruitless but that within five months they would at last hit upon the right region of the sky, and that the triumphant discovery of the planet Pluto by Dr. Tombaugh would be acclaimed as the most exciting astronomical event of the year 1930. . . .

At Cazenovia, New York, a young writer spent the morning of the third of September working about his farm and looking after some building that was going on there; in the later hours of the afternoon and throughout most of the evening he was writing—writing a passage in the first part of the second chapter of a huge novel which would not be ready for publication for nearly four years. He was Hervey Allen, and the book was *Anthony Adverse*. . . .

In the city of Long Beach, California, there was an elderly practicing physician named Francis E. Townsend. He was quite unknown save to his patients and personal friends; in fact, he was just as obscure as the young and none-too-successful engineer in New York, named Howard Scott, who used to talk at great length about his economic theories to any friend who would listen to him in a Greenwich Village speakeasy. Time was not ripe yet for either the Technocracy craze (1932-33) or the vogue of the Townsend Plan (1935-36). . . .

John L. Lewis had been for many years the head of the United Mine Workers and a powerful member of the high command of the A. F. of L. But the Mine Workers were in a bad way, with a declining membership torn by dissension. Lewis was at odds with his own leaders, especially in Illinois, and was generally unpopular with the rank-and-file. Liberals regarded him as an autocratic reactionary, and most observers believed that his influence was waning. . . .

The man who at this time was Governor of New York was widely known—as an engaging and popular Democratic leader and a friend and disciple of Al Smith's. It is interesting to note that on September 3, 1929, Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt was awaiting replies to a questionnaire which he had just sent out to mayors and village presidents throughout New York State, asking them on what basis their communities bought electric power, whether from private companies or municipal plants, and at what cost. The action might seem to have been prophetic; but to mortals denied the gift of prophecy it did not then seem very significant. Anybody in Albany could have told you that Franklin Roosevelt was just collecting information which he thought he needed in order to "carry out Al Smith's power policy."

On September 3, 1929, one Adolf Hitler was the leader of a growing faction in the German Republic, but few well-informed Germans took him very seriously. George V was King of England; and the Prince of Wales, who for some weeks had been taking flying lessons, was probably oblivious of the presence in England of young Mrs. Ernest Simpson. The average newspaper editor would have had to consult his reference library to identify Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Alf M. Landon, or Harry Hopkins. Not in any book of reference would he have found Joe Louis, Rockefeller Center, Bruno Richard Hauptmann, Donald Budge, or the C.I.O. In all the country there was no such thing as a stream-

lined train, a bar operating openly and legally, or a New Dealer. And Shirley Temple was a baby less than five months old.

V

Innumerable are the currents in the stream of history. Each of us, in fact, is a current in himself. It may be that you yourself sat down on September 3, 1929, to write a letter to a relative or friend and tell what was happening. Unless you were a very exceptional letter-writer you probably did not mention Hoover or Ramsay MacDonald or Bobby Jones or the economic situation. All these things were pretty well outside the current to which your main attention was given. Perhaps you reported that you had decided to stay at the Beach and get in some more tennis before beginning your Freshman year at Ohio State; or that you were trying to persuade your daughter that she was spoiling your grandchildren; or that Aunt Sarah was better and had been allowed to sit out on the porch, which was a great boon to her as the second floor got terribly hot in this weather; or that you had met Harry Jarvis this evening at Jack and Charlie's and he was putting on weight but was as funny as ever. Trivialities? Not to you. Not, presumably, to the recipient of your letter. History—a bit of one narrow current of history.

There are countless individual threads like these in the skein of events, and there are almost countless ways of combining them. The history of each business concern is a combination of them; so is that of each community, each professional group, each art, each sport, each industry. If you were to ask a Chicago politician what he was doing on September 3, 1929, the best way of placing the date in his memory might be to remind him that it was the day when ex-Mayor Dever died. That event in his own particular stream of history might have been more vital to him than anything I have mentioned heretofore. To an Idaho lumberman September 3rd might be that anxious

Tuesday when the forest fires were sweeping so near; to a racing enthusiast, the day when The Nut won the Hourless Handicap at Belmont Park and became the leading contender for the Lawrence Realization; to a chemist, the day when he made up his mind to go to Minneapolis after all, to that meeting of the American Chemical Society at which Bonhoeffer was to read his paper on dividing hydrogen into parahydrogen and ortho-hydrogen.

When a man sits down to write a history of American railroading or of the city of Schenectady or of California poetry, he combines some of these threads; and at once the question begins to perplex him: What events, what tendencies shall he include, and what weight shall he give to each of them? To some extent each decision he makes will naturally depend upon the number of people who are affected by these events or tendencies. The forest fires in Idaho, for example, clearly affect more people than his Aunt Sarah's ability to sit out on the porch. To some extent his decision will depend upon the duration of the effect: those fires may exert an influence upon lumbering practice in Idaho or upon the behavior of Idaho rivers long after The Nut has been put out to graze away its old age on a farm. What the historian tries to arrive at is a sort of common denominator of our collective experiences, corrected by what his after-knowledge tells him about their long-range significance. But always there is guesswork in his decisions.

They will vary with his individual prejudices, opinions, areas of knowledge and of ignorance. To a Communist, September 3, 1929, may appear to be the day when American capitalism began its last (or next-to-last) decline toward permanent collapse. To a conservative Republican, it may appear to be the day when a decline began that was prompted by speculative over-enthusiasm, accelerated by European panic resulting from the war, and prolonged by economic quackery on the part of the Democrats.

Again, the historian's guesses will vary

with the moment at which they are made. It is nearly two years, now, since I first thought of writing the article which you are now reading. At that time I made a rough draft of the passage about the *Graf Zeppelin*. I wrote that "since 1930 no lighter-than-air ship except the *Graf Zeppelin* itself has crossed the North Atlantic." A few weeks later I read that a new Zeppelin was scheduled to fly the North Atlantic in the spring of 1936—and I realized that before long the aspect of things might be considerably changed. The *Graf Zeppelin's* successful flight in 1929 might soon be looked back at, not as a false dawn of an era of transatlantic flight in dirigibles, but as a real though premature dawn. I revised my draft accordingly. The *Hindenburg* came, made a whole series of successful routine flights, and apparently confirmed the wisdom of my revision. Meanwhile I had laid my text aside, unpublished. Then came the *Hindenburg* disaster—and once more the apparent relative significance of the two aviation events of September 3, 1929, made another abrupt change. Who knows to-day how those two events will look to the historian of 1950—or of 2000?

Who knows, for that matter, how the passage which I have written about the status of John L. Lewis will look in later years? If you should happen to read this article in a bound volume of HARPER'S in 1950, will you wonder why I gave Lewis more space than Howard Scott and Dr. Townsend, or will you wonder why I was not bright enough to give him a full page?

(In case you feel quite sure of what the answer will be, write it down now, save it till 1950, and then compare your foresight with, let us say, that of Mr. Hoover and his aides in 1929.)

These are small examples, but characteristic, of the way in which new events bring about constant changes in our judgment of past events.

The changes never cease. People speak glibly of the "verdict of history" as if it ever became unanimous or certain. It does not. How great was Karl Marx? And what caused the fall of Rome?

Yet at least the passage of time helps to make our guesses less difficult. Nobody writing an American history in 1937 would suggest that the differences of opinion over the Republican tariff bill in September, 1929, were more important than what was happening on the New York Stock Exchange. Nobody who has witnessed the economic changes which have taken place since then, and the political changes which they have precipitated, can well deny that it was a great divide over which we unwittingly passed on that hot Tuesday in early September. Gradually the evidence accumulates, and we begin to get a clearer notion of the size and shape of the building blocks out of which the structure of history is made.

Even now, though, the evidence is not all in. Who knows but that to our children's children the third of September, 1929, may be remembered chiefly as the birthday of some boy now in the third grade?



OUR TAX JUNGLE

BY CHESTER T. CROWELL

BEFORE the depression our tax structure rested upon a reasonably sound and commendably simple theory that worked passably well, which is high praise, since there has never been an exact science of taxation and probably never will be. The sources of revenue were zoned; the Federal Government collected mainly from net earnings, and the States and their subdivisions collected mainly on an *ad valorem* basis.

Thus if you owned a building upon which the local assessor had set a value of \$100,000, your State and county taxes would be based upon that figure. The Federal Government would be interested only in the net return, not the value of the building. If the net return was nothing, no taxes. If a loss was the net return you could charge it off against income from other sources. In other words, the two taxes rested upon entirely different bases, and while they drew revenue from the same property, did not overlap; in lean times the Federal Government automatically withdrew.

Then came the depression, and both the Federal Government and the States found their principal sources of revenue drying up simultaneously. While local taxes on urban and rural properties went unpaid, threatening with default billions in bonds, the receipts of the Federal Government from income and excess profits taxes dropped from \$2,411,000,000 for the fiscal year 1929 to \$746,000,000 for the fiscal year 1932. But even in our worst depression there was still some business activity; the employed outnumbered the

unemployed; production and services continued, perhaps at no profit and even at a loss. Thus there were still business transactions that could be taxed. As a tragic example, a friend of mine withdrew his last cent from his bank to pay the fee for filing his petition in bankruptcy, and the Federal Government collected a tax on his check! (That tax has since been repealed.)

Taxing authorities began to grab frantically; and wherever one found revenue the others also flocked. The tax structure ceased to be a structure; it became a jungle; order departed, and to-day only the law of the jungle remains.

Under the early theory of our tax structure the Federal Government collected about two-thirds of its revenue from net earnings and sources tapped under the basic principle of "ability to pay." In 1935, however, the proportions had been reversed and only one-third of the revenue came from "ability to pay," while two-thirds, approximately, came from taxes that would perforce be passed on immediately to the consumer.

Let us have a look at some of these consumer taxes. The ten per cent tax on tickets of admission yielded \$17,112,000 during the fiscal year 1936. To collect that sum the long fingers of Uncle Sam reached into the box offices of thousands of places of amusement, gathering mostly nickels. The total crop was considerably less than one day's expenditures of the Federal Government; for during 1936 the Federal Government spent about \$24,000,000 a day! With this figure in mind,

let us glance at the annual yields (1936) of the other excise and miscellaneous taxes. It will not be necessary for you to examine closely or to remember the figures in the tabulation that follows. I offer them merely as proof of the astounding grabbing in all directions, and as the most marvelous mess of taxes our Federal Government has ever levied:

MANUFACTURERS' EXCISE TAXES

Lubricating oils	\$ 27,102,831.57
Brewers' wort, malt, grape concentrates, etc.	1,010,113.84
Matches	6,885,811.92
Gasoline	177,339,587.36
Electrical energy	33,575,179.25
Tires and inner tubes.....	32,207,983.03
Toilet preparations.....	13,301,794.65
Articles made of fur.....	3,321,057.14
Jewelry	3,110,604.75
Automobile trucks.....	7,000,281.29
Other automobiles and motor cycles	48,200,855.20
Parts or accessories for automobiles	7,110,188.33
Radio sets, phonograph records, etc.	5,075,270.82
Mechanical refrigerators....	7,939,063.75
Sporting goods	5,531,122.72
Firearms, shells, and cartridges	2,494,574.54
Pistols and revolvers	60,627.64
Cameras and lenses	577,925.70
Chewing gum	807,279.40
Candy.....	63,989.30
Soft drinks.....	60,028.56

STAMP TAXES

Bonds of indebtedness, issues of capital stock, deeds of conveyance, etc.	\$ 28,162,658.42
Capital stock and similar interest sales or transfers ...	33,054,798.14
Sales of produce for future delivery	2,943,542.37
Playing cards	4,143,698.44

MISCELLANEOUS TAXES

Telephone, telegraph, radio, cable.....	\$ 21,098,347.65
Transportation of oil by pipe line.....	9,793,995.42
Leases of safe-deposit boxes..	1,997,409.57
Checks, drafts, orders for payment of money	25,555.73
(This Act has been repealed. The revenue from it for the preceding year—1935—amounted to \$25,645,138.70)	
Admissions to theaters, etc. . .	17,112,175.46
Club dues and initiation fees.	6,090,923.21
Processing of coconut and	

other oils.....	\$27,691,080.79
Processing of crude petroleum	1,163,754.57
Use of yachts and boats.....	1,687.28

A few of these taxes are older than the depression, but it is worth while to look at the whole strange aggregation. Of the thirty-four listed, *only eight produced more than one day's expenditures.*

And now let us see what the States have been doing by way of shifting their taxes from the traditional *ad valorem* basis to new bases:

The number of States collecting income taxes from individuals or corporations or both increased from 19 in 1930 to 30 in 1935.

In 1930 only two States had general sales taxes; in 1935 the number was 25.

Sixteen States reported collections from tobacco excise taxes and licenses in 1930; in 1935 the number was 23.

Only Alabama and Kansas were not collecting from liquor excise taxes and licenses in 1935; twelve States had profits from State-operated liquor stores.

In 1936 only Nevada and the District of Columbia did not collect estate and inheritance taxes.

It is now estimated that about two-thirds of the aggregate tax revenue of the States comes from the following taxes:

Estate and inheritance taxes
Individual income taxes
Corporation income taxes
Gasoline taxes
Motor vehicle registrations and licenses
General sales taxes
Liquor excise taxes, licenses, and liquor store profits
Tobacco excise taxes and licenses

Collections from these sources were 31 per cent greater in 1935 than in 1930; the increase is probably 100 per cent to-day and continues apace, but the figures are incomplete.

Did these taxes imposed by the various States bear down equally upon American citizens regardless of their place of residence? By no means. The Division of Research and Statistics of the United States Treasury made a report on this subject which says:

"Nearly one-half of the estate and in-

heritance taxes was collected by two States, New York and Pennsylvania, throughout the years 1930-35, inclusive.

"Three States, Massachusetts, New York, and Wisconsin, regularly collected considerably more than four-fifths of the individual income taxes.

"Four States, California, New York, North Carolina, and Wisconsin, collected more than two-thirds of the corporation income taxes.

"Five States, California, Illinois, Michigan, New York, and Ohio, collected three-fourths of the sales taxes in 1934 and two-thirds of the sales taxes in 1935.

"Three States, Louisiana, Ohio, and Texas, collected about one-half of the tobacco taxes for 1932 to 1935, inclusive.

"Eight States collected about half of the motor-vehicle registrations and licenses, and about forty-five per cent of the gasoline taxes.

"In the fiscal years 1934 and 1935 five States collected 70 per cent of the total liquor excise taxes, licenses, and liquor store profits."

II

Let us go back over this list of eight taxes (all of them overlapping Federal taxes) that now produce such a large proportion of the revenue of the States and consider them in the order named.

The first three (inheritance and estate taxes, individual income taxes, and corporation income taxes) should, in a logical tax structure, be the same in all of the States, because if they vary greatly citizens have good reason to scurry away to other States. That is what citizens are now doing. Therefore it is questionable whether these three taxes are proper sources of revenue for the States. The obstacles to keeping them even approximately equal are obvious; and if this miracle were performed there should still be a careful adjustment in each State every time the Federal Government makes a change, which it does all too frequently. If the States insist upon continuing to collect these taxes the next best solution of the problem they present

would be for the Federal Government to collect the taxes for them. Under this system the taxpayer would file only one return and the Federal Government would remit to the States their share of what their citizens had paid. This would save millions in administrative expenses, more millions in the cost of making returns, and vastly more millions representing losses due to the inequalities and injustices resulting from ineptness in the levying and collection of these most intricate of all taxes.

While the general trend is toward more revenue from these three taxes, there is a counter-current that adds to the disorder: some States profit enormously by not imposing them or by keeping them very low. As you are probably aware, taxpayers are rushing to Delaware and Florida as though to cyclone cellars. But even this is not the whole story of the disorder. We find certain categories of taxpayers moving from Oklahoma to Texas, while scores in other categories move out of Texas.

If you criticize the tax structure of any one State the answer will usually be: "We have double the population (or our taxpayers have twice the income) of the neighboring State in question, and we collect almost twice as much from these taxes. Therefore our tax structure is sound." But that is no defense if an individual named John J. Snodgrass, whose business is what it is and can't be changed by waving a wand, must pay five times as much in one State as he would have to pay if he moved to another. Taxes on some individuals now vary, as between States, as much as 1,000 per cent. A shocking condition. We seem to have lost sight of the fact that our State lines are not much more important to-day, from the economic point of view, than county lines. The citizen can remove not only his savings and his person across a State border, but often the very business that provides his income. If the latter expedient is indicated by conditions, and he fails to avail himself of it, the penalty may be bankruptcy.

Inequalities of taxation (as between States) on lands and the improvements thereon are far less serious, though not negligible. For example, you may own a hotel that pays twice the taxes paid by a similar hotel in another State. Your situation is not as bad as if the other hotel were in your own town; it is not in direct competition with yours. The States have wide latitude in their *ad valorem* taxes. But this does not make logical sense with inheritance and estate taxes or individual and corporation taxes. If the present trends toward inequalities continue, a remedy will eventually be found in Federal laws that may push the States entirely out of these fields, the primary purpose being to restore order.

Next on our list are the gasoline taxes which should be set apart for the States and their subdivisions. The Federal Government invaded this field of revenue as an emergency measure and should get out of it as soon as possible. However, the States are levying gasoline taxes with such amazing inequality that the motorist making a long trip might well carry a gasoline-tax map. Commercial vehicles already have refueling schedules based on these tax inequalities.

Closely allied to the gasoline taxes are the motor-vehicle registrations and licenses, since they are paid by the same persons. And here, again, we find such astounding inequalities that residents of one State have registered their automotive vehicles in another. The obvious defense against this is for the high-tax States to refuse to recognize low-tax State licenses, but this is a form of interstate tariff utterly repugnant to American traditions. This whole subject needs study with a view to restoring order.

Sixth on our list, and most important, is the general sales tax, levied by twenty-five States, and no two schedules identical. Moreover, these taxes overlap all of the Federal Government's excise taxes, commonly and properly called "the nuisance taxes." We find here the worst phase of our tax jungle; it affects the vast majority of our population.

Sales taxes would present less of a problem if all of our States were about the size of Texas, and malleable, so that they could be hammered into rectangles; but they are not. Along uncounted thousands of miles of State border lines the price of a given article will vary sufficiently to justify the purchaser in traveling a few miles to save the difference in sales taxes. Some need to travel less than a mile; indeed, State lines run through towns and cities so that the purchaser may need to travel only a few blocks. These border conflicts have already accounted for thousands of business failures, most of them too small to appear in the bankruptcy records, but none the less tragic.

The all-too-simple remedy is for the States which suffer from the situation to enact measures comparable to embargoes or tariff laws. If the high-tax States do this clumsily the laws will be unconstitutional, but there are constitutional measures that can be adopted to complicate this disorder still farther and tend to prolong it, although I doubt whether it can be made permanent. Given sufficient incentive, men will smuggle anything from diamonds to mules.

The legislator, concentrating on how to raise needed revenue, especially during lean years, finds the general sales tax the most alluring of all prospects. It can be collected even from citizens on relief; it comes in day by day, which is a boon in contrast to taxes on real estate. The latter can be three years in default before foreclosure. But the injustice of raising any considerable portion of a State's revenue by sales taxes is appalling because it levies upon the pauper and the millionaire with brutal equality.

Seventh on our list of eight overlapping taxes are those levied by the States upon alcoholic beverages.

As part of the frantic grabbing for revenue, the States collected (1936) upward of \$155,000,000 in liquor taxes. This, added to the high Federal taxes, helped to keep illicit stills in operation. Repeal of prohibition brought an unusual but not too difficult problem in taxation.

We already had a flourishing liquor industry that had paid bribery in lieu of taxes; the problem was to collect legal revenue instead, and the best way to do it was to levy taxes low enough to make the risk of manufacturing and distributing bootleg liquor out of proportion to the profit. That course was not followed. If the liquor taxes were lowered it is probable that the net revenue would increase sharply. The record shows that during the Civil War Congress imposed a tax of two dollars a gallon on whiskey that cost fifty cents a gallon to produce and during the fiscal year 1868 \$13,000,000 was collected. Reduced to fifty cents a gallon, the tax brought in \$45,000,000 the following year and receipts continued to increase.

Last on our list of eight are the State tobacco taxes. The package of cigarettes on my desk at this moment cost me eighteen cents, of which six went to the Federal Government and three to the State, so what I am smoking is only half tobacco, the other half is taxes. The Federal Government unquestionably gets its six cents, because this tax is old and well administered. The State sometimes gets its three cents and sometimes doesn't. Every adventure into new fields for revenue is administered clumsily at first. Not only cigarettes and liquor, but gasoline are being bootlegged in vast quantities, not primarily to dodge Federal taxes, but because the temptation to escape State and local taxation is too alluring. It would be absurd to assume that there is no bootlegging of numerous other articles subjected to high and ineptly administered tax laws.

III

The Federal nuisance taxes and the eight overlapping State taxes that we have now considered cover the major points of conflict between these two taxing authorities, but there are, within the States, many special taxing units that have been allowed to overlap one another because of almost incredible carelessness. Before returning to the subject of flaws in the

Federal tax structure, I should like to review very briefly the disorder and disequilibrium in tax structures of the States and their subdivisions. They collect about the same number of dollars as the Federal Government, and from more persons by many millions.

Within the States are many taxing units besides the municipalities and counties. They include levee and drainage districts, navigation districts, road and school districts, and others for special purposes. As a rule they issue bonds and the amount is wisely limited to a small percentage of the assessed valuation of the property; but in their enthusiasm they often raise assessments unduly to come within the legal limitation, and thus destroy the safeguard. This can be stopped by legislation. Considering the number of such bond issues in default at present, the need for the States to study this subject is urgent. There are also numerous instances where the bonds are not in default, but certain properties were included in too many of these special districts.

To make this point clear let us imagine a series of adjoining improvement districts, the map of them being precisely like a wagon wheel. Each district is a triangle that includes the hub of the wheel, the hub being one farm. If you ask if there is any overlapping of these districts the answer would be, "Less than one per cent." But every one overlaps the hub. So this farm would be in all of the districts, and because of the tax burden would be rendered as valueless as though it were covered with volcanic lava. I have deliberately exaggerated to clarify the point, but being in two districts will often ruin the value of a farm. This condition was widespread and taking its toll even during the nineteen-twenties.

Counties and other subdivisions of the States, especially cities, have also been moving away from real-estate taxes throughout the depression and have imposed so many substitutes that it would be impossible even to catalogue them here. Suffice it to say that if you will examine the tax records of any twenty cities you

will find that the collections from new sources disclose scarcely any clues as to the relative populations of these cities. The explanation is that some of the new taxes are collected with fair efficiency in some cities but have been resented in others, so the local Governments get what they can without stirring the hornets, and, with blithe disregard of justice, simply give the collecting job what grandma used to call "a lick and a promise."

I have before me a county assessor's report on personal property rendered for taxation which shows: jewelry, \$40,000; cash, \$190,000. You would reasonably assume that this report covers a poor community with a small population. It is the seat of one of our twelve Federal Reserve Banks; the population is about 350,000; bank statements show deposits of more than a quarter of a billion dollars!

As the counties tap new sources of revenue they become increasingly careless about equalization of real-estate assessments, and the States have less incentive to enforce equalization for the same reason. Thus within some States county assessments will vary from twenty to eighty per cent of the actual value of the real estate.

Within the cities, electric public utilities are the outstanding victims of too many forms of taxation. They have become deputy tax collectors, working for nothing. To say that they pay the taxes that they remit would be absurd; they couldn't possibly do it. They collect them from their customers.

I cite the case of a typical electric public utility in a city of about 300,000 population. One-sixth of its gross revenue goes to the tax collectors. The corporation in question pays taxes on every basis upon which taxes are levied, and to every taxing authority from the Federal Government down to independent school districts. The mere task of computing its taxes is a major work of its accounting department. The largest item of Federal taxes is the three per cent levy on electrical energy. This was imposed, not as a change of public policy after due con-

sideration of the tax structure, but because the Federal Government was in desperate need of revenue in 1932 and had discovered that you would use electric lights even if you had to borrow the money to pay for them from your Aunt Lucy. Better still, the electric light company would cut off your service if you didn't pay promptly. That is why your electric light bill pays Federal taxes. But the electric public utility still goes on paying all of its other taxes, and all of them are collected from you month by month. In the three closely typewritten pages cataloguing this particular company's taxes I noted the item: \$10, State chain store tax.

"Are you," I asked, "among your other offenses, a chain of stores?"

"We have two retail outlets for globes and lamps and equipment," was the answer. "That brings us under the chain-store tax."

It must be remembered also that this business, while generally regarded as a monopoly, is not so in fact. Every electric public utility competes with steam power. Gasoline also competes with other forms of primary power, including the windmill and the mule. In 1930 I saw in London great trucks operated with steam power, the drivers sharing their seats with bushel baskets of coal or coke, because the taxes on gasoline and internal-combustion engines were so high that steam became cheaper. The gasoline you and I use to-day is about half to two-thirds taxes. This sort of thing can go too far!

IV

Now let us turn to our rapidly changing Federal Government taxes.

First of all we must note that the emergency levies of 1932 remain in force although total receipts, during the fiscal year 1937, were greater than those of 1929 by a billion and a quarter. Relief and emergency expenditures are continuing on a larger scale than was anticipated. Consequently, restoration of the traditional proportion of Federal taxes to one-

third on transaction or excise taxes, and two-thirds upon "ability to pay" is being brought about by increasing the latter taxes, while retaining the former. Thus the tax structure remains chaotic.

Sharp increases of taxation in the higher-income brackets naturally result in greater efforts to escape payment. The large taxpayer can afford to employ experts to suggest methods of legal tax avoidance. Our court decisions are unanimous in holding that the right of a taxpayer to decrease the amount of his taxes or avoid them altogether by means which the law permits, by failing to prohibit, is unassailable. I could cite these decisions until you were bored, but I prefer to summarize all of them (and with meticulous accuracy) in the story of the city man who leaned over a barnyard fence and said to a country boy: "That's a beautiful cow you are milking. How much milk does she give?" To which the country boy replied: "Mister, she don't give none. What you git you gotta take away from her."

The legislative branches of all of our Governmental units thus confront a condition against which it is idle to argue. Their duty is to tinker interminably with the tax laws to close loopholes, and to pursue equalization of the tax burden. No tax structure will long remain even fairly good. The erosion of changing conditions attacks it day by day. Our difficulty is that our lawmakers have been so busy trying to raise more revenue that they have not taken time to perform the more important duty of seeking a just and reasonable distribution of the burden.

This problem is greatly complicated by the fact that our national income is so unequally divided. The vast majority of our citizens do not have incomes large enough to require Federal income tax returns. And of those made, only a little more than half call for payments. Taxable returns for 1929, filed in 1930, both for individuals and corporations, totalled 2,630,040. Non-taxable returns totalled 2,152,453. And that was a boom year. Taxable returns for the depression year

of 1933, both corporate and individual, totalled 1,896,051; non-taxable, 2,608,238.

It would be a conservative estimate to say that 200,000 of the returns, both corporate and individual, in a good year, account for the bulk of the Federal income taxes. Naturally these few taxpayers, relative to the total population, are keen for avoidance. This is a condition to be faced and dealt with, not something to growl about.

What Congress has been doing is to give instructions to the Bureau of Internal Revenue that might be paraphrased as follows: "For the next fiscal year we shall need an additional \$350,000,000. Here is a rough outline of a plan for raising that sum. Go out and get as many of the persons described in this bill as you can find and see if you can shake out of them the required amount." The bill, carefully drawn so that it could be scrupulously administered, might have returned \$700,000,000 in revenue. But the Congress needed \$350,000,000. So what? Well, what we now confront.

As a result of this hit-or-miss procedure, one of the most serious flaws in our system of collecting Federal income taxes is the incredible delay in closing disputed cases. Some of them have dragged on for twenty years.

The loose and floppy carelessness of Congress in matters pertaining to tax legislation gives ground for suspicion that all of it was not due to absentmindedness. Taxpayers in the higher brackets have profited enormously. In the lower brackets, taxpayers have not fared so well. Therefore, when a Congressman suggests nowadays that the income tax be revised to establish a sounder basis, the question that naturally arises is whether his revision would increase the revenue from the lower brackets. If it would, it is obviously unjust.

One frequently reiterated suggestion for improving the Federal tax structure is to lower the base: in other words, to begin the levies at less than \$1,000 of net income for single persons, and less than \$2,500 net for the married. Solely from the

point of view of those who wish to set up a logical tax structure this suggestion is sound, but the excise taxes should be abolished at the same time, and we should face the fact that if they were abolished simultaneously the net revenue would be decreased. If the purpose is to increase the revenue such a plan would be ridiculous.

To make this point clear, let us take the case of a young wage-earner who is single and just misses by an eyelash any net income above \$1,000 which would make him pay the Federal income tax. We will assume that he has an automobile of some sort and leads a pleasure-seeking, carefree life. He smokes about 364 packages of cigarettes a year: tax, \$21.84. He drinks in moderation: tax \$52, or a dollar a week. He takes his girl friend to the movies once a week: tax, \$5.20. The Federal Government also takes its cut on his gasoline, lubricating oil, automobile accessories, matches, electric lights, telephone, playing cards, toilet articles, sporting goods, phonograph records, radio set, camera, chewing gum, candy, soft drinks, and club dues. If he buys an imported article he also pays import duties. Since we don't know this young man personally, let's lump all of this aggregation of taxes at \$200. His total tax is \$279.04. He ought to know precisely what he pays, instead of thinking he pays nothing; sound public policy suggests a lowering of the income tax base, but sound public policy also calls for a lowering of his taxes. He pays too much. And this is solely his Federal tax. He also pays State taxes, the total being between one-fourth and one-third of his income.

Now let us move that same young man up into the income-tax-paying bracket. On second thought, I will substitute for him because I know my experience and I can only guess his. I have overpaid my Federal income tax every time. I don't regret the overpayments because I have saved time that was worth money. The Bureau of Internal Revenue selects each year sample returns to be examined with a microscope, and once I happened to be

one of their guinea pigs. I had reported an income of about \$12,000. I knew that I was overlooking eight or ten opportunities to claim deductions, but all of them were small and I didn't care to bother with them. The expert who spent the better part of a day questioning me and examining my records gave me a refund of \$15. I could have saved perhaps \$25 by keeping better accounts and spending a day getting advice, but time and attention were worth more. When Uncle Sam called me, took the day, and returned my \$15, I was not much obliged. I think this is typical of the experience and point of view of many small taxpayers.

Thousands of Federal income-tax returns show overpayment and Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., has decreed that refunds shall be made without the filing of claims. Even when the makers of these returns fudge a trifle or forget an item or two, it is probable that more than half of them overpay because they are not aware of all of the allowable deductions. New instructions are being prepared by the Treasury Department to give the taxpayers more complete information on this subject. In the past the heavy accent has been placed on what you could not claim as a deduction.

Even though I overpay my Federal income taxes, however, I do not have to pay so large a share of my income to the tax-gatherers as the young man I have described. He and I pay about the same amount in hidden taxes, but they do not hit me so hard relatively. Anyone who wants to make that young man pay an income tax should want also to reduce his hidden taxes.

V

In conclusion, let me remind you that there is no more important part of what we call "public policy" than the tax structure. How the Governmental units get their revenue is far more important to the national economic structure than the amount collected, much as this may shock you. The shortsighted thought on this subject usually suggests that the func-

tions of government should be narrowed. Less government, lower taxes; there is your all-too-simple answer. But we are not going to have less government. On the contrary, we are going to have more and more and more. Why? Because our citizens will demand it. They have been doing so steadily through decades. For example, the automobile arrived, brought traffic problems, and government was requested to employ traffic policemen. The radio arrived and government was requested to allocate the channels. Government, year by year, becomes a more useful tool in the hands of the people, a fact that would delight the Founding Fathers. Our great task is to provide for the support of this ever-growing machine with just and reasonable taxation.

No short cut to restoration of order in our tax structure is now apparent. It is a task to be nibbled at, after the manner of the beaver, year after year. When State and Federal budgets are nearer balance much greater progress can be made toward order by the elimination of overlapping taxes, and happily that prospect is bright. To work out the details, annual conferences between Federal and State Governments will be necessary, and will be held.

The most immediate need is more information about overlapping taxation,

and this is being supplied, principally by the Treasury Department on the initiative of Mr. Morgenthau. I repeat that this work must go on interminably, because conditions change constantly. At present they are not improving.

Addressing the Tax Revision Council in Washington, D. C., June 7th, 1935, Mr. Morgenthau said:

"I strongly urge that the technical details of tax-gathering, and even the essential matter of supporting the Government, be considered secondary in importance in your deliberations, and that first consideration be given to the vital question of justice to the taxpayer. That course simplifies the task and leads directly to the goal."

I would state the same principle by saying:

"If I pay one dollar for every two you pay, your condition might be greatly improved by requiring both of us to pay five, assuming that the fives would be well used for the general welfare."

Our tax jungle is not primarily the result of high taxes (they are still low relative to those of comparable nations), but of the absurd disequilibrium, with its consequent injustice. Restoration of order and reason in the tax structure is what we need, and to get it is probably a ten-year job.





PARIS, 1937

THE CITY OF UNCERTAINTIES

BY ERNEST POOLE

IN A Paris railroad terminal over the train gates hangs a large dramatic picture given by an American artist whose son was killed in the World War. It shows a troop train starting off—women sobbing, children shouting, soldiers cheering from the windows, flowers tied to bayonets. But the picture is twenty years old like the War, and the fear of another was gone for the moment, at the time when I was there, so the suburbanites rushing for trains didn't even look up at the picture that night. Each hurried from his job to his home. For one must work and one must live, and the people of Paris have grown so used to living in uncertainties that they have time for none but those hammering right into their lives. War scares come and war scares go, but meanwhile inflation, the high cost of living, strikes, and the Communists and the threat of Red Revolution still are there. Even these you may not notice at first, for Paris is lovely as ever this year and the crowds at cafés seem as unconcerned as before. But then from beneath the surface anxieties begin to appear.

In the old Quartier Latin I went one night with an artist friend to the home of a doctor we had known in student days before the War. He had hardly ever sent bills to the students, he had taken their pictures instead of cash. He would take the world's worst picture and gratefully murmur without the semblance of a smile: "*Mon Dieu, how fine!*" Then in the War he had worked so hard as a sur-

geon in field hospitals for wounded and dying men and boys that the long strain had broken him down, and he was nearly seventy now and couldn't practice any more. He had not worried about that, for he had invested all his life savings in good safe *rentes* [government bonds]. But with inflation the cost of living was rising so fast that the income from his bonds was no longer half what he had counted on for his invalid wife and himself. He did not trouble me with all this, for he was my host, and his strong, delicate, deep-lined face was quiet and friendly as before. After a simple dinner in the lovely little old house where he had lived for forty years we drank coffee in the garden and had a grand talk about student days. But when he said good-night to us I caught a look of anxious strain and uncertainty in his eyes; and when we had gone my friend confided:

"He asked me to find out if you know of any American who wants a little house in Paris? He fears he may have to sell his soon. Damned shame when you think of his record."

There are numberless others who dread such loss, for in France are some ten million little *rentiers* [owners of bonds] who can't live on their shrunken incomes now. I found one old former army major who was a night man in a garage. Others work in offices and still others are small employers and tradesmen; for three-fourths of all manufacture and trade in France is still carried on in little shops.

But they too face such uncertainties that more than three hundred thousand small tradesmen have organized, this last year, to try to save the businesses on which their very lives depend. I went to their headquarters late one day and, though it was nearly seven o'clock, found a huge, burly, dark-haired man still in a rush of work at his desk, with two telephones, two secretaries, and letters pouring in countless complaints and calls for help from little shops. In his eyes was an angry glare of light as he spoke of the new forces from organized labor and politics pounding in upon him and his kind.

"What lies ahead no man can tell!" he said to me between telephone calls. "Increased costs are forcing us to charge such higher retail prices that already our sales drop off, so we dare not stock up ahead, and that slows all French industry down and makes our sales drop lower still. It's not only that we must pay more for our goods—the Reds have come right into our shops and made us pay more to our employees for less work than they ever did before. We're against this forty-hour week. We used to keep open Sundays included. We had to. With competition so fierce our profits were figured to every hour we could keep open and every *sou*. But what does this Red government care for our profits? By their new law we can keep open only five days. They've tried to enforce it on us all. We have fought so hard that up till now most of us have held it off and keep open six days instead of five; but how long we can do it nobody knows! To close two consecutive days a week will be absolute ruin to most of us. What does your American President mean by preaching a thirty-five hour week? The Reds use that against us here. 'Even a bourgeois American thinks thirty-five hours are enough.' That is what they tell us now. The whole world to-day is small as this." He made a small circle with his huge hands. "What one country does affects all the rest and makes life more uncertain still. For God's sake ask him to leave us alone! We have troubles enough of our own."

II

Through him and through others I soon got close to the troubles of shopkeepers. Here are a few.

To enforce the shorter week, I saw a little riot one day in a square in front of a milliner's shop. It was Monday and her shop was open, when by the new law it should have been closed. Gathering from side streets, a crowd of several hundred young Reds made a sudden rush for her door. The porter saw them, but before he could get all his steel shutters down they smashed two of the lower windows, then threw stones at those above. And all this time they yelled themselves hoarse. I saw some of them smiling. What was the joke? Were they staging all this fury to scare the customers inside? Soon sirens were heard and the *flicards* [Paris police] came pouring in—on foot, on cycles, and in lorries. Quickly the crowd was cleared away. Then silence, with only a few policemen left. At last, one by one, the badly scared women customers came out and hurried from that dangerous spot. They would not soon return to buy hats! One excited old lady had to be helped, half fainting, to a taxi, to go home weak and shivering with fears of Red Revolution in France. But the woman milliner in her shop had no time to think of that.

"What will become of me after this?" she cried when I entered. "This is the way they ruin my trade."

In a cheap quarter of the town I talked with a man in a small store where he sold clothes to working men.

"My trouble is politics," he said, "such a boiling up of wild opinions as I never heard before! Already through strikes and these new laws I must pay higher wages, more for my goods and more and more taxes: a tax for my license, a tax on my profits, a tax on production and, besides, an insurance tax for all five of my clerks and a special tax for the one who has children. To meet these costs I must raise the price of a pair of overalls from sixty francs to eighty francs—and my

working men customers look and say no. Most of them are careful men who will not spend their wages unless they see jobs well ahead. And now with all this civil war in politics they cannot see. So only last week one said to me, 'Better eighty francs in my old pants pocket than a new pair of pants.' He feels like that—for he has his family on his mind. The oldest child is a girl of nine who came with him to my shop and kept holding tight to his hand. Each night he takes her out and makes her walk just ahead of him, while he keeps saying, 'All right. I am here.' For they are very close, those two, and the little one is almost blind and therefore afraid to walk by herself. And the eye doctor says he can cure her eyes only if she is not afraid and goes out and walks in the good fresh air. But her new glasses and the treatment all cost money. So her father, uncertain how long his job will last, hangs on to every franc he can save and will not buy a new pair of pants."

My next place was a tiny grocery, fruit, vegetable, and dairy shop. The little shopkeeper was plump and round, with bright indignant eyes. Her troubles came out in a torrent. She said:

"To make any money here I must figure on every *sou*. But what does this government care for *sous*? Nothing, I tell you, nothing at all! They say, first come the needs of the people and only after that comes finance. Just wait, I tell them, let them wait, and we will teach them a little finance—we the shopkeepers of France! We want these taxes and prices down. Where we go now we cannot see. Already my customers fight so against the higher prices I must charge that I can make no profits at all. And what shall I do if sales drop off? My old mother and I have moved from our flat and live here in two rooms at the back of the shop. But now we are even behind in our rent. What will become of her and of me and all little people such as us? I ask you!" I could not reply.

Then I went to a small bakery. The day was hot. The *déep* narrow shop was stifling. The baker was fat. With a

headache he lay on the sofa and groaned, while his wife said his worries were driving him mad. With the new short week and all these government-managed week-end trips to the country for working people, she declared, half his customers went away—some on Saturday, some on Sunday, some on Monday—nor did they ever tell him ahead.

"How can my poor husband know how many loaves and cakes he shall bake? It is a terrible thing, monsieur! He has always known before. With competition always so close, all his life he has figured his costs down to every loaf and cake. He must have none left over, bake only enough. But he can't know now and it drives him mad." For him this was revolution enough.

The landlords are in trouble too. Late one day in a wholesale district, a Municipal Counselor [alderman] let me listen to complaints from his voters. I heard many. Here is one. A thin tired-looking woman said she ran a rooming house and her big trouble was this new law that people who were out of work need no longer pay any rent.

"What can I do? Half the people in my house are out of work and will not pay. Many have stayed like that for months and now more too have lost their jobs. They like my house. I keep it clean. But I have let my girl helper go and alone I have to scrub the halls—for these free tenants even refuse to help me in that. So all day I trot up and down stairs and work till I'm all tired out. I can't see how it all will end." As she faced the months ahead, her face and eyes grew tight with strain, as though her nerves were ready to snap. "What can you do for me? Nothing, monsieur?"

"I can't make your tenants leave," he said, "but I promise to do all I can to lower the taxes on your house."

Sharply at that the woman sat down and buried her face in her hands. Then she rose.

"Thank you, monsieur!" She went quickly away.

Next I heard this story from the night

manager in a garage. Three years ago he had left that job and started a small garage of his own, but times were hard and each month he lost money. Then in the strike epidemic last year his four employees—his young sister, her husband, and two boys—demanded higher wages and shorter hours. He brought out his books and showed them his losses. No use. His obstinate brother-in-law promptly declared a sitdown strike. So they stayed there and the boss went home. He thought over his business—three years in the red and worse to come. He came back to his former employer and succeeded in getting back his old job. Then he saw a lawyer and turned over his own little business to his sister and his brother-in-law. Let them do the worrying!

"With this government running France it is better to be an employee than an employer," he declared.

The only employer that I met who had no worries on his mind was one who ran two small factories and was making good profits still, for he had met higher costs by increasing his prices, and sales were still better than before. Wondering to find an employer so smiling and contented, I asked him what he made, and he said:

"Parts for airplanes and bombs. My customer is the government."

As I left him I thought of the billion dollars voted for armament this year, plunging the government into debt even deeper than it was before, and so doubling the danger of just that wild inflation panic which other employers so sharply dread. For if prices go soaring this means more strikes and playing into the hands of the Reds. A good example of how the fears of war, inflation, and communism, the three big uncertainties, all interlock.

Of all the employers I talked with the one I liked best was a lean trim man with dark hair and straight-looking friendly eyes, who employed about sixty women and girls and five men, and made cheap traveling bags, in a little factory on both sides of a narrow paved court. He could

still just break even, he said, but took orders only a month ahead.

"What I can't get used to," he said, "is the changed spirit in my shop. Like my father before me, I've always been good friends with my workers. There was no union here. In the sitdown strikes last year they did not strike till one girl cried, 'Hurry or we'll be the last shop not on strike in the whole town!' So they struck. It was like a holiday. I played ball with the men here in the court. But in the sitdown strike this spring everything was different. There was no playing ball with them now. They shut up and stared when I came in. There was a big rain and I had to move some tons of wood fiber in from the court. Did anyone offer to help? Not at all! They treat me like an enemy."

At the stroke of the five o'clock gong, the girls came quickly out of the shop. In the court as they passed him not one said good-night, and I heard some snicker when they went by.

"I don't like this, I hate it!" he said. "The main advantage of a small factory over a big one has always been that personal friendly spirit we had. Now it is gone—and for me and for them its loss will do more harm in the end than any forty-hour week."

III

Having heard so many such stories of uncertainties caused by strikes, higher wages, and higher costs, I went to the headquarters of the much dreaded C.G.T. (General Federation of Labor) and talked with a veteran leader there.

I asked, "What is to be the end of this? If wages keep rising all over France but the cost of living does the same, how will the workers benefit?" His answer was blunt and direct.

"We'll keep the cost of living down by foreign competition," he said. "Most of our big industries are protected by high tariff walls. A Ford car sells to-day in France for nearly forty thousand francs (\$1600) and so with other articles. The government won't put up tariffs more.

If they try we'll soon put a stop to that. And so our big industries won't dare to raise prices much higher in France and let in a flood of foreign goods."

"Then if wages keep rising and wipe out their profits, suppose they close down?"

"Try lock-outs?" He smiled. "They won't do that. With us they know they can make agreements that give them some profits still. And they can't risk lock-outs all over France. Too much might happen if they did. Lock-outs might change into sitdown strikes. They are too afraid of the Communists."

In his own organization, I learned, are many men who fear them too, old-style labor leaders come into new and dangerous days. They too face uncertainties. For all through the labor unions of France the Communist power has fast increased. A year ago the C.G.T. had only about a million members. They have about five million now and among the four million recruits is the same struggle we have in the U. S. between the moderates and extremists. Which will win? Only time can tell. In Paris, the Communist stronghold of France, in the last election they polled nearly a third of the total vote. And from big and little business I heard such fear of their rapid growth and the wonderful organization which could almost instantly mobilize half a million men that, wanting to see them at first hand, I went early one evening to one of their district centers up in Saint Antoine, the great turbulent region of tenements and little shops where the French Revolution began and which has poured out its recruits to revolutions ever since.

Walking up through a hot, narrow, roaring street crowded with men and women and children and lined with push carts selling cheap clothes, fruits, and vegetables looking decayed and slabs of horse flesh in place of beef, I came into a long dingy café packed with young working men moving about. Scarcely any were at the bar, but the air was blue from their cigarettes and throbbing with a din of

talk. Some pressed close round a table where a couple of pretty girls sold tickets for a dance for Spain, while scores of others gathered round a billiard table piled with posters and proclamations being dealt out for distribution by a lean middle-aged woman in black with a red band round her arm. The roar of talk and laughter rose louder as still more came in. I pushed through to the man in charge, showed him my headquarters pass and was allowed to squeeze in beside him on a narrow bench by the wall. To the small table in front of us, quickly elbowing through the crowd, came a constant stream of young men and boys, leaning over the table to get their orders from city headquarters, then hurrying off. He showed me the orders, quite a list, and a pile of printed questionnaires filled in to make detailed reports; for his big district was organized in eighty sub-centers called cells, he explained, and twice a week he had to check up on the work of each cell, see that none slowed down. I told him I should like to see a cell. All right, he said. He gave me a card and I went to a little routine meeting of one of them one night that week.

At the back of a tiny café, where the tall thin proprietor in his shirtsleeves, with a drooping black mustache, brought beer from the bar, while his huge fat wife sat knitting and listening to the talk, round two tables were fourteen men, all but three of them young, and two or three girls. They were metal and wood workers, ditch diggers, tailors, traveling salesmen, an electrician, a shopkeeper, a bank messenger, a gas fitter, and a coiffeur. And they were brisk and businesslike.

"We have no secrets. Come in and sit down."

I did and the night's work began. Here at least, I thought, I should find no doubts, no worries or uncertainties; I should find men living by a creed as rigid as that of any church. But once more, in this city of change, I found the same yeast working still. For hoping before very long to run the whole government of France, the Communists don't propose to

be caught unprepared and make a mess of things, as their Russian comrades did at the start. They have begun to learn their job ahead and already they are finding most of it tough, bristling with concrete problems and emergencies. The discussion that evening to my surprise was of soup kitchens, doles and public works, help for labor unions, strikes, wages, prices, profits, taxes, old-age pensions, social insurance. I might have been listening to the New Deal! Then came collection of food and clothing for their comrades down in Spain. Two from this group had gone there to fight. One had been wounded and had come home but then had gone to Spain again, and they read his last letter from the front.

"One of Mussolini's planes," he wrote, "dropped a bomb on us this week. It did not burst—broke open instead—and inside was a message from one of our crowd. He said, 'Hold out, boys, we are here. In Franco's headquarters I've got a job loading his Italian bombs and I'm loading them right with Red proclamations—a new kind of dynamite!'"

After this letter the program went on to free movie films about Russia and Spain, to be shown in the district; and next they planned how to gather larger groups to hear the Communist radio broadcast given from headquarters two nights a week. But longest of all was a discussion on how to make friends with every little shopkeeper in the neighborhood and make him feel their cause was his own—because higher wages meant better trade; and if he would only give them his vote they would soon pass laws to keep manufacturers' profits and wholesale prices down. For the Communists are vote getters now, right out for the votes of the Middle Class. They are after Catholic votes as well.

"We must show them we've nothing against religion," said one brisk young Red that night. The discussion went on till long after twelve. A gray old comrade sitting there kept objecting or shaking his head. For him the Bible of Karl

Marx had come into strange uncertain times.

But no such qualms are felt by the great masses in Paris who vote Red. On a stifling Sunday afternoon from the lower edge of Père La Chaise, the tremendous old graveyard on a hill where in 1871 the last of the Communards were killed, I looked down a broad boulevard filled as far as the eye could see by a monster Red parade, bearing red flags and great white banners reaching half across the street, all moving up to Père La Chaise. For this was their Red Memorial Day. On they came and, singing and cheering, poured up into that vast hillside of graves; and climbing paths by their line of march, for hours from many different points, looking close down on them through the trees, I watched an endless human tide winding through narrow lanes between tombs, men, women, and children, all ages, all kinds, clean and dirty, all drenched in sweat from the heat, bearing not only big banners and flags but huge heavy wreaths of flowers too; but in spite of their burdens singing still their Communist songs and responding with roars of cheers to those of the comrades on either side, who stood on the graves and clung to the tombs, boosting their children up on the roofs. Strange music for those homes of the dead! In dense ranks eight or ten abreast, on up the hillside moved the throng to the wall where the Communards were shot down, there to pile hundreds of huge wreaths. From two o'clock until nine in the evening they came and they came—there seemed no end; for up through the trees from far down the hill could be heard still the worldwide Communist song:

"The *Internationale* to-morrow will be the whole human race!"

IV

They believe that it will be. I doubt if they are right. But at least in France to-day numberless thousands live in dread of just that big uncertainty. For such demonstrations—not only parades but

monster mass meetings, riots, and strikes—keep coming so often they never let die the fears of little business men and employers like those I had seen. Nor do such disturbances come only from the Communists. For just as hundreds of thousands of tradesmen have organized this last year, so employers of labor, large and small, are banding together all over France, and they too have their extremists and hot heads, young men itching for a fight. With the slogan: "*Vive la France!*" thousands have taken active part in bloody street battles against the Reds by those ardent patriots belonging to the Croix de Feu, or Cross of Fire. Disbanded by the new government, they have simply changed their name and, as the *Partie Sociale*, claim three million members still and hold some four hundred meetings a week. They have to be more careful now, but I saw them in action one hot day.

On the Champs Elysées, where immense crowds had gathered to see an army parade, the moment the last troops had gone by, into the great boulevard poured several thousand silent young men. Up went their hands in what looked to me exactly like the Fascist salute; and as other thousands moved quickly in, they started singing the "*Marseillaise*," once the revolutionist but now the patriotic song. No riot so far, only that song and that surging ominous mass of men. But the Radical government is taking no chances with these boys. As though by magic, from streets nearby, on foot and motorcycles and in big lorries came the *Flicards*; and then, with sabers and shining brass helmets the famous mounted *Garde Mobile* rode straight into the vast dense throng, driving it off to either side. Then in two divisions the mounted men came riding down the sidewalks, while panicky thousands of women and children rushed pell-mell into side streets. In fifteen minutes it was all over and normal traffic was restored. For they are fast workers, these Paris police. But in view of their past history in dealing with the Communists, there is irony in the sight of them now

working for a Red government to put down the patriots, aristocrats, and bourgeoisie!

Far more concrete and aggressive in its demands than the *Croix de Feu* is the new *Parti Populaire*, which began only a year ago and already claims a membership nearly half that of the Communist Party. In fact, it has recruited from them—for its leader, Doriot, was until a few years ago the most powerful Communist leader in France. One of his lieutenants told me one night:

"In place of all these ruinous strikes, we propose a tight-knit co-operation of employers and employed. We propose to develop our empire too, making all our colonies more fruitful markets for our goods, and to change the Chamber of Deputies into a body to represent the people not by localities but by their occupations in industry, agriculture, and trade." When I told him this sounded like Mussolini, he said, "No, there's this big difference. We French are always jealous of our individual liberties and we mean to keep them here. Let industries settle this business themselves—the State acting only as referee."

Since their whole party centers on Doriot, I wanted to have a good look at him and I had it the next night. In St. Denis on the north edge of Paris, where the Kings of France lie entombed but which is a region of steel mills now, I came into a big cheap theater packed with an uproarious crowd of working men and women, cheering, laughing, singing, stamping, catcalling for the show to start. I pushed through to the front, and up back stage found Doriot talking to newspaper men. A steel worker once, he is now thirty-nine, a big bull of a man with heavy stooped shoulders, tight black hair, black brows, high creased forehead and wide-set eyes. With newspapers stuffed in both coat pockets, his jacket open, his tie pulled loose, towering over the rest of us, he talked with quick magnetic smiles. When he went out upon the stage, the whole theater rose in salute and shouted, "Power to Doriot!"

With an abrupt gesture he stopped the noise and began in an easy ironical tone; but as he went on to a long list of the Red government's crimes and mistakes, with his face streaming sweat and his huge right fist driving home the points he made, his voice deep and vibrant rose steadily stronger, ringing loud all through the house. And as those steel workers and their wives responded with wild cheers and a thunder of stamping in applause, I asked the same question which so many were asking all over Paris then: A French Mussolini? I doubt it. Yet hundreds of thousands are hoping for that. Doriot or the Communists? Which will win? One more big uncertainty.

V

But now to come back to the average man, who must somehow manage to work and live in the midst of all this confusion and change. Just because of the tension caused by these opposing extremes, the greater part of the people in France, who want peace and liberty and political democracy still, will probably vote for some middle course. For beneath the sound and fury in the newspapers each day, France still rests on the middle class. All factions, even the Communists, have grown so well aware of this that they strain every effort to win its support. Each party loudly now declares that it is working for all France. All are patriotic too. It has even its funny side, as when many Communists claim Joan of Arc as a Red. From every group in Paris I heard:

"We don't want war, but if it comes we are Frenchmen and will fight."

The Communists even cheer the names of big generals in the High Command—because if France is forced into war they believe that Soviet Russia will still be one of its allies.

"And how about the High Command?" I asked a young aristocrat whose father was a general. He smiled.

"You see," he answered, "even though the High Command have natural leanings to the Right, they are professional

soldiers first. If there must be war they mean to win. And by long experience they know that the poilu fights his best only when he feels he defends liberty and democracy. So now the army High Command has nothing but kind friendly words for the principles of the Front Populaire."

But it is no smiling business, this deepening patriotism in France. Up the Champs Elysées one day came a small procession led by an army band in trench hats. Behind were several hundred middle-aged men in civilian clothes, many with crutches and heavy canes, winners of the Croix de Guerre in the war of twenty years ago. That was their only decoration—yet men round me all took off their hats as the little parade went by. Here and there marched a widow or a son.

"Look at that woman," said my companion. Gaunt and lean in a plain black suit, she came along with a slender boy of eighteen or twenty at her side. With a rigid smile she looked straight ahead. There was something tragic in her eyes.

"I know her. I rented one of her rooms when I was a student," my friend went on. "The tragedy of her whole life is the War."

"But that was a long time ago."

"Not for her—it has stayed in her home. Her husband was gassed. He developed T.B. She fought for his life till a year ago. Then he died. This is the first time she has marched. That boy you saw is her only son. He begins his two years' service in the army early next month. There are thousands of mothers like her in Paris. They say nothing but they are afraid."

With Europe divided in two armed camps, two years is a long time these days. Now I understood that look in her eyes. Still that dark uncertainty.

It was a relief soon after that to meet the quietest woman I had seen. In the old Quartier Latin in front of the Cupolade Café, as I sat watching the noisy crowd of medical students, poets and painters and architects who gather there, a little after midnight down the Boulevard St. Michel came an enormous two-

wheeled cart piled high with salads and vegetables, the big white horse slowly clopping along. In the roomy covered driver's seat leaned a big woman fast asleep. I followed her cart to the market halls and there we had a little talk. I said I was glad she still used a horse, for most of the market gardeners are now using motor trucks. She snorted contempt.

"No truck for me. That means I must employ a chauffeur who will not both work in my garden and drive. He will work only forty hours a week. Forty hours—pouf! My husband and daughter work each day from dawn till dark."

"Then you have had no trouble," I said.

"Oh, the prices I get are a little low—because it has been a good growing year. But next year or the next the weather will change and then better prices will come again."

"So politics don't bother you?"

"Pouf! Politics change like the weather," she said. "Only one thing remains always the same. People must eat. They will buy what I bring."

VI

So life goes on—for the Frenchman dearly loves his food, and the people of Paris propose to eat well in spite of all uncertainties. In the smaller shops the employees still take two hours off for lunch, and employers and customers do the same. One day in the small hotel where I stayed I wanted to see the proprietor. I was in a hurry. Spain had tuned up, the Chamber of Deputies had gone wild, and I was impatient to be there. But Monsieur Beaufumé still sat at his lunch. And every day he did the same. Let the Communists and the Croix de Feu riot to their hearts' content. Monsieur Beaufumé still sat at his lunch. And so it was all over the town. Cafés and restaurants were jammed. The theaters played to good business too. In the newspapers people eagerly scanned the lists of lucky numbers of winners in the Lottery. Old men still looked for

bargains in the bookstalls on the Quai Voltaire. But the greatest anodyne of all—to soothe nerves in these uncertain times is the fact that Paris is just as full of pretty young women as ever before.

I sat next to one of them late one night before a big Champs Elysées café. I did not notice her at first. I was dogtired from a long hard day; the torrent of automobiles on the great boulevard got on my nerves and so did the loud blaring jazz band and the chatter and shrill laughter round me upon every hand. Pepped up, jazzed up, sexed up! Step on the gas and let her ride! There is something terrific in the blind speed of this modern mechanized world, I thought, that doesn't know nor care where it goes. Suddenly I realized there are cities like Paris all over the earth—not only Rome, Berlin, and Moscow, London, Tokio, Pekin, but San Francisco, Detroit, Chicago, New York—all cities of uncertainties. Strikes and inflation, how far will they go? And must the whole world face war again?

But it is hard to worry long in the glamour of a Paris night. From theaters and dinners to night clubs or double beds, that great river of city life on street and sidewalks came pouring by. The pretty woman looked at it and smiled and sat there waiting. I watched her. In a close-fitting suit of heavy black silk, white jacket, and a little white hat, she sat with a little black dog at her side. There was confidence in her gay young eyes. We talked for a while and then I asked:

"If all Europe goes to war will it make any difference in your life?" She looked at me and I looked back. When she got my meaning, she said:

"Oh, I suppose not."

"Or a Communist revolution here—any difference?"

She kept smiling.

"I know several Communists. I suppose it will still be the same," she replied.

"You mean he will still come."

"I suppose so." Suddenly her smile grew bright. "For how can I help myself, Monsieur?"

At last I had one certainty.



MORE PRECIOUS THAN RUBIES

BY GEORGE RUSSELL HARRISON

A DIAMOND weighing a pound may cost a million dollars, while a pound of glass should cost less than twenty cents. Yet measured in terms of value to the human race, glass is one of the most valuable substances we have, and is worth far more than any jewel ever discovered. When the physicists and chemists of the world have finished discovering all the new kinds of glass that can be made it will be worth even more.

Glass, before science took it in hand, was just glass. It was a hard brittle substance, fortunately transparent, which could be used to let light in and keep the wind and rain out. Now glass has been developed in dozens of new forms and endowed with a hundred new talents. Tough glasses which retard the flow of heat are made into building bricks and coffee-pot handles. Resistant glasses through which electricity can push only with difficulty are made into telephone-pole insulators and vacuum tubes. New and surprising varieties of glass show unexpected abilities when formed into frying pans, fireproof cloth, and even into springboards for diving pools!

A two-inch cube of glass would be strong enough to hold up a loaded freight car, though such a task would strain a similar cube of almost any other material. A glass window only one inch thick can be so constructed that it will stop a machine-gun bullet. A man can stand on a fairly thin sheet of glass and feel no electric shock even though ten thousand volts are trying to push a current through him. A house made of glass bricks will

lose heat to frosty outside air less than one-half as fast as a similar house made of ordinary bricks. Because glass has a smooth hard surface, bottles and dishes made of it are easy to keep clean. With such valuable properties in so many important fields, small wonder that more than three million tons of glass products were used in this country in 1930.

Because diamond possesses many of the virtues of glass, and is in addition harder than any other known substance, one might argue that it is intrinsically a more valuable material. But glass possesses a quality even more important than hardness—its ability to flow like honey or congeal into stone at the will of its molder. Glass is not a solid like steel or wood or rubber, but behaves at ordinary temperatures like a liquid which is too chilly to flow. Thaw it out by raising its temperature a few hundred degrees and it becomes as easy to shape as taffy at a candy-pull. Heat it a bit more and it runs like syrup; cool it down and it grows viscous. An intermediate temperature can be found at which it will have the proper consistency to be blown, pressed, rolled, cast, drawn, or spun into useful form.

Window panes can be formed from glass by blowing, this process having been improved until great bubbles three feet in diameter and forty feet long can be pulled up on the end of a blow-pipe from a molten pool of glass. When such a huge glass balloon cools it is cracked across the ends and down the side with a diamond, and the freed central portion is then heated again until it is soft enough to un-

roll and sag flat. This unrolling is likely to be uneven, however, resulting in the irregular bulges often seen in cheap windows. A more modern method is to pull a wide flat sheet of glass directly from the molten pool by laying a long pole on the glass surface and rapidly raising it. Hundreds of millions of square feet of glass are produced in this way each year in the United States.

Glass can be made out of hundreds of substances, ranging from the sand of a sea beach to sugar from a grocery store. Any material which can be melted and then cooled to rigidity without crystallizing will form a glass. Those jaw-jeopardizing bits of transparent hard candy which children like are true pieces of glass, but windows of such glass would dissolve in the first rain-storm. A much more permanent variety is made by mixing quartz sand crystals with chemicals such as lime and soda, and melting them together to form a liquid stone which, when cold, is transparent, permanent, hard, and resistant to heat and electricity, properties which have been found so useful that without them our civilization could scarcely have reached its present form.

The arrangement of the molecules in a material can be studied by sending through it a beam of x-rays and photographing the patterns which the x-rays form when scattered by the molecules. Such x-ray photographs show that in crystalline solids like iron or diamond the molecules are arranged in rows, columns, and diagonals as regularly as soldiers on parade. In a glass, as in a liquid, the molecules have no regular arrangement. Many of the valuable properties of a glass are found to arise from the fact that, instead of being a normal solid, it is a supercooled liquid in which the molecules are willing to be frozen into random positions, without snapping back into their pattern formations.

The king of all glasses, fused silica, can be made by melting pure crystals of quartz, but it is unfortunately too expensive for most purposes; for quartz is hard to melt, and when it does melt is hard to

handle. Fused silica makes the world's best telescope mirrors, and, if the world could afford them, its best frying pans; but a five-hundred-dollar quartz skillet is hardly a practical proposition. Scientists hope some day to make practicable and cheap the large-scale production of this almost ideal glass, but until they do we must for most purposes be satisfied with less versatile but very useful substitutes.

II

The art of the glass-blower has been developed to take full advantage of the mobility of molten glass. Members of this craft have developed amazing skill in handling a bubble of what looks like red-hot molasses on the end of a six-foot steel tube. To watch a glass-worker whirl around his head a long rod carrying on its end a fluid droplet the size of a football gives one an impressive demonstration of nonchalant dynamic equilibrium. When centrifugal force has pulled the mass out into a long pear, the blower will puff into his tube as he twirls it between his hands, then pat the bubble with a paddle of burned wood and perhaps roll it on a steel table while he occasionally puffs again into the tube from that side of his mouth which does not contain a cigarette. When the bubble has begun to congeal he may snip at it with a pair of shears to trim off ribbons of glass now the consistency of cheese; a minute later the mass solidifies into a bulb or perhaps a beautiful vase.

The development of automatic glass-blowing machinery shows how scientific control can achieve a result previously thought possible only by means of human skill. Substitution of scientific control for skill turns the trick. The old-fashioned method would have been to imitate with a machine the motions of the man. The modern method is to study, measure, and install the operations needed to make a teaspoonful or a bucketful of glass almost automatically flow into a bulb or bottle of the desired shape.

Heavy tumblers, glass ash trays, and

thick glass cooking utensils are cast or stamped rather than blown. From a ribbon of glass issuing from the molten mass in the furnace chunks of the proper size are cut off. These, looking like fiery meteors, go flying down chutes at dizzy speed to presses which stamp them to the desired shape in a mold. The finished pieces are then delivered to annealing furnaces through which all glassware must go if it is to be freed from the strains which are set up when it cools.

If a chunk of hot glass be left to cool by itself, the outside cools and hardens first and compresses the warmer inner portions. Such internal strains may remain unnoticed for years, but like set springs, they lie waiting for an opportunity to shatter the glass to fragments whenever a grain of sand or any sharp hard material nicks the surface of the strained glass ever so slightly. In the annealing process these strains are released harmlessly by holding the glassware at a fairly high temperature for some time and then cooling it slowly.

Annealing is a slow and expensive process, especially with large pieces of glass. Great telescope mirrors may require ten months to cool down, and as they must be kept at an average temperature of 750°F during that time, the fuel bill may be as great as that required to heat fifty ordinary dwellings through a winter. Until recently the only thing that could be done was to anneal glass objects until experience showed that they probably would not break. To-day physicists have devised a simple apparatus which makes it possible to see directly, and even to photograph, the strains in a piece of glass. Motion pictures of such strains as they are being produced and released in the depths of a glass object show how they can be controlled and eliminated.

Strains are made clearly visible by sending polarized light through the glass. When a piece of glass is viewed in the strain-revealing apparatus, beautifully colored bands, green and pink and blue and almost every other imaginable tint, appear in it. These colored bands shift

to one side wherever the glass is compressed, and to the other side wherever it is expanded. By measuring the shifts of these colored bands, the exact number of pounds tension or compression in any part of the glass can be determined. Touch the side of a piece of glass with a hot iron while it is being viewed in such a strain analyzer, and the expansion of the glass round the warmed spot can be clearly seen as the colors twist and writhe. Since the breaking strength of any kind of glass can be accurately measured, the shift of the colored bands tells at once how close the glass is to breaking.

III

The mixing of a new glass in a research laboratory is an exciting affair. The glass-maker's direction sheet might read something like this: To one hog-head quartz sand, for body and strength, add one-third barrel of soda, to help it melt. Stir in a bucket of lime so the glass will not dissolve in water. Now comes the time for imagination, with eighty-odd chemical elements to choose from. Shall we put in some borax to keep the glass from cracking when suddenly heated? Or a dash of lead to keep x-rays from getting through, or a pinch of barium to give sparkle? Then stir thoroughly, put in a pot in the furnace, and melt overnight. When ready, pour out into brick jugs, allow to cool slowly, and test.

Here is where the physicist of the glass industry gets his innings. He has many important questions to ask the glass. How close does it come to that ideal glass which will not expand at all when heated, and hence would never crack when suddenly chilled? Will it stay sparkling and clear when exposed to the weather for six months or will it dissolve in water so as to be fit for little but preserving eggs or pasting up wallpaper? How hot must it be made to get it to the state where it will flow like honey so that it can be worked, and how much hotter can it be made before it becomes so watery

that it is hard to handle? These and a hundred other questions about the new glass must be answered before its maker can determine whether the formula is worth keeping or not.

The basic purpose of glass is to be looked through. The human eye is a very sensitive device, but by judiciously supplementing it with a few pieces of glass it can be greatly improved. The best pair of eyes requires glasses in order to see something very small or very far away. Whether these glasses are called spectacles, or telescopes, or microscopes depends on what is to be done; but all these devices are made possible because glass slows up a light beam that goes through it.

A beam of light pulses across empty space at 186,000 miles a second, but when it enters glass it slows down to about 120,000 miles a second or even less. Why should this behavior of light in glass make things easier to see? Why should a nearsighted man, to whom everything more than three feet from his head is hopelessly blurred, suddenly be able to distinguish clearly objects a hundred million miles away just because he looks through a curved slab of frozen syrup? Why should putting a piece of glass in the line of vision enable us to see fifty million stars where before were only five thousand, or to find tiny wriggling animalcules in what before was only a clear drop of water?

We see any object by observing the differences in the color and intensity of light which comes from the different points on its surface. Each ray of light ordinarily travels in a straight line through space. But because light is slowed down in passing through glass, its rays are bent whenever light passes from air into glass, and again when it emerges into the air. Usually the second bending offsets the first; but if the two sides of the glass are at an angle, as in a prism or lens, the light ray may travel off in a new direction. The eye suspects no such deviation from the straight path, and believes that any object it sees is in the direction from

which the light ray appears to come. A lens can thus be defined as a deceitful piece of glass whose surfaces have been so curved that the rays of light from different parts of a distant object are bent so as to appear to come from a closer and larger object.

This ability to magnify objects is not the only function of a lens, nor indeed its most important function. The eye sees with only that light which enters its pupil, but a lens can be made large, and thus able to gather in a greater quantity of light, with which a brighter image can be produced. If the lens is a good one this brighter image will be clearer as well; for the picture seen by the eye is formed by piling up a great number of tiny waves of light; the more there are the less fuzzy is the picture.

The largest lens ever made is about forty inches in diameter. With this lens, which is in a telescope at the Yerkes Observatory in Wisconsin, the moon when 200,000 miles away can be brought to within a hundred miles for seeing purposes. Many more powerful telescopes exist which will bring the moon even closer, but these use mirrors instead of lenses to bend the light rays.

To make a lens a piece of very pure and uniform glass must be used. Optical glass is specially cast to be pure and colorless, free from bubbles, streaks, and flaws. A minute quantity of iron or of almost any other metal can ruin an entire batch of optical glass. One company made several successive melts of lens glass which showed the familiar green tint of the cheap glass used for bottles and windowpanes. The source of the color could not be traced until it was discovered that a disgruntled workman had dropped a tiny steel ball into each melt.

After a chunk of glass of approximately the proper size for the desired lens has been obtained, its surfaces are ground to the needed curvature by rubbing them against a curved metal plate sprinkled with wet carborundum powder or some other hard abrasive. No way of molding glass while hot into good lenses has yet

been found, but if it ever is, they should become much cheaper. The glass surface must be slowly worn down to the desired shape, and then gradually smoothed with finer and finer particles of grinding material. The last tiny scratches are worn away with fine particles of rouge, which it so happens, in addition to being found useful by ladies to simulate hæmoglobin, will when imbedded in pitch and rubbed against glass give it a high polish.

A simple lens made from a single piece of glass will not produce a very sharp image, but by putting together lenses of different shapes made of different kinds of glass physicists have developed hundreds of kinds of lenses, each of which will, if used in a particular way, produce a sharp image. Years have been spent in the design of special lenses in some of which as many as seven pieces of glass are used to give an image which is everywhere sharp and clear.

In cases where there is an objection to the wearing of spectacles, disks of glass which fit directly over the eyeball and are so thin as to be unfelt and unseen, can be used. These are even less likely to break than ordinary spectacle lenses, since they have the support of the eyeball, and when properly used they cause little discomfort. They must be carefully fitted and cost more than ordinary spectacles, but several thousand pairs are now being worn in this country alone. The glasses are kept clean and free from fog by the eyelid, and no disturbing reflections occur from their surfaces.

A far-reaching development in glass research began when railroad trainmen had trouble with lantern globes which cracked when raindrops struck their hot surfaces. The scientists of the Corning Glass Works found that the cracking was due to the contraction of the glass when it was suddenly chilled. They set out to develop a new glass which would change its volume less than one-ninth as much as ordinary glass when its temperature changed. Fused quartz would be ideal but impractical, they knew, so they must

find new materials which would make the quartz sand melt as easily as the old materials did but would expand and contract less. They found that borax filled this need, but the first of the glasses they made with it dissolved in water. After seven years' work they had produced a number of glasses which not only expanded less than did the old glasses, but were more resistant to weather, heat, and electricity. These glasses became world-famous under the trade-mark "Pyrex."

Glass dishes have long been valued for tableware, but the older glass vessels would fly to pieces when heated too suddenly. The new Pyrex glass did not break when placed in the oven, and, after more years of research, still better glass has been found which will not break even when heated carefully on top of the stove.

Astronomers have recently called on the glass industry for help in producing a new telescope mirror of 200-inch diameter. This required some material which would hold its shape to a millionth of an inch under the temperature changes to which it would be subject. Astronomers knew again that fused quartz would be ideal, but it had been tried and found too expensive for use in a big telescope. Now would the glass manufacturers please see if they could at reasonable cost produce a new kind of glass, which, if not quite so good as quartz for the purpose, would at least be good enough? Eventually they obtained a new variety of glass which expanded even less when heated than did the older Pyrex.

That the same material which is best for helping to look a million light-years into space is also best for frying a chop is not merely a coincidence. Neither the telescope mirror nor the frying pan need be transparent but they must share a disinclination to change size and shape suddenly when heated or cooled. When the astronomers got their mirror the cooks got their frying pans.

A peak of achievement in glass manufacture came in 1934, when the Corning Glass Works successfully cast a disk of

glass more than two feet thick and sixteen feet in diameter, to form the mirror for a 200-inch telescope designed by the Rockefeller Foundation and the California Institute of Technology for erection in southern California.

This most valuable piece of glass ever produced need not be transparent, for a telescope mirror makes a very different demand on glass than does a lens. Lenses let the light pass through them and, therefore, must be transparent and clear, but the only purpose of the glass in a mirror is to furnish a hard support of inflexible form for the thin metallic coating which is the mirror itself. Glass is used for telescope mirrors because it is hard and brittle and can be given a high polish after it is ground to the proper curvature, and because it expands less when heated than do metals or other materials.

If the disk had been cast solid it would have weighed more than forty tons, but by designing a ribbed structure with a smooth upper surface, the weight was reduced to twenty tons, and a thinner construction could be used. As it was, the disk was so large that it had to be sent by an indirect route across the continent, to avoid tunnels and low-hanging bridges. It was stood up on edge in a special railway car, with only three inches' clearance between its lower edge and the railroad ties beneath.

That a 200-inch diameter mirror could be successfully produced while a 40-inch lens is the largest yet made emphasizes the advantage of mirrors over lenses in big telescopes. A piece of clear glass more than four feet across which would be free from bubbles and strains would be difficult to obtain. Also two large pieces of glass must be used for each telescope lens, for each great lens is two lenses placed together, one improving the image formed by the other. Each lens must be ground and polished separately, so four surfaces must be shaped to within a millionth of an inch, instead of the one surface required for a mirror.

Greater and greater have become the

diameters of the large telescope mirrors, through forty inches, sixty, then the great achievement of the 100-inch Mt. Wilson telescope, and finally the 200-inch. This great mirror gives mankind a sixteen-foot monocular with which to scan the depths of space. With it a candle 40,000 miles away should be clearly visible.

IV

The telescope gives us an eye for the distant, and the camera gives us an eye that remembers. Physics has furnished a third eye, the microscope, for peering into the world of things minute. In 1870 there were only fifty microscopes in this country; in 1930 there were fifty thousand. Better glass helped make this growth possible. To see tinier and tinier objects we need lenses not larger but more sharply curved, so that they can be placed closer to the object under observation. Ultimately we reach a point where the lens is so small that further magnification does no good. The difficulty now lies in the light waves themselves, for too few of them are received into the lens to give a sharp image. Enlargement of four thousand diameters is as much as is practicable with visible light. Greater magnification gives nothing but a larger blurred image.

The remedy is to use shorter light waves, but these are in the ultraviolet region, to which ordinary glass is not transparent. So the call comes to the glass manufacturers to develop a glass which will be transparent to shorter waves. More mixing, melting, and testing goes on, and a few months or years later the scientists emerge from their laboratory with a new glass which will transmit ultraviolet light. From this new lenses can be constructed for the microscope. The limiting magnification has been almost doubled by this means, and enlargement six thousand times is now entirely practicable.

The physicist has found that to use still shorter waves in order to get greater magnification, the microscope must be

placed in a vacuum; for even air will not let through ultraviolet waves which are much shorter than a hundred-thousandth of an inch. Nor can ordinary photographic plates be used to record the invisible images produced by such a microscope, for they are not sensitive to these very short waves. Fortunately special plates which will serve have already been developed by spectroscopists. When someone gets enough courage to try developing such a microscope, another increase of four or five times in useful magnification may result, and then photography of a clump of matter less than a hundred atoms across should become possible. To the biologist this might mean much, for as he pursues his bacteria and viruses down through smaller and smaller sizes he realizes that the ultimate living creature must be cornered somewhere. It cannot be smaller than a single fairly complex molecule, which must in turn be made up of a number of atoms whose diameters, we know, are greater than one-fifty millionth of an inch.

Glass happens to appear transparent because our eyes are sensitive to visible light which can penetrate it. If we saw with long-wave infra-red light instead of with visible, such opaque things as black paper and hard rubber would be quite transparent, while ordinary glass would look black and opaque. In fact, a particular wave-length of radiant energy could be found such that if our eyes were sensitive to it, a house would look entirely transparent except for its opaque windows.

If glass were not so brittle it would be one of the strongest substances known. A thread of glass thin as a spider web can support a greater weight than can a steel piano wire of the same size. But when two large rods are compared the steel is stronger; for if it be scratched nothing happens, whereas a scratch on the surface of the glass quickly spreads and the rod almost falls apart. The great dream of the glass-maker, a flexible and elastic material which will bend like celluloid yet wear like glass, is not yet realized.

By varying its composition and treatment, glass can be made harder than steel or softer than the varnish on a piano. Some of the glasses developed for cooking utensils and telescope mirrors resist wear far better than steel. In silk-weaving factories the silk fibers rapidly wear away reels made of almost any metal; but reels made of resistant glass wear well.

Modern plate glass is sometimes subjected to a treatment known as "case hardening" which strengthens it greatly by taking advantage of the ability of glass to resist compression. Hot sheets of glass are quickly cooled with a blast of air so that the outside layers shrink and compress the inner layers, but not so much as to cause the glass to crack. The internal compressed portion is more sensitive to scratches than ordinarily, but the outside, which gets the scratches, is less so. In this way sheets of glass five times stronger than ordinary glass have been produced. Since such glass cannot be cut through, beveled, or smoothed on the edge without shattering after it is tempered, the case-hardening process must be carried out on the final windshield, mirror, or glass shelf.

Automobile windshields of this glass, on which a man can safely stand with only the two ends supported, while the glass bends like a highly tempered spring, are no longer a rarity. If strained past its breaking point, this glass does not fracture into dangerous splinters, but breaks up into millions of tiny particles, crumbling into a harmless sand as all the internal strains are released. If used for steamship portholes this toughened glass results in as much as sixty per cent decrease in weight. In modern streamlined trains, dirigibles, and submarines, where lightness is of great importance, it finds useful application.

We usually see glass in sheets or chunks, but more than enough glass threads are spun each year to reach across the solar system. By dipping a rod into a molten pool of glass and then pulling it away rapidly, a single pound of glass can be drawn out into three thousand miles of fiber. The departing glass pulls a thin

fiber behind it which freezes solid almost instantly, and the faster the pulling is done, the finer the thread. By pulling the fibers out at more than a hundred miles an hour, threads less than a tenth the diameter of a hair are produced.

In one glass-wool factory three hundred nozzles spin out seventy miles of glass fibers a second—six million miles a day. The fibers are piled together in a fluffy bat of inorganic wool which is sliced by great knives into chunks for use in insulating buildings, refrigerators, and hot-water tanks. A cubic foot of this wool weighs only twenty-four ounces. A layer of this wool four inches thick placed inside the walls of a wooden house gives as much heat insulation as a wall of concrete ten feet thick. It is not rotted by moisture and will retard the spread of fire, nor has any insect yet developed an appetite for glass wool.

These fine glass fibers can be spun into threads and woven into cloth which is fireproof, warm, and soft. The first fibers spun were coarse, and as they broke easily, clothing made from glass cloth had many of the characteristics of a hair shirt. But by making the fibers finer they become more pliable and less likely to be broken, and if broken they are less likely to dig into the skin. Even so, glass cloth does not yet make completely satisfactory underwear, for glass fibers unfortunately will not stretch like wool or silk. Whether glass cloth will ever come into common use remains to be seen.

Glass retards the flow of heat so well that it makes an excellent building material. For keeping heat in or out, a wall of glass bricks one foot thick is as efficient as a concrete wall two feet thick, and as it becomes cheaper glass as a building material should come into wider use. The new building block of hollow glass is a special type of glass brick which is trans-

parent to light, but cannot be seen through; for ribs on the inside scatter the light in all directions. These hollow glass blocks serve as permanent double windows which of course cannot be opened, but for which no sashes and frames are required.

The ability of glass to hold its shape is important to human health. When a physician calls on a sick patient one of the first things he does is to revert to the role of a physicist and make temperature measurements. Few doctors and still fewer patients realize that the thermometer used is probably made of at least three different kinds of glass. If this thermometer were made of ordinary window glass, it might read 107°F when the patient really had a temperature of 98.6°, or, what would be more serious, vice versa.

One finds glass in four-fifths of the instruments used by the modern scientist. Sometimes the glass serves merely as a window, sometimes it is a vital part of the apparatus. Always the instrument would be less accurate or less convenient to use if glass having the right properties were not available for its construction.

Though in recent years research has brought the glass industry far, first in Germany and more recently in America, much more remains to be done than has yet been accomplished. Thousands of useful new glasses await discovery. The architect and the sculptor can do far more with glass than has yet been tried. The builder of the future will want more, better, and cheaper glass. The astronomer swinging his eye through space, the physicist with his spectroscope, the chemist with his retort and still, the biologist with his microscope, the surveyor with his transit, the physician with his thermometer are all clamoring for more, better, and cheaper glass. The glass industry must continue to perform miracles.



THE ECONOMICS OF THE FOUNDING FATHERS

BY ABRAM L. HARRIS

THE defeat of President Roosevelt's program of judicial reform has brought a temporary lull in the long tireless fight of liberals and progressives to curb the power of the United States Supreme Court. Many persons looked upon the proposal as an artfully disguised attempt to "pack the court." Others supported the measure on the basis of their conception of the original function of the Supreme Court. According to this view, popularized by some liberal thinkers in the past, the founding fathers never intended to give the Supreme Court the power to void the acts of Congress. The Court, so the legend runs, beginning with John Marshall, first Chief Justice, usurped this power, and by so doing has been able persistently to nullify the will of the people as expressed through their representatives. Even though the plan to reform the Supreme Court is no longer a political issue it calls up for re-examination not merely the founding fathers' views of judicial control but their fundamental economic and political ideas.

The question of the Supreme Court's power was not one of the issues that divided the founding fathers into hostile political parties at the end of the Revolutionary War. Jefferson and his democratic followers differed in no essential respect from Hamilton, Marshall, and the rest of the Federalists in their idea of the Court's function. The view of some historians that Jefferson championed the cause of the "people" against "judicial oligarchy" is wholly unsupportable. The

causes of the bitter war waged by Jefferson and his party against Marshall and the Court after the former became President are to be found in partisan politics and not in conflicting theories of constitutional government.

What each party, Federalist and Republican alike, feared was the despotism of unbridled majority rule. This common anxiety was stated in its classic form by Madison, the Federalist. In a letter to Jefferson, he said: "Wherever the real power in government lies, there is the danger of oppression. In our Government, real power lies in the majority of the community, and the invasion of private rights is chiefly to be apprehended, not from acts of Government contrary to the sense of its constituents, but from acts in which the government is the mere instrument of the major number of constituents." Fearing this danger as much as the most "aristocratic" of his opponents in the Federalist party, Jefferson, as is shown by his private correspondence and by his proposed constitutions of Virginia, was in complete agreement with Hamilton that the judiciary should have express power to void acts of Congress. Indeed, the plan of judicial control sanctioned by him before he became President was far more reactionary than anything Hamilton had to say on the subject. In this plan the Supreme Court was to be given power to invalidate legislation on grounds not only of law but also of policy.

Thus it is impossible to attribute the deep-seated antagonism of Jefferson and

the Republican party to Hamilton and the Federalists to the belief of the former in "rule by the people" and to the belief of the latter in an independent judiciary able to check this rule. Both political factions and their leaders desired a government of checks and balances in which the Supreme Court was to be firmly established as the bulwark against legislative despotism. Neither faction looked with favor upon "pure democracy" with its "leveling spirit." Like the Father of the Country, both parties felt that "the tumultuous populace of the large cities are ever to be dreaded," because "their indiscriminate violence prostrates for the time all public authority." In consequence, the Federalists and the Republicans were agreed not only on the necessity of controlling the expression of public will but also on the necessity of limiting the suffrage by property qualifications.

Notwithstanding their agreement on these issues, the gulf that separated the Jeffersonian Democrats and the Federalists was wide and far from imaginary. The antagonism between them was rooted in the economic soil of the country. It dated back to colonial times and still exerts an incalculable influence over the social thought of this country. Jefferson and Hamilton, as the learned historians have so often told us, represented the divergent economic interests of two social groups, the agrarian, on the one hand, and the commercial and financial, on the other. This conflict between the forces of agrarianism and of finance and commerce had flared up from time to time in the colonies. There, enmity between the back-country folk—frontiersmen and small farmers—and the mercantile and financial families of the seaboard towns had been provoked by their opposing interests in taxation, paper money, and military protection from the Indians. Stifled by the struggle for national independence, the hostilities between these contending groups broke out with renewed vigor and became crystallized by new issues at the end of the war. To the old issues that had tended from

the beginning to divide American society into agrarians and debtors, on the one side, and into a creditor aristocracy of wealth and commerce, on the other, were now added the funding of the debt incurred by the war, the protection of nascent industries from foreign competition, and the establishment of a national bank. In this conflict Hamilton championed the cause of the future captains of industry and finance while Jefferson espoused that of the small landed proprietors.

The economic rivalries of which Hamilton and Jefferson were the political symbols emanated from no struggle between propertyless proletarians, on one hand, and the owners of land and capital, on the other. Had industrial conditions permitted such a struggle at that time, it is most improbable that Jefferson would have been found in the camp of the proletariat. His ideas were cast in a different economic mold. He no less than Hamilton was a champion of the rights of private property. His allegiance to the institution of private property was hardly less deep than that of Hamilton. Jefferson thought that "a right to private property is founded in our natural wants, in the means with which we are endowed to satisfy these wants, and the right to what we acquire by those means without violating the similar rights of other sensible beings." What Hamilton and Jefferson represented was the rivalry of different fractions of the propertied class, not the conflict between distinct classes playing different roles in the process of production. Although the conflict took the form of an alignment of agrarianism against finance and commerce, at bottom it was a struggle of small property-owners against relatively greater wealth.

Viewed in the perspective of the 18th-century political struggle, Jefferson, the political leader of the small property interests, represented the radical wing of bourgeois democracy, while Hamilton, the ideologist of a rising capitalist class, represented the conservative wing. Conservative democracy drew its inspiration from the middle-class liberalism of Eng-

land. Radical democracy was inspired by the petty bourgeois radicalism of the leaders of the French Revolution. Believing in the rights of private property, both groups, in this country as well as in England and France, were individualistic and accepted a *laissez-faire* economics. It was into these two camps, both representing property, that the founding fathers became divided.

II

To Benjamin Franklin and not to Jefferson belongs the distinction of being the first great exponent of petty bourgeois democracy with its agrarian foundation, and thus the earliest symbol of the common man tradition in this country. This self-made democrat and spokesman for the colonial cause on the eve of the American Revolution, entered politics in his adopted Pennsylvania as a leader of the back-country yeomanry and small men against the wealthy town gentry. In the conflict between agrarian-debtors and the town merchants and money lenders over the issue of paper money, Franklin, a leader in the anti-Proprietary party, naturally sided with the agrarians and in his first economic treatise defended the issue of paper money as indispensable to the farmer and small business man. Accepting the liberal economic doctrines of free trade, *laissez-faire*, and competition, like the French Physiocrats with whom he later came in contact, he considered land to be the sole source of wealth. He expounded this Physiocratic doctrine of the basic importance of land with as great clarity as the French economist, Quesnay, ever did. He said: "There seem to be but three ways for a nation to acquire wealth. The first is by *war*, as the Romans did, in plundering their neighbors. This is *robbery*. The second by *commerce*, which is generally *cheating*. The third by *agriculture*, the only *honest way*, wherein man receives a real increase of the seed thrown into the ground, in a kind of continued miracle, wrought by the hand of God in his favor."

As a forerunner of Jefferson, Franklin profoundly distrusted industrialism, which, he held, depends on the destruction of the independent farmer and small property-owner and on the cheap labor of a landless proletariat. But he was too firmly wedded to *laissez-faire* politics and economics to advocate the preservation of his democracy of agrarian freeholders by prohibitions against manufactures and trade. The only effective barrier to the factory system and its wage-earning proletariat was free land. When this disappeared, manufacturing and a wage-earning class would inevitably appear.

"Unprejudiced men well know," Franklin wrote in 1760, "that all penal and prohibitory laws that were ever thought on will not be sufficient to prevent manufactures in a country, whose inhabitants surpass the number who can subsist by the husbandry of it. Manufactures are founded in poverty. It is the number of poor without land in a country and who must work for others at low wages or starve, that enables undertakers to carry on a manufacture, and afford it cheap enough to prevent the importation of the same kind from abroad, and to bear the expense of its own exportation. But no man, who can have a piece of land of his own, sufficient by his labor to subsist his family in plenty, is poor enough to be a manufacturer, and work for a master. Hence while there is land in America for our people, there can never be manufactures to any amount or value."

Franklin was of course correct in basing the growth of industrialism and a wage-earning proletariat upon the disappearance of free land. But although he looked upon industrialism as inevitable, he thought that it would be ages before a decline in free land and the evil consequence of it would occur in the United States. On the basis of a theory of population which Malthus at a later date worked out more systematically, he pictured the country enjoying a long reign of peace and happiness under the regime of an equalitarian democracy of free hold-

ers and small property-owners. This theory of society was the only one in which he could have faith. His belief in such a society limited his intellectual horizon and caused him to underestimate the tempo of economic forces. But in steadfastly adhering to it to the end of his life he came nearer than any other revolutionary father to advocating a "pure democracy." A government of checks and balances was repugnant to his conception of democracy. And, as a representative at the Constitutional Convention, but one who was too old to exert much influence, he was unmoved by "aristocratic" opposition to his belief in an unrestricted manhood suffrage, annual parliaments, and a single-chamber legislature representing a democratic electorate.

III

Neither Franklin's "pure democracy" nor his optimistic forecast of the economic future of the country was shared by Jefferson. This slaveholding liberal and Virginia planter in espousing the cause of the "people" never permitted his frequently expressed belief in a "general suffrage"—or for that matter his opposition to slavery—to transcend the sphere of thought and become an issue in the world of political fact. It is true that he proclaimed: "All power is inherent in the people. Nothing is unchangeable but the inherent and inalienable rights of man." But, according to his conception, the people on whose will the authority of government should rest were property owners, and, by property he meant primarily landed property. Thus the constitution which he proposed for his native State provided that only those males who had paid taxes for two years prior to election or those "having a freehold estate in one quarter of an acre of land in any town or twenty-five acres in the country" should have the right to vote for members of the lower house of the legislature. Though much broader than the suffrage actually adopted by the State, Jefferson's plan of limiting the vote to freeholders

and taxpayers meant the disfranchisement of the propertyless.

This proposed plan of suffrage stemmed directly from his economic and political philosophy. The fact that his plan would have eventually amounted to manhood suffrage, since it required the State to grant non-landholders small estates out of the public domain, does not in the least contradict his philosophy. According to Jefferson the economic foundation of democracy consisted of small land-owning farmers supported by the mass of talents—petty merchants, tradesmen, and independent handicraftsmen. The future of democracy depended upon the preservation of these economic units. "We shall remain virtuous," he wrote Madison, "as long as agriculture is our principal object, which will be the case while there remain vacant lands in any part of America. When we get piled upon one another in large cities, as in Europe, we shall become corrupt as in Europe, and go to eating one another as they do there."

What in Jefferson's estimation threatened to destroy this democracy of small farmers and property holders was the emerging system of manufacturing, banking, and commerce which the policies of Hamilton and the Federalists tended to hasten. Even though he naturally shared Franklin's distrust of industrialism and abhorred the growth of an urban working class, he was under no illusion about the economic tendencies of the country. Manufacturing industry, he counseled, should be resorted to out of necessity and not from choice. He thought that it should be opposed as long as possible but that eventually it would have to be resorted to as a means of absorbing the surplus population for which there would be no free land. And while in Jefferson's opinion it would be some time before the country would have to make the choice, he did not place this probable contingency in Franklin's distant age.

When Jay questioned him on the advisability of encouraging manufacturing, Jefferson replied: "Were we perfectly free

to decide this question, I should reason as follows. We have now lands enough to employ an infinite number of people in their cultivation. Cultivators of the earth are the most valuable citizens. They are the most virtuous, and they are tied to their country, and wedded to its liberty and interests, by most lasting bonds. As long, therefore, as they can find employment in this line, I would not convert them into mariners, artisans, or anything else. But our citizens will find employment in this line, till their numbers, and of course their productions, become too great for the demand, both internal and foreign. This is not the case yet, and probably will not be for a considerable time. As soon as it is, the surplus of hands must be turned to something else. I should then, perhaps, wish to turn them to the sea in preference to manufactures; because, comparing the characters of the two classes, I find the former most valuable citizens. I consider the class of artificers [the working class] as the panders of vice, and the instruments by which the liberties of a country are generally overturned."

It was indeed strange that for all of his astute reasoning on the future development of the country, Jefferson never saw that his democracy of independent farmers and small property-owners was threatened by the slaveholding planters of the South as much as it was by Hamilton's system of finance and industry. Even in Jefferson's day it was becoming evident that Southern tobacco and cotton farming was causing rapid exhaustion of soil, and making it necessary for the slaveocracy to bring fresh territories of virgin land under its control. Under these conditions any proposal such as he made to carve up the public domain into small estates for the non-landholders was foredoomed by the adamant opposition and superior political power of the planter aristocracy. This failure to see the incompatibility, in a democracy, of small farmers and slaveholding aristocrats has often been ascribed to the fact that Jefferson himself owned slaves. But

in weighing his personal motives it ought to be borne in mind that in spite of his expressed belief in the inherent inferiority of the Negro race, he was true to his profession of humanitarian and liberal principles and advocated the manumission of the slaves. He said that when he thought of slavery and remembered that liberty, the gift of God, is not to be violated but with his wrath, he trembled for his country. However, Jefferson was dependent upon the planter aristocracy for political support. This, rather than his membership in the slaveholding caste, was the reason why his theoretical structures against the slave regime remained politically sterile.

The conflict between Jefferson's principles and his actions in practical politics led his chief adversary, Hamilton, to characterize him as a "contemptible hypocrite." In urging the Federalists to support Jefferson rather than Aaron Burr for the presidency, Hamilton argued that Jefferson would not do "anything in pursuance of his principles which would contravene his popularity or his interest." We must leave it to the historians and biographers to decide the correctness of Hamilton's appraisal. Nevertheless, we must admit that Jefferson's willingness to ride to power on the shoulders of a democracy which was committed, in principle, to the interests of small farmers and property holders but was dominated and controlled, in fact, by a slaveholding aristocracy, epitomized the greatest paradox in the history of left-wing American liberalism. The persistence of the vestiges of this paradox has prevented a rational alignment of economic forces in present-day American party politics. Today, Jeffersonian democracy is nothing more than an unstable union of dissident groups in pursuit of conflicting if not altogether irreconcilable ends.

This failure to recognize the inherent antipathy between the interests of small farmers and the large slaveholding planters was not the least of Jefferson's shortcomings as an analyst of economic and political forces. He was too occupied

with the question of how to postpone the evil day of industrialism to speculate on the possibility of a surplus population which could be absorbed neither by maritime occupations, his first alternative, nor by manufactures, his last resort. His forecast of the future was blurred by his conception of what was socially desirable and good. But the picture drawn by two gentlemen on the other side of the political fence, Madison and Adams, was painted with cold-blooded deftness and with an insight almost prophetic.

IV

With a concern equal to that of Jefferson over the disposal of the country's future surplus population, Madison concluded that "a certain degree of misery seems inseparable from a high degree of populousness." He thought that Malthus' foreboding of increasing poverty applied to "a state of things inseparable from old countries, and awaiting younger ones." Although he advocated the parceling up of the hunting and other unproductive lands of the idle rich as a means of absorbing surplus population, he felt that this was simply a palliative which could not forever banish the specter of poverty. "Let the lands," he maintained, "be shared among them ever so wisely, and let them be supplied with laborers ever so plentifully; as there must be a surplus of subsistence, there will also remain a great surplus of inhabitants, a greater number by far than will be employed in clothing both themselves and those who feed them. . . . What is to be done with this surplus? Hitherto, we have seen them distributed into manufactures of superfluities, idle proprietors of productive lands, domestics, soldiers, merchants, mariners, and a few other less numerous classes. All these classes, notwithstanding, have been found insufficient to absorb the redundant members of a populous society." Thus Madison's view was that whether society is organized on an agrarian or manufacturing basis, poverty will always be the fate of a large

part of the population. In this he had the concurrence of his fellow Federalist, Adams.

To Adams the disproportionate growth of food supply and population was a law of nature. He said: "That the first want of man is his dinner, and the second his girl, were truths well known to every democrat and aristocrat, long before the great philosopher Malthus arose, to think he enlightened the world by the discovery. It has been equally well known that the second want is frequently so impetuous as to make men and women forget the first, and rush into rash marriages, leaving both the first and the second wants, their own as well as those of their children and grand children, to the chapter of accidents." The unavoidable consequence of this, he concluded, is "that the multiplication of the population so far transcends the multiplication of the means of subsistence, that the constant labor of nine-tenths of our species will forever be necessary to prevent all of them from starving with hunger, cold, and pestilence."

In Adams's hands this dismal theory of population became organically integrated with a theory of government and of class differentiation. Adams saw no reason to bemoan the fate to which the vast majority of mankind are consigned by their providence and their inability to restrain the sexual impulse. On the contrary, he thought that poverty was in one fundamental respect highly advantageous to society. "The great question," he argued, "will forever remain, *who shall work?* Our species cannot all be idle. Leisure for study must ever be the portion of the few. The number employed in government must forever be very small. Food, raiment, and habitations, the indispensable wants of all, are not to be obtained without the continual toil of ninety-nine in a hundred of mankind. As rest is rapture to the weary man, those who labor little will always be envied by those who labor much, though the latter in reality be probably the most enviable. With all encouragements,

public and private, which can ever be given to general education, and it is scarcely possible they should be too many or too great, the laboring part of the people can never be learned."

According to Adams, then, whatever form government may take society will always be divided into rich and poor, into those who work and those who do not. Out of this class division will arise mutual suspicions and rivalries. "The controversy between the rich and the poor, the laborious and the idle, the learned and the ignorant, distinctions which no art or policy, no degree of virtue or philosophy can ever wholly destroy, will continue, and rivalries will arise out of them." The main function of government is to balance these rivalries. Otherwise liberty can not be maintained and property, the foundation of liberty, will become insecure. Neither democracy, aristocracy, nor monarchy, in their *simple forms*, can achieve the ends of a balanced government. It is only a constitutional democracy based upon an adequate system of checks and balances that is competent to hold the different orders of mankind and their mutual antipathies in equilibrium.

In terms of his social theory and of his conception of the function of government, Adams's ideas varied only in minor details from those of other leading Federalists. He agreed with Madison, first, that uniformity of interests is impossible in society because of "diversity in the faculties of men, from which the rights of property originate"; and, second, that "the protection of these faculties is the first object of government." His thesis that society naturally divides itself into superiors and inferiors is identical with Hamilton's that "all communities divide themselves into the few and the many," "the rich and the well born," and "the mass of people." While Adams believed it indispensable that every man should know his place, and be made to keep it, he could not accept Hamilton's view that the natural guardians of good government are the "rich and well born." He thought that the rich no less than the

poor had to be watched. Without adequate checks the rich would crush the liberties of the poor and the poor would despoil the rich. Mankind, he said, "are governed by the teeth." And, in the words of Machiavelli, he admonished, "Whoever would found a state, and make proper laws for the government of it, must presume that all men are bad by nature." Power, unbalanced and unchecked, cannot therefore be entrusted to kings, to noblemen, or to popular assembly.

But in rejecting Hamilton's naïve faith in the "rich and well born" Adams did not deny that society is ruled in final analysis by the men of birth and wealth. This he thought was self-evident and as it should be. All society, he reasoned, even under his "balanced" republican government, is ruled by a *natural aristocracy* of wealth and talents.

By *natural aristocracy*, Adams said he meant "those superiorities of influence which grow out of the constitution of human nature." He also spoke of an *artificial aristocracy* which arises from "those inequalities of weight and superiorities of influence which are created and established by civil laws." But the distinction which Adams made between the two types of aristocracy can be ignored because he himself did not adhere to it. The sources of aristocracy, he stated, are to be found in the inequality of wealth and property, the inequality of birth, and the inequalities of merit and talents. These inequalities "are common to every people" and "can never be altered by any, because they are founded in the constitution of nature."

To John Taylor, the most systematic thinker among the Jeffersonian democrats, Adams's *natural aristocracy* was a social rather than a natural invention. It was the product of the profits derived from paper money, banking, corporations, and unequal education. Taylor thought that the proper diffusion of property, the only basis of a true democracy, could be brought about by prohibitions against banking and charters of incorpo-

ration, by equal education, and by the reform of the inheritance laws. To this argument Adams replied that as long as the institution of private property remained, and he thought that man's inherent love of riches would always preserve it, Taylor's proposals would merely transfer property from one set of hands to another, and as a result the concentration of wealth would begin anew, and a *natural aristocracy* would thereby arise.

Adams reasoned as follows: "Suppose congress should, at one vote, or by one act, declare all negroes in the United States free, in imitation of that great authority, the French sovereign legislature, what would follow? Would the democracy, nine in ten, among the negroes, be gainers? Would not nine in ten, perhaps ninety-nine in a hundred of the rest, petition their old aristocratic masters to receive them again, to protect them, to feed them, to clothe them, and to lodge and shelter them as usual? Would not some of the most thinking and philosophical among the aristocratic negroes ramble in to distant states, seeking a poor and precarious subsistence by daily labor? Would not some of the most enterprising aristocrats allure a few followers into the wilderness, and become squatters? or, perhaps, incorporate with Indians? . . . Will the poor, simple, democratical part of the people gain any happiness by such a rash revolution? . . . When the national convention in France voted all the negroes in St. Domingo, Martinique, Gaudaloupe, St. Lucia, etc., free, at a breath, did the poor democracy among the negroes gain anything by the change? Are they more free from Toussaint to Pétion and Christophe? Do they live better? Bananas and water they still enjoy, and a whole regiment would follow a leader who should hold a salt-fish to their noses. . . . I hope, sir, that all these considerations will convince you that property has been, is, and everlastingly will be a natural and unavoidable cause of aristocracy, and God Almighty has made it such by the water, and the fire, among which he has placed it."

Adams's *natural aristocracy* may have been anathema to the liberty-loving advocates of agrarian democracy, Taylor and Jefferson. But neither Jeffersonian democrats nor Hamiltonian Federalists disagreed with Adams's fundamental thesis that economic power determines the political. To the leading thinkers in each party, this was self-evident.

But it was Madison who formulated in a definitive way this commonly shared view of the determinism of economics upon politics. Writing in Number 10 of the *Federalist*, he said: "The most common and durable source of factions has been the various and unequal distribution of property. Those who hold and those who are without property have ever formed distinct interests in society. Those who are creditors and those who are debtors, fall under a like discrimination. A landed interest, a manufacturing interest, a mercantile interest, a moneyed interest, with many lesser interests, grow up of necessity in civilized nations, and divide them into different classes, actuated by different sentiments, and views. The regulation of these various and interfering interests forms the principal task of modern legislation, and involves the spirit of party and faction in the necessary and ordinary operations of the government."

In thus founding his political theory upon an economic basis Madison was not unique. At a much earlier date the English thinker, Harrington, had held that "empire follows the balance of property." Both he and Locke had sought to discover the secrets of politics and history in a form of economic determinism. Nevertheless, Madison does enjoy the distinction of being the first political thinker in this country to accept the doctrine and to apply it rigorously to American conditions. It would be wrong of course to impute to him an acceptance of the theory of class struggle or to conclude that his statement of economic interpretation embraced the much later Marxian conception of the "historical role of classes." His ideas were shaped by the

character and the form of the economic conflict which he and the other founding fathers knew and in which he and they participated on one side or the other.

V

The proposition that government ought to rest upon the dominion of property was a cardinal tenet of faith among both the Federalists and Republicans. On this there was no disagreement between them. The great bone of contention was the kind of property on which political power should rest. The Republicans thought that it should rest on the small landed proprietors. The Federalists maintained that it should rest on mobile property, the wealth of the moneyed interests. These right- and left-wing champions of American democracy, as we have already noted, did not represent different classes but rather different fractions of the propertied class. Thus, when viewed in its true historical light, the conflict between Hamilton and Jefferson will be seen as a struggle between small and large capitalists. That this conflict took the form of the opposition of the forces of agrarianism to finance and commerce was inevitable because of the peculiar character of emerging American capitalism.

Unlike England, 18th-century America had no landless proletariat and no factory system to absorb and transform it into a modern wage-earning class. Also, unlike England, America had no landed nobility to contest the economic power and the political supremacy of rising captains of industry. English society, at the end of the Industrial Revolution, was stratified into three definitely formed and conscious classes: the landed nobility, the capitalists, and the wage-earners. In England, middle-class democracy took the form of a struggle of these industrial capitalists, supported by the wage-earners, to wrest political power from the nobility. All of this was foreign to America directly after the Revolutionary War.

In some respects the economic scene

in America and, in consequence, the class arrangement, resembled that of revolutionary France in spite of the remnants of feudalism that plagued the establishment of democracy in that country. In France, as in America, the factory system had not made its appearance. Neither country had as yet become divided into industrial capitalists and proletarians. In each an emergent capitalist class was amassing wealth through financial manipulations, speculations, and mercantile transactions, but not through manufacturing industry. Over against the expanding wealth of these financiers, speculators, and merchants, stood the small property of the peasant farmer, self-employed handicraftsman, and shopkeeper. In France, the men of small wealth united with those of greater affluence to destroy the old feudal orders of church, crown, and nobility. In America, national independence was achieved by the union of identical economic forces. And, in America, as in France, after revolution had established the bourgeois republic, the great and small forces of democracy split into antagonistic factions. On the left stood the radicals proclaiming the dominion of the small proprietors, petty traders, and handicraftsmen as the only valid democracy. On the right were to be found the conservatives to whom democracy could only mean the hegemony of the financial and commercial powers. Since France and America were both predominantly agricultural, it was quite natural that in both countries left-wing or petty bourgeois democracy in espousing the rights of the common man should take an agrarian economic basis. But in France, this common-man tradition never acquired the uniqueness that it did in America. In America, it became more deeply embedded in social thought than in any other country.

In this new empire where feudalism had never been known and where virgin forests, untapped natural resources, and free land permitted every man, it seemed, to start from scratch in the race for enrichment, equalitarianism acquired an

unprecedented and vital reality. Under these peculiarly American conditions the only conflict that could arise was the conflict between those who had acquired a little and those had accumulated a great deal. This conflict envisioned by the founding fathers was devoid of class-consciousness. The participants were all common men, laborers who aspired to become capitalists, and capitalists who had been laborers.

This logic of the past dominates the thought of many present-day leaders in the party of Jefferson as well as in that of Hamilton. Thus to them a capitalist is a retired laborer. By the same token accumulated wealth represents the past labor of its owners or, at least, the stored-up labor of their forebears. But if, in retrospect, one regards these early possessors of wealth as acquisitive men, he must pronounce the same verdict on the little men-on-the-make. They were no less acquisitive than the wealthy. At heart, the little man, whether farmer or small business entrepreneur, was as much a buccaneer seeking unearned increment as any of the great financiers and speculators of his day. The problem that was of greatest moment to him was the preservation of free and equal competition for all in the exploitation of the country's natural resources and economic opportunities. This has always been the chief aspiration of petty bourgeois democracy whether led by Jefferson, Jackson, Bryan, the trust-busters of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, or the present-day advocates of soft money, agricultural subsidies, and the protection of the small business man.

The common-man philosophy, how-

ever, while traditionally associated with Jeffersonian democracy, has found champions in the party of business and finance. Jefferson himself never expressed greater faith in it than Lincoln, the first standard bearer of the party of big business. Speaking at New Haven at the beginning of the Civil War, Lincoln said: "I take it that it is best to leave each man free to acquire property as fast as he can. Some will get wealthy. I don't believe in any law to prevent a man from getting rich; it would do more harm than good. So while we don't propose any war upon capital, we do wish to allow the humblest man an equal chance to get rich with anybody else. When one starts poor, as most do in the race of life, free society is such that he knows he can better his conditions; he knows that there is no fixed condition of labor for his whole life. . . . I want every man to have a chance. . . ."

Though shrewd in their discernment of the forces at work in early American society and, at times, prophetic in their predictions of the economic future of the country, none of the founding fathers was a systematic economic thinker. They were all of them special pleaders for different propertied interests. The divergence in their economic views was determined by the struggle between those who had and those who were getting. Their theory of society embraced no struggle between those who had and those who had not. This outlook of the founding fathers continued to dominate American social thought long after the industrial situation had changed. Though weakened, it persists to-day, and distorts the essential conflict in a fully developed capitalism.



TURTLE SANCTUARY

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

SOMEWHERE in the vicinity of two hundred millions of years ago small lizardlike creatures began to put difficulties in the way of their enemies by storing up plates of lime or bone in the skin of their backs. Right down to modern times armadillos have had the same idea with marked success, while snails have built marble houses round themselves since early in the dawn of life. Our *n*th grandfathers, indeed, withstood right sturdy blows when encased in metal armor, a protection as wholly external as the shell of the snails.

Going back to the hard-skinned lizards, the advantage of their defense led gradually to the inclusion of the actual bones of the body—the vertebrae of the back-bone coalescing and the ribs broadening until their edges touched and fused. If the lizards had stopped there they would have had to roll up into a ball, like pill-bugs and armadillos and hedgehogs, to insure protection when an enemy turned them upside down. So a bony framework came into existence over the lower surface, and this in turn bridged the gap along the sides, uniting with the dorsal armor. Thus was developed a most efficient cuirass, with openings for feet, head, and tail.

The law of compensation came into effect, and the stronger and more extensive the armor the slower and heavier became the owners, and in the course of time we find their descendants stumping about the earth as tortoises. We know little about the actual details of ancestry of these engaging reptiles, but in the mid-

Permian—say two hundred and twenty-five millions of years ago—a small lizard lived in South Africa of which we have collected odd bones and have matched them into position, and finally have clothed these significant relics with the name of *Eunotosaurus*. Although it had teeth yet it possessed rather wide ribs and other undoubted hints of chelonian forebears.

The success of armored defense, of this mobile-tank evolution, is proved by the fact that tortoises form one of the five reptilian groups which, out of eighteen, have survived into modern times. Long after tortoises had become well established, some bright side line—bright or lazy or venturesome—fell into the water geologically speaking, and discovered that it was easier to float along than to drag one's bony armature overland. Massive five-fingered posts of limbs gradually shaved down into thin flippers, and sea-turtles came into being.

Paleontology cannot as yet show us the gradations of this change, but we know that it must have occurred far back in time. One hundred millions of years ago the great inland sea, extending over all of the central United States, from Mexico and the Gulf to the Arctic, was full not only of mosasaurs and plesiosaurs but of the giant paddle-limbed sea-turtles *Archelon*, which measured as much as eleven feet over all.

Ever since, with penguinlike flight, sea-turtles have traversed all the warmer waters of the planet's oceans, and this very evening one of them reluctantly

provided the green-turtle soup which introduced my dinner.

I have compared their mode of progression with that of penguins, and the simile could be extended with entire accuracy to include the flight of the petrels and gulls which pass so swiftly overhead. Turtles are the only aquatic reptiles to use the forelimbs in this way, for the pelagic sea-snakes, as well as the surf-loving crocodiles and Galapagos lizards, all swim by undulations of the tail. Yet while turtles have gone far beyond the webbed-toe condition of snappers and other fresh-water tortoises, they have never attained the viviparity of ichthyosaurs and oceanic serpents, and are thus still dependent upon the land for the continuation of their race.

II

I have seen these turtles in both hemispheres and along the shores of four continents, but not until I spent a week on Clarion Island, a speck of land seven hundred miles off the west coast of Mexico, did green turtles leave the realm of exclamatory recognition and become exciting individuals, objects of intense interest and wonder.

One of the most important characteristics of animals is mobility, the power to move here and there over the earth's surface. In plants this is very restricted, and in the organic world voluntary movement is non-existent. Although green turtles have the power to fly swiftly through the water, yet they spend a great deal of time dozing at the surface. Only a practiced eye can distinguish between a floating turtle and a clump of kelp or a drifting log, and this frequent and prolonged immobility actually induces effects that ordinarily concern only vegetation or the rocks of a reef.

Now and then off Clarion we would discover a turtle floating quietly, with eyes asleep but ears very wide awake. Or it might have a tern or a small gull perched on the sloping back, the bird also asleep or preening its plumage. At

any moment, like Sindbad's camping place, the turtle-shell isle might sink from view. If the drifting chelonian happened to be a female, she and any avian passenger might be roughly capsized by the advent of one or more amorous males who made up in unturtlelike activity what they lacked in delicacy of courtship.

Well to the north we were able to capture one of these floating turtles, which measured only two feet in length but weighed seventy-five pounds. Like any rock on an offshore reef, the creature had a plentiful growth of short, red seaweed on the lower back, and clusters of barnacles sprouted here and there.

Two crabs were living and thriving near the tail of the reptile, just as they might on a drifting bit of seaweed, and often beneath turtles at sea we saw schools of small fish seeking sanctuary as they would under a log. In common with organisms such as sharks and large rays, shark-suckers frequently attach themselves to the under shell, and parasitic crustaceans skitter about on the rough skin of the neck and tail.

In a hasty search of a score of volumes I find that eighteen credit the green turtle with an exclusively vegetarian diet. Yet this single specimen which we examined had the stomach crammed with more than four hundred delicate, transparent, gelatinous firolas, or shell-less flying snails, as innutritious a food to our minds as could be imagined. In addition there were twenty-eight *Munidas* or scarlet lobsterettes as we might call them.

Sometimes the launch would pass a happily mated floating pair of turtles when a third jealous element would shoot full speed at the objects of his divided emotions. If his trajectory was poor and he aimed too high, he would scrape clear across and over them and roll back into the depths, like a missed tackle in football. Or the edge of his shell would strike straight and fair with an audible smack, and all three would heel far over and go down slowly by the stern.

A further stage in this procreative program was revealed when I went ashore on Clarion on the sixteenth of May. On a wide extent of sand to the east of our landing place were about forty turtle tracks made during the previous night. Above high tide it was difficult to distinguish the more recent marks from the palimpsest of the preceding nights, but between tides the sand had been swept clear of all old records.

At first glance the beach seemed to have been traversed by a brigade of baby caterpillar tanks, but close examination revealed an unexpected intricacy and beauty of design. The maximum width of the larger tracks was nearly three feet, and detailed comparison of ten or twelve showed very little variation. Shorter or greater length of successive units of the pushes probably indicated varying degrees of haste.

The outermost pattern was made by the fore flippers which alone provided the means of propulsion on land. Each effort resulted in a delicately incised loop, all of these being so perfectly connected that they formed an unbroken scroll or series of lunules. These were exactly like the conventional waves in old Egyptian and Chinese paintings. Each wave consisted of twenty or thirty fine, concentric lines, indications of the scales in which the flippers were incased.

Next inside the tracery of the swimming or pushing paddles were the deep parallel furrows caused by the boundary of the elevated central portion of the plastron, punctuated by successive indentations of the edges of the dragging hind flippers. From ridge to ridge in the center of the trail was a smooth zone about eight inches wide, caused by the continuous pressure of the flat mid-plastron region. The only mark on this smooth narrow path was an occasional nick, like the slight flick of a finger in soft sand, a tiny snowshoe track or tear-shaped impression, showing where the tip of the tail rested between pushes. It must have been lifted clear at each shove, for the intervening spaces were immaculate.

After dinner, in company with the two Samoans, I left the *Zaca* and went on shore, and for two hours nothing but turtles filled my consciousness. It was almost dark before the launch cast us loose and the two men began to row landward. I looked ahead and saw the north star just topping a distant, thousand-foot mountain, while straight behind was the *Zaca* with her two mast lights. Delicately balanced on the tip of the taller was the base of the Southern Cross.

The roar of the surf to right and left was deafening, and soon we began to rise and fall on successive swells. The rowers hung quietly for a time, then choosing a propitious, but to me quite invisible wave, they pulled with all their strength, we rose high in the air and slithered swiftly in. A second momentary balance and the giant Frank Taiga lifted and carried me over and through the beach smother as if I were some light bundle. On the next great wave the dory was launched again and in the dim light we watched it and the solitary rower rise and fall, again and again, so steeply that capsizing seemed inevitable.

By the light of two acetylene lanterns we started eastward along the beach. After a few steps the lights had to be extinguished, for none of us could stand the sandflies. They came by billions, entering ears, nostrils, eyes and filling our clothes. They did not bite but just suffocated us. The lanterns were actually hazy in the dense mist of the creatures. They covered my bare arm like a prickly sweater. The flashlight did not attract them so much, but wherever I turned it weird shadows swept over the white coral—magnified images of the individual minute midges which were actually on the glass. These insects should by rights be called coralflies, for the moment we stepped on to the sand part of the beach they vanished. Lights or no lights, as long as we were on the broken coral they made life unbearable.

We walked on, flashing the light all round. Not far from the water on the

black lava I saw a small dark-brown snake. It seemed unlike the one I had found in daylight, having lines of black spots on the body, so I picked it up and cached it inside my shirt. We had to watch our way over the huge scarlet grapsus crabs which never moved from our path. When I reached down and patted them it disturbed them not at all.

After climbing over the second out-jutting dyke of lava we came to the real sand beach, where at once we discovered fresh tracks and a few yards from the rocks we found the first turtle. In a few minutes we had counted thirteen. Two were still in the surf, the tide having begun to go down. Others were half-way up. I watched them carefully. They would make about three lunges with both fore flippers simultaneously, the hind ones remaining practically helpless, and each effort gained about eight inches. The fresh tracks at night looked exactly as I have described them, with double, deep central furrows and a regular succession of lateral patterns on each side, the mark of the hind flippers being absorbed in the larger impressions of the fore.

Nine turtles were at the summit of the beach and either resting from their herculean labors of pushing up through the soft sand or actually at work. I found this of the greatest interest. The first process was to sink themselves in a fairly deep hollow below the surface. This was done by lowering the head and jamming it into the sand, and then making swimming motions, very deliberately and simultaneously, with both front flippers, and then doing the same with the hind ones, although these limbs worked alternately. When this had been kept up for a while the turtle was almost suspended upon an isthmus of sand connecting two side cross bridges, with the sand swept away fore and aft, making an hour-glass figure of sorts. After a rest the right or the left front paddle would work at the same time as the opposite one at the posterior end of the turtle, this resulting in a revolving motion, first to one side

then to the other, until the hourglass had been changed into a circular pit with the great reptile balanced on a central projection. After, at the most, a half dozen efforts, the turtle always rested for a considerable time, evidently exhausted.

The whole thing was astonishing when considered in the abstract: this enormous creature, weighing several hundred pounds and spending its whole life in a medium which supported a considerable percentage of its weight, suddenly to swim ashore and to gouge a way through soft, clogging sand, and dig itself in at the top of the steep beach. Its flippers, head and back, and even its eyes were covered and clogged with sand. The exchange of the all-supporting water for the thin air and the obstructing sand would seem to offer almost insurmountable obstacles to the accomplishment of the most important and vital act of its life.

By studying six or eight individuals which happened to be at different stages of the operation, I was able to visualize the whole sequence. After establishing itself more or less horizontally in a well-excavated depression, the next phase began, the scooping out of the hole into which the eggs would be poured. Three turtles were in the midst of this particular activity, and unless I had seen that it was almost identical in each case, I should have been tempted to endow the first with incredible skill and intelligence. It must be remembered that no turtle of this species can by any possible chance ever see its own tail or hind flippers. In the turtle at work, furthermore, the head was always lowered, and with the eyes fast shut albeit well clogged with sand, was jammed tightly against the side of the hollow, helping to give leverage and stability. The egg hole of the turtle under consideration was already about twelve inches deep with perpendicular walls less than eight inches across. The operation is extremely difficult to describe owing to its intricacy. The hind flippers alone function; the fore limbs, head, and body are perfectly immova-

ble, and might just as well belong to some wholly alien sleeping organism.

One flipper is tightly pressed against one side of the hole just at the surface of the sand. The other is delicately raised and the tip curled inward as our four fingers can be brought round to the palm. The whole flipper is then lifted and, with as exquisite accuracy as if gauged by keen eyesight and as perfect efficiency as if guided by a superbly working machine, the folded webbed fingers are lowered into the center of the hole to the bottom. When the sandy surface is encountered, the flipper unfolds and the tip pushes gently down and down, not with an awkward shove or marked muscular effort, but with several gentle insinuating motions until the tip is buried several inches. Then the handlelike organ again bends round and starts upward with a good fistful of sand. This is not only lifted but it is completely enclosed, hardly a grain being lost, and as it rises, the whole limb executes a twist and turn which one would never think possible when the ordinary oarlike function is considered. The twist is so complete that when a final flick throws away the load of sand it is sent directly backward parallel with the side of the turtle and far away from the excavation. This insures that none shall fall back.

But meanwhile there is the opposite side of the hole to consider. Throughout this maneuver of, let us say, the left foot, the right has been pressed flat against the opposite upper edge of the hole, holding back any possible sand slide. But in spite of this a certain amount of sand has drifted down on *top* of this flattened foot. To cope with this, the moment after the left flipper has cast away its load this right one snaps up and forward, scattering its adventitious covering of sand far forward toward the head. This motion is instantly succeeded by the rolling up of the fingers and the descent into the hole, repeating in detail the maneuver of its fellow. The left flipper, in its turn, is now pressing back its edge of the hole, and the sequence is complete.

But this is far from the whole tale, and occasional phenomena intrude themselves, adding, if such a thing were possible, to the wonder and mystery of it all. The sand is more or less dry and crumbly, and even the instinctive skill of a mother chelonian might not be able to keep the hole symmetrical to a sufficient depth were it not that when needed a fine shower or mist, not of urine, but of clear water, is sprayed over walls and bottom. This miracle keeps the sand in a condition of slight moistness, insuring sufficient cohesion and diminishing the possibility of collapse of the walls. Next morning, even with the greatest care, we were unable to excavate a hole of corresponding size without continual sand slides, and this with the use of eyes and hands and all our exalted intelligence.

As long as we directed our light at the posterior part of the turtle it kept up the work, but a continued flash into its half-closed eyes made it stop and lift its head. This, with an elaborate swallow of air, was all that the reptile could summon as an expression of surprise—perhaps the turtlean equivalent of “What an amazingly short night!”

When we encountered an animal crawling up the beach, a short stop and examination would work no change in the machinery of its journey, but if we annoyed it or tapped the shell it turned about at once and with increased lunges made straight for the water. No efforts on our part could alter this going into mental reverse. As far as we could see, the night's operations were at an end. Every turtle I sighted seemed like a great rounded piece of lava which had worked its way up through the sand. I have never seen less organic beings. Pemasa rolled one over, when it waved its flippers once or twice in midair and then resigned itself to this new fate. No stone-turning creatures or leverage phenomena had ever before entered its life or those of the tens of thousands of its maternal ancestors, and it knew no solution. It was well above the highest of tides; the next day's sun would bake it and soon

death would come, within a few yards of its watery home. After I examined it we canted it back and it lay as inert and passive as if nothing had happened. Perhaps the dragging thoughts in the dull brain were still on hole digging, and had not yet caught up with the fact of revolution. Resentment of that might come later.

One turtle half way up the beach showed signs of recent combat, either with creatures such as sharks or with a rival of its own kind. The shell was badly dented at one place and the neck bitten. On the top of the head was a single huge white barnacle, slightly tilted to one side, absurdly like the tiny fool caps which clowns sometimes wear, all the funnier on this eternally emotionless creature. On the carapace a cluster of the same crustaceans were thriving. Two of these we pried off, the slight scraping being sufficient to send the turtle scampering down the beach—using the word as defined in chelonian parlance.

These turtles were three feet or more in length, deep in proportion, and had endured life for perhaps many scores of years; but even they were vulnerable to what we are pleased to call natural causes, and at the farthest end of our nocturnal walk there loomed a huge form in the surf lying side on to the beach. I went close to it as the waves receded and saw that it was long dead, but even now it held a position that no other four-footed vertebrate would hold in death—the head down on the sand and the two fore flippers folded forward alongside it, as a dog will sometimes lie facing the fire in sleep. The shell showed no signs of violence. Perhaps this individual had succumbed to some internal parasites.

These turtles have at least one terrible enemy in addition to man—the tiger shark. The day before my visit to their egg-laying sanctuary we caught a thirteen-foot tiger, towed it ashore, examined and weighed it. In the stomach, besides several large fish and petrels, was a good-sized green turtle which must have weighed about fifty pounds in life.

One of the turtles busily digging at the top of the beach had lost a large piece out of the right hind paddle and although its brain knew nothing about it, this flipper was excavating much less effectively than the left. At first, the hole was slightly unsymmetrical, but as I watched, I could see the perfect flipper taking on more and more work, exceeding its share of half the labor, and the final sweep of my flashlight revealed an excavation round, deep and perfectly molded. Instinct and adaptation are more mysterious than all our modern explanations would have us believe.

III

Before I left for good I went off by myself and watched the largest and oldest turtle. Here, hundreds of miles from the Mexican coast, it was laying its eggs. At the same time others were similarly occupied on distant beaches of Australia, while during the coming months of summer individual green turtles would drift up New York Bay and direct their dim vision to the towers of the city itself. Sand-clogged eyes, almost closed nostrils, motionless fore limbs, these showed no signs even of passive vitality in the great beast before me. Yet its heart-shaped, low-arched shell was streamlined for swift motion, its flippers as cunningly molded as the fins of shark or swordfish. So all-important are these organs that in a newly hatched turtle, like the legs of new-born colts, the flippers are of extraordinary length, as long as the entire body.

On each forward paddle of this turtle there remained only a single claw to recall lizard ancestry, but beneath the thin scaly skin were gloved five fully-boned digits to separate forever this reptile from even the most highly developed fish.

The last flash of my light showed the turtle digging, digging, without cessation, mechanically as if controlled and motivated by some auxiliary caudal brain of super-reptilian intelligence, missing hardly a grain, molding a smooth, round womb in the sand, which would receive the ova and ensure the moisture, warmth,

and safety necessary for the development and hatching of a new generation.

Here and there on the beach ghostly boobies appeared within the circle of our lights. Some at the edge of the bushes were sound asleep, balanced on a weather-worn coral rock, standing on both legs with beak buried deep between the wings. Even with the light six inches away they were not aroused, but at the startled grunting squawk of a distant bird, they instantly became fully awake. The glare did not frighten them even then and they could see nothing of us, so they remained quiet and stared. Whenever we patted one gently on the head it would skitter along the sand for a few yards and then, boomerang-like, return to our feet. One devoted pair which refused to be roused were sitting close together upon two extremely unpleasant-looking, newly hatched chicks.

Giant red-brown crickets crawled but never jumped about the sand, and once I heard a Clarion wren singing sleepily from a clump of great lava rocks among the cactus. The night life of this isolated island was not greatly varied, but exceedingly strange—the juxtaposition of a thousand thousand midges, eleven laboring turtles, and the peppering of rocks and sand with great scarlet crabs.

Pemasa, the Samoan, told me many interesting things about the turtles. It seems they often dig several false holes, night after night, and leave them gaping, finally to go to some inconspicuous place beneath a small bush to deposit the eggs. After the laying is completed the turtles go away and do not return until the day of hatching when they come back and lie off shore waiting for the scrambling host of turtlings to reach the water, not, as I asked, to guard them in any way, but most horribly to devour them. I am glad to say that I believe this to be quite devoid of scientific truth. It recalled Pliny's unforgettable paragraph on sea-turtles written more than eighteen centuries ago. Philemon Holland quaintly renders this: "In the sea they live of muscles, cockles, and such small

shell fishes, for their mouthes are so hard that they be able to crush and breake stones therewith. Their manner is to go aland, where among the grasse they lay egges as bigge as birds ege, to the number commonly of an hundred. When they have so done, they hide them within the earth in some little hole or gutter, fare enough from any place where the water cometh, they cover them with mould, beat it hard downe with their breast, and so pat it smooth, and in the night time sit upon them: they couvie a whole yeare before they hatch. Some say, that the looking wistly upon their egges with their eeyes serveth instead of sitting." Pliny continues, "The female refuseth any intercourse with the male untill he has placed a wisp of straw upon her back."

A pleasant account is that of Topsell, penned a mere three centuries ago: "Some againe say, that after they have hidde their Egges in the earth for forty dayes, the Female cometh the just fortieth day, not fayling of her reckoning, and uncovereth her Egges wherein shee findest her young ones formed, which she taketh out as joyfully as any man would do Gold out of the earth, and carryeth away with her to the Water."

Pliny's last words are too good to omit, exceeding almost his credulity: "And although it bee incredible and not to be spoken, yet some there be who have written, That any ship maketh way more slowly at sea, that carrieth within it the right foot of a tortoise."

Let us return for a moment to the fate of the newly hatched turtles. The horror and disbelief aroused in my mind by the suggestion of wholesale infanticidal cannibalism on the part of the mother turtles is, as a matter of fact, a reaction of alien anthropomorphic emotion on my part, and only of hypothetical interest to the young reptiles themselves. If fifteen hundred emerge and scramble down the beach representing the offspring of my eleven egg-laying females, it is certain that fewer than twenty-five will ever live to become adult. Whether they will slip

down the eager maw of fish or shark, gannet or cormorant, sea-lion or porpoise, or actually satisfy the momentary appetite of their own parent is hardly of more than theoretical concern to the subjects of the bill of fare.

We had apparently reached Clarion at the very height of the breeding season of the green turtles, for the off-shore water was fairly dotted with them at times, the majority mating, three pairs sometimes seen in close proximity. During several hours of trolling one day we sighted more than fifty turtles of which about forty were engaged in courtship activities.

When we returned to the landing beach and flashed signals to the *Zaca* the breakers were crashing in quick succession. We watched the small black dot of the dory coming closer and closer. In a brief respite of relative calm when there seemed to be a wave missing from the eternal sequence, the boat shot in, we tumbled aboard and dived immedi-

ately into six huge rollers, our bow rising so high that it pointed full at the head of the Scorpion. But we reached the yacht without shipping a drop.

An hour later when I was in the cabin writing out these experiences, I was called on deck. The gibbous moon was well up, but still stained with the orange of its rising, while the water had suddenly calmed and completely lost its heaving swell. *Zaca*, and the pacific-with-a-little-p ocean, and the dim isle of Clarion were all equally soundless and quiet. I looked ashore and imagined that unimaginable scene in the heart of the distant sand, nine great turtles lying prone, with head, brain, and front limbs apparently wholly ignorant of the mysterious activities and finished craftsmanship of their busy hind flippers.

At my next formal dinner, when the guests are absorbed in the delicacy of their green-turtle soup, I shall be glad to rejoice in the memory of the brooding turtles of Clarion Island.





The Lion's Mouth



DOG FOOD FOR THOUGHT

BY CEDRIC WORTH

GASTONBURY was upset, in a perfectly urbane way of course, when he came into the bar.

"I've been taking tea with a dog," he said bitterly.

Any rejoinder to the cryptic remarks of angry men is unprofitable, and I said nothing. He paused only long enough to call for a drink.

"My intention had been to spend an hour with a lady," he said, "and it is true that she handled the cups, but her dog monopolized the conversation, got the best food from the tray, and, to all intents, owned the place. I regard him as having been my host."

Here Gastonbury's drink came, and when I saw him take a swallow more than usual at his first application to it I knew the trouble that lay upon him was not a light one. Sympathy was needed.

"The dog is man's noblest friend, or is it the horse?" I said.

"Neither the horse nor the dog is a noble friend of man, as I may demonstrate," Gastonbury said. "Each brings out the weakest and worst in the man it befriends. Such a result is contrary to that produced by association with even the most latent nobility.

"There is not much to choose between the lovers of dogs and lovers of horses," Gastonbury continued. "They are running neck and fang for a prize which just now I have decided to offer. It is called the Gastonbury Cup for Sprint and Distance Bores. To answer your question though. I can't remember whether it is the horse or the dog for which greater nobility is claimed. I expect that a dog lover said it first for his candidate. That

is the mathematical probability because there are more dog than horse lovers, and we must weigh the added circumstance that the horse rarely uses his vocal cords and his admirers imitate him. I don't mean that horse lovers are silent; I mean that they rarely say anything, certainly hardly ever anything you remember. Neither does a horse. Not so the dog. Dogs stand at the top of the stairs and when told to come down they say 'No!' just as plain, and so on.

"The inarticulate horse lover has one thing to be said for him: he can be avoided with a little care. The dog lover is ubiquitous.

"It may shock you—I hope for your sake that it does—to learn that the last census takers counted three hundred thousand dogs in New York alone. Three hundred thousand dogs, each keeping an apartment, each having creatures that once were men performing the most menial tasks for it. Yes, the Dog is Lord of the Animal Kingdom and for flunkies he has people you know and speak to.

"A dog in an apartment is a member of the family, I hear with sickening frequency. Adding to the family by writing checks to the order of a kennel is lazy, slipshod practice, one that flouts the cosmic plan. Nothing is more obvious than the penalty Nature exacts for this.

"The day a dog joins a family the social, intellectual, and sanitary standards of that household fall to the dog's level. It boots not to me whether women still wear the pants in the home or whether dogs wear them. My objection comes when I, a guest, am expected to scrabble down to the same plane. A dog lover wallows in his degradation and is happy. He has found his proper estate and desires nothing better. Well enough for

him; but I have clung to some of my humanity, and you will understand the nausea with which I recoil from pretending I like the manners of the kennel.

"To be sure, a dog may be taught some elementary social rules. But only a rabid few dog lovers of my acquaintance would contend seriously that a stupid human cannot be taught more than a fine dog. Yes, yes. I know that many a dog will dash into the river to save the drowning child while human beings may stand by helplessly; but what has that to do with intellect? The high-spirited horse too under a rider will run until he dies, whereas a mule will pause for a breather long before death overtakes him and neither spur nor high water can make him resume until he is ready. The spirit of the horse is admirable, but for my money the mule shows superior judgment.

"The intellect of the dog is greater in scope than that of the mule and far beyond that of the horse, which for sheer dumbness I rate just one short notch above the cow. Once I said that to a cavalryman and he tried to assault me, but I was a cavalryman too, and by good chance was mounted when I made the observation. That was many years ago. Having had to do with horses since childhood I liked them well enough. Considered as horses I thought them successful. I think so still. I could not tolerate the effect that living with horses has on people so I gave up horses and I found this meant I had to give up horsemen too. And yet I have not brought myself to cut dog lovers *per se*, possibly because when you separate a man from his dog he may seem all right, but a horseman is a horseman all the time.

"Let's get away from horses and talk about those apartments where dogs live. The happy dog lover isn't embarrassed at being found alone and vocal, despite the fact that talking to oneself is ordinarily looked upon as peculiar. He doesn't talk to himself, you see. He talks to his dog and the dog understands every word.

"Fortunate dog lover. He, or—let us

face this unpalatable fact here and now—more often she, knows that her four-legged palsy-walsy loves her. She will feel better after she has told him everything and never, never, will he repeat a word. Remember, this hypothetical female is old enough to exercise the solemn franchise. Should one enter a room while she is confiding in her furry confidant, does she flutter with confusion? Far from it. What does she do? Well, first she kisses the dog, and to make this less disgusting, we will say that she but brushes his ear with her ruby lips. Dog lovers have told me that their dogs are as clean as they are. It may be true, but doesn't it seem to you just possible that a dog rolls round on floors and sidewalks a little more than a dog lover? So the lady we are speaking of kisses the hairy ear lately in contact with the rug that was cleaned last year. Then she says archly that her dog is his muzzer's best friend, muzzer meaning herself. Isn't this revolting? The animal, you understand, is a dog.

"Perhaps you think she doesn't believe *really* that her dog understands all she says. Your thought is charitable, but you are living in a fool's paradise.

"The normal state of a woman's mind is one of wonder and worry about human relationships, especially with men or a man; about what impression she is making, has made, or will make, on others. The retail trade of the world is based on that feminine absorption. Tell women that something you have to sell will attract favorable attention to their persons—what else is advertising? The advertising people are clever about it. So are publishers of the more profitable journals. They nod now and then though. Only last week I picked out of a chair a magazine which, I am told, is the most influential in setting fashions for women. On a page left open was a picture of a smart-looking girl with a dog on a leash. A caption under the drawing ran, 'Add a Dog to Your Ensemble.' To us that caption may seem a simple instruction, like a stage direction, but to the women

who read the magazine the implied part of the caption was as clear as the part expressed. Without conscious effort they read it 'If You Add a Dog to Your Ensemble People Will Notice.' We continue hoping, but still far away is the time when editorial intelligence will be common; when there will be caption writers to set under such a picture in limpid honesty, 'Add a Dog to Your Ensemble and You'll Subtract a Man from Your Ensemble.'

"For the fact is that men are not devoid of a taste for attention, especially attention from women, and no man who is half what the noun implies will stoop to competition with a dog to get it. Reluctantly I must say that no man can compete with a dog, for the man is limited by certain social rules and the dog is not. If a dog wants attention he will get it or no one else will.

"One afternoon a dog monopolized a small cocktail party on a penthouse roof. A dozen adults, instead of shifting pleasantly from business to evening gear, heard the symptoms of and remedies for mange recited and watched a small animal chase a ball round the floor.

"Several of us left at the same time. There was silence in the elevator for a few floors and then Mr. Byron Darnton relieved himself of a deathless truth.

"'No man who hates dogs and children,' he said, 'can be all bad.'

"Years have rolled over us both since then, but my respect for Mr. Darnton burns on with a clear white flame.

"In the creed of dog lovers there is one unalterable dictum: that a dog knows whether a human likes him or not. You aren't allowed to doubt it. But I regret to testify that a dog's nose does *not* convey to him the emotions of the man he smells. Dogs are fond of me. They take liberties with me on the slightest acquaintance, and they love me more as they know me better. Even the ungraceful and venomous chow offers me his head for scratching, as if I had nothing better to do than to scratch his damned head. Of course it isn't the dog's fault; he lives with people who have nothing better to do.

When dog lovers see a dog indicate ecstatic affection after one whiff of my trousers they know that I am one of their fraternity. I tell them that I am not, but they prefer to accept a dog's testimony.

"I have been pushing away some particular dogs from me for years. I have snarled at them openly and kicked them surreptitiously. The dogs like it and the owners think I am playing; playing a little roughly because I know no better, but playing with sweet intentions.

"Ten years ago I introduced one of my oldest and closest friends to a lady. The moment they looked at each other something went 'gluck' inside and they knew that they would live happily ever after. It begins to appear as if they might do so, if the past decade is a sample of the future. They live now only a few doors from me and they have a dog named Folly. This Folly was born six years ago on April 1st and that's how she got her name. Isn't that cunning? She is a Boston terrier, the largest I ever have seen.

"Folly loves me. When I arrive at her door, even before it has been opened, Folly begins expressing pleasure and you can hear her for two blocks. When I pass through the door I must chat a moment with Folly before I speak to my other hostess and the host, because if I don't Folly is hurt, and besides there is no other way to stop her barking. Should I be weary and spread myself on the sofa, Folly spreads herself over me. Should I be wearing a dark suit Folly sheds white hair, and if my suit is light the hair she sheds is dark.

"Otherwise Folly is not very bright. She spends hours each day gnawing women's old shoes. She eats the wooden heel right to the upper, the leather of which she also fancies. The lady of the house, who calls herself Folly's mummy, collects the old shoes of her friends so that Folly will not lack for a snack when she wants one.

"I have long legs and like to stretch them when playing cards. At Folly's house I get the lay of the feet under the table and straighten my knees carefully.

Folly creeps craftily under my legs so when I bend my knees again I plant my feet on her. The feet are large and cause Folly to spring forth with a large 'Yipe!' which I feel is justified. She knows I didn't mean to do it though and places her head on my knee to show that she forgives. I give the head the pat with which politeness should be satisfied and proceed with my own affairs. Folly is not ready to let the matter drop so easily however. She wiggles her body and whimpers and it's time for Folly's mummy to come in.

"Folly wants her Unkie Gassybury get her bicky," says Folly's mummy.

"This may be set into English as 'Folly wants her Uncle Gastonbury to get her a biscuit.' In any language it is understatement. It isn't a biscuit that Folly wants; it is a dozen biscuits, and they must come from the hand of Uncle Gastonbury. Off to the cupboard I must go and fill my pockets with dog biscuits.

"Folly doesn't want the whole lot at one time and she doesn't want them to eat. They are to be doled out at intervals, she setting the length of the intervals, for her to hide under cushions, chairs, and the corners of rugs. She takes one, runs around, under, and over furniture, and finally files the biscuit for the maid to collect next day. Then she returns to Uncle Gastonbury and whimpers for another.

"Under those circumstances I defy Ely Culbertson to remember which cards have been played.

"These are the facts of a dog's life," Gastonbury said as he emptied his glass, "but dog lovers are immune to facts. How often have I heard them pity dogs that live in cities because the beasts have to do their romping on Persian carpets and have only the inhospitable curb on which to make nuisances of themselves."

BLACKLIST

ANONYMOUS

I AM forty-one years old. Back in 1917, at the age of twenty-one, I entered the employ of a national manufacturing or-

ganization. In June, 1932, after fifteen years of service and moderate advancement, my connection with the firm was terminated. At that time I was production manager at this company's establishment in California.

I have no quarrel with the company for firing me in 1932. Being inherently a rebel, I had been constantly in rebellion (inarticulate) against many policies of the firm.

The management, apparently having confidence in me, appointed me one of a number of management representatives when the company union was introduced at the plant. I hated the job, but I kept my mouth shut and in any controversy I sided (not too openly) with the workers' representatives, which in the long run meant nothing. We had no power beyond recommending and advising. The management had the final say.

During those fifteen years of service I saw men fired because of their social and economic beliefs, for union activity, for political affiliations, yes, and even for their religion. (The latter, however, was not because of any specific company policy, but because the local management happened at that time to be anti-this or anti-that.)

During the World War I saw men tarred and feathered on company premises, and then summarily discharged because of some unthoughtful utterance relayed to a corps of vigilantes by hundred-per-cent fellow-workers.

What little loyalty I might have had to begin with was dissipated by the treatment accorded hundreds of ex-service men who returned looking for their jobs after the Armistice. Men who had been feted at great banquets by the company when the draft caught them or who had enlisted in a patriotic fervor inspired by company recruiting fanfare, were bluntly told that there were no jobs for them. Which was true.

"It's too bad, but we simply can't find places for our ex-service men," the manufacturing committee excused itself. "Somebody"—they couldn't agree on the

responsibility—"made a grave misstatement in assuring all men who were drafted, or who had enlisted, that their jobs would be held for them."

I early realized that the man at the desk next to mine, the worker in the shop, the salesman on the road, were, all of them, simply cogs in a machine which had as its only function the producing of dividends for stockholders. When dividends were jeopardized no individual—at least no one below the board of directors—counted.

After the post-war slump and the upward swing of the twenties the company built a plant in California. My record still being excellent, I presume, and my rebellious tendencies remaining undiscovered, I was among those selected to staff the new works. My position as production manager carried a fair salary. My next four or five years were, I dare say, like those of most minor executives in a large concern. From a purely middle-class standpoint, I suppose my lot was much better than the ordinary.

In 1929 the stock market crashed. From then on my graphs told me of a steady decline in orders. In 1930 we began to discharge workers. This continued until in 1932 we had only a skeleton crew. Day after day, week after week, I as the head of a department was forced to prune here and there. Many of our employees had long-service records, several with as many as thirty years, one with thirty-three, and a score or more with twenty and twenty-five. These men were middle-aged or getting along toward old age. The company had a pension plan under which these employees were nearing the time when they would be eligible for pensions. Most of them we fired. In some cases a severance allowance was made, a mere pittance, a week's wages for every year of service. Shorn of their apologetic verbiage, the general office's orders were these: "Get rid of your old men, especially those nearing the pension age. If you have to replace them, hire youngsters, and hire them cheap."

Some of our men wept when we told

them they were through. I have in mind now a stock clerk. He had been with the company since leaving high school. He was the sole support of an aged mother and father. He cried unrestrainedly all afternoon of the day I told him he would have to go. I felt like blubbering myself.

But still we didn't cut enough. More instructions from the manufacturing committee thousands of miles away. Frantically I scanned my departmental budget. Our local purchasing agent could perhaps be spared because most of our purchasing was done by the Eastern office. But I couldn't fire him. Fifty-five years of age, he had been with the company thirty-three years. He sensed that he was slated to go. Whenever he talked to me I could read the fear in his eyes. Finally I threw up my hands and told the local management to do the dirty work; I was fed up. Furthermore, I unburdened myself of a lot of things that had been accumulating in my mental storehouse for fifteen years.

The management lost no time in getting in touch with the East. I waited, knowing well what was coming. Then on a day in June, 1932, I joined the ranks of the unemployed, along with the purchasing agent I had sought to save.

Fortunately, I had a few dollars and was not obliged to join the swelling relief army.

Personally, I still held nothing against my firm. From the standpoint of capitalistic society, I had been guilty of treason, disloyalty, and insubordination. The stockholders' investments were the first obligations of the management. And in the protection of these investments it had a legal right, and possibly a moral one, to take such steps as it saw fit.

Surveying the rapid spiraling downward of our whole national economy, I came to the conclusion that unless labor and every progressive and liberal force in the country organized and fought as it had never fought before, Jack London's Iron Heel would become a reality in the United States. And so I became a free-lance participant in the nebulous movements of protest then stirring California.

Inside three months I had been branded as a dangerous Red.

That was five years ago. Since then many things have happened. California has been shaken by labor unrest. The maritime strike of 1934 and the accompanying general strike are history. So is the maritime strike of 1936. Incidentally, I was jailed during the general strike (protective custody, they called it). During the grape-belt strike in Lodi in 1933, I saw agricultural workers herded out of town like animals by vigilantes wearing American Legion overseas caps. I saw boys dressed in Boy-Scout uniforms slashing tires and overturning the rattletrap cars of the strikers. I was in the San Joaquin valley during the cotton strike, where I saw men shot down in cold blood. In Salinas in 1934, I was picked up as an outside agitator, taken for a ride, and branded with a tire-iron. Again and again in the literature of The Growers' Association and in several California newspapers I have seen my name as one of those who would overthrow our government and substitute a soviet. I have been threatened by telephone, by letter, and by having my car wrecked.

I am not a communist, I never have been a communist, and I never will be a communist. Only so long as the communists are willing to join with me in guarding and fighting for democracy and against fascism and vigilante gangsterism, am I willing to fight side by side with them. When or if they ever try to impose a dictatorship on me, well, that will be a different story.

To return to the present. For five years I have been wandering up and down California, observing, talking, writing, and I confess, in my own way, agitating. A good many of my writings I have sold. I have a cabin in the mountains and after my return from a trip, I go to my mountain retreat and whip my observations and notes into some literary shape. It costs me little to live. I own my place and I have no fear of a landlord turning me out.

Now for the title of this article. As I

have said, I have no ill feelings against the company for which I worked fifteen years. But the company has not reciprocated. I can't live forever on what I had accumulated up to the time I was fired. Nor does the sale of a few pieces of fiction and articles pay the grocer, buy tires for the car, and the necessities of life.

I have got several jobs since 1932, but without exception they're short-lived. I must give references. And the only firm I ever had a long-term job with is the one that fired me. I have no alternative but to refer my new employer to them. California has ample statutes against blacklist, but there are many ways of getting round them. I know this from my previous service with the company. A word dropped where executives meet, on the golf links, at a Rotary meeting, at a Chamber of Commerce luncheon: "Red . . . dangerous . . . troublemaker." The upshot has been that in a few days I am informed that my services are no longer needed. "Oh, no, not because of unorthodox ideas or political affiliations, but because we've changed our mind about you."

My last job was that of auditor in a large hotel. I was getting along well when I was summarily bounced. No reasons at all were given. An unguarded comment of the manager confirmed my suspicion that my old company still holds my disloyalty against me very much. If it has its way I shall never again get a job in the United States. However, I have no proof, and no way of getting it. And if I had, what then? I could take it to the National Labor Relations Board with the prospect of being further blacklisted.

Manual workers have powerful labor unions to go to bat for them, and the Labor Relations Board to arbitrate the circumstances in case of blacklist. But men like myself have no recourse.

I am efficient. My firm wouldn't have kept me fifteen years if I hadn't been. I am intelligent, I say that without egotism, and I haven't had much trouble in getting a job when I set out to look for one. But holding it! Ah, that's a different

thing. The moment my references are checked up the unwritten blacklist begins to function. "Red . . . dangerous . . . menace . . . troublemaker."

A practical person would probably say that I have only myself to thank, that I should have played ball, that the depression was none of my business, that so long as my company treated me halfway decently I should have gone along. Perhaps the statement has its merits, but not for me. If I had it to do over again I should do exactly what I have done. After all, it is myself I have to live with. It is my face I look at in the mirror every time I shave.

Meanwhile I keep looking for a job where I won't have to give references.

OPENED BY MISTAKE

BY FREDERIC L. SMITH, JR.

"**D**EAR MADAM," the letter began. "The Department of Sociology is conducting a study of modern sex relationships and we are requesting your help. It will be of the greatest assistance in furthering this important work if you will fill out the enclosed questionnaire which has been sent to a number of our alumnae. A return envelope is attached." . . .

Miss Watts paused. "I shouldn't be reading this," she thought. "It's awful to read other people's mail." She had torn open the letter without noticing the name on the envelope—Mrs. William Kennedy. The postman put letters into the wrong boxes quite often and this wasn't the first time she had opened mail addressed to young Mrs. Kennedy in apartment 9. Once it was a bill from an expensive shop; \$65 was an awful lot to pay for a dress, Miss Watts had thought. Another time there had been an engraved invitation, and a week or so ago a brief note from some girl thanking Mrs. Kennedy for a wedding present. None of them very interesting. Miss Watts had sealed up the torn envelopes as best she could, written "opened by mistake" in her cramped, angular hand, and slipped them into the Kennedys' box.

Miss Watts glanced at the letter-head again—Blyfield College. She read on: "The information the Department seeks is of course strictly confidential. It is understood that you will remain entirely anonymous; the Department of Sociology, in fact, requests that in filling out this questionnaire you do not sign your name. An early reply will be appreciated.

Very truly yours,

Victor S. Truegood, Ph.D."

So it was one of these college questionnaires you were always hearing about. Miss Watts' thin fingers trembled a little and made the paper rattle. "I shouldn't," she thought. "It's none of my business." But somehow she was undoing the clip that fastened the return stamped envelope and a mimeographed sheet of questions to the letter. "But it's just one of these form things," she added, trying to justify herself. "There's nothing so very personal about it."

She sat down at her desk in the corner near the window and flattened the questionnaire on the green blotting pad. Leaning forward a little, she began with the first question: "How long have you been married?" How long had Mrs. Kennedy been married, she wondered? Only a couple of years probably. Mrs. Kennedy couldn't be more than twenty-five and Mr. Kennedy didn't look much older. "Have you any children?" No for that.

Question 3: "Prior to marriage, did you have any sex relations with men?" Miss Watts experienced a queer, tingling sensation. What about Mrs. Kennedy? She had probably sowed plenty of wild oats even if she was a college girl. She looked like the sort who would, a tall blonde with insinuating eyes. Whenever Miss Watts met her in the corridors she had always noticed what slinky, tight-fitting dresses young Mrs. Kennedy wore. Her stockings were the sheerest things and she kind of swayed her hips when she walked. She must have been a wild one, all right.

"Does your husband . . ." Miss Watts read that one again; she moistened her

lips with her tongue. Heavens, the things Victor S. Truegood, Ph.D., wanted to know! He was so blunt about it too, although some of the words occurring in the next few questions were new to Miss Watts. But they sounded exciting, so she left her desk long enough to look them up in the big, unabridged dictionary on the stand across the room. They were all that she had hoped.

The last questions were less interesting: "From your observation, is chastity the exception or the rule among unmarried women to-day?" . . . "Do you believe in a single or a double standard of sex morality?" Miss Watts glanced over them rapidly. The questions in the middle were much better and she could hardly wait to get back to them again.

While she was studying questions 3 to 9 for the third time, the torn envelope caught her eye. Miss Watts stopped and looked at it. She would give Mrs. Kennedy the questionnaire of course; simply write "opened by mistake" on the envelope and put it in the Kennedys' box the way she'd done with those other letters. But suppose Mrs. Kennedy knew she had read it? . . . She wouldn't know, not for certain, but she might suspect. Miss Watts was suddenly afraid. "I wouldn't have her think it was me," she thought nervously. "I couldn't ever look her in the face."

Miss Watts drummed her fingers against her teeth; for several minutes she sat very still. Then she picked up the letter from Victor S. Truegood, Ph.D., and read it again: "strictly confidential . . . you will remain entirely anonymous." . . . Miss Watts stared out the window. So long as they didn't know who you were, so long as they didn't want to know . . . Mrs. Kennedy would never know either.

Miss Watts had a funny, breathless feeling as she reached for the pen and dipped it in the ink; but it was a delicious feeling. "How long have you been married?" Three years was about right, she decided, and put it down in the blank space. "Have you any children?" She answered truthfully; she was eager to get to the good questions. Number 3, the one about your relations with men. Miss Watts didn't hesitate. "I had relations with several men prior to marriage," she wrote, and smiled.

She wasn't quite sure how to answer questions 6, 7, and 9, the ones with the words she had had to look up. But then she remembered what Lydia Crandall had told her; Lydia was an old school friend who had given up teaching to marry George Crandall, and there wasn't much about George that Miss Watts didn't know. So she put down some facts which Lydia had imparted in husky whispers, only she exaggerated them a bit. Re-reading her answers, Miss Watts wondered if she had gone too far. But she decided to let them stand. If George Crandall was that kind, Mr. Kennedy probably was too. Men were pretty much alike.

Miss Watts read over what she had written. "This is terrible of me," she thought. "Shall I really send it?" She hesitated before she folded the questionnaire and slipped it into the envelope. "But nobody'll ever know," she assured herself, licking the flap. "They can't."

As she got up from the desk she slid the envelope under the blotting pad. It would be safe until she could mail it tomorrow morning on her way downtown; and then she wished she hadn't sealed it up, for just looking at those questions and answers and thinking about them was so delicious.



The Easy Chair



THE LIBERATION OF SPRING CITY

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

THE date of its beginning cannot be determined. Social movements, like forest fires, burn deep below the surface of old leaves and pine needles and sometimes spread across an entire nation before the first smoke shows and the right breeze brings them to the upper air. It is enough that a time comes when the people, the leadership, the cause, and the opportunity come into the right conjunction. Historians will some day decide that America found such a conjunction in the summer of 1937. No doubt some will decide that the social upheavals of that momentous summer had some correlation with those other convulsions that passed across the surface of the sun. But others will take the surer ground that not astronomers but mythologists can best explain what happened. This, they will say, was the year when the myth sought release in flesh, and from woods and templed hills the Americans rose answering. This was the year of the apotheosis of Mr. Henry Jones.

In May, George Johnson (in common with many millions) had never heard of Henry Jones. But the tale tells how, that night, the queue at the box office of a midtown theater moved sluggishly till George Johnson was about twentieth from the window. At that moment a woman bosomed like a Greek goddess and thewed like a mother in a Norse saga swept up the lobby to the window and thrust a mighty shoulder between it and the man who was buying tickets. George Johnson saw the expression on her

face and decided that it was what Victorian novelists meant by "bridling": women bridled when they performed acts of safe and conspicuous public injustice. He sighed and came near retching; such moments always made his soul sick with awareness of the futility of human life. But the man who was sixth from the window stepped out of line, took from the woman's hand the tickets she had bought, handed them to the man she had displaced, and then, grabbing her by the hair, dragged her out of the lobby to the sidewalk. George Johnson heard him say courteously, "My name is Henry Jones," and heard another sound on which historians will expend much meditation and analysis. The queue was cheering. With those cheers the fire may have begun to rise from the pine needles to the underbrush.

On a Sunday afternoon in July George Johnson was driving down a curving, high-crowned country road when he had to stop in a line that was waiting for a freight train to pass. The line lengthened behind him and a horn began to blow—continuously, someone resting an elbow on the button. Looking round, George Johnson saw a bright-green car full of merrymakers, driven by a man in shirtsleeves and eyeshade who was smoking a cigar and laughing loudly at such moments as he was not swearing at the cars ahead. The line began to move and, horn still blowing, the green car shot by at the left, weaving in and out, taking the blind curves blind, grazing fenders,

giving off profanity and jokes. George Johnson shuddered and when, a few miles farther on, he saw the green car at a filling station, he was tempted to draw up and wait till it had gone on. Sure enough, it came up behind him doing at least eighty-five, cut round him and the car ahead, held its place for a moment, cut round the next car, wove in, and cut to the left once more. A car coming down the other lane swerved off the road, two other cars stopped, the green car flashed through a diminishing slot, and the horn blew.

But the scene was not played out. The second car ahead accelerated and, weaving, caught the green car square in the middle and bowled it off the road. My oldest dream comes true, George Johnson thought, awed, and he too pulled off the road and went forward to shake a hero's hand. The hero, climbing out of the wreckage, said, "My name is Henry Jones. Perhaps you will help me. Half-drowning, I think." George Johnson had not noticed that there was a pond but, helping Henry Jones hold the driver of the green car under its surface, he knew with a mystical certainty that there would always be ponds where Henry Jones could make use of them.

"Believers in a planned society can never have driven an automobile on Sunday afternoon," Henry Jones said. "He is unconscious now—let him go. I don't think we should kill them in the first stage. It will come to sacrificial murder and general massacre before we're done, but in revolution, as in great things, let us move slowly. You don't mind driving me to the next town?" Hope warmed his commonplace, unforgettable face, and his voice was a prayer. "Perhaps the insurance company will try to cancel my policy. Or maybe the garage will want to charge me fifteen dollars for towing me."

But what happened in the next town was that a woman driving a jalopy came up a one-way street against the traffic, swung in a circle before a "No U turn" sign, screamed, stopped square across the intersection, glared, and began to berate

the traffic cop. Henry Jones's eye gleamed. "In Utopia," he said, "stout, middle-aged women with nose glasses will not drive cars."

He went up to the car and George Johnson could not hear what he said but he knew, as in a dream, that one life had been blasted forever and society had been enormously improved. The day had a lovelier sunlight and Henry Jones was coming back through it, but he stopped to drop a penny in a slot machine. A moment later, when he was kicking it off its pillar, George Johnson saw that he was shod with steel.

"The hour has struck and the heart of man is ready! Let the dream fulfill itself," Henry Jones said when they were seated in a restaurant and had ordered sandwiches and beer. "First we will form locals, nuclei round which volunteers may rally. In the first stage we will deal with officials, with those in places of authority, with public servants, with those who make and those who break regulations, with corporations and stores and service agencies and civic bodies and representatives of government. When they have been shattered we will move on to those who alarm and scold and castigate and interpret the public, with the intellectuals, the parsons, the columnists, the professors. By then the dream will be magnificently on the march and we can turn to . . . excuse me, is your beer arctic? Has it been iced?"

Henry Jones flung his beer into the waiter's face. At that moment George Johnson found that the filling of his sandwich was canned chicken. A buoyant energy he had never felt before flowed along his nerves. Plate and sandwich splashed against the wall, and when the girl at the desk short-changed him George Johnson shoved the cash register through the glass walls of her coop. There was song in his soul and a mighty purpose in his heart. . . . Thus George Johnson met Henry Jones and life was changed for him forever.

And so the dream woke all over America that summer. At night Spring City

would be only a drowsy and despairing town, sunk with the weight of man's docility. Then, with the morning, men would find the breeze bringing some fragrance from the hills, and at once there would be a committee of public decency, complete with staff, intelligence service, specialists, and corps of demolition. By evening all would be quiet except where a derailed trolley car burned in the street or glass tinkled falling from the window of a gutted store. When night fell the very taxi-drivers were saying "Sir."

As St. Christopher, Henry Jones had much to do with taxi-drivers and with motorists in general. Incessantly moving from town to town, he liked to travel by automobile. "You have only to act on your dream," he would tell the farmer in whose meadow some itinerants had picnicked. "Here is their litter and here is their car—yonder your pigpen. A bucket of swill in the back seat for a pile of cans and paper napkins. They stripped your cherry trees? Their spare tire would be useful to your children, and a headlight would make a pretty souvenir. A cigarette started that blaze in the west pasture? Try dropping a cigarette on the upholstery or, for a prettier blaze, in the gas tank." Fires marked his passing. He dispatched loud-mouthed traffic cops to them, he lighted them under cars doing twenty miles an hour on arterial highways, he made them the hazards of impromptu steeplechases for ten-ton trucks found traveling by back roads. To the St. Christopher phase must also be attributed a mysterious malady among subway guards, and the bodies of hostesses heaved from parlor cars, busses, and airplanes, presumably slaughtered for introducing people who did not want to meet but preferred to sit alone and think great thoughts. Yet this was but an incidental phase, an interlude to the hero's travels, a pause in the greater business of asphyxiating the entrance clerks of hospitals who made the expectant mother wait while her husband filled out a blank and wrote a check. Motorists were small game while there were laundries which

starched the collars of his soft shirts and bank cashiers who would not be convinced of his identity.

Henry Jones was the soul's need finding its answer. In Spring City a housewife bent on buying lamb chops and broccoli would discover that the chain store had sold her to-day's combination special of six cakes of soap, two rolls of toilet paper, a box of oat nifties, and two and a half pounds of floor cleanser. A calm and commonplace man at her elbow would say, "My name is Henry Jones. I am everyman and I come from everywhere. What does your heart whisper about the combination special?" Desire the more vertiginous because she suddenly knew it could be gratified would run along her nerves, and Henry Jones would say, "You have only to act on your dream." At ten feet, hurling the combination special without a windup, she never missed the pyramid of eggs.

That moment always marked the formation of the Women's Auxiliary in Spring City. Dreambound, the woman would whisper, "The Duchess!" Henry Jones would say, "In Schmidt's Department Store?" and when she nodded, "There is always Schmidt's and always Schmidt's has a Duchess. Let us go." So presently on the fifth floor of Schmidt's the woman—her name was Carrie Stone—would be waiting while a goddess in henna and sun tan polished her scarlet fingernails and finished the saga of love and deception she was sharing with a wood nymph in blondine. After a long time the Duchess would come cloud-borne, tapering hand on swaying hip, lip curled, nostril retracted, and Carrie Stone would say, "I want a simple house dress for about eight dollars," Time flapped loosely in a void till at last the Duchess would come back again bearing a creation which, long experience told Carrie Stone, was marked thirty-eight-ninety-five. The bloody work would soon be finished and Carrie Stone would turn away murmuring, "The milkman who leaves the cream in the sun, the hair-dresser who knows how I ought to do my

hair—but first there is a girl here in the corset department . . .”

Here the tale divides. One congeries is the battle saga and tells the story of a nation's deeds. Scholars still debate it, some saying that every lamppost with a corpse dangling from it was a historical scaffold whereon the folk hanged an oppressor when they rose at last, others declaring that the lamppost is a symbol only and that the chants which the risen people sang were enough themselves. We need not argue with the scholars. It is enough that the folk found a continent adequately equipped with telephone poles and lampposts and the beams of elevated structures and other cross arms that would support weight at a rope's end, and came to understand how they might be made to serve the dignity of the human spirit. Ballad-lovers will find many cycles in this saga: the Hanging of the Credit Manager, the Death of the Information Clerk, the Mangled Floor Walker, the Telephone Operator Who Went Too Far, the Fatal Ticket or the Policeman's Dance Racket, the Poppy Salesman or Death by Trampling. Cycles of party-givers and party guests, of inspectors, of show-offs, of custodians of morality, of fountain pens that leak, of questionnaires, of garments shrunk at the dry-cleaners. Violent and triumphant ballads, dripping with blood, resonant with vindication, the poetry of a people's soul.

The other congeries is the culture saga, where the gigantic figure of Henry Jones rises against the blood-red sky. A figure of midnight and chain lightning, a figure of granite that cannot be moved aside, of mist that cannot be shut out, of fire running onward that can be neither halted nor quenched. He is with you in your most need. There are always bricks for those who will throw them, he says, and it is craven not to throw them when some little tyrant relies on your embarrassment to keep you meek. A dream denied poisons the soul, he says, and just why should you permit a clerk or a traffic cop or the gas company's collector to bawl you out? You have only to

reach for a crowbar or a shotgun, he says, and in the name of enfranchised humanity women will cease giggling in the theater and there will be no more gawkers when a truck-driver all but runs you down; in fact, there will be no more truck-drivers. My name is Henry Jones, he says, and yours is too, and for too long you have let shame and self-consciousness keep you humble when strident folk and the agents of corporations and the officials of government usurped your rights. You have only to act on your dream, he says—you have only to let the dream go free when the enemy confronts you, and you will find a piece of paving stone in your hand, of the right size for throwing.

Thus it was that, one day late in the fall of 1937, a citizen entered the post office of Spring City and went up to the window. He cleared his throat and said diffidently, "I am Elmer Smith and I live at the corner of Murchison Place. When I got home I found that you had given me two-cent stamps when I asked for threes and that you had short-changed me twenty-one cents. Moreover, though the weekly magazine to which I subscribe reaches Spring City on Thursday, the carrier leaves it in a lock box till he gets a lighter load, which is never before Monday and is more frequently Wednesday or next Thursday."

The clerk flushed red and his wattles quivered. The bystanders held their breath. But quite suddenly anger left that postal clerk's face. "Ah, yes, Mr. Smith," he said. "Please understand me, Mr. Smith, when I say that in a fallible world there must sometimes be mistakes. Here, Mr. Smith, are your three-cent stamps, and here are your twenty-one cents, and I am sorrier than I can tell. Moreover, Mr. Smith," he said, speaking in an all but obsolete idiom, "hereafter you will get your magazine on the first Thursday, and I think, Mr. Smith—in fact I am sure—that there will now be another carrier for Murchison Place."

Henry Jones smiled happily in his mists above the world, and the Americans were at last a free people.

